

Easyriders

75p

November, 1977

\$1.25

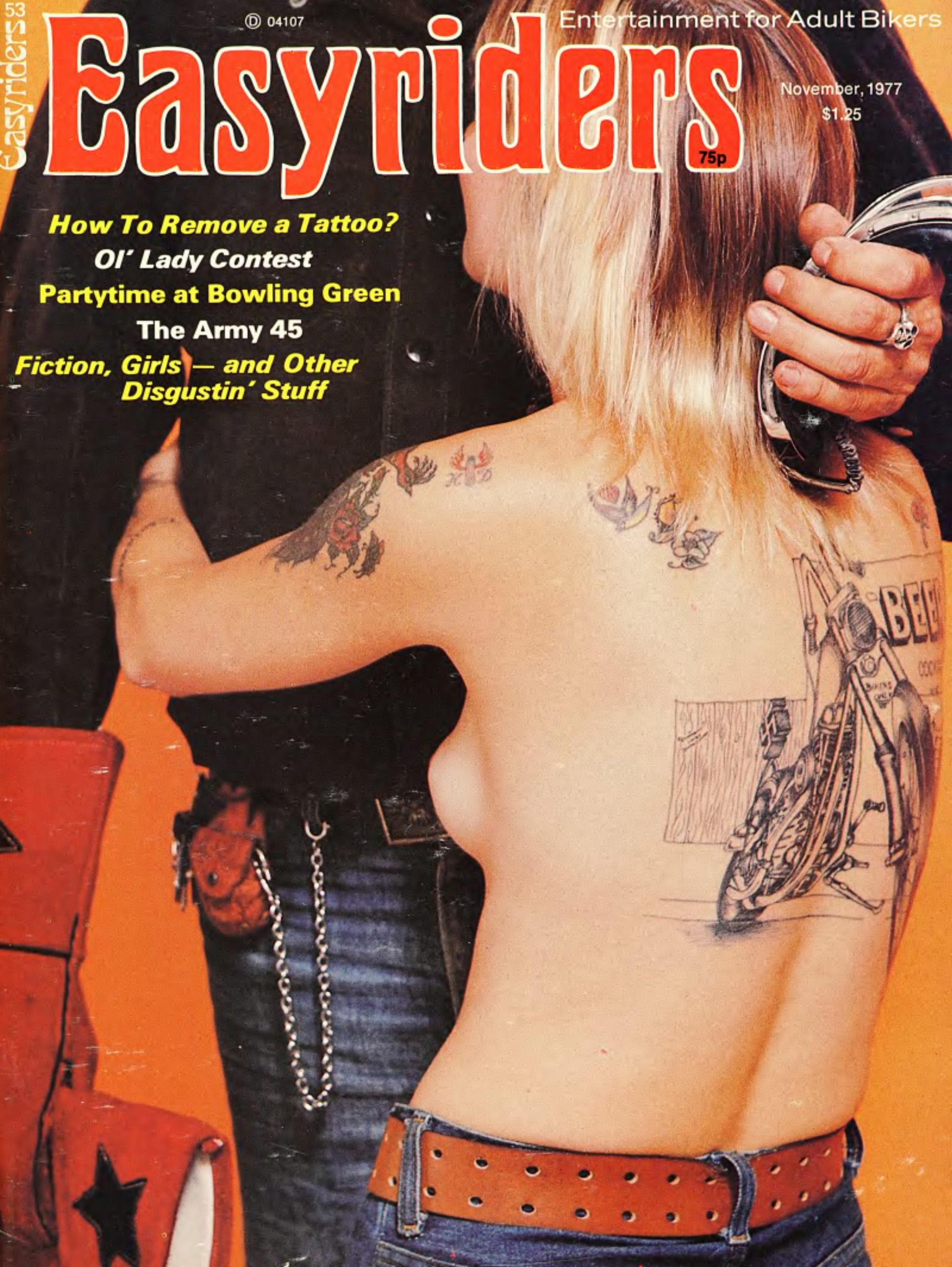
How To Remove a Tattoo?

Ol' Lady Contest

Partytime at Bowling Green

The Army 45

***Fiction, Girls — and Other
Disgustin' Stuff***



Black Easyriders T-shirts

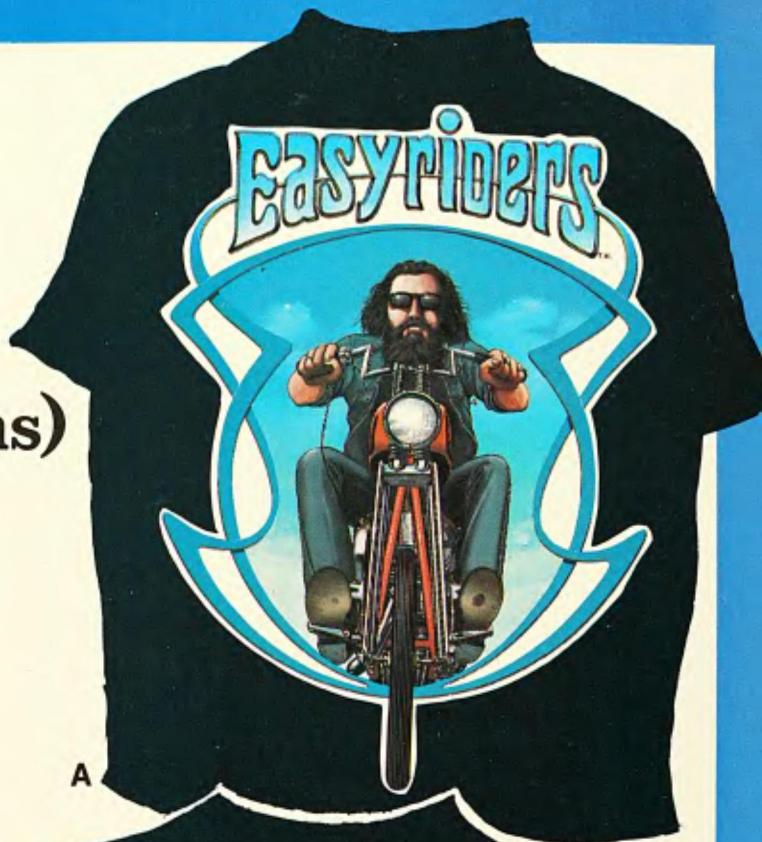
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

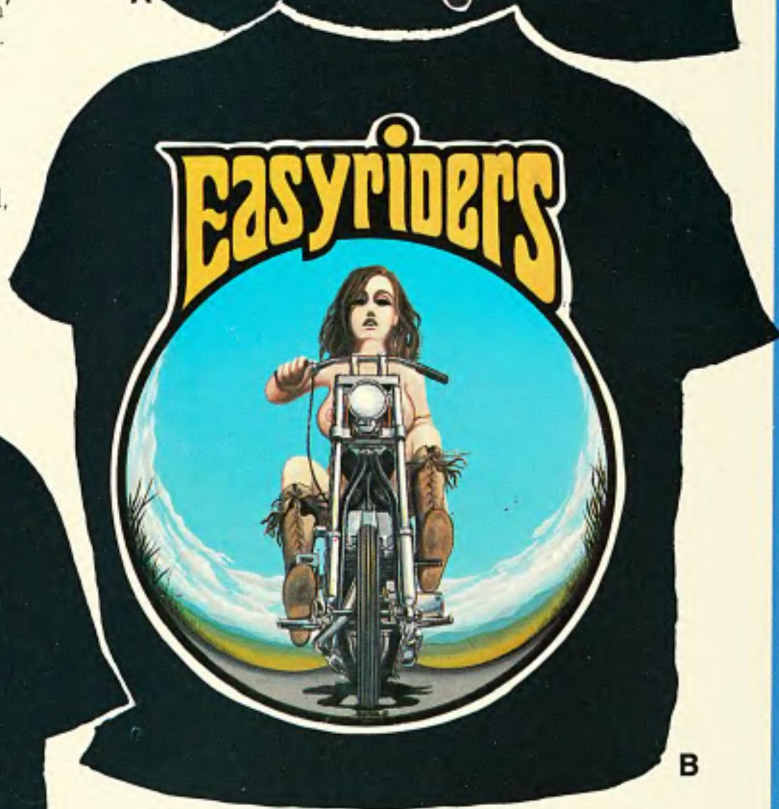
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

You'd expect to pay \$25.00 for this 100% cotton T-shirt, but we restrained ourselves, and we'll let you have one for only \$5.45, plus a paltry 50¢ for postage and handling.

So get off your ass and fire us the bread, and we'll send you your shirt so fast you'll wet your pants.



A



B



C

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$5.95 for each shirt ordered. (\$5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

California residents add 6%

Number 53

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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FTW

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Membership Pending

COVER photo of Amber by Pete Chiodo

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale October 25th.

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This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

I hope former salts everywhere farted a salute to the Navy's decision finally to let their men get back into their (badass-13-button-let-the-flap-down-go-at-it, babe) naval bell bottoms again. I did. (If you didn't understand what I just said, you weren't in the Navy.)

Okay—everybody knows that helmets will kill ya—but this one's different. A dude in Indiana dropped his helmet into the lake and dived in after it. (Whatdafuck, it cost \$9.95.) But wait. He can't swim. He sinks and drowns. The plastic helmet floats and now his ol' lady has a helmet aquarium. (Ya win some and ya lose some, folks.)

A California psychiatrist (Edward Shev) who screens and counsels cops has been reported to have said, "35% of all policemen now on duty are really dangerous." He also said that "only 5% of all policemen know intuitively how to handle the pressures of their jobs." Shit, everyone knows that. Whatdafuck—ask a scooter tramp.

Three (count 'em, folks) ol' ladies were busted for riding on a motorcycle in their nightgowns while returning home from a slumber party in Idaho. But the cop couldn't find a law against riding in nightwear so he busted 'em for ridin' without helmets! (Shit, there must be a law covering anything if ya gotta bust someone, right? Right.) Well, shit, the chief needs some sugar money, right? Right.

Two plainclothes California police officers were driving a young woman arrested on narcotics charges to the police station when they were stopped by a young male hitchhiker who wanted a ride

to Hollywood. Police said one of the officers explained that they were busy, but the hitchhiker pleaded with them and said he would turn them on to some "good grass" if they would give him a ride. The officer opened the door and let him in. Once in the car, police said, the new passenger lit a joint and began complimenting the officers on their nice car, nice radio, nice girl, nice clothes, and their very nice shotgun. He then said, "You aren't taking me to Hollywood, are you?" "No," said one of the officers, as he took out his handcuffs. "Here, put these on. You're busted."

Did ya hear how seven dirt bikers fucked up our image? Well, it seems that seven dudes on dirt bikes were busted at the Mexico border with their duffle bags crammed full of 275 pounds of pot. Christ, don't we have enough heat without the dirt bikers gettin' in the act? (Shape up, assholes, or you'll fuck up the "biker image" for everyone.)

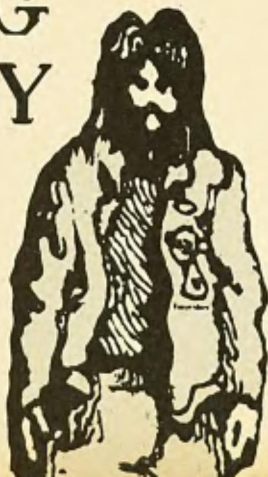
Now I'm not one to get down on anyone's act, but whatdafuck—did ya hear about the famous Yankee baseball pitcher gettin' into a hassle for someone growin' 882 pot plants on his farm in Kentucky? Between every other row of corn (by some fuckin' miracle) a row of pot was growin'. They didn't bust the famous Yankee pitcher, ya understand. Someone was growin' grass on his farm in between the rows of corn—seeded with farm machinery—the whole nine yards—but no one knows how the grass was planted. (Weird, huh? Any of you servin' time for selling a baggie of grass?)

Paid your taxes lately? Did ya hear where it was recently discovered that the CIA has spent tens of millions of dollars on mind and behavior control experiments on willing and unwilling servicemen, prisoners, and drug addicts?

Won't they ever give up? Now we have the American Medical Association blabbin' about bicyclists wearing helmets "that cover faces and heads"—Christ, it won't be long until they'll want our corpses bein' protected from fuckin' worms! What's all this protectin' us from ourselves shit? When will everyone leave everyone alone—to do their own thing? ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Whaaaatt?

☐ I just picked up your magazine for the first time today. I shouldn't have wasted my money. All your anti-helmet shit. I ride a bike. I get drunk, I go nuts on it. But if I fall and die, at least there'll be a face to show in my coffin.

Spark Plug
Pensacola, Fla.

■ There's all kinds, folks.

Amazed

☐ I am amazed at the content of your journal. The article, "How to Select a Good Ol' Lady," struck me as particularly revolting journalism. Your readers' letters are hogwash and are composed in very limited grammatical structure; by the repetitive expletives, one would think that a very low I.Q. moron had penned them. Turning to the page devoted to pananoid sex deviants' cries for mates, the majority incarcerated—well! how low can you become, morally? No pride, and of course, no hope.

The whole thing is rotten—how do you sell such tripe?

L. Edwards
Redhill, England

■ Oh, we just fumble along.

Hurrah for Spider

☐ I hope some Big Brother brown nosers caught your "Helmet Industry's Achilles' Heel" article in the August issue. That's tellin' 'em—hurrah for Spider!

Blue & Me
El Reno F.C.I.

☐ I am glad to see your new plan of attack in "The Helmet Industry's Achilles' Heel." I feel that hitting a bureaucrat in the pocket is like borrowing a dude's transmission the night before a big run.

All bikers—whether in the wind, in the dirt, or in

the car—should stand together and tall for all our rights. It's a goddamn shame when a brother or sister of the wind can't ride free and easy in this land called Freedom.

Thunderclapp
Worcester, Mass.

☐ The Achilles' Heel article sums up helmets exactly the way I feel about them.

I'm not totally against helmets, but I sure as hell don't want to be told when and where and how to do anything by people who might have never even been on or around a goddamned motorcycle!

Steve Buxton
Lamar, Colo.

National Resource

☐ "Bikers—A National Resource" was a real motherfucker, a biker's Declaration of Independence. It's going on my wall. A compliment to the editors—it's fucking beautiful, says it all, and says it well.

Young
Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ It's too bad you can't put that article in other mags so more of the rednecks could see just where bikers are coming from and what they are all about.

Cheesy Rider's Ol' Lady
Amboy, Wash.

☐ I can't believe anyone finally put on paper exactly what needed to be said. Whatever that shit is you're eating, send me some.

Loonie
Sterling, Kan.

☐ I don't even know where to begin, but goddamn, I think you bros have to be the best thing that has ever happened to me.

S.C.
Royal Oak, Mich.

☐ Right the fuck on! You stress the longing in all

bikers of keeping individuality and freedom, and how we are all together, apart from the plastic world. Then you should also support the women in the world who throb to the same beat of a Harley in the bikin' world. We need the togetherness of all our brothers and sisters, striving for our freedom. Let's all jam the roads together.

Kathy
Stanwood, Wash.

■ We're with ya.

Bikers on Cassette

☐ Last year I produced a one-hour program for public radio, concerned exclusively with bikers. The program, which was broadcast in Rochester, New York, is by bikers, about bikers, in the words and music of biking.

We think that bros everywhere would enjoy the views on helmets, the law, clubs, biking, and bike people. The program is available on cassette for a lousy \$5.00 to cover costs and handling. You can obtain the program or more info by writing to Barry King, KGNC Radio, P.O. Box 710, Amarillo, Texas 79105.

First to Know

☐ I want you fuckers to be the first to know. I'm molding my bike frame with C-5 (plastic explosive). The next motherfucker that pulls out in front of me is in for a surprise. I'm taking him and two block of real estate with me! I'm wiring a detonator button to the handlebars and labeling it "Start Button," so bike rip-off artists better be careful too.

A member of the 200
Clarion, Pa.

First-Born

☐ Just wanna thank you and your rag for helping me find some happiness. After six years of snivelin', ya

finally helped me find a real woman, and we're gonna name our first-born after ya.
Loose Bruce
Michigan City, Ind.

A Loser

☐ I say nobody can bite off a beer can top with his teeth! I'll give a free blowjob to anyone who can.

Yours
Portland, Ore.

■ You lose. There's a scooter tramp on the Easyriders staff that is crazy enough to do it and does.

He's in Love

☐ Who's the cunt on the cover of the August issue? She looks like she just got done pulling a three-day face train. I'm in love.

Creature 1%er
Outlaws M.C.
Ralford Penitentiary

■ And just what's wrong with a three-day face train?

Problems, Problems

☐ I'm in prison and I read your article on how to make "dandelion jack." Well, being tired of raisin' jack, a bro and I spent two weeks getting sugar, yeast, buckets, etc. out to the yard. There were fifty billion dandelions. Well, the day came to make it and all the dandelions had turned white. Can you make it with white dandelions or do we have to wait for them to turn yellow again?

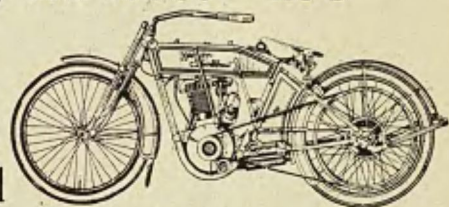
D.Y. & D.G.
Buena Vista, Colo.

■ Hell, don't ask us.

Motorcycle Graveyard

☐ We in this prison of ours were looking at your May '77 issue and we are very interested in the picture of the bike graveyard sent you by Rita Hartman of Baltimore. Could you give us some information on the address and purchase of parts

As everyone knows, Spider's a pack rat. He goes to all the motorcycle swap meets; he barter, he trades, he connives, he begs, he borrows—and he's been known to cop a thing or two. Any old collectable, and especially anything to do with Hogs. Then he'll grab any Indian stuff lyin' around. And after that, anything that has to do with an American motorcycle. Toys, advertisements, parts, books, catalogs, brochures, boxes —yeah, even string. If it has anything to do with a Hog —or with an any old scoot—he's gotta have it.



Through the years he has collected post cards, old magazines, advertisements, engravings, books, mailers, and even personal photographs from family albums—ya just gotta watch that dude.

Well, bros, he finally got off his ass and put together a 224-page, 8½ x 11 book (on good paper—so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia.



Spider's collected for the first time all the old time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs —you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$8.95. We pay the postage.



If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got heart. You'll dig it—all 224-pages.



Send \$8.95 to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.



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Silver**



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The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only \$8.00 each or \$15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scout folk.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'!



**ACTUAL SIZE
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from this motorcycle graveyard?

Marty, John, John G.,
Brian, Bruce, Anthony,
Stan, and Pierre
Camp Summit
Summit, New York

■ The location of the bike graveyard is Hap's Harley Salvage, 11308 Reisters-town Rd., Owings Mills, Md. (just outside of Baltimore). Phone 301/356-6606.

Takin' Pictures

□ I thought I'd pass this info on to my fellow tramps. While watching the news last week I caught a story about a member of the Out-laws M/C whose funeral was taking place in Ft. Lauderdale. Nothing unusual, except there were undercover cops taking pictures of all the bros paying respects to the dead biker. So look out whenever you gather — you may be watched by people who are trying to set you up, even though you may not be doing anything.

Brian Sharp
Miami, Fla.

■ Every biker funeral has its share of photographers with long lenses. The heat is really into takin' pictures —but whatdafuck, if ya ain't doin' nothin', let 'em play their games. They always have and always will.

Arizona to Montana

□ It's about time you assholes printed a good short story ("Arizona to Montana") —who knows, maybe someday you turds will learn to put out a good rag.

Jonesy
New Haven, Conn.

Paperback

□ Picked up a copy of your Best Biker Fiction and enjoyed it from cover to cover —especially "Joint Venture," and "Death of a Chopper." I believe your tasty fiction is what sets your rag apart from the others.

Bogart
Arvada, Colo.

□ Hey, I wanna tell ya that your paperback is the most outstandin' shit put between two covers. I also have some words of advice—do it again, goddamnit, and you'll be able to have more

than one slice of ralsln pie each week.

Mr. T.
LaCrosse, Wis.

Feds As Bikers

□ That article in the July issue, "Are the Feds Posing As Bikers?" was really heavy. It makes you stop and think, "Would they really do that?" Well, I don't wonder any more — I've seen it happen right here in Ukiah and it downed quite a few of my partners.

It seems that around Christmas time, a couple of patch holders from "Devil's Avengers" started showing up at a lot of parties, askin' a lot of questions about drugs—what's around and how much, shit like that. It seems that there were seven of them scattered throughout the country, all buying up all kinds of drugs and setting people up. After six months of this shit, they lowered the boom and packed off thirty or more "heavy dealers." Man, I could just puke. Maybe we don't really have our guard up enough.

Goose
Potter Valley, Calif.

□ Hey, you stupid motherfuckers. Concerning the article in the July rag about feds posing as bikers, you assholes really fucked up. The MadHatters is a M/C club in Cleveland and none of us are feds. You fuckers should do better research. All of us read your rag and really dig it. But this shit really pisses us off. Now we get all kinds of hassles from fellow bikers. How about some help? We ain't feds—got it?

Krazy Kenny
MadHatters M/C

■ We didn't write the story. It was a reprint from a nationally-released newspaper yarn. All we did was ask the question. Blame the feds—they allegedly used your club's name for their games.

Nazi Bike

□ If that BeeEmm ("Streng Geheim," July issue) is so all-fired authentic, howcum it's got an SS number plate on the front and a Wehrmacht number plate on the rear? Hah?

Cymraeg Jim
Abecynffig, Wales

■ Give us some slack, fer crissakes.

Digs Decal

□ I just wanted to tell you I got my decal and I was surprised at the vivid colors! Your sub ad just does not convey how great it really is.

V. Kurry
APO, N.Y.

Movies

□ Saw the movie, "Easy Rider" again last night. What a trip! It's a shame the bullshit is still going on. Like the lawyer said, "They're scared of our freedom." Ain't it the fuckin' truth. Maybe some day those assholes will get their shit together and realize what's going down. In the meantime, watch out for all those crazy people out there. We're the only sane ones around.

Blg O
Tampa, Fla.

■ Amen.

A First

□ Having been the first person to use the word "fuck" on TV—as anyone who watches N.Y. cable will tell you—I appreciate your use of the word. It has its own special fuckin' place in the American language.

Wizard
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Banned Again

□ Well, it had to happen sooner or later in this dumbass state of Queensland (Australia). Easyriders has been classified as an obscene publication. That put you in the same class as Playboy and Penthouse, so now I will have to subscribe direct instead of buying it at the newsstand.

Bert Savickas
Queensland, Aust.

Concerned Bikers

□ I'd like to respond to "Deutsch from Washington" and his comments about the Concerned Bikers Association runs. The part about getting the biker nation together as a whole was the only thing he said that made sense—the rest was pure bullshit. We in C.B.A./ABATE, N.C. have been working for four years trying to get all the bikers in North Carolina together to



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No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

keep them informed of legislation and to fight unfair legislation. The absence of many bikers at the protest was because they wouldn't get off their dead asses to support our efforts. If Deutscher wants to know what types of bikers run and support C.B.A., he ought to come to some of our events. Instead of believing everything he reads in the newspapers.

Rick Nail
President, C.B.A./
ABATE, N.C.
Charlotte, N.C.

Digs Photo

☐ This is a letter of respect for the nameless (I want to know who) individual responsible for a picture on the upper right corner of p. 17 in the Sept. '77 issue. In my opinion, this person has an eye for taking pics. Unfortunately, it won't make a Magazine Photographer of the Year Award for the very reasons put forth in the article and I am dismayed at the prospect that a lot of people will never understand.

Mike DesErmia
San Diego, Calif.

☐ Our very own Billy Tinney snapped it.

A Trip

☐ I'm sitting out here in the garage in the wee hours of the morning while my ol' man works on his scooter and the cat licks where his balls used to be and I just wanted to let you know that you've come a long way from your first issue. Finally got a hold of your first copy—whatta trip!

(Miss) Maggot
Union City, Calif.

What's Next?

☐ In my life I've been hustled, skimmed, scammed, conned, hoaxed, and done it, too. I've been stoned and stoned on. Been smashed, drunk, wasted, smoked dope, skipped rope, and howled at the moon. Been knocked on, kicked on, picked on, sicked on, pissed on, and done to others, too. Gambled, rambled, been well and sick. Had money, lost it, earned it, stole it, gave it away, and had it given to me. Been lied to, tried to, cried too and on.

I've been worked on,

worked over, worked hard. Been in jail, went to hell. Been saved, saved others. Been held up, hung up, robbed, damn near ruined. Been squeezed, mooched—and busted. I've been balled, sucked, fucked, loved and hated. Been rational, irrational, calm, mad, glad, sad and happy. Been outta school, in school, made a fool, played by the rules and not. Shit!—only reason I'm sticking around is to see what's gonna happen next.

David White
Corvallis, Ore.

What About Us?

☐ I noticed your "In the Wind" bit on bikers in Europe. What about doing something on Australian bikers?

"Harley Lover"
from Down Under

☐ Send us some pics — we'll print 'em.

Lotsa Warmth

☐ I was catchin a buzz before I fired up my hog to go to work, when I read the story "Lotsa Warmth." It was a fuckin' riot. I laughed my ass off. You guys really know how to make a day.

Jumer
Saginaw, Mich.

Prison Subs

☐ This is just a note to thank you for adding the

Union County Jail library to your complimentary list. **Easyriders** is the best damn rag on the market and all of the inmates here really get off on it.

Gary Watkins
Union County

☐ We'll still send free subs to any prison library. All that is required is that the prison librarian make the request. Don't have enough bucks to send to individuals, but we'll give free subs to prison libraries any day.

Crack Up

☐ You men crack me up. You bitch and moan about women's lib but you still support it. You say you don't, but think about it. Most men send their ol' lady out to work to pay "his" bills and give "him" some spending money. Now if that's not supporting women's lib, then you're not Harley riders.

Me
Long Beach, Calif.

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.



"Hey! Who the fuck shit on my nice clean floor?"

Easyriders

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Their thing, or yours . . .

Sometimes a rider who does a fabulous job all by his lonesome blows it when he joins a company of riders of unknown background. Alone he is able to maintain his perspective, with no distractions other than the passing scenery. He knows what he can do, there's nothing to prove, and nobody around to appreciate it if he did.

Then what happens . . . he meets up with this band of road-burners who live to dip into the tarmac. You know they're National caliber when you see them hang off the side in the corners. Summit road becomes a piece of Daytona and nobody has any intention of bringing up the rear.

Right here's where you've got to make up your mind. Are you going to play their game or yours? Possibly get in over your head or keep within limitations of skills learned to date? First ask yourself, who are these people? Have they had professional or amateur racing experience, or years of back-road scratching? Or are they newcomers who've just lucked out, never been in traction or known the contemptible confines of a back brace? Either way, the temptation to run with them may be cause for concern unless you've got a callused throttle hand.

Look at the truth. If they are obviously more skilled than yourself, genuinely capable, you're not going to keep them in sight . . . for long. If they are inexperienced, possibly even less than yourself, and only on a macho trip, it could border on insanity to get involved. The point is, under either set of circumstances, your chances of winning are slim at most. Then what am I really saying? Don't get involved unless you know who's involved. There's a

line between doing *their* thing or *yours*.

—Bob Greene
Motorcyclist

Brain fade . . .

A letter from the Department of Transportation recently reached our desks. The letter solicited comments regarding "alleged poor wet braking performance on 1975 and 1976 Honda GL1000 and CB750F motorcycles . . ." It seems the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (a division of the D.O.T.), prompted by 183 consumer complaints, has become aware that some disc



brakes lose much of their power when first applied in the rain. Most experienced street riders have learned that a wet brake disc requires a much stronger initial pull on the lever, but the problem can be frightening to novice riders. On the other hand, what would happen to an inexperienced rider if he grabbed a handful of brake on a wet road and the brake worked as strongly as it did when the disc was dry? Sounds like an ouch to us. An intriguing sidelight is that this letter was addressed not to us, but to our car-type sibling magazine. Why does the government solicit comments about motorcycle problems from automobile publications instead of from motorcycle people? Bureaucratic brain fade, no doubt.

—Cycle Guide

Kick in the crotch . . .

The Motorcycle Trades Association is not lining up alongside those aftermarket suppliers who feel Harley-

Davidson's "other people's parts" ads are "derogatory to the industry."

The executive director of MTA, Gary Throneberry, has told industry leaders and MTA members that the HD ads, which appeal to purists to use only HD replacement parts, are "head on, hard hitting, no holds barred competition," but Throneberry said he disagreed with a trade publication editor who called the HD program "a kick in the crotch."

Throneberry said he felt, personally, that HD has a right to fight for brand identification, and that other aftermarket manufacturers have a similar right to convince HD owners that their replacement parts are just as good as the original equipment.

—Motorcycle Industry

Gosh department . . .

Because the vast majority of male motorcyclists do not encourage women to ride motorcycles, it is up to the women themselves to stick together for support.

Women are discouraged both consciously and unconsciously from driving a motorcycle. Consciously, there is the actual biker terminology that some women find degrading—"Ol Lady, Momma", are a couple.

There is a major, well-circulated publication, "Easyriders", that in its editorial style degrades women in a very obvious manner, and both sexes in the end. And unconsciously, there are the looks the woman biker gets from the general public of both sexes, one of "What kind of a girl would drive a motorcycle?"

These and other reasons are why an uncountable number of women are not riding motorcycles. With a little encouragement and support at the right time, perhaps this uncountable number of women wouldn't give up easily.

—Custom Bike

Smooth, clean lines
Outstanding design
Heavy bronze finish
Finest leather
Hand-made belt



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 1/4" 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 either dark brown or black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

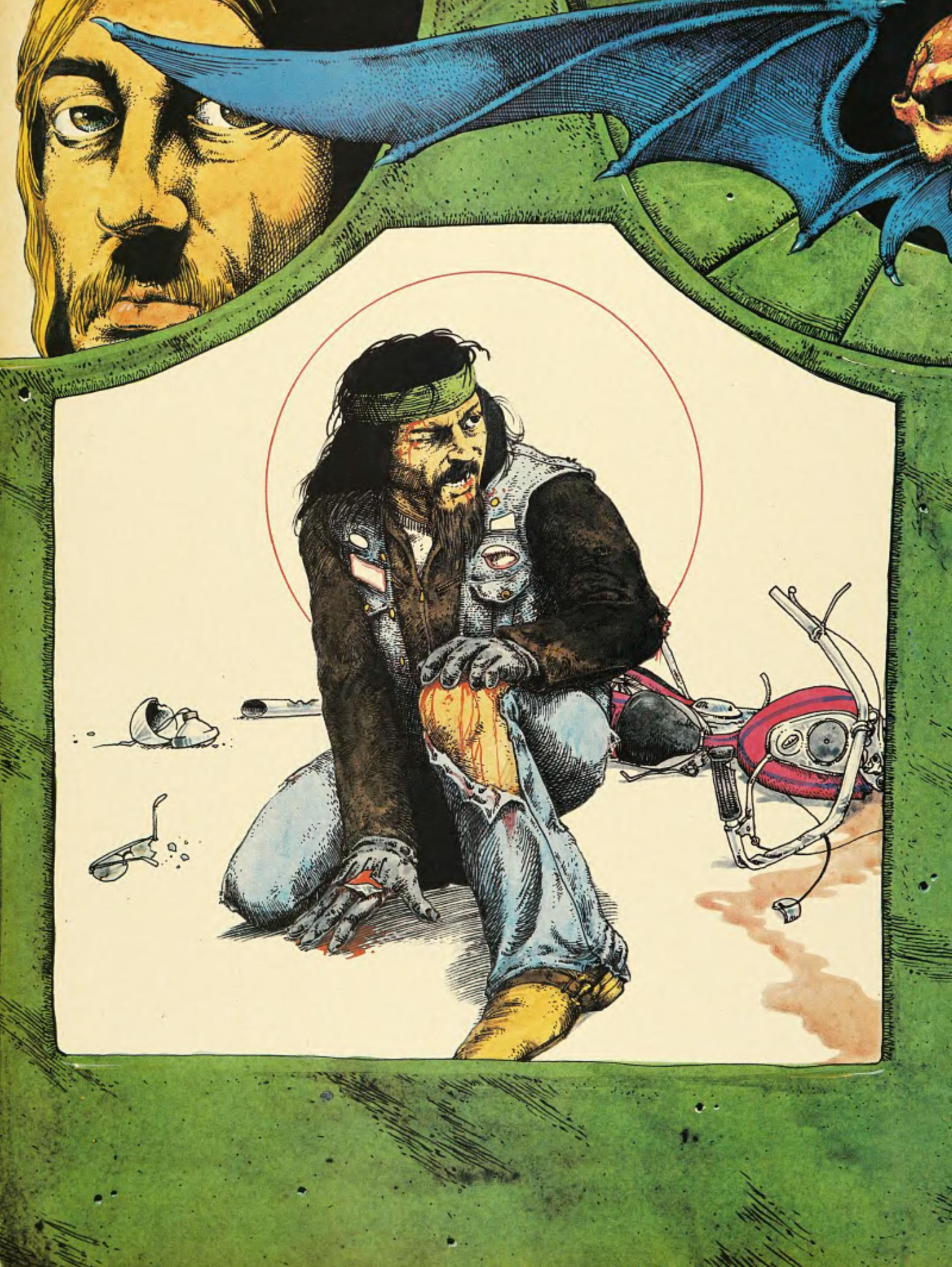
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





The illustration is a high-contrast, graphic style. On the right, a man's face is shown from the nose up, with a wide, toothy grin. His right eye is replaced by a human skull. A large, blue, bat-like wing with a webbed texture extends from the top left, arching over the man's head. The background is a dark, textured green. The title 'RUST IN PEACE' is centered in a large, bold, black serif font.

RUST IN PEACE

Story and illustration by Duffy Duggan

Al opened his eyes but squeezed them shut quickly as a dull throb of pain pounded in his temples. His head felt to be about the size of a watermelon. Lying there, he could only remember pieces of the night before. He opened his eyes again and sat up, gritting his teeth as a wave of pain rolled through his body. His pants were torn; the ragged edges stuck to the dried blood on his skin. It pulled and he had to bite his lip as he stood up. He was dizzy, but finally the world settled down, and the nausea in his gut subsided temporarily. He glanced around for his bike but there was no sign of it. He hobbled twenty yards up the road, then forty yards back. Not a trace, not one skid mark or drop of oil. There was only the dark spot where his head had rested on the asphalt.

Al spat and muttered a silent string of choice words. "I'll be fucked," he said aloud, gingerly touching his pounding head. It felt like there was a big hole up there, but his fingers came away dry so he knew the bleeding had stopped. Funny it should feel that way though, he thought. He didn't touch it again. Didn't want to and didn't exactly have time. While he was standing there he heard a belching sound on the road and turned around. Even at a distance, the gleaming chrome on the scooter fried his eyes. He squinted, ambled over to the side of the road, and motioned for the rider to stop.

A big guy with a ratty, food-caked goatee and watery blue eyes pulled up, staring at Al.

"I dumped my bike," Al said.

The big guy nodded, gave a half-cocked smile, and looked Al in the eye. "Come on," he said, gesturing toward the p-pad behind him.

"Hold it a minute. First I gotta find my bike."

"Later, man. Come on." With this, the big dude left his idling scooter, put his arm around Al, started half-dragging him toward the chromed chop. Al managed to push the cat away from him and took a shaky step backward.

"Ain't leavin' till I find my property," he growled, gritting his teeth as his rising anger sent pulses of pain throbbing in his head.

"Well," his companion said, "is that it there?" He thrust a pointed finger past Al.

Al turned around. Behind him, poking out from the bushes, he saw the fat rear Avon. He started toward it. When he got there and saw what was left, he wanted to puke. He felt the big guy close behind him. "Totaled," Al said. He turned to the other. "Dammit!" Look at it! Damned if'n I didn't lunch the sucker!" He shook his head disgustedly as the other man shrugged.

"Let's split," the big guy said, taking Al's arm. This time Al came along, suddenly feeling too numbed and tried to resist.

Once they were toolin', Al asked the big guy's name. "Bros call me Pete," he hollered back through the wind.

"Mucho thanks, Pete. Where ya headed?"

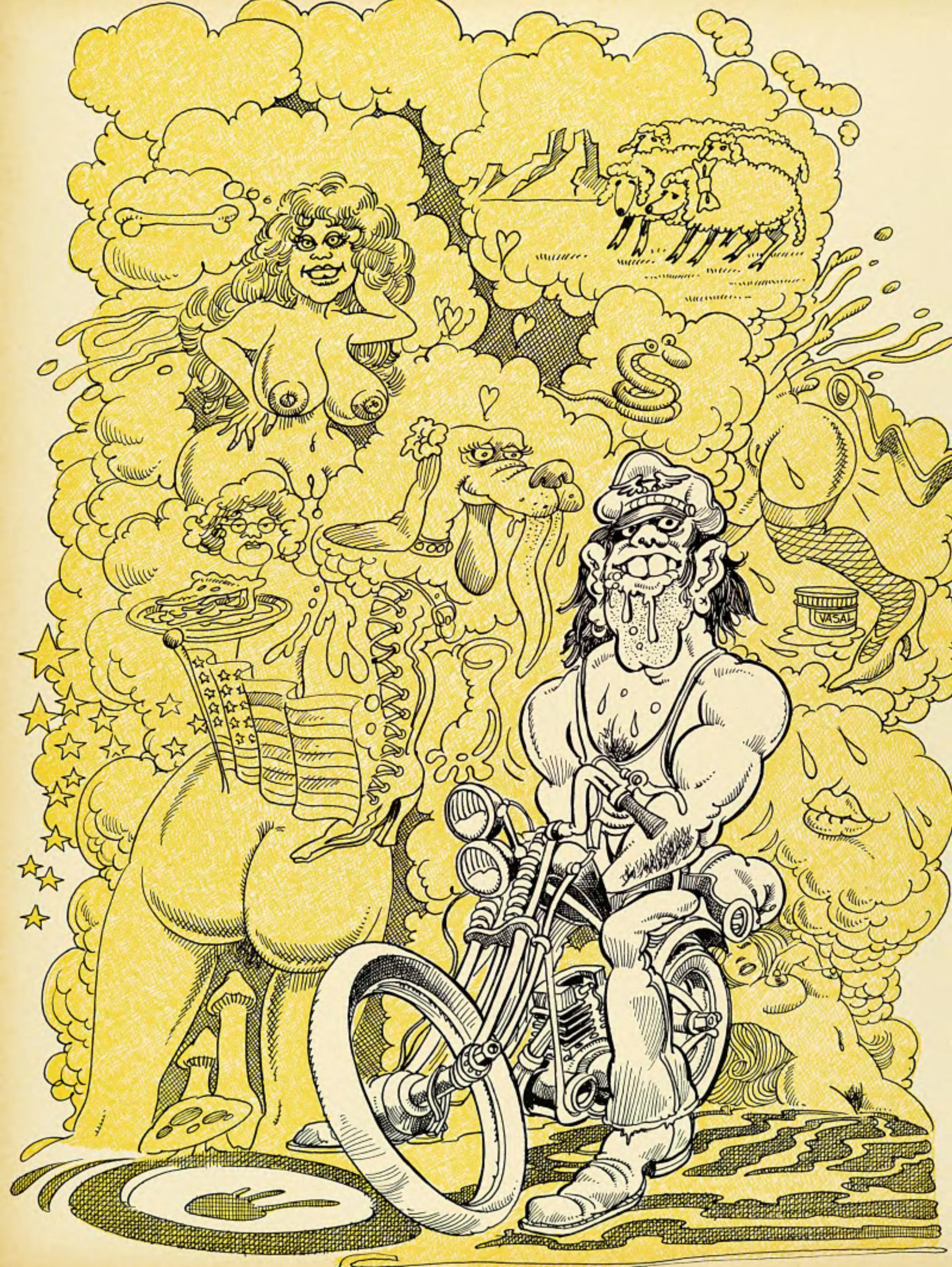
"Just up the road a piece."

"Into town?"

Pete glanced back at his rider and gave that half-cocked smile again. "Not quite."

"What time is it, do you reckon?" Al asked, thinking about how only last week he'd told that asshole boss of his that he'd dropped his bike, so as to get time off for

—Continued on page 89



BIKER SEXUAL FANTASIES

Some guy came out by our office recently and said, "How come you turds ain't never done a sex-fantasy article like all the other high-class magazines?" And Dog Breath said, "We cannot imagine. What the hell is one?" And the guy said, "A sexual fantasy?" And the Breath said, "No, pal. We know what those are. What's a sex-fantasy article?" And the guy said, "Well, that's where you get some psychologist, or a professional counselor of some sort, someone who knows how to get people

to open up to him, and he gets them to reveal their innermost sex day-dreams, the ones that really turn them on the most; and he gets them to reveal these things with as much vivid detail as possible, with nothing left out, and nothing left to the imagination; and then you print them, and everyone who reads them gets the biggest blue veiner or the drippiest cunt they've ever got, and everyone just jizzes and juices all over the place, and falls down in an unconscious fit of erotica and sperm and

lubrication and sludge and goop just from reading it. That's what one is. And especially considering the way you biker sorts carry on in your *real* lives, not even you jerks could manage to fuck up on an article on biker sex-fantasies. You'll finally get a chance to do one thing right." "Two things," Dog Breath said. We're unable to reproduce the stomping we gave the dude, but the fantasies are here, and the guy was right. They are interesting. No wonder all the other magazines are doing 'em.

L.R., 23, male.

"OK, so what do I do, doc? Just kinda rap on my, sorta, secret hardon wish? You ain't gonna laugh or nuttin'? Okay.

"Well, my dad's got this farm, in Vermont. With a cow on it. No, no doc, don't go jumping to conclusions. This cow is actually good-looking. This is some special kinda cow. Not just your average droop-faced bovine.

"And . . . even good-looking ain't the right word for her . . . for the cow . . . she's more like a painting o' spring what was painted by some guy who was so dedicated, he don't even sniff the paints while he's usin' 'em.

"And her face . . . her face is all kinda warm an' serene-lookin', with big black-brown eyes that are like warm marbles soakin' in thick molasses; and when you walk up to her she'll just stand there while you look at her caramel face, and those eyes that kind of look at you like a coy schoolgirl; and then her jaw will kind of give itself a bit of a slow roll, in a kind of one-chomp-only movement, and then she'll just look at you some more, like she's waitin'. . . .

"Her hide, doc, her hide is like big splashes of pots o' coffee, some of 'em black, some of 'em with cream, some of 'em with a lotta cream, that kind of overlap, or splotch-like spills, and the hairs kind of hold the sunlight like there was millions of silvery spider-webs in there, or like she was shel-

lacked with melted diamonds—'at's how she sheens. . . .

"And when you put your hand flat on her back leg, right in between where it joins up with the belly, and sinks in, like, you can feel this great pulsing of health that presses and then falls away from your hand, over and over, without end. And her milk-thing, her udder . . . it ain't all veined and gross like a regular cow, it's all smooth and bulged, and kinda glassy, like it was this pure white ball of marshmallow wax seen through a bottle of clear porcelain . . . and the squirt-things, they ain't all wrinkly and disgustin', they're like they was machine-punched from bright, smooth white cheeses. . . .

"Someday I'd like to fuck the brains outa Maryann Maeleck after having a big fat casserole made from the meat o' that cow. Maryann fucks like a rabid mink, from what I hear, and I'd need all my strength, and that cow has got to be the fittest specimen of beef in America. I just don't know how I'd kill the thing. I couldn't shoot it, I might ruin the giblets. I'd probably have to slice its head off with a scythe. Maybe I could just bust its udder with a pitchfork and let it drain to death. My old man would kill me though. He raised that cow. Why, he's even given the thing a name! The man is sick."

B.R., 21, male:

"Hey, what I do, just sit down here? Oh, man, this is a deep chair, look how

my belly sticks way out from my T-shirt bottom here . . . yaa . . . I can stick my cigarette butt right in my navel, see there? I'll just let it set there while I relax a sec. Been ridin' quick ta get here, an' the wind's kinda made my teeth ache. You can see why . . . see hee how vey aww kine-uh aww bwownn? . . . that's 'cause they're rotted . . . that's from eatin' too many park pigeons; they got diseases, and they rot your mouth and insides. Fuck you, it's cheaper to eat 'em, don't tell me what to do! You gotta spittoon? No matter, my lap's fine; if it fills up, I'll just open my zipper an' let it drip through. Oh, hey, I didn't mean to dilly-dally around in the office there so long, but I was out there tellin' yer secretary I'd like to stick my cock right in her married little mouth and cream her so full her tits would start leakin'.

"Oh, yeah, sure, my sex-wish. Well, there's this little nun-girl. I see her every day. She teaches a gym class at this all-girls high school near where I live. Real tiny thing, maybe four-foot-nine. Every day I see her bouncin' around in her trim little police-car clothes, just flappin' all over the place like a carefree penguin. Looks like she's fresh outa the cradle, man. Fa-resh out.

"Heh . . . 'djever have one o' them chocolate bon-bon things? The expensive ones from the place with the ol' lady smilin' atcha iner shawl? How,

—Continued on page 82

PARTY TIME AT BOWLING GREEN

The music never stopped and the party never slowed. We pulled into this Beech Bend place on Thursday afternoon and soon finished the paper work and logistics—like where were we gonna lay our asses—to the tune of a measly twelve bucks for the whole four-day shot. All this money transfer bullshit was takin' place in the middle of some farmer's pasture, where they'd set up the registration booth. Once the payoff went down, they gave us the green light to raise a ruckus.

What with the winter blizzards back here in Kentucky, everything was still pretty slushworthy. Almost immediatly, bikes started to slip and slide on the turf in the center ring of the June outlaw bike bash down here. The scene was the drags, and I ain't talkin' about the sanctioned ones, either. Dudes were gettin' completely crazy on their scoots down a definitely less-than-quarter-mile section of ten-foot-wide blacktop.

Tits, tits, tits—saw more of 'em than in any fuck book. Big ones, bite-size, chewy nips—you name it. They really started comin' out when the film crew for the magazine showed up. Jesus—and then

they had to sign some kind of fuckin' release form. It's supposed to let 'em be free to be a star or some damn thing. I made my ol' lady sign.

Most of the time we drank; the rest of the time we smoked. Testin' out various strains of herbs and hops. Bullshittin' with bros I knew and dudes I'd never seen before. Eyein' the hardware and soft tails sittin' by the river that tools its way alongside the campground, generally makin' the most out of the climate, which changed hourly. It would be burnin' sky bright, then cloud up and dump on us. That's when the Bike Wash started.

It seems this leatherneck dropped his putt in the mud at the far south end of camp. A couple photogs got a few shots and followed him down to the river, where he started pullin' dirt out of everywhere. Then all of a sudden, some broad decided she wanted to help in the scrub-down. Well, faster than you can say "knucklehead" they were floppin' and turnin', caressin' and carousin' right in the stream. The guy went away with a clean bike and a smile on his face. The chick was a little short on words, but I

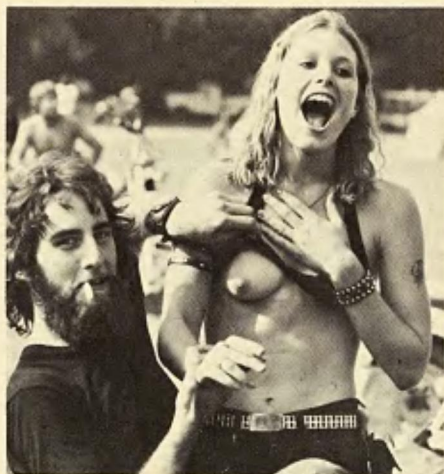
think she got all she could handle.

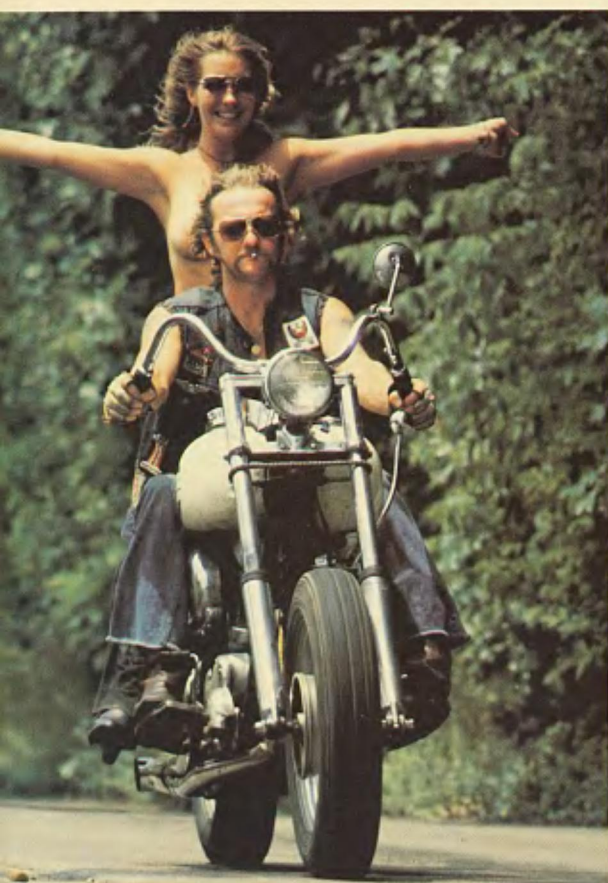
By Saturday afternoon the quiet little campground was cookin'. Bikes and bikers of all persuasions had made the pilgrimage of faith to the Kingdom of Kicks. The East-West Connection, a rock group from Bowling Green, was crankin' at full amperage, but couldn't top the roar of ten thousand bikes. Saturday night saw the heaviest downpour, the meek split camp, and the 1%ers were the only ones left standing.

Around noon Sunday we knocked down the tents, maintained the equipment, and started in on our final stash of brew.

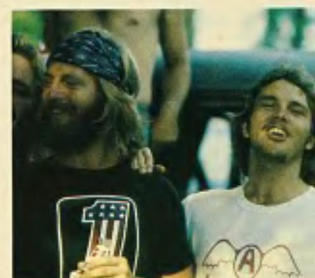
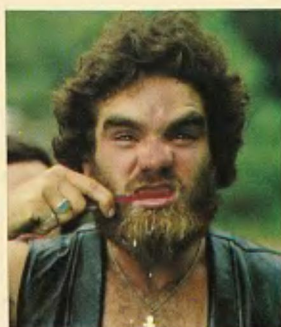
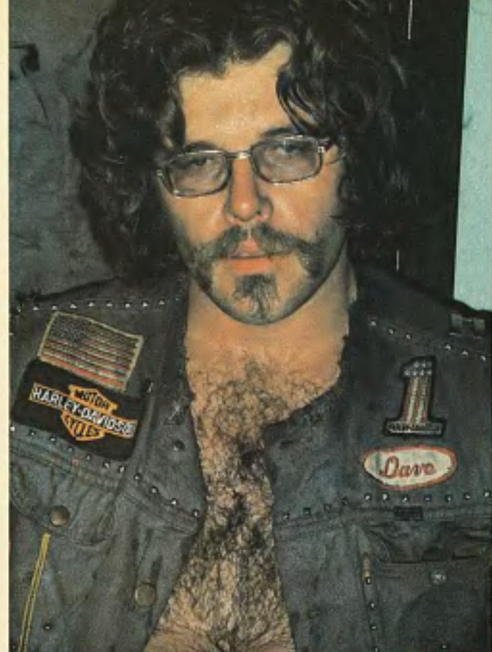
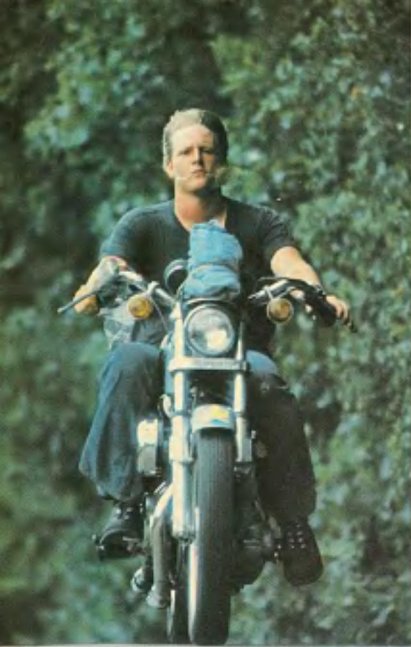
On the way out of camp we made it to the official drags. Just our luck, it rained. When it let up, the hot rod dudes got the strip in some kind of raceable condition by sweepin', burnin', and a lot of prayers to the Big Biker up there. We got a chance to check out Joe Smith and his Harley crew. Good people. They gave it their best shot on gettin' things goin' but they were soon undone by the rain. We waited till it broke a bit, then put it in the wind. Chalk up another fine biker bash.

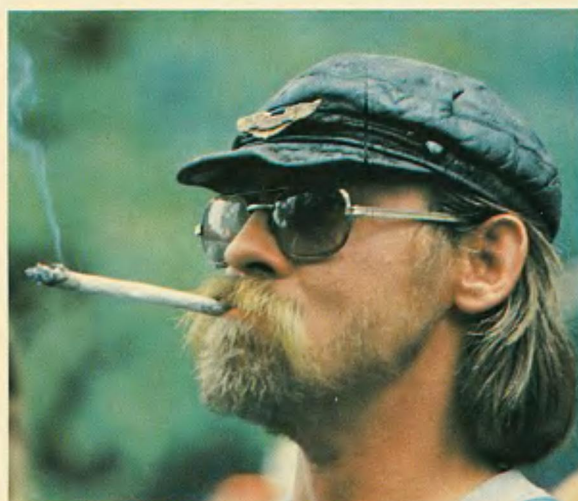
—Scar





Photos by Billy Tinney/Rogue/Kim Peterson/Woody







BITCH!

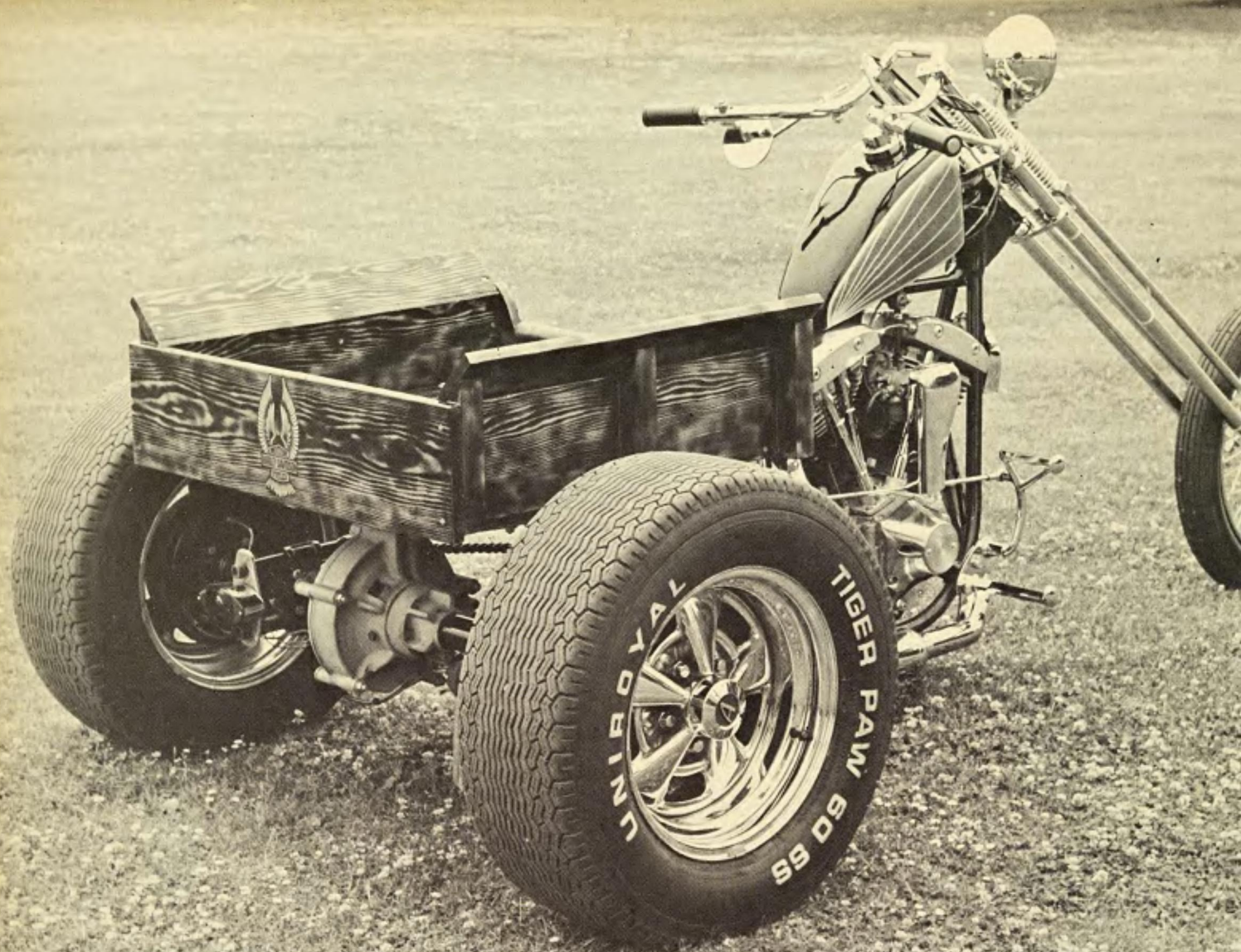
—and if ya don't like it, step outside. . .

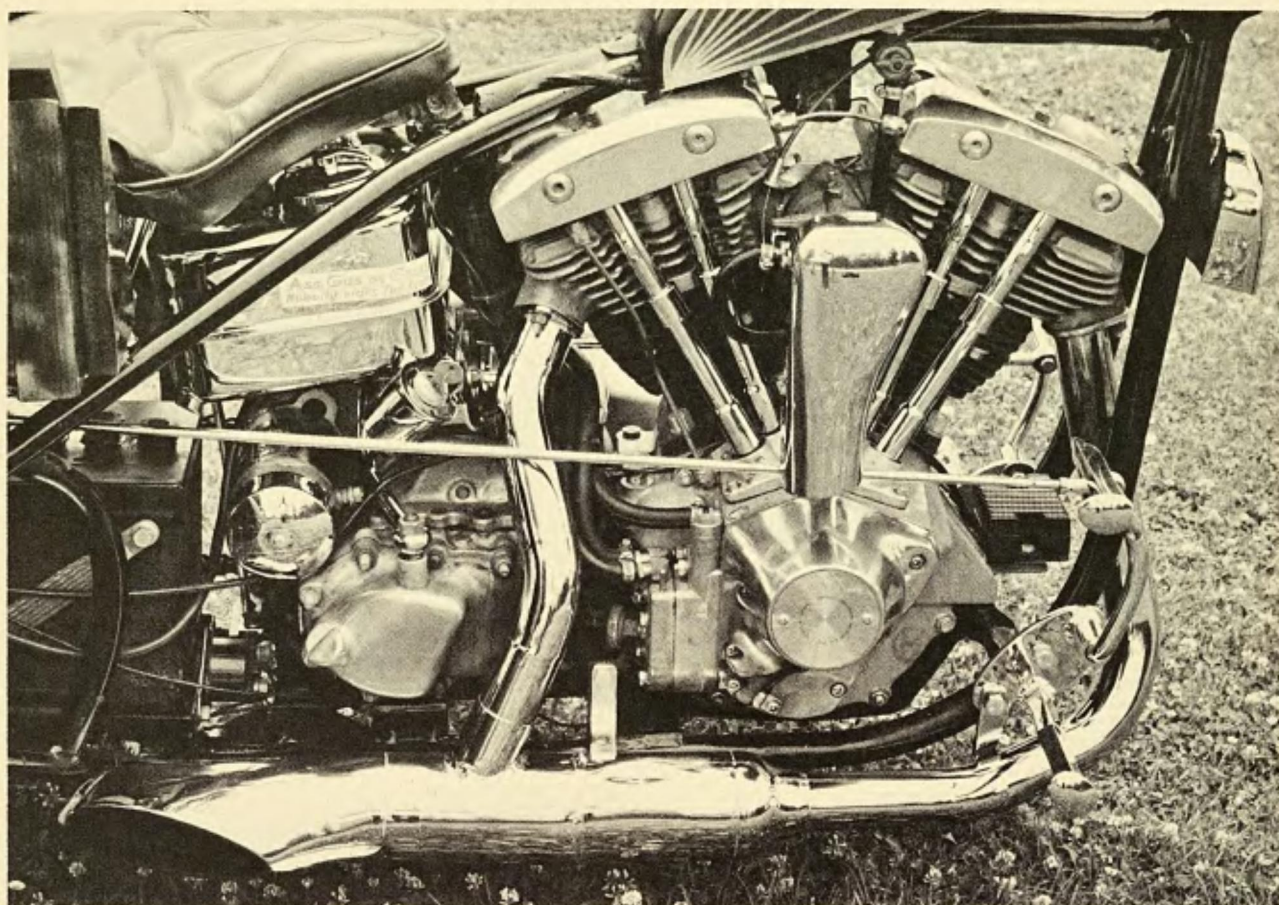
We're not here to lay a badass reputation on anyone. But at the same time we aren't about to hold back the truth by layin' down a line of shit to sweeten someone's tale, either. We're gonna give ya the straight dope—and run down a trip that'll spin your head.

Okay—so I haven't made a cotten key's worth of sense so far. Ya see, whenever the word **dope** comes up, my melted mind slips silently into another dimension. But down to the kickstart truth, the story is that this sweetie likes to be called Bitch.

Now for the facts. Seems the ol' lady wanted to ride. So, without hounding the ol' man for the bucks or the muscle to get a machine on the street, she got herself some work. She actually earned the cash. Then she worked on the bike herself or paid to have the work done she







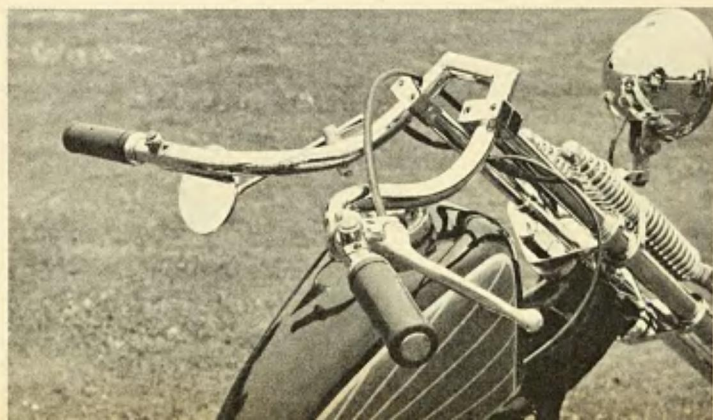
Photos by Pete Chioldo

couldn't take care of on her own—even paid for the parts herself! But that's not the end of this terrific testimony. She also backs up her shit—and not just behind the secure walls of her home. This Bitch is really out there in the streets with the rest of us tramps—punchin' 'em out with her fists, fuckin', frolickin', whatever.

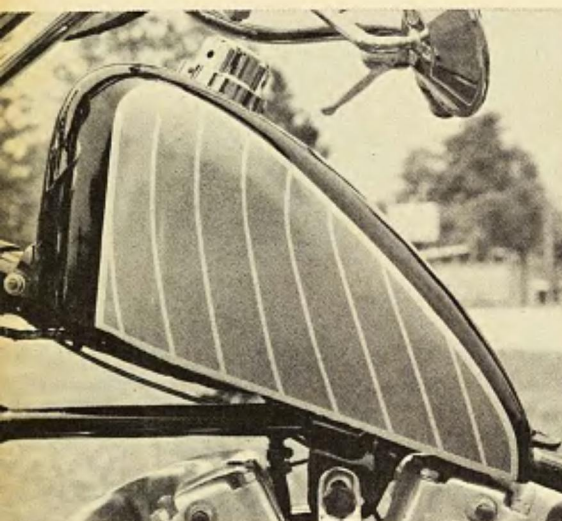
Like I said before, we don't want to give the broad a reputation. But her ol' man assured us that she's tried to kick his ass on more than one occasion. In fact, he told us she's even cleared a bar or two. (Musta been the gorilla biscuits or cheap wine—hard to say.)

Well—as I eased outta the pad after taking the flicks and squeamishly said adios to the Bitch—I began to wonder what the world's coming to. Guess the best thing to do is stay away from raspy chicks. Or maybe, if one gets chesty, I'll just tell her I gotta go pack my nose—and then silently disappear. Who wants to punch out a bitch anyway? 'Cept if she deserves it, ya understand.

—Creep



—Continued on next page



Owner: Jerri Messer

City: Bell Gardens, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner & J. Long

Year: 1974

Year and make: 1976 H-D

Builder: H-D & Jim Long

Model: FX trike

Type: rigid three-wheeler

Value: \$5,000

Rake: $\frac{7}{8}$ in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: trike rear sec.

Chroming by: Custom Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: reworked stock

Year: 1976

Risers: Denver

Model: H-D

Fender(s): none

Rebuilder: new

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: dist., coil 12 v.

Taillight: cat's eye

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: new

Front pegs: railroad spikes

Balancing: H-D factory

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: stock

Electrics: alternator, car battery

Cases: glass beaded

Gas tank: Sportster

Heads: glass beaded

Oil tank: H-D

Cam: FX

Oil system: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: stock chromed

Carb(s): Bendix

Seat: owner

Air cleaner: none

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Jim Long

Height:

Muffler(s): shortened hog

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: jockey lid

Type: springer

Year: 1975

Extension: 20 in.

Shifting: hand

Builder: Denver

Engine sprocket: 21

Special features: solid stock in rear legs

Trans sprocket: 19

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 36

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 14

Molding: none

Hub: yep

Hub: custom

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 10 in.

Color: black

Tire: Jap

Tire: Uniroyal

Type: lacquer

Brake: yep

Brake: juice

Special paint: crushed mirror panel, blue and silver

Can ya believe this shit? Ol' Miraculous dropped outta sight
all of a sudden — and we just found out
as we were goin' to press that the whore got her ass arrested.
Needless to say, we didn't get this month's column.
And, as we said, we discovered the hassle at the last minute,
so we don't have all the dismal details
at this exact moment.

Everyone in this sweatshop is speculatin', but no one knows for sure.

Spider came up with the most probable explanation —
that she got her ass popped while tryin' to make it
with a plainclothes narc dog. (Mutha never could resist those long
thick, wet, doggie tongues — right, Spider?)

Ya can believe we'll have the sordid details in the next issue,
so sit tight. (Now whatdafuck do ya suppose caused
her to disappear like that? Musta been heavy, man, heavy.)

— The Editors

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



—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. ■



Do-It-Yourself Tattoo Removal

In the May 1977 Wordmonger column a chick named Bev asked if anyone knew how to remove a tattoo. Needless to say, our righteous readers had all kinds of advice for her. As a matter of fact, we received so many letters that we decided to publish some of the more printable ones here. The unprintable ones outnumbered the printable ones—but whatdafuck, this being a family magazine, we decided to do the right thing and give the chick a little slack by printing the advice from our depraved readers.

Now we're not sticking our necks out and recommending any of the following handy hints. We don't know if any of them work. We're just printing them for your info and amusement. What you do is your business, but to avoid any hassles we strongly suggest you get professional advice before attempting any do-it-yourself remedies. In short, we're not guaranteeing these suggestions or approving any methods. You're on your own, so don't snivel to us if your fuckin' arm falls off.

■ There's no easy way that I know of except paying out the ass for a surgical removal, but here's a prescription that'll work: three or four reds, a couple of healthy pulls on some good booze, and when yer head's right, take the tattoo off with gasoline and a fuckin' wire brush.

Jon Somers
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

■ I'm a professional tattoo artist and I can tell you that you are shit out of luck. There just ain't no way to make tattooed skin look the way it did before it was tattooed. However, you can remove a tattoo by rubbing it raw with salt for about a half-hour, then soak it every day in warm water until it heals. This usually works better on professional tattoos than on home-mades because home-mades are usually put in much deeper. This method will leave the skin slightly discolored and bumpy but is less dangerous and leaves less scar tissue than any other method. A skin doctor can do a better job than you can do yourself and maybe save you some pain in the process. Also, sometimes you have to do it more than once, if your tattoo is in really deep.

Most tattoo artists can cover an old tattoo with a new design. But don't go to a tattoo artist for removal because they use a caustic chemical which can really fuck you up. This method is so dangerous that doctors are scared to use it. Tattoo removal kits advertised in magazines work in the same way, so save your money and your skin. Most tattoo artists will not do removal anyway.

Some folks say you can take out a tattoo with lemon juice, goat's milk, buttermilk, etc. None of this shit works. Of course, if you spend an hour gouging at your tattoo with a needle wrapped with thread, it's bound to take some of it out whether the thread is soaked with buttermilk, piss, water, or nothing at all, but you'll probably die of old age before you can get it all out this way. More likely, all you'll get is a sore arm.

Finally, no method of removal is 100% safe, so if you've got the bread, your best shot for removal is to go to a plastic surgeon or a dermatologist.

David Boucher
Dave's Tattoo Shop
Toledo, Ohio

■ There is a way to remove tattoos without cutting. You wet the area with water, put some salt on the area and take a damp wash cloth and rub. Do not rub hard, but hard enough to cause the skin to turn a bright pink color. This area will then start to seep or run pink water substance which is only the salt making the area sweet. Rinse the salt off and add more to the area. It does sting a little. Leave the salt on for at least five minutes. Rinse and apply a moisturizer to the area.

Always keep this moisturizer on the area to keep the scab from cracking. In about six weeks you will be able to peel the scab off and your tattoo will be gone. If you hold the scab up to the light, you will be able to see your old tattoo.

Bathe daily in hot water and soap to keep out infection

and keep it covered for the first week. Always remember to keep a moisturizer of some kind on the area.

Baby Blues
South Bend, Ind.

■ I did a little fartin' around my med book and found out how to remove a tattoo. First, ya gotta have an operation. It's about a 3-day stay in the hospital. What happens is that the docs lift a few layers of skin off your ass or your back, then cut out the tattoo and put the other skin in its place. All this costs about one hundred bucks, but if ya wanna save some bread, just come over to my place and I'll do it for two bucks with a rusty axe and some thread.

Tonto
Ontario, Canada

■ The cheapest way is to find a resident in dermatology at a local hospital clinic who will do it. They will rub it off with a salt solution or freeze it and do what they call "sanding" it off. The latter is less painful. They usually have to go over it more than once, depending on how deep the ink is. The first time after they go over it, they bandage it and for the next week or so the ink draws out onto the bandage. Next, it has to heal up, and if it's not gone, they go over it again and more of the ink draws out. It may leave a slight discoloration of the skin. The area where the tattoo was may be a little pinker than the rest of your skin, but what the hell—if you want the tattoo gone, it's worth it.

Barbara
Richmond, Va.

■ This is an easy and painless way to remove unwanted tattoos—especially the home-made jobs.

First, you have to get a partner. Next, you need a bowl of table salt, a bowl of warm water, and last, some gauze. Have your partner wrap the gauze around his finger, dip it in the water, then the salt, and start rubbing over the tattoo softly. Keep rubbing until the whole area is covered and the skin is a bright red. It looks shitty, but it's painless. When you're through, wash immediately with cold water until all the

salt is out of the wound. Now you're set. It's better to leave the wound uncovered. It will scab over and look like you snagged on something while puttin'. But the tattoo will be no more.

Don't pick at the scab. After the scab falls off, you'll have a faint white patch where the tattoo used to be. It helps to sip some tequila while the process is under way—just for the nerves, mind you.

Belinda
Mission Viejo, Calif.

■ There are people like myself who make sure the tattoos they get are ones they like and are well done, but for the person who is such an asshole that his tattoos are screwed up to the point where they look like graffiti on a shit house, the following numbered suggestions are about the only choices they have: 1. The simple way to get rid of a tattoo is to find a larger pattern (picture) which requires a lot of shading to cover the one you don't want, such as peacocks, dragons, eagles, etc. 2. Concerning the removal, if you want to pay the bucks, you can go to the hospital and the doc will numb the area and remove the skin with a sander, but it leaves a scar. 3. If you don't have the bucks, then the only choice left is to go out and buy some cheap whiskey and some antibiotics and sand the sonuvabitch off yourself. After that, for sure you'll be more careful about the tattoos you put on your stupid ass.

1%er Dutch
Somewhere

■ The best thing to use to remove a tattoo is buttermilk. You use the buttermilk just like you use the ink to put the tattoo on. One problem though, your skin will be whiter where the tattoo was. If you tan easily, you won't have any problems.

Cousin Dude
Marion, Ohio

■ There are several methods of removing unwanted skin illustrations. Some are more successful than others, but it's generally agreed that the best is also the most obvious: don't

—Continued on page 74

Hunkered down beside the machine, Ram Zilderton carefully fitted a shiny new countershaft into the panhead's gear-box—sighing with relief when it clicked into place perfectly. Easing his weight back onto the heels of his boots and wiping sweat from his eyes with a greasy forearm, he tensed at the sound of hesitant footsteps.

"Still playin' with that goddam thing, huh?" taunted the familiar raspy old voice.

Ram's pale eyes lifted. Grampa's hawk-faced disapproval glared down at him from where the old man stood, leaning heavily on the knobby stick he used for a cane.

"It's almost ready," Ram said evenly. "I'll be gone in another hour or two, don't worry."

"Worry? Shit, I stopped worryin' about you a long time ago," snorted Grampa, grunting as he lowered his emaciated frame onto a crate. "Nobody in his right mind worries about selfish trash."

"Thanks a bunch," said Ram softly, reaching for a wrench and leaning forward as he began tightening a nut.

"Don't get smart with me. I may not be the man I was but I ain't so goddam feeble that I can't—"

"Gimme some slack, Grampa, will ya?" Ram stood up, rubbing the small of his back. "It ain't my fault. I jes' wasn't meant to live on this ratty little farm and work myself into an early grave like my daddy did."

The old eyes burned silently.

Ram walked from the shed to the sagging house where he took a six-pack of Pearl beer from the refrigerator. Returning to the shed, he tore two cans from the plastic webbing. The old man sat glowering at the motorcycle but he accepted the open can with an extended hand, thickened by a lifetime of hard labor. For a few moments they silently drank the chilled beer, Ram's eyes roaming about the ancient outbuildings while Grampa studied the machine with obvious dislike.

"I shouldn't have come back," mused Ram, lighting a cigarette. "But I was only a hundred miles from here, bookin' along the highway, and it seemed like a good idea at the time to stop for a visit. Now I know I shoulda jes' kept puttin'."

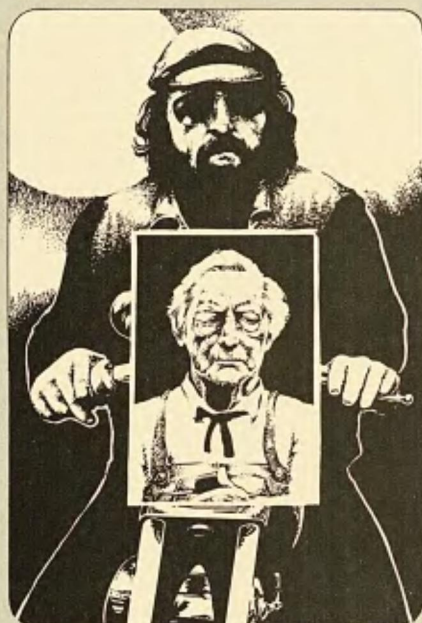
"We figured you'd come home to stay," Grampa said harshly. "Your ma looked happier than I've seen her in all these years since you took off. How long's it been, anyways?"

"Eight years."

"They changed you. From a snottosed kid with freckles to a full-grown man. Hell, you stand taller than your daddy did in his strongest year but I hain't seen longish hair and a full beard on a man since I was a young'un in the Kentucky mountains." Grampa bared withered gums in a wry smirk. "Betcha got woods

Heart to Heart

By Carl Kohler



colts scattered from here to Californy and back, huh?"

"Not to my knowledge, you dirty-minded old coot." Ram grinned, suddenly feeling embarrassed. "The ladies I pack are careful about that, knowin' how I feel about bein' burdened."

"Not ready, huh?"

Ram nodded. "Now you're diggin' it. I'm jes' not ready for the steady work and family route. Maybe someday, Grampa. But right now I jes' wanna eat wind and see other places. Is that some kinda fuckin' crime?"

"Save them filthy words for your own kind," growled Grampa, reaching for another beer. "Naw, I guess you gotta do what your innards crave—and you sure didn't invent wanderlust. I know what it feels like. Your daddy was a steadier breed, which is why I was proud to let him have my little girl."

"Hell, I'm only twenty-seven," murmured Ram, grinding out the butt beneath his booted foot. "Plenty of time for settlin' down ahead of me. Meantime, I

jes' wanna ride and party—and be with my brothers."

"Yeah." The old man scratched thoughtfully at his chin. "I can see where an only child like you might want some brothers. I had five blood brothers, myself, afore the good Lord gradually gathered 'em in." He peered intently at Ram, the rheumy eyes glittering with an appeal. "Guess maybe I'm jes' too damned old to understand you. It's been more'n sixty-three years since my flesh was as hot and restless and foolish as yours—and a man tends to fergit the misery of bein' young."

"I'll try to send ma some money regularly," Ram offered.

"Do that. It'll show her that you're still her boy and that you give a damn about her. But don't fret yourself if you go broke or make jail. I've got money nobody knows about except the lawyer who'll see that your ma gets it all when I've stopped breathin', see?" Cackling thinly, Grampa hoisted himself to his feet, wobbling against the knobby stick. "Shit, the only thing wrong with you is the Heimer blood thunderin' through your veins, sonny. An' that ain't your fault, I reckon."

"Heimer blood?" Ram said uncertainly. "Y'mean, your blood, Grampa?"

"I don't mean turkey blood, boy!"

"Afraid you've lost me."

The stooped figure straightened, the jutting chin rising and the old eyes stabbing fiercely into Ram's. "I raised unholy hell in three states until I was almost thirty-five. Didn't stop until I found the *real* woman who was your gram-maw—and didn't lay a hand on a plow or stay outa jail a year of my life until I was forty! After that, I quieted down some and got after bein' a family man. So no need for me to expect *your* Heimer blood to cool this early!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Ram threw back his head and laughed.

"You probably are," Grampa commented somberly. "So if I'm no longer totterin' around the next time you visit your ma—an' you damn well *better*, boy—then I'll keep a weather eye open in hell fer the sight of you!"

"You got a deal, Grampa."

The old man's gaze swept over the machine with a naked expression of fascination. "Wicked-lookin' contraption," he muttered. "You gonna offer me a ride on that abomination afore you leave?"

"You want one?" Ram's voice was filled with disbelief.

Grandpa nodded grimly. "Yeah, if hell's as cluttered with them damn things as I suspect it is—it sure can't hurt none to know what they *feel* like!"

The exchanged grin between them bonded both generations in that moment, and Ram was suddenly filled with the realization that few such moments lay ahead in the years to come.

Stash Box

By Tex Campbell

Moscow Barbers, Fashion, & More Pages

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1.2

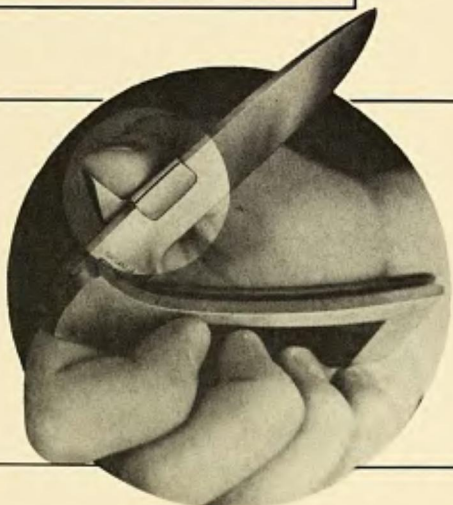


If the citizens stare at ya because of your long hair, try shavin' yer head and see if that helps. Then rush out and get yourself a copy of "The Razor's Edge," a new mag devoted to bald women with shaved heads (no shit). Each issue is loaded with chromedome cunt and timely tips on achieving that sought-after Cue Ball Look. On the cover of issue #2 is a rare photograph of Joseph Stalin and his bald wife, Slick. Stalin always laughed off cracks about his wife's skinhead condition, saying, "So what? She's got nice tits and when she's down there gobblin' my goober, there's no hair to block my view." A year's subscription can be yours for sending \$12 to Box 685, Palisades, N. Y. 10964.



If you're thinkin' of gettin' a varmit rifle, here's one guaranteed to dust any pesky critter (four-legged or two) you draw down on. This is the American 180, a lightweight, .22 caliber, automatic rifle that can empty its 177-round magazine in about six seconds. But that's not the half of it. This weapon can be fitted with a telescopic sight that emits a laser beam to pinpoint its target. The rifle is deadly accurate and you can imagine the effects of even a short burst of fire, since it spits thirty slugs a second. Before you rush out to buy one for backyard bottle-bustin', it's my duty to inform you that our Uncle won't let us common folk own one—sale and possession are controlled by the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms.

Get (buzz) bombed with the aid of this technological marvel, "Willie's Buzz-master." Everyone knows how much hassle it is to break your ass liftin' those heavy cigarette papers and rollin' 'em into joints. Whew! I get plumb tuckered just thinkin' about it. What a relief to discover this wonderful device that requires only the push of a button. The gizmo uses a tiny electric motor to pump a hit through the stem, giving you a quick, efficient toke with no wasted smoke. Use it once and you'll agree that it's as much a necessity as your trash compactor or your electric knife. For more information, write 9249 Carlton Oaks Dr., Space #56, Santee, Calif.



Ever need yer blade and just have one hand free? If so, you'll be interested in this farout new knife accessory called the "Flicket." It attaches to any single-bladed, locking knife and allows it to be opened with a flick of the thumb—in less than 1/100th of a second. The "Flicket" is made of heat-treated spring steel, nickel-plated, and should last as long as your knife. \$2.95 from Coco, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. When ordering, specify make of knife, model, and length of blade when open.

Flip For Spooky

By Garbage

Moo Jones lowered the binoculars, his lopsided face made even more grotesque by the wicked grin smeared across it.

"It's him," Moo chuckled. "It's the Champ, himself!"

"You sure?" asked the prospect called Tool.

"Oh, I'm sure, man. Would I forget the face of the muthafucker who did this to me—" hairy fingers gestured awkwardly at the twisted features contorted into the happy smirk "—an' then stood over me, laughin' his goddam tonsils out after deliberately downin' me with a cage?"

"Crissakes!" said Tool softly, "he did that?"

"For openers. Later, there were snitch calls to the heat. Some sleds burned to melted junk." Moo's ruined face went somber with remembering. "Yeah, Champ was one very busy asshole—gettin' his revenge because we rejected the prick in his fourth month of prospectin' for us. But the cherry on top of all that dumb shit was when the Champ outdid himself by snuffin' poor Tanker. Ya don't let nobody dust a bro and get away with it. Tanker was the realest dude in the whole fuckin' club."

Tool peered through the binoculars. "Shit, he looks too pussy to have been that badass, man. You really sure he's the dude who—"

"Listen, dipshit," Moo said patiently, "we took plenty of time, spent plenty of money—collectin' bits and pieces of info and puttin' them together. It was the Champ all the way."

Behind them, Spooky made wet noises in her throat.

Moo studied her thoughtfully. "Time to lead the cunt down there and get the number rollin', Tool."

Tool handed the glasses to Moo.

"Ya got the drill memorized?" demanded Moo.

Tool nodded, scratching his fluffy beard. "Yeah, I got it all in my head, man. Shit, it was drummed into my skull enough times by every one of you bastards. And it still don't make much sense!"

"Not to worry," said Moo. "Just shag along that pavement and do yer part like ya was told."

"Ya don't think he'll snap to—"

"The fucker's never laid eyes on ya. He's five states away from all the damage he did." Moo's uneven eyes glistened darkly with restrained anger. "It's been months since he wasted Tanker. We've given him all that time jes' to let'm build the notion that he's totally safe. Now getcher ass goin', prospect!"

Taking Spooky's limp, moist hand, Tool led her toward the road.

* * *

Champ Groot inhaled another hit, sighing contentedly.

Vaguely he wondered if it was really safe to use this favorite pee-and-snooze site along the route he had ridden so often in the past two months. But since there hadn't been the slightest hint of danger during the last ten months, he decided he was just fretting like an old woman over nothing. Toking a last hit, he flipped the roach's glowing ember into the nearby creek, yawned, and was settling down for his customary mid-way-point nap when he heard the sound of voices.

Instantly, Champ was on his feet—pretending to be looking in the bag on the sissybar. As the hippie-looking couple came shuffling along the shoulder of the highway, he checked them over without being obvious about it. Just a tall, thin dude wearing a gaudy poncho and a silly-looking hat, leading a ripe-shaped doll whose richly curved bod filled a granny dress. When they were closer he noted the glossy blonde hair cascading down around the strangely placid face on the broad.

Awful fuckin' young-lookin', thought Champ, eying the delectably pointed breasts thrusting tautly against the faded material of the dress. Much too tender to be wasted on a goddam hippie.

Tool halted and Spooky bumped into him—giggling shrilly.

"Hi, man," said Tool cheerfully. "Ya got motor trouble?"

Champ shook his tawny head silently, openly staring holes in all the chick's lushly distributed plumpnesses and feeling his crotch starting to tingle.

"Jeez, wotta beautiful machine ya got!" babbled Tool, walking over and

hunkering down beside the rat bike. "I've always wanted wheels like this!"

"Hello, tasty," murmured Champ, smiling at the girl who gazed serenely into space, making funny little noises to herself as she stood there. "You fifteen, maybe sixteen, honey?"

Spooky gurgled calmly, fingers working together continuously.

"You dig her?" asked Tool, grinning foolishly.

"Yeah, she's all there, in the girly department," admitted Champ, "but what's she on?"

"Aw, she found a cafeteria I had stashed and made a fuckin' pig of herself with it, man," Tool explained in a disgusted tone. "I mean, she can be a real burden when she's this spacey. The first cop that spots us will—"

"Ya wanna dump her?" suggested Champ. He hadn't had any ass in nearly a week and he couldn't recall ever having had tail quite as young-looking as this little gash. Excitement throbbed rigidly in his pants. He wanted this teenybopperish little whore like he hadn't wanted anything since getting even with those klutzes who had thumbed him down.

"Fer how much, man?" asked Tool.

"Well—all's I got on me is a twenny," lied Champ.

"Fuck that old shit."

"I could jes' take her, y'know."

"Then I'd hafta tell the heat you turned her on until she was freaked out and kidnapped her. She's bait, in case ya haven't noticed."

"Bait?" Champ looked uneasy.

"Them badges catch a biker with a ginch this young, you'll finish the whole route in the slam." Tool grinned pleasantly. "But I'll be cool if ya'll gamble!"

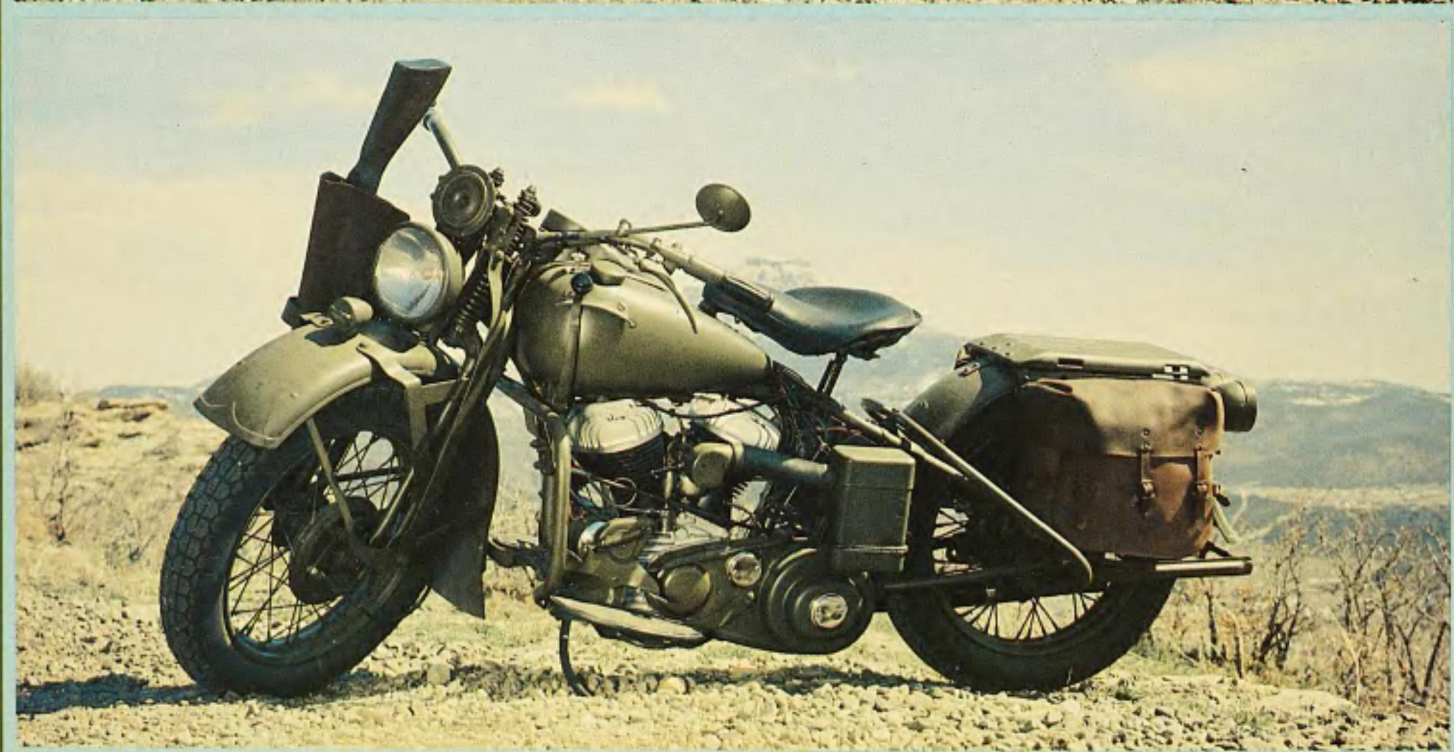
"Wot kinda gamble, shithead?" growled Champ.

Tool held a coin between his thumb and forefinger. "Heads, I own yer bike. Tails, you own slobberhead, here. She gets this spacey, all she wants ta do is suck!"

"Lemme see the coin," said Champ, so horny now that he knew he would have

—Continued on page 88





HELL ON HOG WHEELS

Words 'n photos by Wildman

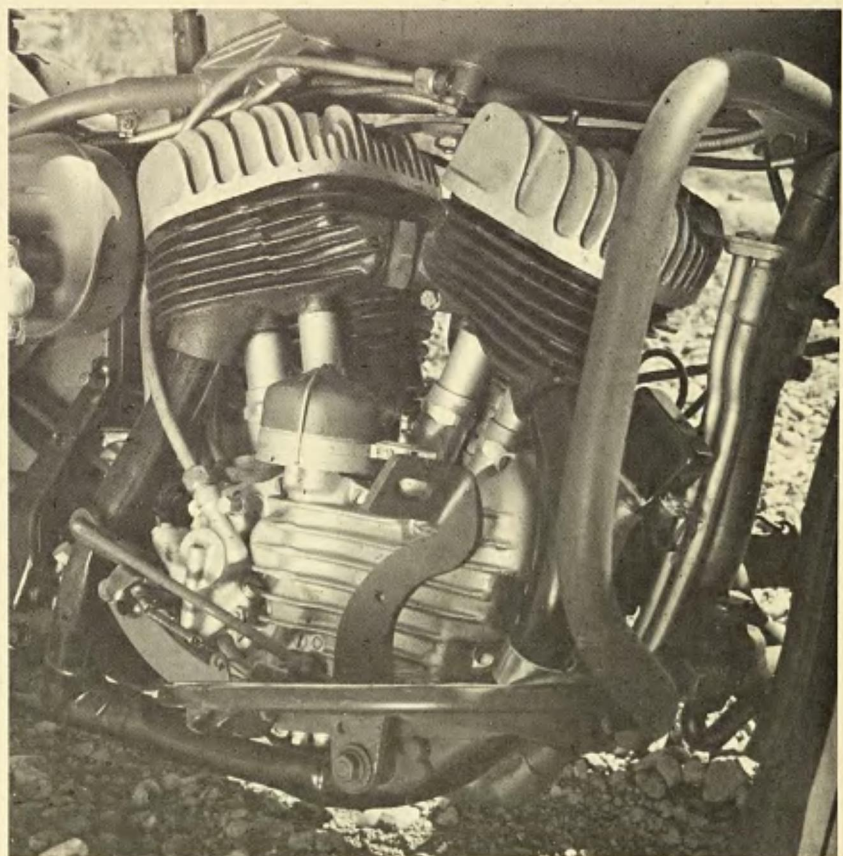
MILITARY HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES—Original WLA 45-cu. in. Army motorcycles new in the overseas packing crates. Found in a warehouse after 15 years of storage. Complete with all accessories, tools, tires, etc.—just add gas and oil and ride them away. \$250 each (\$100 cash deposit, with balance on delivery). Limit of 2 per customer. CARGO PILFERAGE CO., Dockside #86, Brooklyn, N.Y.

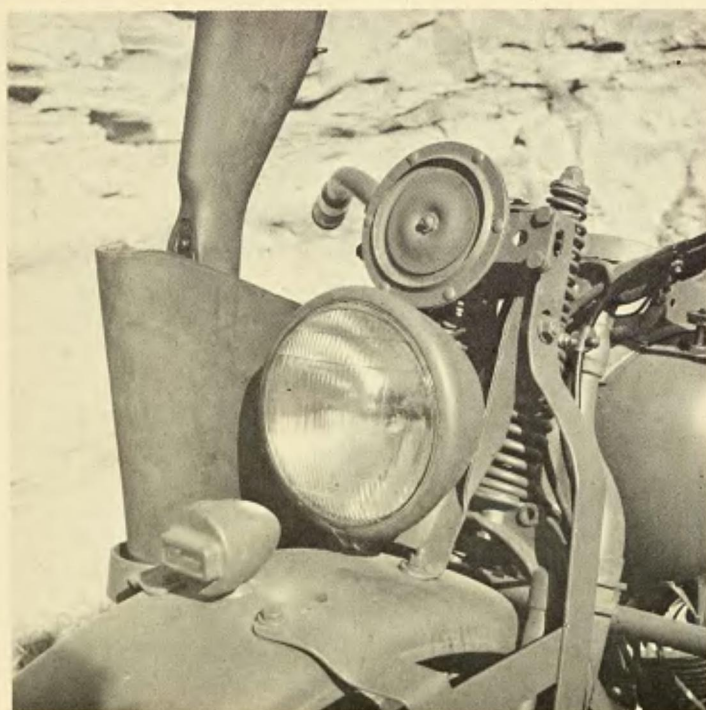
Before you go outta yer soggy mind, let me assure you that this ad never existed—as far as I know—but since 1945 every biker in the western world has heard a similar pitch. It usually goes something like this—Harold Horsepecker has a buddy with a line on war surplus Harleys—give him 50 bucks cash deposit and he's gonna bring back a truckload of the fuckers! Hurry up, 'cause he's gotta get 'em before they're all sold!

Who the hell knows how many dumbasses have gotten scammed by that one? Of all the guys I've ever talked to about this, there's only one who's come out on top—George Barrack of Trinidad, Colorado.

George had been a Harley dealer since the 1940s, first in L.A. Later on he moved his whole operation to Trinidad—a sleepy little Colorado mountain town. George is one hell of a fine man who's been straddlin' scooters for as long as he can remember—1920 thrill shows at carnivals and fairs, the "Wall of Death," flat trackin', dirt ovals, wooden ovals—you name it and George has done it, and done it on a Harley.

A couple of years ago George and his Harley-fanatic son Gary were scroungin' around in the back of a war surplus warehouse in a nearby city when they came across a bunch of stuff that looked like Harley parts all stuffed with grease and comin' outta the wrappers. A closer look revealed unopened boxes of engine parts, electrical stuff, frames, seats—





enough stuff to build a bunch of brand-new Harleys from the ground up!

Puttin' on their best poker faces, they approached the surplus dealer about some of the other shit they were interested in and then casually let the conversation drift around to "junk" piled in the back corner. It soon became obvious that the dealer didn't have any idea what that stuff was and wanted to get rid of it 'cause it was in the way! George made a deal and got the entire collection for a song.

They took a truckload of virgin parts back to Trinidad, where Gary immediately started to slap them together in the well-equipped scooter shop. Gary has been helping George rebuild Harleys since he was old enough to hold a wrench, so in less time than it takes to tell it, he had an immaculate military 45 between his knees.

The Barracks have sold one or two complete bikes and some of the extra parts, but they figure they'll just sit on what they have left till they get tired of them or need a little extra cash to buy more antique Harleys to add to their collection of H-D and Indian classics from 1910 to the present.

So feast yer eyes on an absolutely virgin Army 45 WLA—not restored, not rebuilt, but assembled from brand-new parts. Since the engine was a bit tight, it took 'em a while to start the fucker, but they finally did and Gary rode it up to the top of the mountain overlooking Trinidad where we took these pix. Eat yer hearts out.

Since the Harley-Davidson 45-cubic-inch WL, WLD, and WLDR civilian model motorcycles had been in production since mid-1940, they were damn near bug-proof by that fateful December day in 1941 when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. The U.S. mobilized for war by ordering tanks, ships, planes, draftees, and motorcycles to fight the Krauts and Japs and to keep the world safe for democracy. Naturally, Harley got the contract to supply thousands of rugged WLA military versions to the U.S. and Allied armies. Therein hangs a tale.

The U.S. Army and Harley had been good friends since WWI when a lot of "doughboys" were introduced to the gentle art of dirt and mud scramblin' on 1917 Harley JD military motorcycles. They were so popular, so successful, and so reliable that the Army began to update regularly its inventory of scooters with each new model Harley as it appeared. The Harleys served with pride and style as VIP taxis, dispatch runners, scout vehicles—and from time to time they carried AWOL troopers into the nearest village to get loaded and make whoopee with the pretty French mademoiselles.

Since Harley has built strong machines from the very beginning, their military bikes were stock production models fitted with skid plates, olive-drab paint, and the usual military lights and heavy-duty air cleaners. The Army inspectors would fiendishly test the frame, suspension, engine/transmission, brakes, etc. to see if they could be relied upon to go the distance in gut-busting, minimum-maintenance operation under combat conditions. Year in and year out they did their best (and their worst) but the Harley always made the grade. A cruel but true fact is that more Army inspectors and test riders were lost every year than Harleys.

So when the call went out for motorcycles

for the war effort, it was a lead-pipe cinch that the U.S. Army riders would travel once again with Hogs between their knees. Thousands of solo and sidehack WLAs poured off the expanded assembly lines in Milwaukee and found their way into duty with Military Police, Mechanized Cavalry, Signal Corps, General Staff, Quartermaster, WAC, Infantry, Artillery, and Army Air Corps units.

They were sent overseas by the thousands for duty with Allied armies, and served from the frozen wastes of arctic Russia to the trackless, burning North African deserts. The Russkis had some of their own bikes, but when they began to ride the new Harleys they found out what a real motorcycle was and took to them like Cossacks take to vodka. I'm sure the Russian motorcycle industry took a quick nosedive and went back to manufacturing turd-burning stoves for Siberian homesteaders. Meanwhile, in Libya, Montgomery's "Desert Rats" overwhelmingly preferred the ever-hardy WLA over the flimsy and temperamental Triumphs and BSAs that were in current issue to the British Eighth Army.

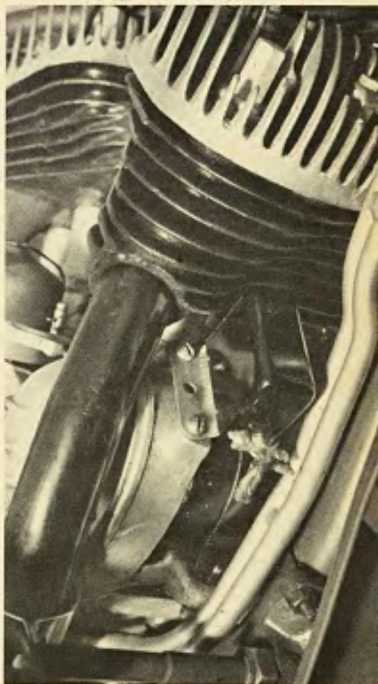
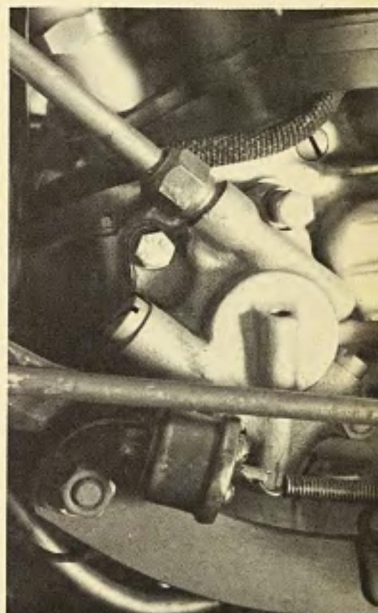
Ask almost any Allied army vet of WWII about the WLA and he's most likely to sum it up with one word—strong! Even today, the side-valve, L-head V-twin 45 is fondly remembered as Harley's simplest, strongest, most durable and reliable design. A recent expedition to climb Mt. Everest reported that the inhabitants of a village more than 200 miles from the nearest road used an ancient generator powered by a WL engine to juice the chief's radio. Seems it was left behind by the Limeys in WWII and was still going strong.

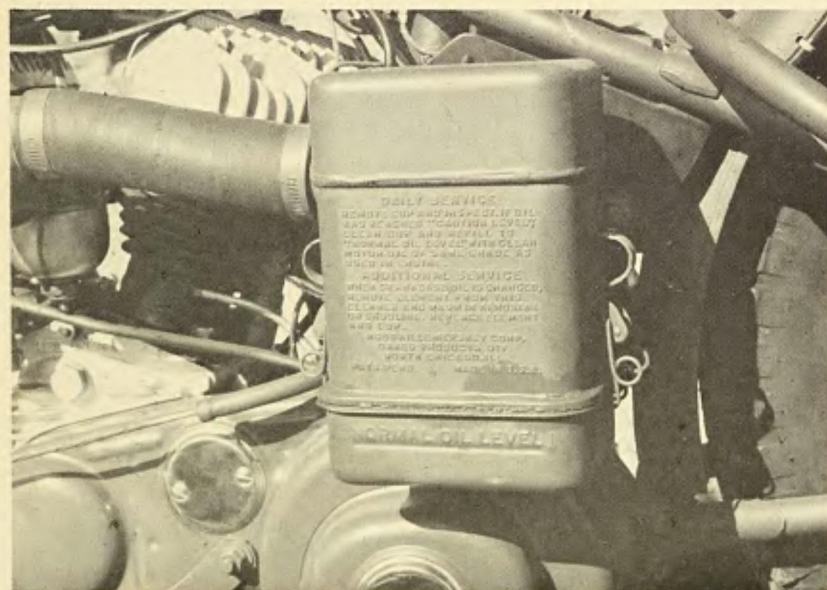
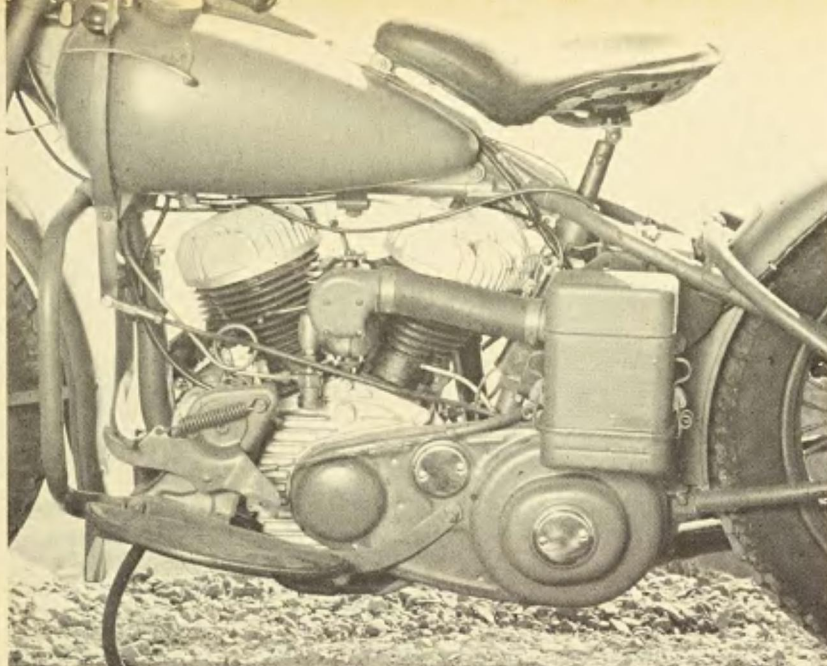
With 45.12 cubic inches displacement, the 2¼-in. pistons travel 3 13/16 inches with a compression ratio of 5:1 and deliver about 25 horses at 4600 rpm. Since all of the engine works are bathed in a continually circulating bath of S.A.E. 50 from the full-gallon oil tank, you can see that even though performance is modest, endurance and faithful service are no accident to the design.

From the ground up, the WLA was built to run to hell and back with the bare minimum maintenance, repairs, tools, and skill. The skid plate keeps you off the rocks, the rigid frame can take anything short of a head-on with a Sherman tank, and the simple and efficient gas, oil, and air filtration systems keep battlefield crud out of the works.

In order to provide the best handling under a wide variety of road conditions—from paved highway to bomb-cratered no-man's-land—the WLA has a steering damper that's instantly adjustable even while on the run, and almost indestructible springer front forks. The bike would probably have to run over a mine or through the wall of a WAC latrine before the speed wobbles would begin to put a crimp in your style. Just in case the G.I. scooter pilot should happen to zig when he shoulda zagged, the WLA is thoughtfully fitted with crash bars fore and aft to keep extremities from minglin' with metal and mud. The seat is attached to a swivel on the gas tank and sports a compression spring underneath to keep yer butt bouncin' instead of telescopin' yer spine after a 20-foot leap over an inconveniently placed anti-tank ditch.

The average combat motorcycle scout was a rollin' arsenal, maintenance depot, and supply section. The Army is fanatical about carryin'





all the shit you need for yourself and your mount (just like the old horse cavalry days), so the WLA was covered with saddlebags, stowage boxes, a gun scabbard, equipment rack, and the like. Compactly stowed in these clever holes were spare parts, extra oil, replacement innertubes and tire-changin' stuff, tools out the wazoo, a Thompson M1 submachinegun with extra ammo, grenades, maps, personal equipment, shelter half, C-rations, asswipes, nylon stockings, candy bars, hemorrhoid ointment, cigarettes, perfume, and rubbers. After all—the solo scooter man has to be ready for anything.

In its continuing effort to keep the soldier equipped with more shit than he ever really needs, the Army issued special riding equipment and clothing to the two-wheeled commandos. There were two types of helmets—one was a cloth or leather aviator type, and the other was the ventilated football-type helmet that was issued also to tank crews. Aviator-type, glass-lens goggles were also provided, along with rubberized raincoat, leather gauntlets, and side-strap leather cavalry boots. Some dorks even wore spurs just like in the hay-burner days. Even though his trusty tommy gun was always within easy reach, the motorcycle scout also carried a Colt 1911A1 .45 auto pistol on his hip for a bit of extra insurance.

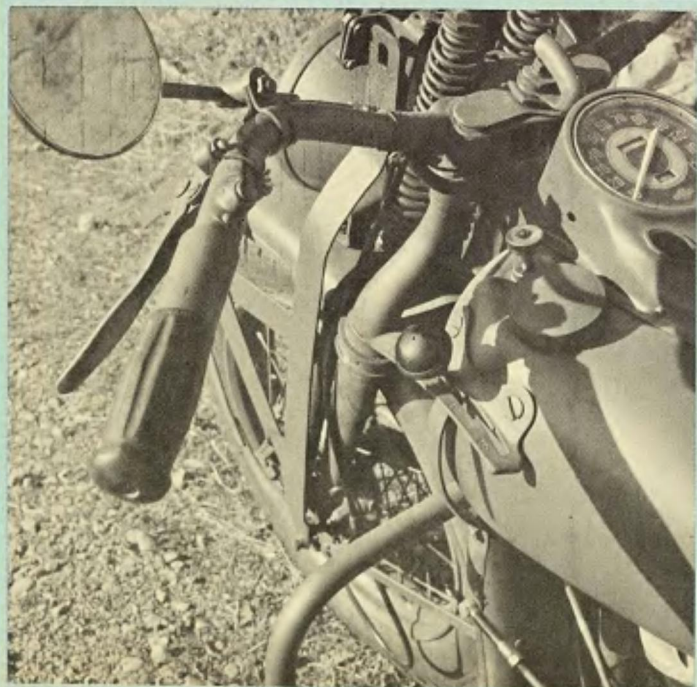
For highway running and garrison duty, the WLA was fitted with a sturdy rubberized canvas and plastic windshield. Of course, in a combat zone the windshield was removed to make it easier for the scout to hose down bad guys in front of him with his tommy gun. Since both the bad guys and the good guys (depending on your point of view) used the dirty trick of stringin' thin wire across roads at neck height, motorcycle jockeys of all faiths tended to look lively as they drove along. Obviously, no windshield in the world would help much if you were haulin' down the dirt at 50mph to tell Patton that his pants were on fire and your adam's apple met with a craftily placed strand of piano wire.

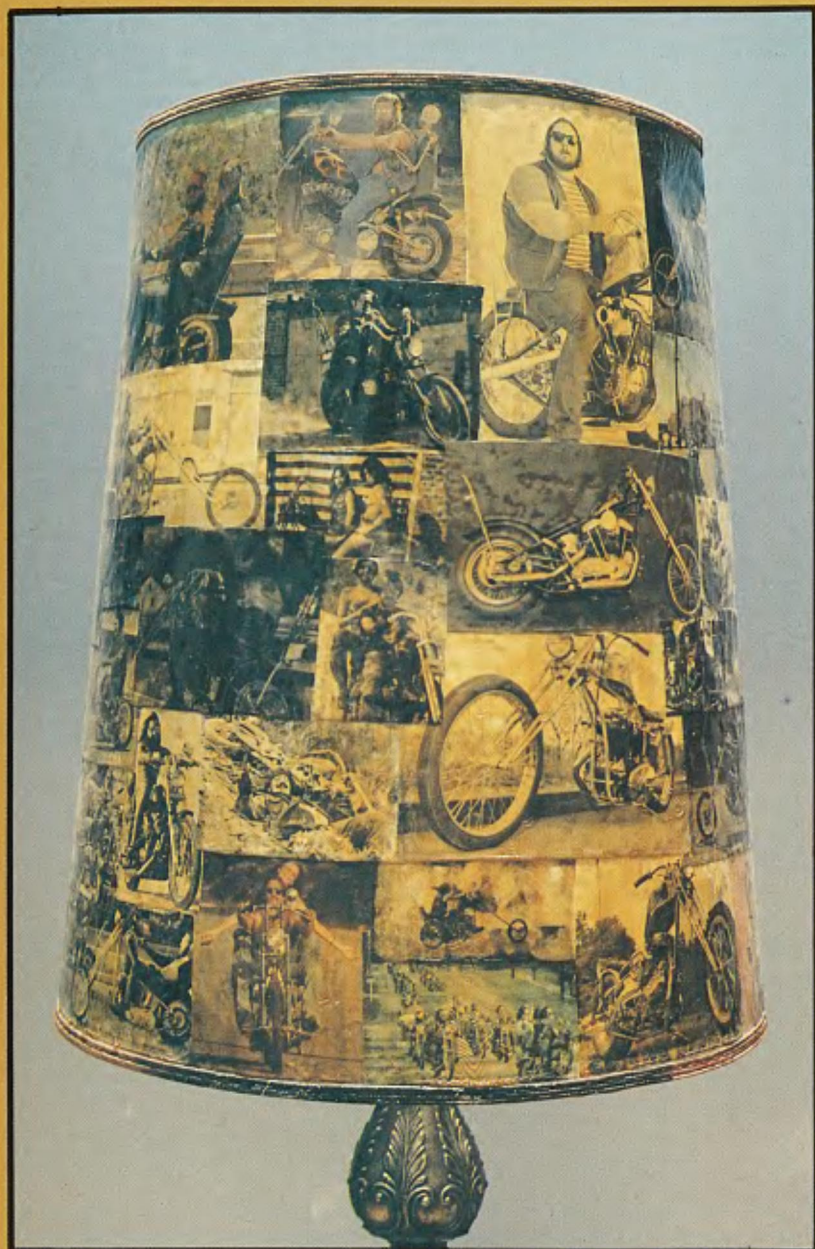
The WLA was often fitted with a sidecar for passenger and supply transport. Unlike the BMW, however, the Harley had no drive system to the sidehack wheel. Another limitation to the sidehack arrangement was the 3-speed transmission on the WLA. While entirely satisfactory for the solo bike, first gear wasn't really low enough and there was no reverse to help you out of embarrassing wrong turns and such—especially when you had a 300-lb. platoon sergeant in the springboat. The clutch also tended to slip a mite with a lardass on board or 20 cases of contraband hooch liberated from the Navy. Oh well, you win some, etc.

In the July issue of this rag I babbled something about the German BMW R 75 being the finest bike in service in WWII. While I am not tryin' to modify what I said, I would like to explain what I meant and say a word or two on the way war machines are designed. It was the German theory that precision machines—strong, tight, and sophisticated in design—were superior to mass-produced, expendable machines.

The Harley-Davidson WLA 45 represented

—Continued on page 72





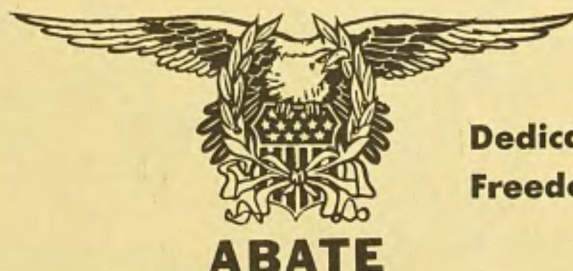
Photos by Dan Bergman

EXPRESS THYSELF

At last, somebody has discovered something to do with this mag besides using it to line the cat box. In addition to saving bucks on a new lampshade, the creator of this scooter'art, Bill Bowles of Glendora, California, has discovered a new means of expressing the fact that he loves bikes. Bill is also into some farout decoupages and collages that demonstrate to one and all his passion for bikes and riding.

We don't recommend making pillowcases outa these pages, but we do agree with Bill in trying to express the way we feel about our lifestyle—not only through the mag, but also in our homes, dress, and of course our scooters. Live to ride.

—Weed



**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

Helmet Recall

If you're wearin' one of these things, you'll be interested in the following recall notice sent out by the Safety Helmet Division of the American Safety Equipment Corporation, 7415 Carroll Road, San Diego, California 92121.

TO: DEALER

SUBJECT: HELMET RECALL

You may have purchased Buco IC-400, BlueLine Supreme and Blue-Line Gt helmet models which may not comply with certain requirements of FMVSS-218.

As American Safety Equipment Corporation intends to maintain the highest standards in manufacture of safety helmets, we are voluntarily recalling the affected helmets.

The potential flaw in the above referenced helmet models involves the compliance of random low temperature laboratory tests within allowable limits of transmitted force time span per Department of Transportation Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard No. 218. In the opinion of some medical experts, this potential failure may result in injury to the wearer in the event of a severe impact while the helmet temperature is at or near 14°F. Ambient and high temperature test data is acceptable.

Helmets affected in the above referenced model designations are those manufactured between March 1, 1974 and December 31, 1975 and which have a DOT label and are marked "Made in Mexico".

As a result, we are recalling all helmets of the above description

for inspection, repair and/or replacement at no charge to distributors or dealers. No other helmet models or sizes of our manufacture are involved and only those dates of manufacture listed are affected or will be accepted. Please examine your stock . . .

immediately to see if you have any of the above described merchandise. If so, remove from commerce—do not sell.

Return freight collect to our plant, marked for the attention of "Helmet Q. C. Dept.". We will then disassemble, inspect and repair to a state of compliance at no charge. If repair cannot be accomplished, we will replace the helmets with a comparable model free of charge.

Corrected helmets or replacement comparable helmets, in compliance with FMVSS No. 218, will be returned within 60 days receipt of faulty helmets at San Diego. Please note, only "medium" size helmets labled DOT are affected and no other helmet model sizes or dates of manufacture than those described are included. **No other helmets shall be accepted.**

If American Safety Equipment Corporation fails to remedy the helmet defect without charge, the distributor and/or dealer may inform Administrator, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Department of Transportation, Washington, D. C. 20590. We would appreciate your swiftest cooperation in returning the helmets in question.

Very truly yours,
John Simm
Division General Manager



The Bikers' Strongest Political Voice: Letters

Make an individual contribution to your freedom — Write a letter!

Recently, I've encountered many people who claim not to know how to write a letter to an elected official. We have too many good things going for us in the legislative department to let any of it slip due to a lack of correspondence to representatives. Apathy and cop-outs are hard enough to cope with. We don't need strong, active individuals who show up at protests and meetings not writing letters because they are not sure of what to say or how to say it.

More and more of us are beginning to realize the value and importance of letter writing. But there remain puttin' people who don't see the immense need for more letters, who don't realize the power of a hand-written letter when it comes to boosting activity among public officials.

Not long ago, a member of the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances while reviewing the helmet law, noted that they had not received as much response (in the form of letters) to a law since 1939. At a helmet protest in Los Angeles, California Assemblyman Paul Carpenter said the bikers' strongest voice is through sensible letter writing. In fact, he mentioned that hand-written, individual letters carry more weight than petitions, form letters, or post cards. And in a recent interview by the *AMA News*, U.S. Representative Stewart B. McKinney, author of HR 3869 (the bill that successfully reduced the power of the DOT), said, "I think the biggest thing that can be done to assist in passage of something like this (HR 3869) is a quiet,

responsible, letter-writing and contact campaign on the part of motorcyclists around the country to their various congressmen trying to explain why they're opposed to the law as it now stands and hopefully suggesting that the congressmen support this type of amendment or measure." Your representatives either in Washington or in your state capital must have some means on which to base their decisions and votes. Since they are not on the streets daily, letters are their closest contact with their constituents. An individual letter shows that the author was concerned enough with the issue to take time out of his or her busy personal life to sit down and write.

Now it's obvious that letters are extremely important if we are to retain our freedom. But their necessity is especially urgent during the time whatever bill is being considered. Letters after the vote are like an "I told you so" remark. When a letter is needed, the task must be tackled at once. No one interested in repealing a law should wait for a published deadline. Start writing letters and continue writing until a vote is announced or the repeal passes. In other words, when the fight starts, kick the pen into action and keep the ball-point rolling until someone rings the bell.

There is no rule that says heavy-duty language must be used when corresponding with your reps. Also, there is no strict format, except maybe in secretarial schools or typing classes. And there definitely is no law forcing a letter writer to purchase a hotshit IBM electric typewriter to plunk out an opinion and send it to the capitol. But the letter must be legible, so it should be written with reasonable care—don't take up on your best Columbian before starting to write, for example. Not all letters must be written in the form described, but this should indicate the needed ingredients for a concise, effective, and clear letter.

Start the letter with the rep's title and name, Dear Congressman X, Dear Senator Y. Try to spell the name correctly. Newspapers don't always get that right of course, but it helps if you can. If you remember the spelling or can copy it out of a book, fine. But don't let the spelling of a name stop the letter.

Between "Dear Senator" and the body, let them know what bill or measure the letter concerns. Include the bill number and a brief description. For instance, Re: Bill #212, Motorcycle Helmet Law Repeal. The "Re:" stands for "in reference to." That's the extent of the protocol needed—the rest is

In the first paragraph, the author's position, attitude, or opinion of the bill should come forward. A direct statement should be made making your position clear, whether, pro or con. In the second paragraph, explain how this bill will affect you—the disadvantages or advantages if it passes. Also explain briefly how you became involved with this matter or how much experience you have in the area of this legislation. For example, if it is a helmet repeal bill you might mention that if the bill is passed you would once again be allowed the personal and constitutional freedom other vehicle pilots now have. Furthermore, you will be able to defend yourself better in traffic with the added perspective riding without a helmet affords. Mention how long you've been riding and how long you've been forced to wear a helmet. And mention the beefs, hassles, and inconveniences a helmet law forces on you.

State by State News

Oregon: Congratulations to you bros in Oregon. Your helmet bill repeal was signed on July 15 and goes into effect on October 4th. Thanks to ABATE of Oregon and the bros who helped win the fight. To join in ABATE's future efforts for your freedom of the road, contact ABATE of Oregon, P. O. Box 4504, Portland, Oregon 97208.

Ohio: It looks like the helmet repeal bill will pass if we keep up our efforts—writing letters, calling the legislators, etc. But when it passes, beware, because there are

In a concluding paragraph, be forceful about your position. Request that the legislator act in your favor. And tactfully remind him that if he votes to support your position, you and others like you will remember him when he's up for re-election.

All right—sign the masterpiece and don't forget to include your address. Now you know you have personally contributed to the battle. And if you receive a reply (which you should), you will also know your voice was respected. But don't give up or forget about it now that you've written. Write other officials. And concentrate on other reasons why the law is detrimental or why you wish to see the repeal passed. Then sit down and write again. Now that you know you can do it, don't stop. Your brothers, your freedom, and your lifestyle depend on it.

still a lot of stipulations on eye protection devices, novice operators, and riders and passengers who are 18 and under.

Wisconsin: The following members of the assembly still are not committed to freedom of choice. Please write to them and urge them to support the repeal bill. Steve Gunderson, Red Johnson, David Kedroski and John Plewa. Write especially to Rep. Plewa. He is the chairman for the State Affairs Committee and, so far, he's against us. For the addresses and for more information on how to help in the fight to let those who ride decide, contact ABATE of Northern Wisconsin, 526 N. Main St., Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin 54935.

Washington: House Bill 158, "Motorcycle Helmets," has been amended into House Bill 952, "Motor Vehicle, Federal Standards," and was passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 60-26 on Saturday, June 11, 1977. Governor Dixie Lee Ray has signed it into law. According to the State Patrol, on September 11th, it will be the choice of the rider to decide. ABATE has been busy and we still need support to make sure Big Brother doesn't dream up some other law for us.



Georgia: Sen. Stumbaugh will be introducing a second repeal bill in the Senate in January. Now is the time for you bikers who have been sitting around letting others earn the name "bro" to start working to get this second repeal bill passed. ABATE of Georgia has been working hard for your rights. Join them in their fight now! Write ABATE of Georgia, 317 Marshall St., Martinez, Georgia 30907. New phone: 404-860-2990.

North Dakota: As of July 1 they have dropped the helmet law, unless you're under 18 or driving on a permit. The only exception is Fargo, North Dakota, where there is a home rule. Some bikers are working on that city now. They do enforce the law. To help out your bros in Fargo, contact ABATE to find out how. ABATE of North Dakota, 1111 N. 28th St., Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

New Brunswick, Canada: On July 9th, about 200 bros gathered at the Provincial Bldg. in Fredericton, New Brunswick for ABATE of New Brunswick's first helmet protest. Special thanks to the bikers who showed up from the southern part of the province, the Vagabonds from Toronto, and the Exiles and St. Croix bikers from the state of Maine for their outside support. All you other bikers cannot afford to sit back and let them do all the work if you yourself want to ride free. To help in the fight, contact ABATE of New Brunswick, Box 283, Grand Bay, New Brunswick, Canada E0G 1W0.

Nebraska: Taken from the Hastings Tribune, May 5, 1977: "In your recent article on motorcycle safety, published under the headline 'Many Motorcycle Accident Deaths Due To Head Injuries,' you failed to include ABATE's contention that motorcycle helmets, rather than

acting as safety devices, cause more accidents because they impair hearing and vision. In addition, once the accident has occurred, a helmet wearer is more likely to receive neck and head injuries due to basic deficiencies in the helmet's design.—William James." You Nebraska bros can do your part by submitting similar responses to bullshit articles.

Illinois: Many of you have been writing letters, calling, pestering, etc. your legislators regarding the lights-on law. Since most published articles do not indicate that the law has been effective in reducing accidents, we stand a good chance of repealing this law IF we all keep doing our part. A couple of suggestions for your letters are: (1) Driving all day with the headlights on puts unnecessary strain on some bikes' electrical systems and could cause a lighting failure when they are really needed; (2) Isn't it unfair for a biker to be ticketed for riding in daylight with a burned-out bulb when he couldn't possibly have known?

Missouri: ABATE of Missouri headquarters has moved to the Kansas City area and is now holding regular meetings in most areas of the State. If your area is not yet involved, now is the time. Get your bros together, find a meeting place (garage, backyard, bar, etc.) and contact your State Coordinator.

Vermont: ABATE of Vermont has just taken in the members of the dissolved VTMO to form one solid organization to fight for fair motorcycle legislation. For more information or to join ABATE of Vermont and your bros in their efforts to let those who ride decide, contact Joan Long, 231 Pearl St., Essex Junction, Vermont 05452.

Hawaii: Some of Hawaii's motorcyclists hung up their helmets

yesterday without any fear of the long arm of the law coming down on their heads. And one cyclist symbolically hung his safety gear on his chopper's sissy-bar.

The occasion was Gov. George Ariyoshi's signing the bill that repealed the mandatory helmet law (on the books since 1967). Less than an hour after Ariyoshi signed it, the police radio squawked out an all points bulletin with the news: Hawaii's motorcycle riders 18 years and older no longer have to wear a safety helmet.

With the Governor's signature, years of lobbying and pleading by local motorcycle groups and clubs had come to an end.

"We were going to have a big celebration and a bonfire on Sand Island," said Bob Stafford, President of Street Bikers United. He spent three years lobbying for the repeal.

"You could guess what the bonfire would be for."

But better sense prevailed, Stafford said, and celebrations will be

on a smaller scale. All that was needed, he admitted, was one accident with someone going home from the celebration to ruin the moment.

Australia: One of our bros has been working hard getting some info together for his fight against the mandatory motorcycle helmet law. He has many statistics that might help back up the letters you've been sending to your legislators. This data has been confirmed by the Bureau of Census and Statistics. For a copy of them and more ideas on how to fight for your freedom, contact Ray Williams, 16 Gwelup St., Karrinyup 6018, West Australia. ■

Easyriders is looking for doctors who are also bikers. If you are an MD and a rider, please get in touch with us at P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

THE TRASH CAN

By Chicago Ed

U.S. Rep. McClory (Ill.) distributed a questionnaire to his sheep. One question was "Do you advocate a federal ban on cheap handguns as a crime control measure?" A few months later he sent out the results: 21,176 sheep said yea, only 9,235 saw the trickery and voted no. That's 70% yea. Suppose the question had been "Do you favor a federal ban on cheap motorcycles to reduce unnecessary deaths of our young men?" You can bet yeas would have been 80%. Anyway, with the backing of the sheep, he introduced—guess what? The McClory Amendment to the Handgun Control Bill.

Now wouldn't you think cheap referred to the price, especially since in his letter he talked about "inexpensive" handguns? Oh no. In this political world cheap doesn't mean low-priced and cheaply made. Cheap means Saturday Night Special, and SNS is determined, according to his amendment, by the gun's dimensions, height, length, its accessories (like an indicator of its loaded condition), and the presence or absence of target sights, trigger, and grips. A Python could easily flunk this test. His object is to get off the market all handguns that aren't huge, long target pistols or revolvers. Nowhere in the amend-

ment is cheap price of materials a factor. If it's big, has target accessories, it can pass the test—and blow up in your face. In his letter he says, "Statistics show [the SNS] is used quite frequently in the commission of a crime." Now doesn't that sound familiar? Wear helmets because statistics show it's safer.

Looking beyond the gun question, what if the move actually is to ban cheap motorcycles? Public support will be gained in a vote like the one in the poll on cheap guns. And back in Washington, buried in a big expensive volume, will be the definition according to the politicians—cheap motorcycles are those over 1hp, over 3 feet long, and over 50 pounds. If you want to keep your right to buy a gun today and a motorcycle tomorrow, better watch your reps in Washington. As a bonus, you'll get a free education on how to be a con man. But you'll have to be more careful than the politicians—you'll get the slammer, he won't.

One day the sheep that said yea, ban cheap guns, will find their liberties gone. They will want to rebel and, like the Hungarians in the fifties, they'll find all they have are sticks and stones to fight off the tanks and swooping fighter planes. ■

Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!

You can take a giant step toward protecting your rights and personal freedom. You can stand up and shout that you've had too many anti-bike laws. You can demand that the lawmakers stop the enactment of discriminatory laws passed "for our own good." Each of us has this power through our individual right to vote. But each of our

voices, joined together in the ABATE organization, forms a unified loud cry that politicians can't ignore. We have the power to be heard. We have the weight and the strength behind us. Join us in our fight for freedom of the road. Join us in making all legislators let those who ride decide. Join your brothers in ABATE. Join now!



ABATE National
P.O. Box 413
Malibu, Calif. 90265

**Join
Today!**

- ☐ Here's my \$10 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal. I understand that **Easyriders** will publish all information regarding legislation that affects me as a biker and will publish current bulletins for the ABATE chapter in my area.

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

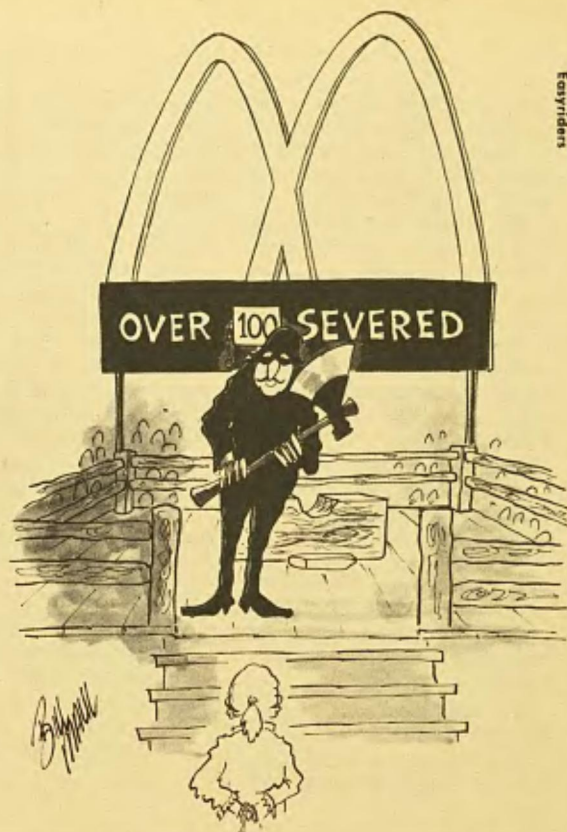
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Comments _____

Space Filler Rises from the Tomb!



Easyriders

The topless dancer went to church wearing her working clothes, but was stopped at the door by the priest.

"Miss," he said, "you can't go in like that."

"But Father," she protested, "I have a Divine Right."

"Your left isn't too bad, either," he said, "but you still can't enter the church without covering your head."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

Since accommodations in the small house were crowded, visiting grandfather had to sleep with his fifteen year-old grandson. During the night, the boy was awakened with a start to find grandpa sitting up in bed beside him, shouting, "Oh, how I wish I had a woman!"

"Go back to sleep, Grandpa," the boy said. "That's my cock you've got in your hand."

—Joseph Pittman
Jessup, Md.

A scroungy-looking hippie, hitchhiking across the country, spotted a truck driver's hat lying in the ditch beside the road. Hoping that it would improve his chances of getting a ride, he tucked his long hair under the hat when he put it on, and resumed trying to thumb a ride.

The next truck that came along stopped and gave him a lift, and after a few moments of riding in silence, the driver looked at the hippie and asked, "Hey, buddy. You ever suck your daddy's cock?"

"No, certainly not!" the hippie answered.

"Ever fuck your mama?"

"Listen," the hippie said, taking off his hat. "I ain't no truck driver. I just found this hat."

—Miles Golly
St. Joseph, Mo.

The biker went into a slide as he approached the cliff, he jumped off his Hog, barely managing to get a finger grip that saved him from falling. He was dangle there, nearly exhausted, hundreds of feet above the ground, when a straight in a leisure suit pulled up.

"Please help me!" screamed the biker.

"Hell, boy," said the straight citizen. "There ain't nothing in it for me."

"I'll do anything," yelled the biker, his strength almost gone.

"Tell me," asked the citizen, "would you kiss my ass?"

"Yes," the biker answered. "I will."

"Will you suck my cock, too?" the other dude asked.

"Yes," gasped the biker. "Even that."

"Fuckin' queer," the straight said, stomping on the biker's fingers.

—D. L.
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Easyriders

"This is Felicia. She's my mouthpiece—in a manner of speaking."

Easyriders



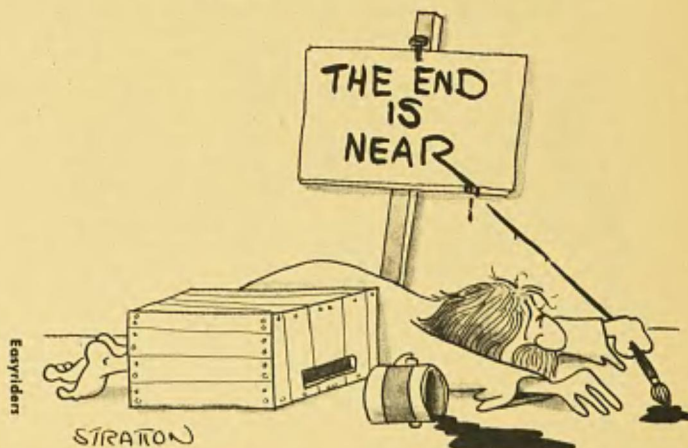


"This is very nice of you, young man."



"Help, help!" the drowning man cried. "I can't swim."
 "I can't either," the bro on the bank called, taking another toke, "But I ain't hollerin' about it."
 —Art Irvin
 Lebanon, Ohio

The biker and his old lady were having one helluva fight. Finally, the chick yelled, "I was a fool when I married you!"
 "I guess you were," answered the biker, "but I was so horny I didn't notice."
 —Roger Sadauskas
 Inglewood, Calif.



Rap Sheet

Legal news in
everyday language

No Fault

The furor and uncertainty over the protection afforded to motorcyclists in New York, notwithstanding their apparent exclusion from the no-fault scheme, has been finally resolved by the N.Y. Court of Appeals. In the decisive case, plaintiff was operating his motorcycle when it collided with an automobile driven by William Leach. At the time of the accident, the Leach automobile was covered by "no-fault" automobile insurance issued by the defendant insurance company. After unsuccessful attempts by the plaintiff to recover reimbursement from the defendant insurance company, the plaintiff sued. Plaintiff received a summary judgment in the amount of \$1960, plus interest.

The court held that Section 671 of the insurance law defines a "covered person" as any person entitled to first party benefits. First party benefits are payments to reimburse a person for economic loss on account of personal injury from the use and occupation of a motor vehicle in New York. A motorcyclist is a person entitled to first party benefits under Section 672 of the insurance statutes, and consequently a motorcyclist is a "covered person." 377 N.Y. Supp. 317, Perkins v. Merchants Mutual Ins. Co. N.Y.L.J. March 1, 1977, page 4, col. 1.

Coughin' Up

How much force can the police use to compel a suspect to disgorge contraband which the suspect has placed in his mouth?

In a California case, three state officers, having some information that the defendant was selling narcotics, entered his home and forced their way into the bedroom occupied by him and his wife. When asked about the capsules lying on a bedside table, the defendant put them in his mouth. After an unsuccessful struggle to extract them by force, the officers took the defendant to a hospital, where an emetic was forced into his stomach against his will. He vomited two capsules which were found to contain morphine. These were admitted in evidence and he was convicted in the State of

California. But the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the conviction. The Supreme Court said that this is police conduct which shocks the conscience. These are methods too close to the rack and the screw to permit constitutional approval. 342 W.S. 165.

In a recent case before the Supreme Court of California the defendant was seen by the police to place balloons of heroin in her mouth and swallow them. After she refused to drink an emetic, she was restrained and a tube was inserted in her esophagus through her nose. Defendant said the tube was "too painful" and consented to drink the emetic. Shortly thereafter, she regurgitated seven balloons containing heroin. The balloons were admitted into evidence and she was convicted in the superior court. On appeal to the state supreme court, that court reversed the conviction. The court held that a search of the residence of the defendant and her husband, their vehicles and their persons, did not authorize intrusions beyond the surface of their bodies and did not justify intrusion to require regurgitation from the wife's stomach. There was no substantial reason to believe that the evidence would be destroyed, since the defendant could have been transferred to a jail, placed in an isolation cell and kept under surveillance. Hence, there was no probable cause for warrantless intrusion into the defendant's body. 540 Pac. 2nd 624.

In a very recent case in Washington (Feb. 1, 1977), the court of appeals held that a suspect has no constitutional right to destroy or dispose of evidence by swallowing and, consequently, the Constitution permits the police to place their hands on a suspect's neck to prevent him from swallowing the evidence, or to go further, when necessary, to overcome active resistance. But in this case the suspect's rights were violated since the defendant did not resist except by refusing briefly to spit out the balloons of heroin which he had concealed in his mouth. At that point, the officers pinned the defendant to a couch, and one officer pinched his nose and spread his mouth open while the other officer

placed his hands around the defendant's throat, effectively preventing the defendant's adam's apple from moving. As the result, the defendant had extreme difficulty in breathing. He was choked for from 30 to 60 seconds. The evidence elicited from him by this method was suppressed.

We cite these three cases to indicate the lengths to which the police will go to secure evidence of drug violation.

What are the general principles regarding the rights of the police evolved from the latest case law? It seems fairly clear that a suspect has no constitutional right to destroy or dispose of evidence by swallowing; consequently, he cannot consider his mouth a "sacred orifice" in which contraband may be irretrievably concealed from the police. The police may use reasonable force to prevent the swallowing of evidence, particularly when a search is underway pursuant to a *warrant*. The important point is that the reasonableness of the force used to recover the evidence necessarily depends on the facts in each case. The courts have properly forbidden a "judo choking technique" designed to stop the flow of blood to the head and the clubbing of a suspect on the back of the neck. However, a punch to the solar plexus which resulted in the disgorgement of evidence was held permissible in Montana because it was necessary to overcome fierce resistance to a valid arrest. 306 Fed. 2nd 412.

In a long line of California decisions, the police are forbidden to "choke" a suspect to prevent him from swallowing evidence. However, other states have allowed "choking" or "grabbing" the defendant by the throat.

If, in fact, police officers are found in a given case to have exceeded reasonable force to the point of brutality, and thus to have committed an assault on the suspect, he has a potential defense—a suit for damages. However, we should point out that that remedy may be illusory for some, because convicted drug possessors and dealers will not find a very sympathetic jury.

Those who gamble their digestive abilities against the well-known practices of the police in these cases should

remember that their efforts may result in physical injury without accomplishing the intended result. 560 Pac. 2nd 1162.

Floggin' da Kid

Do you believe that school authorities can inflict corporal punishment on your child, no matter how severe? Do you believe that students in the public school system are not constitutionally entitled to a hearing of any sort before beatings can be inflicted upon them? If you do, you are satisfied with the recent decision of the U.S. Supreme Court which holds that the cruel and unusual punishment clause of the Eighth Amendment does not apply to disciplinary corporal punishment in public schools and that the due process clause does not require notice and hearing prior to the imposition of corporal punishment in the public schools. If you are not satisfied with the decision, you should know that if a teacher or principal ever lays a hand or a paddle on your child you can immediately retain counsel and pursue the matter in damages against the teacher and the school authorities. The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice White in this case will fully explain to you why you may be right in vigorously opposing corporal punishment for your child. The record in this case reveals beatings so severe that if they were inflicted on a hardened criminal for the commission of a serious crime, they might not pass constitutional muster. The Eighth Amendment expressly prohibits cruel and unusual punishments. Nowhere is that prohibition limited or modified by the Constitution. The amendment was designed to prohibit *all* inhumane or barbaric punishments, no matter what the nature of the offense for which the punishment is imposed. There is no distinction between criminal and non-criminal punishment for the purposes of the Eighth Amendment. The record in this case indicates that one junior high school student received 50 licks with a paddle for allegedly making an obscene telephone call. That same punishment is a misdemeanor under Florida law. The Eighth Amendment has

never been confined to criminal punishments. If a prisoner is beaten mercilessly for a breach of prison discipline, he is entitled to the protection of the Eighth Amendment. By the same token, a schoolchild who is mercilessly beaten for a breach of school discipline should be entitled to the protection of the same amendment. The reason why the Constitution requires a state to provide "due process of law" when it punishes an individual for misconduct is to protect the individual from erroneous or mistaken punishment that the state would not have inflicted had it found the facts in a more reliable way. The Supreme Court has formerly held that before a student can be suspended from school, he must be given an opportunity to present his version of the facts. The Supreme Court says in this case that these rudimentary precautions against unfair or mistaken findings of misconduct are not required if the student is punished by the infliction of physical pain, rather than with a suspension from school. It is no answer to say that the student can sue the teacher if the physical punishment is excessive. The logic of this theory would permit a state that punishes speeding with a one-day jail sentence to make a driver serve his sentence first, and then sue to recover damages for wrongful imprisonment. Similarly, the state could finally take away a prisoner's good-time credits for alleged disciplinary infractions, and require him to bring a damage suit after he was eventually released. Due process under the law consistently requires that some kind of a hearing be held at some time before a person is finally deprived of his property interests, and a person's liberty is equally protected. Today, cruel and unusual punishment of youthful students has no place in a civilized society. 97 Sup. Ct. 1401, 1977.

Rug Rat Control

In recent years, national policy has increasingly recognized the benefits of family planning, and there has been a considerable increase in the use of various methods of birth control. This increased use has created some novel

legal problems. In particular, when birth control methods have failed, users have gone into court and sought damages.

Unsuccessful sterilizations are litigated fairly often because there is a natural failure rate of about one percent with these operations. Other cases have arisen out of a doctor's failure to diagnose a pregnancy in time for the mother to procure an abortion. There has been relatively little litigation involving the failure of oral contraceptives. Parents are not necessarily the only claimants when birth control methods fail. In some cases, the child itself has claimed that it would be better off if it had not been born. In most of the cases, the claimants were born with severe birth defects. In other cases, the child has asserted that the stigma of being born a bastard justified a claim against his own parents. With the exception of cases in New York, the courts have uniformly refused to recognize these claims. Siblings of the unwanted child have also sought recovery, asserting that their share of the family income has been reduced by the addition of the child. This type of claim has been unsuccessful.

Negligence in birth control has not been limited to doctors. In a case in Michigan, a pharmacist was held to be negligent when he inadvertently used tranquilizers to fill a plaintiff's prescription for birth control pills. Presumably, in an appropriate situation, a manufacturer could also be held liable for negligence in the manufacturing or labeling of birth control materials. Some patients have sought recovery for failure of sterilization operations on the theory of misrepresentation. In a recent California case, the defendant doctor assured his patient both before and after the sterilization operation that there was no possibility that the operation would fail. The court upheld the plaintiff and said that even if the doctor's statement was an opinion, the plaintiff was justified in relying on it. The defendant presented himself as an expert. Plaintiffs hired him to supply information concerning matters of which they were ignorant, and his unequivocal statement

necessarily implied that he knew the facts which justified his statement.

Can the birth of a child constitute a compensable injury to its parents? Some courts have held that the birth of an unwanted child cannot constitute an injury to its parents. In Pennsylvania, a plaintiff claimed that he underwent a vasectomy in order to limit the size of his family. In denying the claim, the court said that the only damages asked are the expenses of rearing and educating the child. To allow damages for the birth of a normal child is foreign to the universal public sentiment of the people. However, in Michigan, the court said contraceptives are used to prevent the birth of healthy children. To say that for reasons of public policy contraceptive failure can result in no damage as a matter of law ignores the fact that tens of millions of persons use contraceptives daily to avoid the very result which the defendant would say is always a benefit, never a detriment. Those tens of millions of persons, by their conduct, express the sense of the community.

Some courts have denied recovery to plaintiffs in birth control cases on the ground that the damages cannot be accurately calculated. In a New Jersey case, a pregnant woman informed her doctor that she had just recovered from rubella, and the doctor told her that the disease would have no effect on her child. The child was subsequently born with severe defects of sight, hearing, and speech. The parents sought recovery for the costs of raising the child and for emotional injury, claiming that if they had been informed of the serious risk of deformity, they would have obtained an abortion. The New Jersey Supreme Court denied recovery. The court said that in order to determine the parents' compensatory damages, a court would have to evaluate the denial to them of the intangible, immeasurable, and complex benefits of motherhood and fatherhood and weigh these against the alleged emotional and money injuries. When the parents say their child should not have been born, they make it impossible for a court to measure their damages in being the mother and father

of a defective child. This same reasoning has been followed in Delaware.

You can see the problems which face the courts in these difficult cases, but we believe that those who are burdened with parenthood as the result of a birth control professional's error should recover for all resulting damages—including the cost of bearing and raising the child. One thing is certain, be as careful as possible if you wish to avoid pregnancy. To do otherwise is to gamble with your wife's health and the health and well-being of any future offspring.

Helpin' Cops

If you are a bystander, when can you properly come to the aid of someone who is being lawfully arrested by the police but with the use of excessive force? The Washington Court has recently laid down its rule. That court says that a bystander may not come to the aid of one being lawfully or unlawfully arrested by a uniformed police officer, unless the arrestee is in actual danger of serious physical injury. There are several elements which must be considered in order to justify a bystander's assault on a police officer under these conditions. First, a bystander may never intervene when the only threat to the arrestee is deprivation of his liberty by an arrest which has no legal justification. Aid is justified only if serious physical injury or death is threatened or inflicted. Second, the serious physical danger threatened or inflicted must be actual. A reasonable but mistaken belief that the arrestee was about to be seriously injured or that the arrestee was entitled to protect himself from such danger is insufficient. The bystander acts at his own peril, and if it is subsequently determined that the arrestee was not about to be seriously injured, the bystander's assault is not justifiable. Third, the physical injury must be serious. This is the view of the Washington Court, but when you see a brother about to be seriously injured by the police, you have no time for legal semantics. In the last analysis, most people will act quickly and risk the consequences. 536 Pac. 2nd 20.

Easyriders Presents The Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest



JUST THINK — YOUR OL' LADY COULD BE THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER!

A winner every month. All monthly winners will compete for a grand prize of one thousand bucks!

Each month, beginning with the January, 1978 issue, *Easyriders* will print the monthly winner and runners-up chosen from the pictures you send us. The monthly winner will receive \$100 and each runner-up will receive \$25. Contributors (their old man, photographer, pimp — whatever) will receive \$10 for their trouble.

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we will put it to you, our readers, for the final selection. Your votes will select *Easyriders'* MIRACULOUS OL' LADY FOR 1978 — and a cool grand goes to the winner!

Judging will be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or any other outstanding features. Models may be dressed or undressed — it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff — just good ol' lady photos you're proud of, whether she's wearin' clothes or not. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

Easyriders' hand-picked, five-man crack team of experts (led by dear ol' Mutha, of course) will pick the monthly winners. Remember — we can use *only* good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else. The model release as printed here must be fully completed and accompany each entry.

All right, ya got the idea — get yer cameras out and send us a shot of your sexy honey showing off her stuff. All models must be 18 years of age or older. And don't forget that the model release must be signed and the signature witnessed. Photos sent in without a release will be disqualified. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

Easyriders Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest Model Release

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

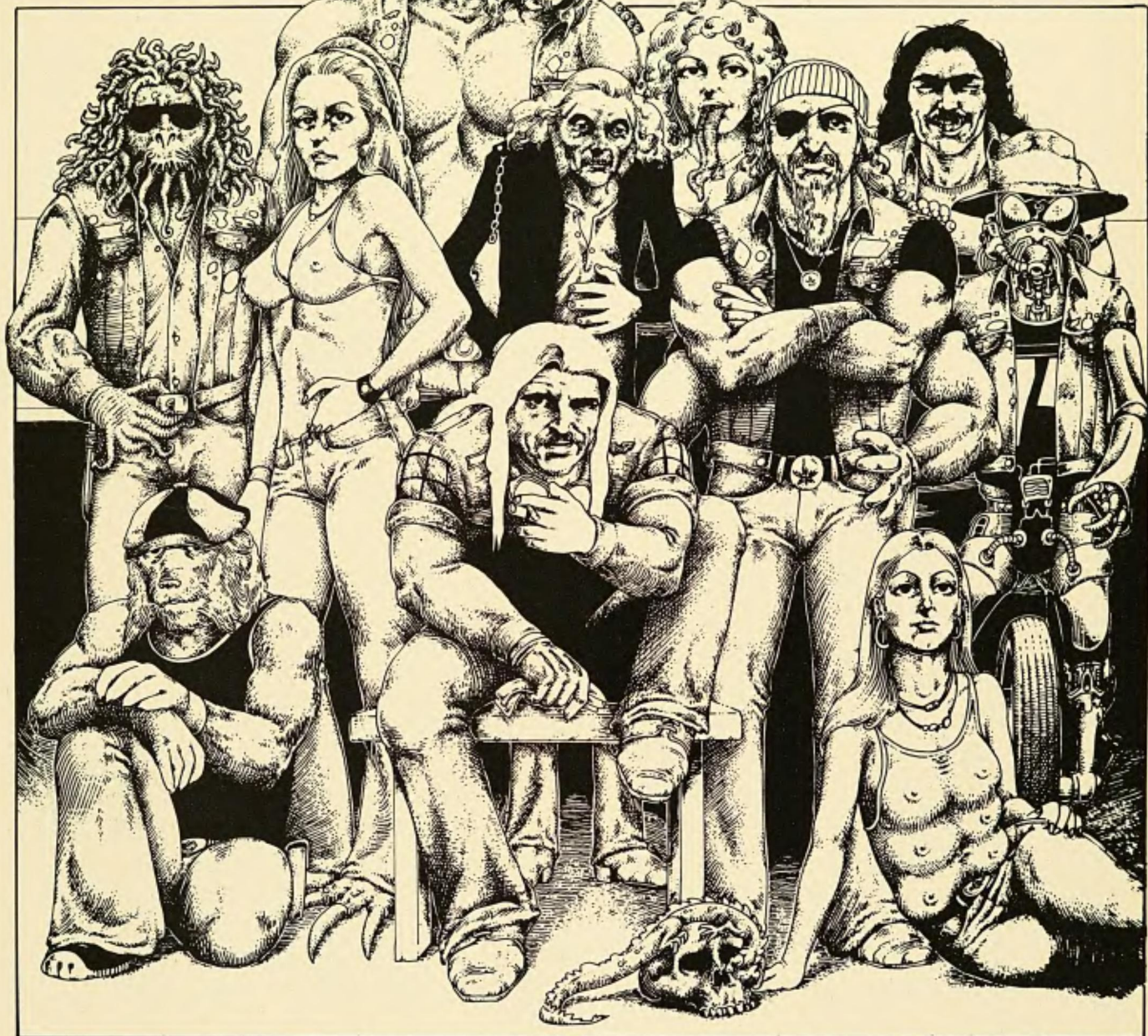
I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age.

Witness to Signature _____

What kind of people read Easyriders?



Hell, don't ask us—all we know is that they're good people, and because of that the heavies on the editorial staff have put the arm on the business heads and said, "No increase in subscription prices—just because ya hadta raise the cover price." That's right. The subscription price is the same (a \$5.00 saving over the cover price for a year). Not only that, we still give away a free decal with each and every sub!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

A spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal!

All this for less than ten measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than nineteen lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than ten bucks you get twelve issues, and for less than nineteen bucks you will get twenty-four issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$9.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$18.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

- ☐ Here's \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$19.00 for a two-year subscription.
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

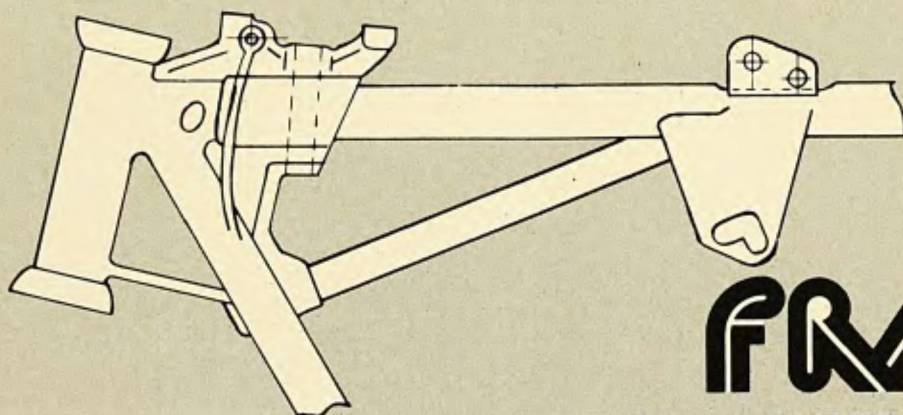
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



FRAME SAVERS

Before you sell three slightly modified stock, rigid frames for one that has all the tabs still intact—wait. Two bros in Colorado, Dale Barnett and Jim Keller, have come up with a couple of parts to save those hacked or shaved frames.

Even if you have a custom frame and want like hell to have the nostalgia appearance through the use of fat tanks and the old style dash, they have it covered. These dudes remanufactured two of the three fatbob mounting tabs and sell them in kit form for \$19.95, and they come ready to weld in place. We don't know what their think-

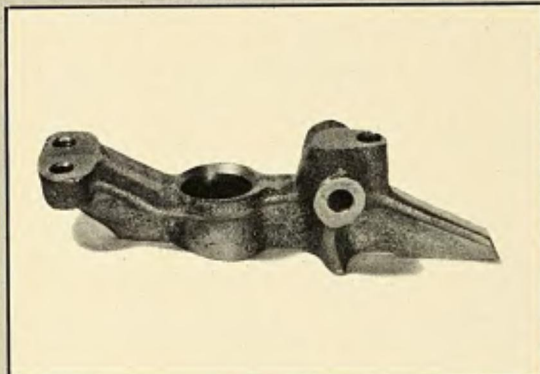
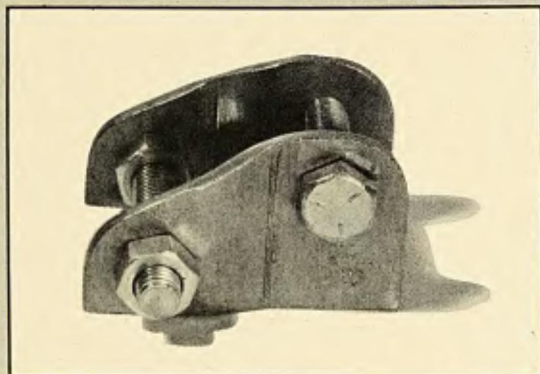
ing is on the third tab on the front down tubes, but with some strap and a torch it could easily be replaced. These cats went so far as to draw and print complete instructions for the placement of each bracket. With the tabs in place, everything that once attached to the stock fatbob mounts can again be installed, including the stock seat bracket.

Okay, before you reach for the phone to chew us out for not printing the vital info, here it is: Mill Street Products, P.O. Box 21901, Denver, Colorado 80221. Phone: (303) 534-4136. I'm hoping I can snatch the set Dale and

Jim sent us. Then I can patch together the cradle frame I've had stored for the last three years—but I'll probably have to fight Snake and Renegade.

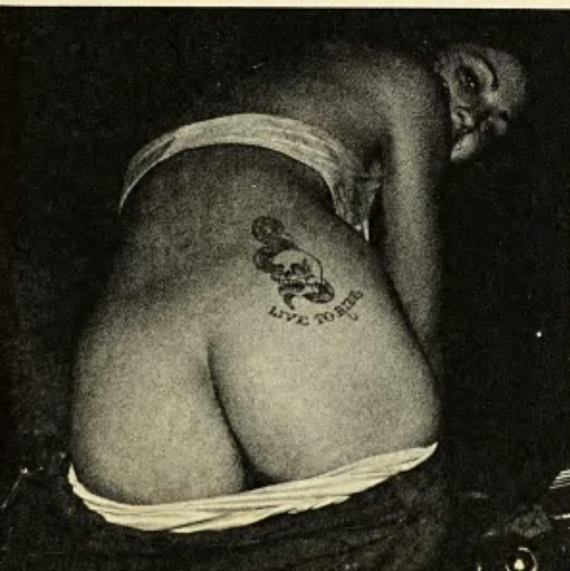
One more thing though. Some of you skeptical red freaks may think this article is a hype for these bros' product. Well, for one thing, fuck ya if you don't like it. It's their first attempt to put a part on the market and we think it's a damn good idea. But then again, if we ever print anything about a product and it just ain't so, let us know. As you know, we're not bashful. We'll either make it right or point out where the smell is comin' from.

—Weed





—from Rosebud, San Jose, California



—from Don Meyers, Phoenix, Arizona



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his

chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we pay \$10 for every black and white photo we use and \$20 for every color slide we use.)

The Psalm of Harley

THE HOG IS MY CYCLE I SHALL NOT WANT ANOTHER
IT MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN ON MUDDY ROADS
IT SKIDETH WHEN BESIDE THE DEEP WATERS
IT RUINETH MY NERVES AND LEADETH ME
DOWN PATHS OF IDIOCY FOR ITS NAMES SAKE
YEA THOUGH I RIDE THROUGH THE VALLEYS
I PUSH UP THE HILLS
ITS RODS AND LOOSE SPOKES THEY TORTURE ME
IT PREPARETH MY TRIALS BEFORE ME
AND IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES
IT TEACHETH ME TO FEAR THE FAST LIMEYS
IT ANOINTEST MY CLOTHING WITH OIL
ITS CARBERATOR RUNETH OVER
YEA VERILY THIS MONSTER WILL CURSE ME
AND ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE
AND I SHALL DWELL NEAR A PARTS HOUSE
FOREVER





—from Dub Allen, Oceanside, California

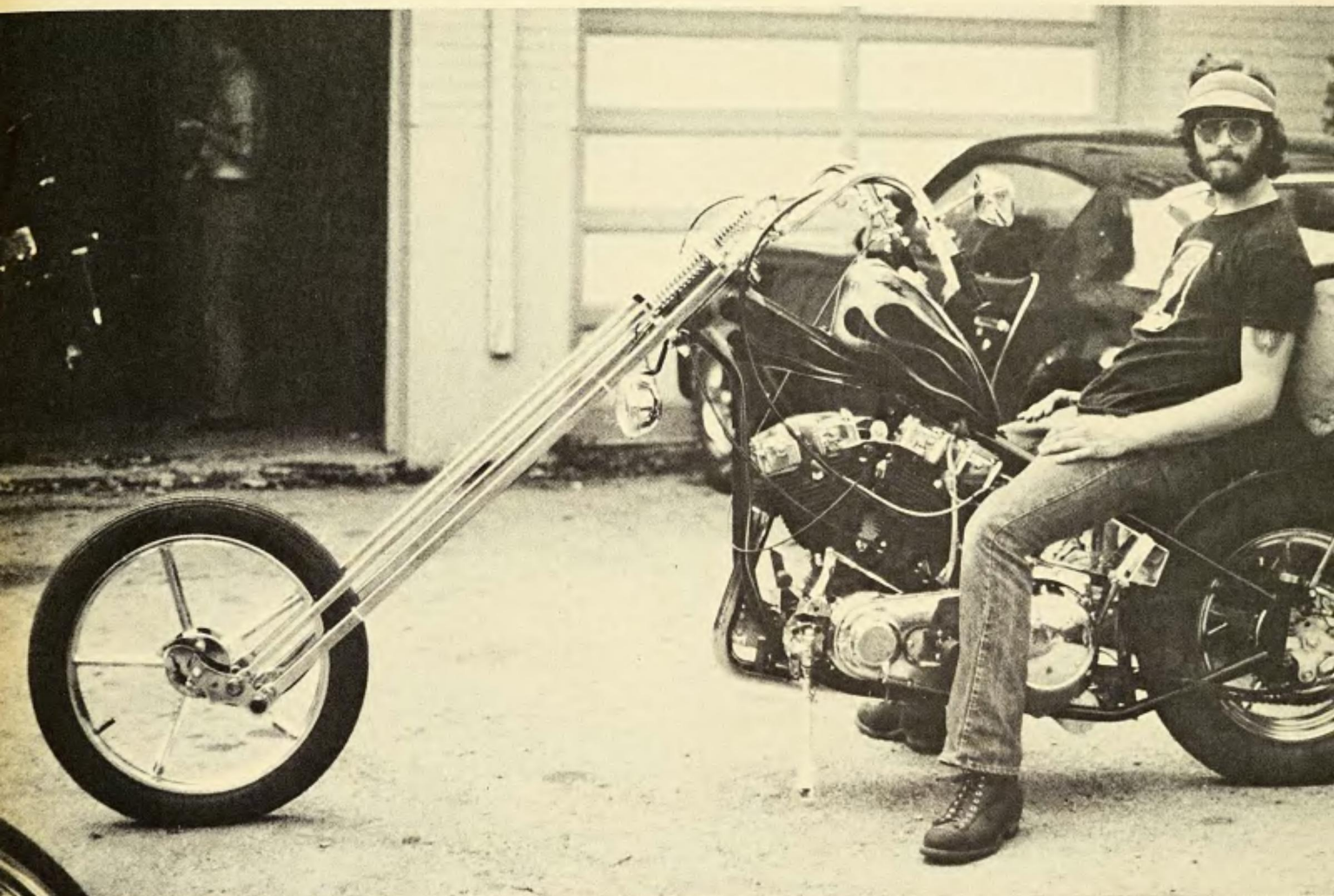


—from Duncan Earl Jr., Merced, California



—from Mil, Burbank, California



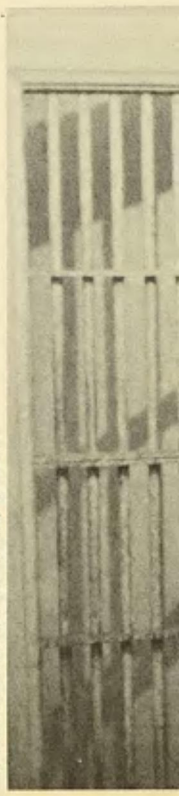


—from Laura Petrie, Deertfield, Illinois



—from W. R. Keating, Virginia Beach, Virginia

—from Ron Becker, Wolcottville, Indiana





—from Dave, Calabasas, California



—from Art Krop, Mishawaka, Indiana



—from Denise Purdy, Glendale, California



—from E. McHale, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—from Dub Allen, Oceanside, California



—from Bare Essentials, Long Beach, California



—from Mike Benaglio, Wildwood, Pennsylvania

—Welland County M.C., Randy White, Ontario, Canada





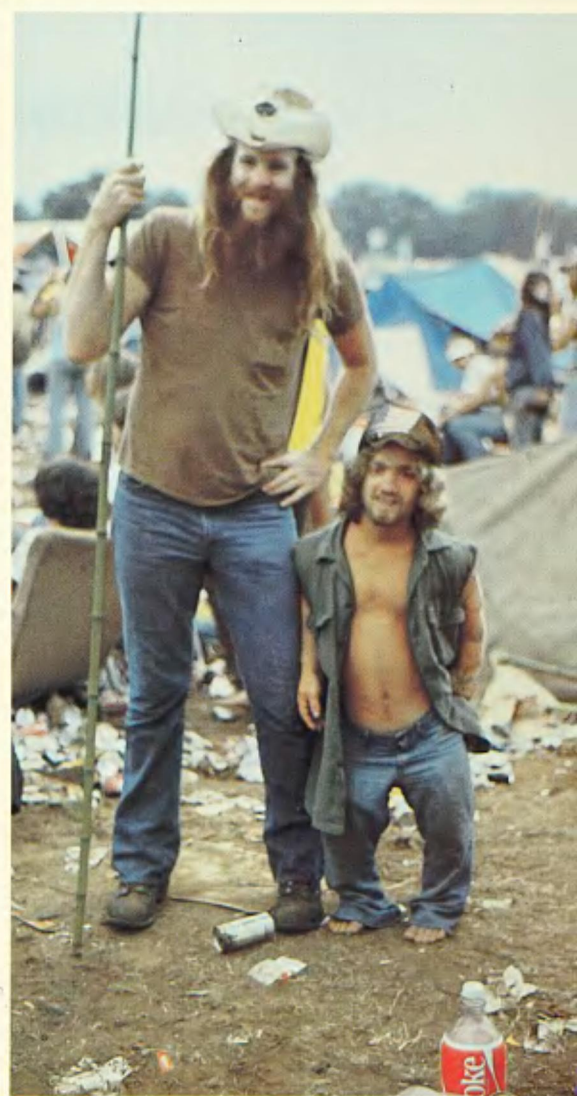
—from Harry Adams, San Diego, California



—from Sherry Ostrowski, San Jose, California



—from Carol Perdue, Santa Cruz, California



—from Janet, JB, & Harley Charley, Texas City, Texas



—from Beard, Binghamton, New York

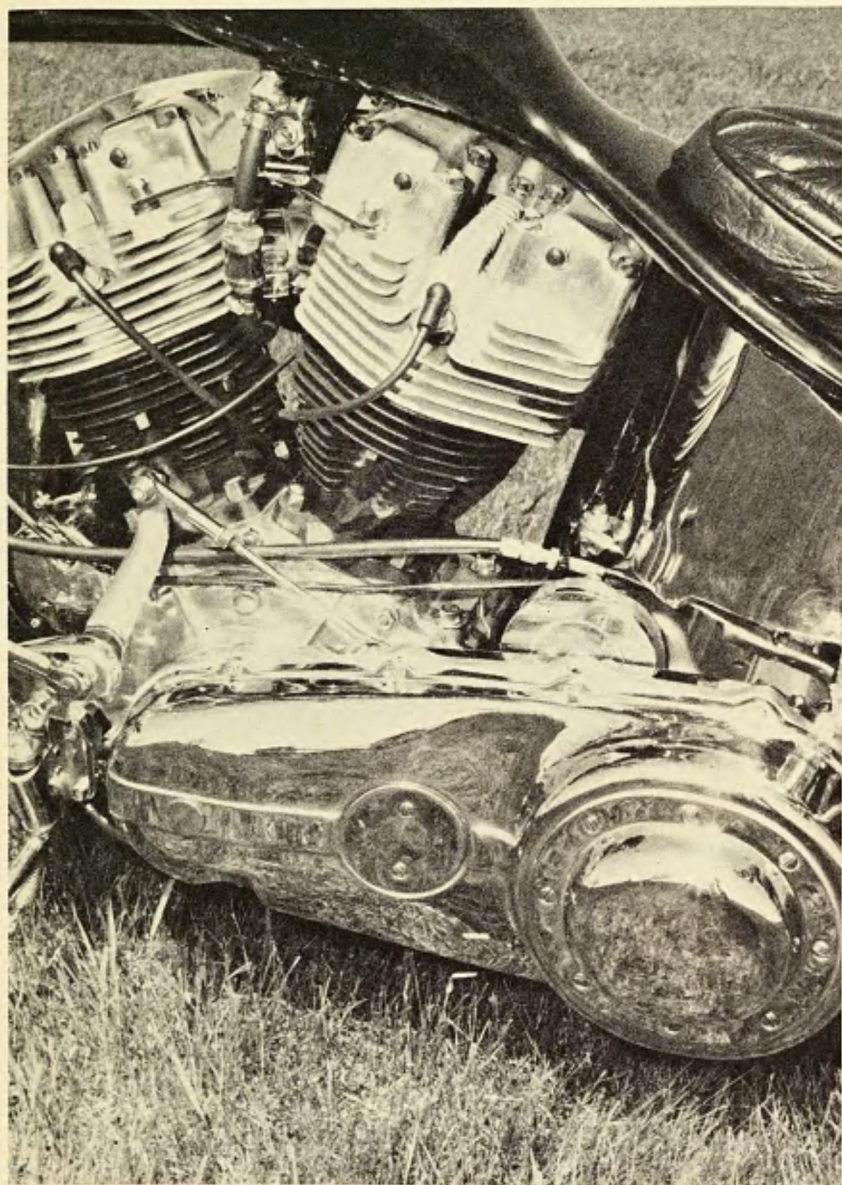




PORK CHOPPER

Or how to outrun the weather in the midwest



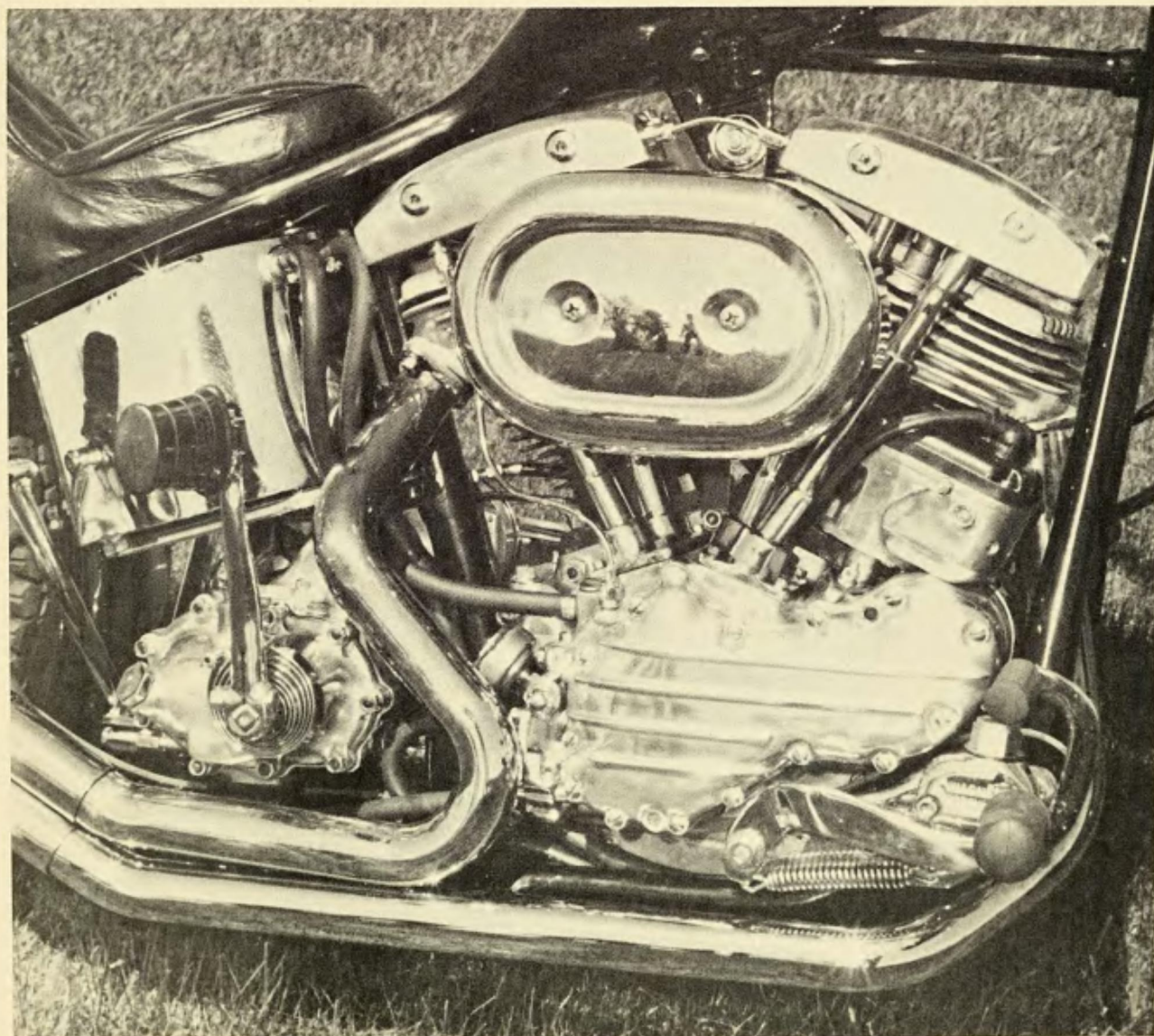
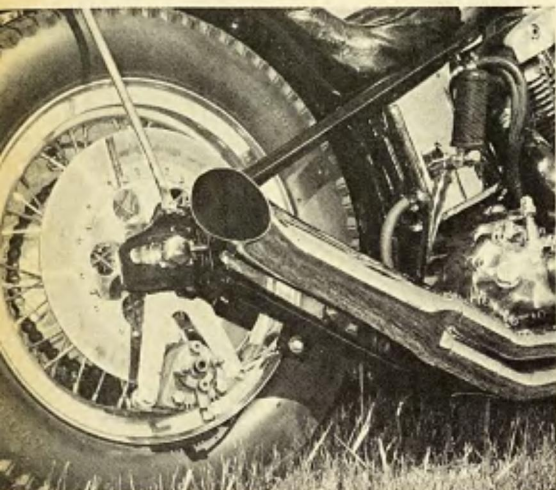


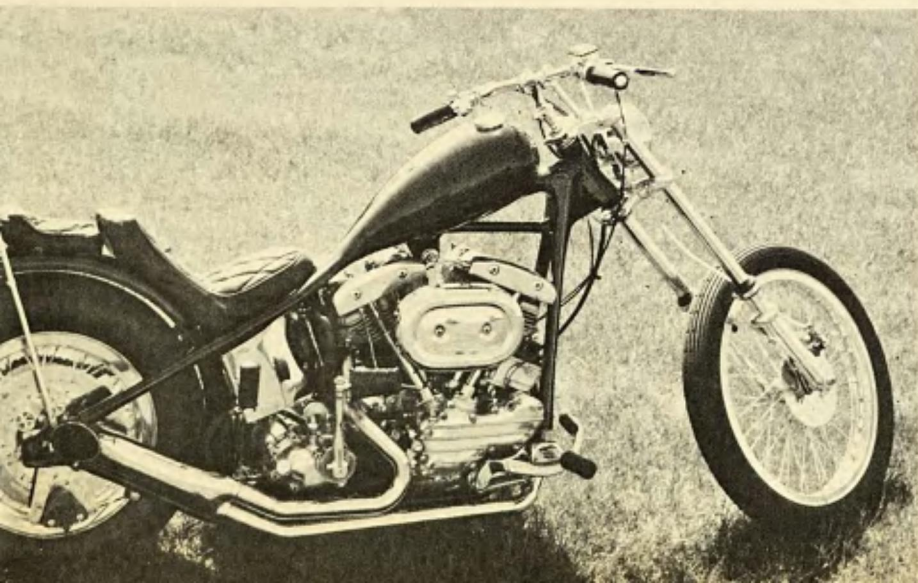
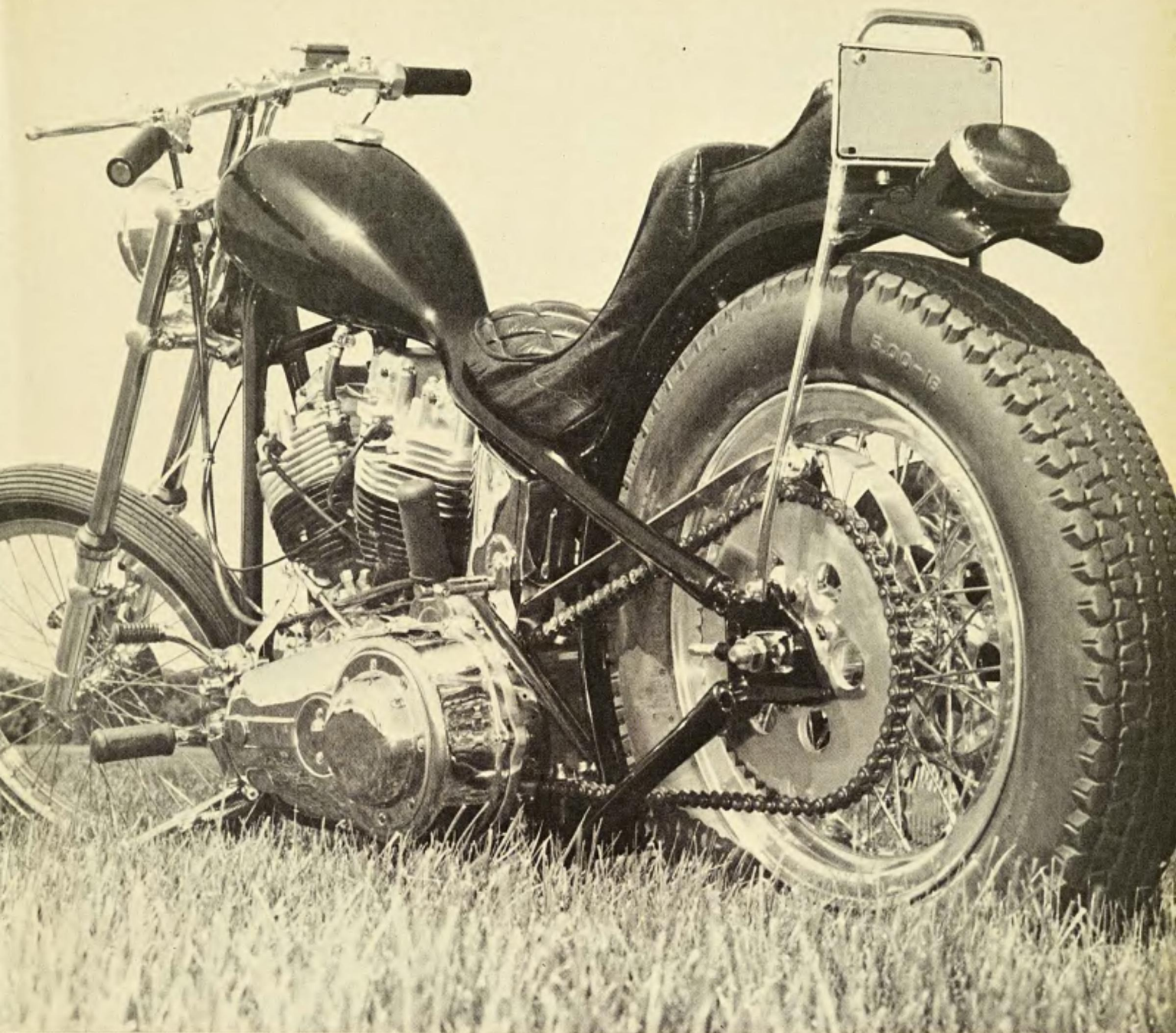
I dunno why there are so many go-fast big twins screamin' through the Iowa countryside. Mebbe if you had one of those midwest twisters curlin' outuva black cloud and on your tail, you might appreciate a few extra cubes. Or tryin' to beat a blizzard home in the winter might make a gas-guzzlin' carb and radical cam seem worth the hassle. And after all, everything's pretty king-size out there. The mosquitoes

come at ya like flying drill presses and the real porkers—with all that corn—rumble around like they've got oversize internals from the big speed shop in the sky. So you just ain't showin' class until you build a metal Hog that's healthier than stock.

With a lotta unhassled two-laners all over the state, a full-house mill (like Doug's pork chop flywheel 86, here) gets a little stretchin' room, and at 85 or 90, even the

Photos by Jake



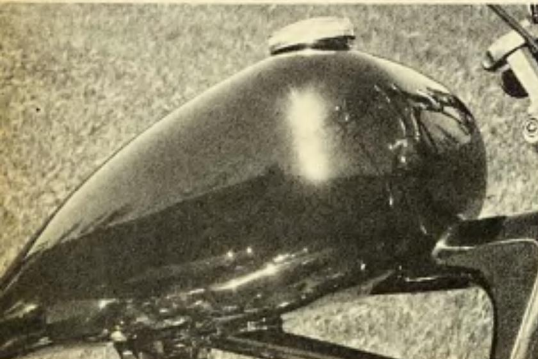
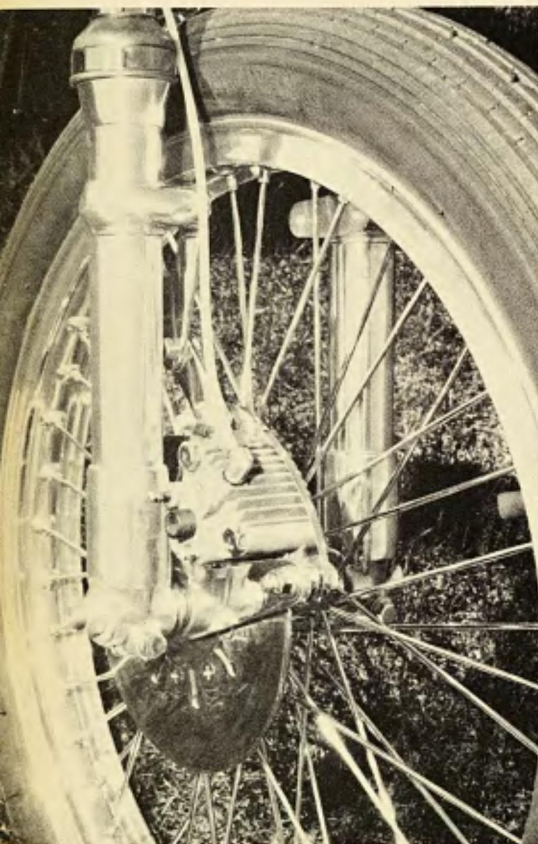


summer humidity don't seem too bad.

Iowa's a pretty laid-back state for puttin' right now (fingers crossed). Weed grows wild by the roadside in the summer, and regarding the helmet law, they've told the federal blackjack to go stuff it up somebody else's ass. Puttin' a sled on the road ain't the endless paperwork hassle it is in a lotta places and—a sure leg-wetter for our eastern bros—you can even make a right turn on a red light now. As a matter of fact, this is gettin' goddam depressin'—I can hardly find anything to piss and moan about. Guess I'll split and hope for some better snivelin' tomorrow.

—Guess who

—Continued on next page



Owner: Doug Madsen

City: Charles City, Iowa

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1956

Year and make: 1956 H-D

Builder: owner/H-D

Model: FLH

Type: straightbar, rigid

Value: \$4,500

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 1 year

Other alterations: motor mounts beefed

Chroming by: United Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: '56 lower, '73 top

Risers: 4 in. plug-ins

Model: pan/shovel

Fender(s): 5-in., molded

Rebuilder: Bob Nootnagle

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto

Taillight: Sportster, reworked

Displacement: 86 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: Jensen Bros.

Front pegs: Bates

Balancing: 60%, Leo Payne

Rear pegs: Bates

Pistons: TRW

Electrics: 6V, 2 brush, Sporty reg.

Cases: polished by owner

Gas tank: Mustang

Heads: shovel

Oil tank: horseshoe

Cam: Andrews "B" grind

Oil system: Andrews oil cooler

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: H-D smooth

Carb(s): $1\frac{7}{8}$ in. S&S

Seat: owner

Air cleaner: H-D

Sissy bar: owner

Pipes: Alphabets Custom West

Height: 24 in.

Muffler(s): Alphabets Collector

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

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews gears

Type: Ceriani glide

Year: 1956

Extension: 6 in.

Shifting: foot

Builder: Forking by Frank

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: Boyd Dingman

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: Hallcraft

Painter: Boyd Dingman

Rim width: $2\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black cherry pearl

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: 5.00 Avon

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: Hallcraft disc

Special paint: Dupont Imron clear top coat

Other special modifications: Phase 3 primary drive, porkchop stroker flywheels, chain guard and brake pedal linkage by owner, polished transmission case

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!



The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there is a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

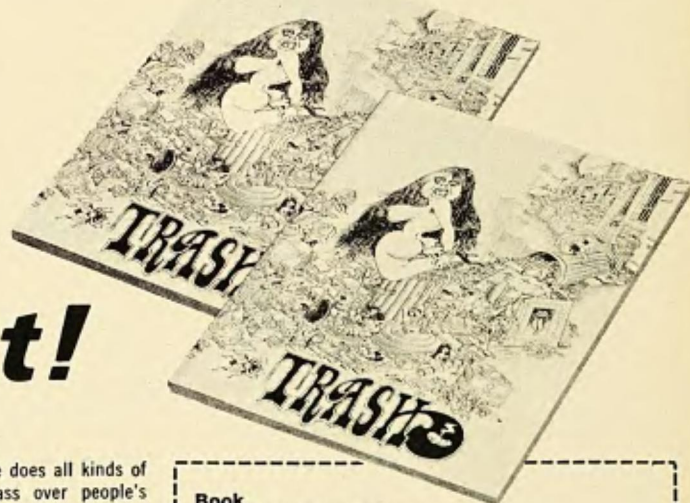
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%.*



Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

***It's rank,
it's gross—
and it's great!***



If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's ads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%

Order Robinson's *Trash* now.

Gay Rights antagonist Anita Bryant was here in Chicago recently to carry on her campaign against guys who get their *cojones* off sticking it in other guys' asses.

She should have demonstrated outside my motorcycle dealer's place of business. This guy's had his dick in my ass for so long now that I've grown fond of it and have been converted into a fuckin' sissy. (There's a campaign issue for Lady OJ: prohibit sodomists from operating motorcycle dealerships—on the grounds that they lure innocent customers into their shops and convert them into round-eyed faggots.)

Let me tell you the story of how I was converted into a gay faggot by just such a situation, and why my sweet sister Anita is absolutely right.

I was wandering around at a multiple dealership one afternoon, and as I was ogling all those sexy-looking dykes—er, *bikes*—the dealer was ogling me. Right away he makes a pass at me, and the line he gave me was irresistible. When I subsequently bought a bike from him it was like dropping my pants and bending over.

I'll always remember that first wonderful time he fucked me in the ass. It was right after I bought the bike. I told him there was an unusual engine knock and that I wanted him to look into it while it was still under warranty. He assured me that the noises I was hearing were gear-related noises, and were common in such gear-driven motorcycles. So I accepted his advice and continued to drive it like that.

That's when my dealer reached for his tube of K-Y jelly.

Then someone informed me that the noises I was hearing were not gear-related, this informant also owning a gear-driven cycle. So I went back to my dealer and told him he was wrong, that he should examine my motorcycle and determine the cause of said noise.

That's when I dropped my pants.

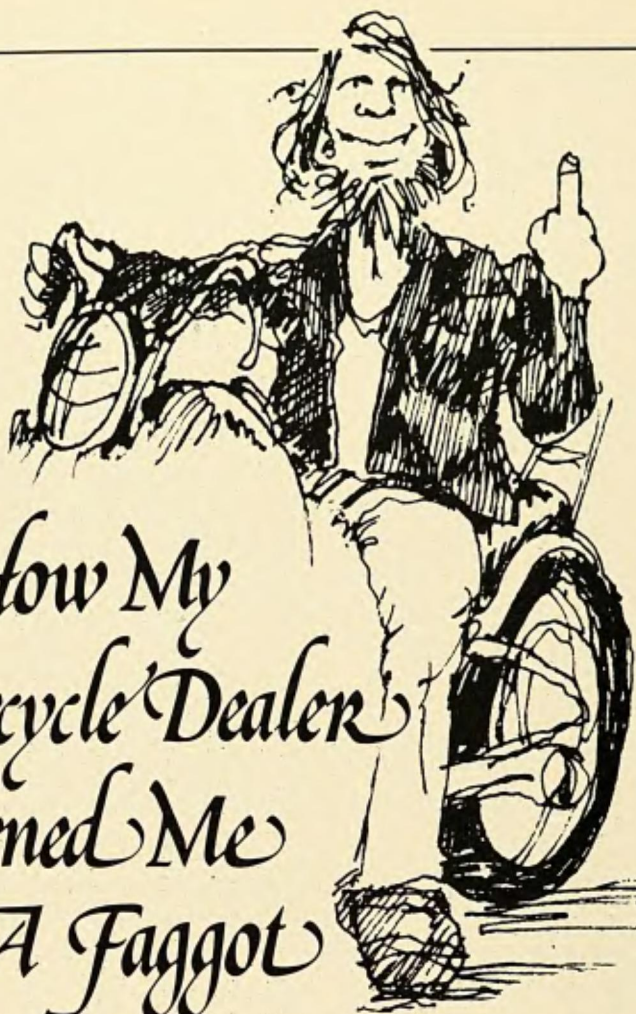
He had it examined by his mechanic, who utilized a stethoscopic device and determined that something was amiss in the rear cylinder. Then, in the mechanic's absence, another employee later removed the piston from the rear cylinder and found "scoured piston and cylinder walls. Piston slap from excessive clearance resulting. Soft metal. Factory defect. We fix. No charge." So I left the bike there with them.

That's when I bent over.

Two weeks later I went to get the bike, much summer riding weather having passed. I drive bike around block and hear same noise, then go

By Weird Willie

How My Motorcycle Dealer Turned Me Into A Faggot



back to dealer and show him. So the dealer says, "Aw, shit, man, ride the damned thing like it is and if the engine scatters I'll give you a whole new one free of charge."

So I rode it that way.

That's when my dealer first rammed it to me. And I've been loving it ever since.

Like the last ass-fucking I got from him. It was the best so far. I began to fear that one of those pistons would scatter down into the lower works and serve as an instant power brake right in front of a convoy of semitrailers on the freeway. So I brought it back to the dealer and told him I wanted something done about it. So he says to leave it again, and he tells me later that they "repaired" the *wrong* cylinder to begin with. The fault was no longer a factory defect, but rather the fact that I used my own brand of "High Performance Racing Motor Oil" in my bike, my dealer claimed. He also claimed that this oil was not good enough for use in my motorcycle, and that my doing

so against his advice to use *his* brand (which he sells for \$1.50 per quart) constituted negligence on my part. He then informed me that, since he absorbed the cost of repairing the *wrong* cylinder, I would have to pay for repairs on the *right* cylinder this time. Besides, he said, my bike was out of warranty now. He then asked me to leave my bike once again. Which I did. (Meanwhile, I owned the only bike in the States with *one* overbored cylinder and piston.)

One month later I dropped in to inquire about my bike, and eyed it through the shop window, standing in a corner. **Still broken down!** The dealer informed me that my parts hadn't come in yet. So I corresponded with the distributor and they verified this. The distributor informed me that they were regretful of my situation and would take steps to satisfy me and help rectify matters. They more or less apologized for being formerly out of stock of my particular parts, then further assured me that my parts had just recently been dispatched to my dealer.

Eighteen days later—still no bike! I corresponded with the distributor again and they later replied graciously that they had contacted my dealer for an explanation of the continued delay regarding service being completed on my motorcycle. They had been assured by my dealer that my machine would be available in the immediate future. The distributor had been communicative, very patient, and fair with me throughout my developing ordeal, as had been the factory.

That was four days ago, with the Fourth of July weekend coming up, and I still haven't heard a word from my dealer. This 61-day wait for my bike is the biggest fucking I've ever had, and my sodomistic dealer did it. And now I'm hooked—a genuine sissy. But I still fight it by rationalizing. Like when I take an ad in the papers to sell my bike in order to get a new one and a new dealer. I know deep down inside that no one wants to lay out big bucks on an uncommon gear-driven motorcycle so late in the summer; and I'm glad because I still dig my bike and I don't really want to break away from the ecstasy of my dealer's big prick up my ass in the first place.

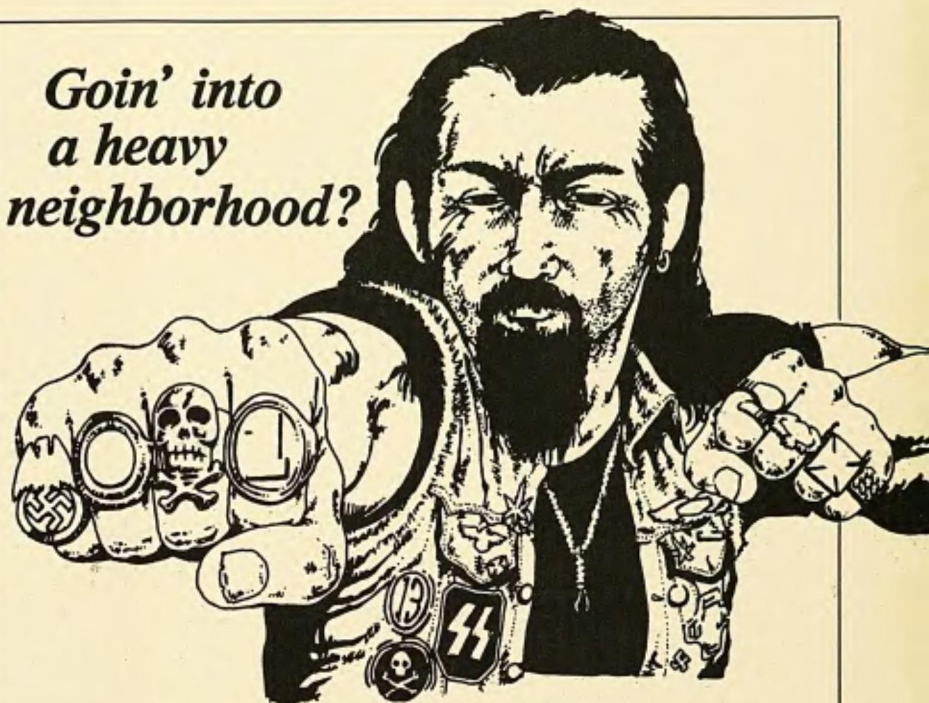
In fact, I like it in my ass so much now that I can hardly wait until I do finally get my bike back. Then when I stop payment on my check for whatever my dealer may charge me for repairing that "right" cylinder, I might wind up getting fucked in the ass by the lawyers, the courts, and our entire judicial system. And what true sissy could ask for more? (My dealer will be furious with jealousy when he sees me getting gang-banged by all of them while I'm wearing the cute little earring he bought me for my pierced ear. Tee-hee!)

Incidentally, after my dealer got me to like having it stuck in my ass, he began to tease me. Like the time when I called about my bike again and one of his flunkies got on the phone to tell me he was busy with a customer and couldn't talk to me just then. Humph! He wasn't bullshitting me. That was no "customer." He was just setting himself up for a little strange round-eye, to cheat on me. I was absolutely sick with jealousy, and every time I think of all those other "customers" getting his big prick in their asses, I could absolutely go into a rage.

So hooray for my sister Anita. She's absolutely right. Give certain people a license to run a motorcycle dealership, and they'll stick it in your ass and make you like it.

Ask me, dears. I know. I've been had.

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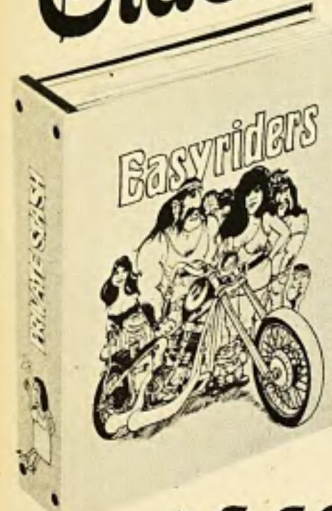
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Leo (July 22—August 21)

The proud bird in the sky ain't got nothin' on you now. You're out there struttin' your stuff and skatin' your tail. You're a regular cock of the walk. In fact, walkin' is all you may be doin' if ya don't forget your pride and hide your ride. Ya see, you're goin' through a period when you could be easily ripped off. Remember, while you're out pointin' your peepee, some clown could be takin' your putt!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This month ya could get high enough to hang yourself. It's not such a great idea, unless ya want to party with the cops, who'd be more than happy to let ya blow up the balloons! Then ya can go directly to jail and not collect \$200—your lawyer will do that. Do your tokin' at the pad and you won't end payin' to play. Spend your time strokin' and pokin' when it's safe!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Some ball-bustin' good luck is comin' your way this month! Be on the lookout for it—'cause if yer sittin' around with yer head up yer bungus, you'll miss out. Maybe you've been butterin' up your boss for a raise and he'll come through, or maybe you'll sell something for a profit (not your ol' lady). The luck could be that yer ol' lady will get up off her muff and start stuffin' envelopes instead of her fat face!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

The grass might always be greener, but it ain't always better. (You can't smoke green grass anyway.) In other words, you get what you pay for. Someone may offer ya a bum deal on some stuff that's not worth the trouble to pick outta yer nose. You'd be better off buyin' your ol' lady a used douche bag. Besides that, if ya buy some bad dope, you might have to take up squatter's rights—

all it will get ya is a lot of squeakin' and squattin'.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

There ya go stickin' one of yer boots in yer mouth again. Looks like ya got too loose and blabbed yer balls off. Your tongue is waggin' at both ends and in all the wrong places. You may have to do either a lot of smooth talkin' or some really hard fuckin' to worm your way out. The next time ya drop some whites, go out and buy yourself a muzzle—then keep it on till ya come down!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Some crap you'd rather forget about could catch up to ya when ya least expect it. Maybe it's just an unpaid bill from Dr. Buzz for yer prescription underwear. Or maybe you got wasted and gave out your phone number to some sweatshop who won't get off your case. You don't have to take any sass from the piece of ass—so unless you've been passin' around some bungus fungus, don't worry!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

You're in line for some extra bucks this month from a strange and unexpected source. (You're strange and money's unexpected.) Perhaps the sky will fall on your head and you'll see God. Or your sick uncle could will ya his prostate and you could sell it to Anita Bryant. Ya might even go to work, and that in itself would be strange. With your luck, you'll win a case of Tidy Bowl.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

There's somethin' fishy goin' on besides your ol' lady. Then again, maybe it is your ol' lady. When she gives you a do-it-yourself meat-packin' kit, you should begin to wonder. Especially after ya find some size 12 boots under the bed and you wear size 10. There could be some midnight snackin' goin' on during the day. Better start watchin' for

crumbs in your bed that don't belong there!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Either your shorts are too tight or this month is gonna be another pain in the ass. Take off, give yourself a break, and drown your troubles in a night on the town. This doesn't mean chugaluggin' the whole city of Milwaukee. But, if ya should come up with one of those killer hangovers, look up the menudo recipe in your old *Easyriders* (Issue #42). It'll either cure ya or kill ya!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

True to your sign, the bull(shit) in you is showin' most of the month. When ya aren't braggin', you're bein' a big bully, flashin' your ass! Better pull in yer horns before someone knocks yer nuts off. You'll probably snort and bellow your way outta any ass-hoppin'. Sorry, Taurus—but you're really causin' a lotta beefs now. Get hold of yourself before there's no one left to blow ya except the flies!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You've been in some tight spots before, but someone's tryin' to fuck ya in the ass now. Before the end of the month, your sharp eye will see a way to con your way out of a tight spot. Otherwise, you're healthy and double horny—as always. Just remember, if you find out who's tryin' ta fuck ya, don't turn the other cheek. That is, unless you're doin' your own reamin' and schemin'—in which case, don't forget the vaseline!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Better slow down when you're out on the road. Otherwise, you'll be findin' some lumps in yer plops as you leave a greasy trail behind ya. You might even scare the pants off some young thing (as good a way as any to get 'em off) or worse yet, smear ya both across the pavement. This is the time to bang yer balls at a slower pace, 'cause the balls you save may be yer own!

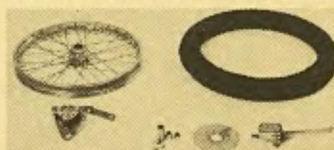
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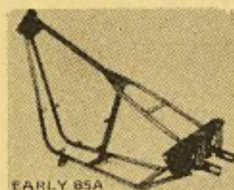
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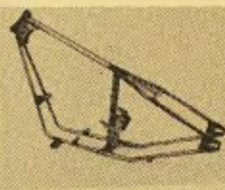
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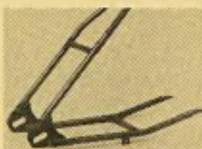


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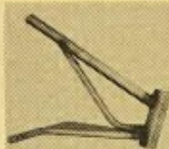
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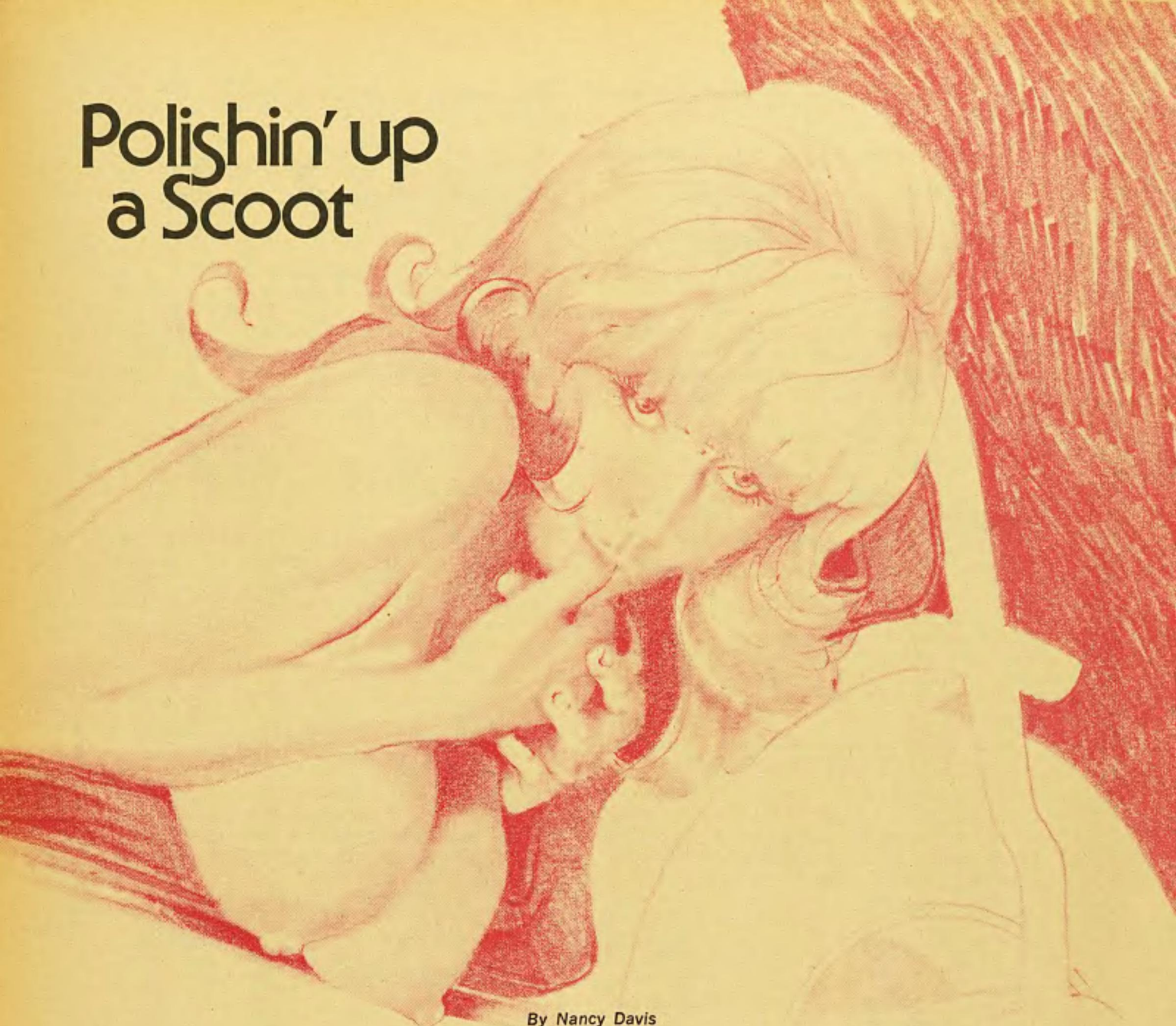
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Polishin' up a Scoot



By Nancy Davis

If J.C. came home and saw his machine not waxed to the max, he'd really blow it. J.C. may be a foxy-lookin', no-good sonofabitch, but he's a man—my man. This bike is my baby. A tough shine is where it's at.

Trying to get the wax out of this dent is hell—I'll rub extra hard. Talking about a shine, God, I remember the time J.C. ran out of smokes, so we hit it on down to the store. J.C. is the kind of guy who thinks the kick is a hassle to put down—it's a job for his bitch. J.C. was in the store while I was holding his scoot up. I just took two little old steps for the hell of it, and there it fell. And with the punch in the eye, there I fell.

That was a shiner, but this bike will be spittin' clean when I get done workin' it over.

It's really gettin' hot out here. I'll truck on in to the ice box and nab me a beer . . . Now back to the old wax job.

The time J.C. got sent up for six months was also hell. But the weekend we had before he left was right on. We biked it up to the mountains. I really partied hardy. Those vibes I got from him turned me on. I just love him.

J.C. wanted to split early, so I decided to take some time to give my hair a brushing and put a little sun tan oil on. I was trying to get ready as fast as I could, but J.C. is the kind of guy who expects my ass on his bike when he says leave. What a command.

J.C. was a real fuckin' bastard for leaving me there just because I wouldn't obey him. He left in such a

hurry, he didn't even give me a piece.

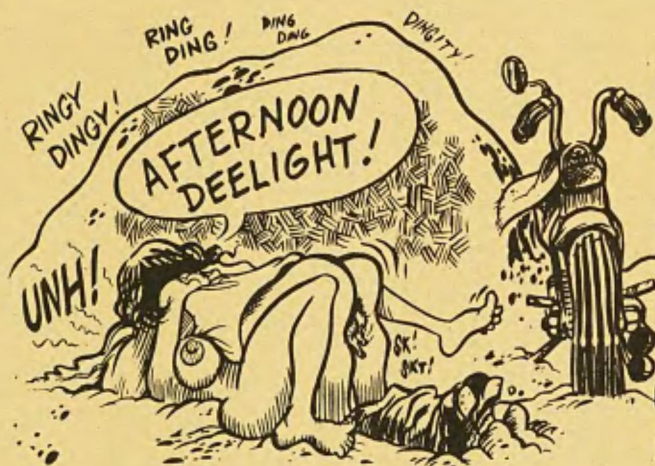
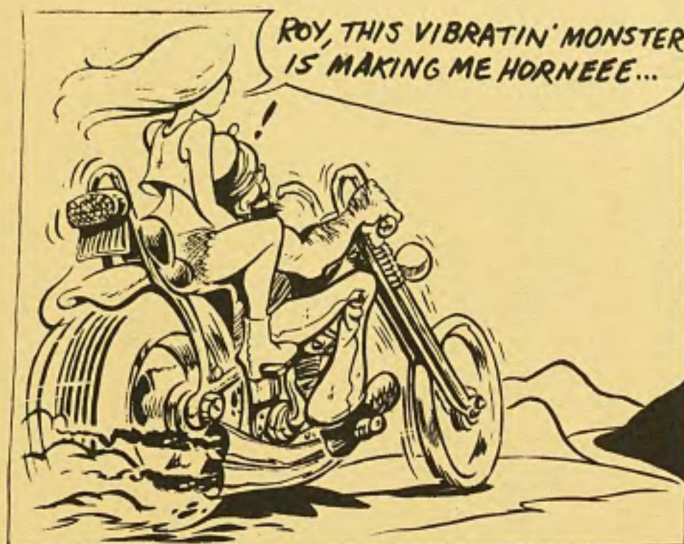
The river we were partying by was cold. It felt good to have the hot sun on my body. One of J.C.'s friends, Russ, was there. He's always trying to get into my pants, and with J.C. gone, I had a chance to try him out. Russ is a redneck sucker; I could turn him on with my little toe.

Late afternoon came fast. I was still drinkin' and partyin' down. Everyone in the gang decided to hit some angel dust and get down. It got dead after a while. That stuff stops you cold. I was getting bored and didn't want to hassle a ride home so I sat down at the side of the road and thumbed for a while.

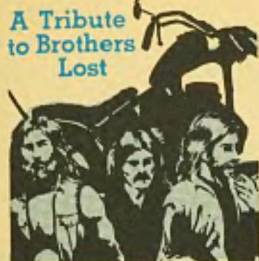
A few hours later, after dark, here comes J.C. with his smiling, sneering

—Continued on page 78

TALES FROM SNERD'S TAVERN! PRESENTS: **DESERT ROMANCE #14**



A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column will be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In loving memory of **Ed Summers**. I will always love you. I will see you again. Ride forever. Lorrel.

In memory of **Texas T. Jr.** Shot in the stomach. We love you and miss you. Debbie.

To **Slick**, a helluva bro who will always be with us with love. Pagans M.C., Baltimore, Md.

Doug Foster, age 20. A brother who was true. A Boogie Fighter of the first rank. Sky-Hi and Peg.

In memory of **Willie Bull**, Gypsy Jokers M.C., Australia. Always remembered by his brothers. Lynette Dumbleton, Aus.

In memory of our lost brothers, **Fortune, Dominic, Mado, and Jeff**. They ride with **Ralph, Renegades M.C.**, Detroit.

In memory of **Little Rick Ewing** and **Gorgeous George Walls**. Till we all meet and ride together again. Slow Ass, K.C., Kans.

In memory of **Bud**. He was all heart. May you ride the skies forever. Jim Seiter, Cinn., Ohio.

To my brother **Boy**. You rode hard and died fast. Exile by profession. Angel by desire. Brother Piper and Shady.

In memory of **Sancho**, Road Knights M.C., Texas. Loving you was the easiest part of my life. My heart is with you wherever you go. Kathy.

In memory of **Doug Crowe**, the kind of dude the world needs. He'll be missed forever. Bill, Hippo, Dave, Skull.

To **Cookie**, Rider's Ass M.C. A bro who whose colors don't run. F.S.T.W. J.C. Patty, and bros from Rider's Ass M.C.

Boy, I miss you. **Brad "Spider" Langston**. Keep on puttin' in Heaven, and wait for me to join you. I'll always love you. Your lady, Viki.

To **Brother Mac**. Three sleazy, no-good bastards dusted you with pieces, but you went down hard. Your bros, Frisco Bob and Winton Scotty.

In memory of **Richie Peace**, a true brother and biker who will always be loved and missed. Angels Camp, Calif.

In memory of **Beer**, who rode hard and fast. May you ride forever in Harley Heaven. Unforbidden Fate, W. Germany.

In memory of **Colonel**, a Road Baron Nomad, snuffed by a chickenshit cager who didn't even have guts enough to stop and help. We'll miss ya, bro. Road Barons M.C.

For **Les Smith**. He partied hearty and lived fast. You won't be forgotten by us. Kelly and The House.

For **James Tavone**, from all your friends in Long Beach. Ride easy in Harley Heaven. Gone but not forgotten.

In memory of **Tim**, who died because some dumbfuck was playing around with a gun. Mike, Sheri, Donnie, and Jenna.

In memory of **Steve Allen**, a lover of life, riding and partying. We still feel the loss. Jimbo and Donie, Ariz.

In memory of **Bill**, the hard-ridin' son-of-a-bitch from Wisconsin, who got killed by a Caddy. Gang.

For one helluva man, and a fine bro, **Clarence "Moses", Jordam, Jr.** In loving memory. Ayne Brown.

In memory of **Duckey**, who will ride forever. Froen Jr. and all your bros. Warlords M.C., Virginia.

In memory of **Tommy Douglas**, a hard-riding, fast-living bro who was murdered in the prime of life. From Larry and Garry Douglas, and all his Bandito Brothers.

In memory of **Jim "The Scow" Sronski**, another one of the best, gone and riding in Harley Heaven. Jeff and the Jets.

In memory of **Towanda Rick**, a member of The Grim Reapers M.C. A bro who still rides with us through the darkness.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues (\$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easysiders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Two lonely bros from Brooklyn wish to hear from some fine freaky mamas. **Augustus Qualls #76A-3080** and **Alvin Fields #74A-2767**, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Need a few righteous ol' ladies to write to. **Donald Cox #P-2360**, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Need someone to write to. **Raymond Eller #144470**, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Burnt tramp needs scribes from young ladies. **John R. Thomas Jr. #12046-A**, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

All of my friends have deserted me. Will someone please write? **Ray Payne, D.C.I. #80220**, Dorn E, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748.

Mellow scooter tramp lookin' for a mellow woman. **Ray Spivey #8858/C-142**, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Foxes! Fed up with this system? Write **Cliff E. Garrett #052860**, E-204, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Shot down, no one to write to and on the verge of insanity. **Kenneth Kurlin #A-039511**, T-2-N-4, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

24-yr.-old inmate desires to correspond with a luscious chick. **George Chamberlain #046841**, Box 667, D-20, Raiford, Fla. 33513.

This is your chance to make an inmate's dreams come true. Write to **James Cassidy**, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81212.

I'm doin' slow, federal time and need some letters. **Lloyd H. Pond #34374-118-JU**, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Sure need some fox to send me some scribes. **Don R. Jeffers #39634-115**, #4, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I would appreciate hearing from women. **Bill Robinson**, Box A-40340-C, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I need letters from people who are into art in the Kentucky area. Will send pictures of work. **A. H. Scott #73025**, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Need a good woman to run for me, and when I'm out to ride with me. **Richard M. Lee #B-48381**, R.C.W.-325, Box 368, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I need someone to write to. **Richard Hanson #B-71335**, Box 126, Georgetown, Calif. 95634.

A Capricorn, age 32, w/m 5'-11", 165 lbs., needs sincere chick. **James R. Lewis**, Box A, Rm. 6302, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Doin' time and need some sunshine. **Terry A. Graves #138239**, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Doin' five to twenty and need someone to write to. **George Clement**, Box 568, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.

I'm in prison with no family or friends to assist me. Please write. **Tony Davis #136-260**, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Will write and answer all mail. **Lonnie Tucker DC#055603**, Mail #048, P. O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I lost my love along the way. God, if you know where **Salli Starks** is, please have her send her lost love back to me in a letter. **Charles A. Wendt**, 111 Bellis St., Wausau, Wisc. 54401, c/o Marathon County Jail.

Captured bro needs female mail. **Wayne Wrana #93765**, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Need a little sunshine to brighten up this lonely cell. If you're not white, don't write. **Tommy Brooks**, Box B-68093, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I would like young, beautiful, freaky ladies to write this handsome animal, age 24. **James Crump #138184**, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Lonely Tenn. boy could really get into writing a free bird. If only I had a lady. **Dave Bost #412-82-9073**, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027.

Lust-lover needs nasty letters and photos from fine, lust-loving bitches. **18-35**, **Hugo Hamilton #120548**, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Two white brothers need mail from foxy tramps. **Tom Cline #43451** and **Mark Bond #40494-A**, Box 3535-38, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Lost my lady and three kids; now I need letters from chicks. **Philip L. Rose #117800**, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

22-yr.-old male wants to correspond with women. Send pictures. **Tex Marrs #C-50008**, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Please write to **Rocky L. Pulizzi**, Box B-33844-C, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

All you ol' ladies who are lonely for an ol' man, just drop us a slip. **Rick Miller #74-B-1283** and **Rick McCallopes #76-B-1141**, Box 500, Elmira, New York 14902.

Down and out bro needs a few friendly scribes. **Charles Huffman #B-72974**, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Bro just started doin' twenty years. Sure could dig some mail. **Jerry Crews**, Box B-34856, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Biker on bad trip in prison. Lost all contact with world. **David Nichols #53446**, La Tuna Box 1000, Anthony, New Mex. Tex 88021.

I'm 6'-5", 190 lbs. Brn eyes, black hair and a Taurus. I need mail from ladies. **Bobby Welch #145-804**, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Wanted: Pen pals to write to lonely prisoner. **Jerry Davis #91624**, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Down and alone. Need some lovin' lines. **Steve Wood #N-40557-18**, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Downed biker needs an ol' lady. **Walter L. Ball 044139**, Drawer 1072, Mail #389, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Sex crazy and doin' life. **Roy McGuirk**, Box 43, Norfolk, Mass. 02056.

Horny ex-biker, doin' life. Wants to hear from chicks. **Ritchie Collins**, Box 86, P.O. Sta. 37, Bronx, N.Y. 10458.

Doin' time and need foxy lady. **David Cross #C-50633**, M.C.I., Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Old muff-diver wants to hear from freaky chicks. **Robert Powell #63595**, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I need letters from chicks. **R. H. Malasky #117890**, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Been down eight years and need letters. **Fred Bogema #A-63823**, Box A-E, Cell 3128, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

One-percenter white man needs good vibes from some righteous chicks. **J. D. Crosley #30122-120**, I-Unit, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

I could dig hearing from chicks. **Jimmy Gibson #89592**, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely. Need sincere girls. **Mike Clouse #237850**, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Wanted: Warm and alive chicks. **Donald Phillips #43366**, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Downed white bro needs letters from chicks. **Richard Evans #388-52**, **Michael Lundy #37900**, **Mike Blanton #38790**, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Good-timin' white man needs letters from chicks. **Roger Peterson #B-77766-A**, C.M.C., Box A #4115, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Help! I'm in jail, no mail, need tail. **Joe Lapinsky #02325-284**, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

26-yr.-old white man will answer all letters received. **Donald McDonald #143585**, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Just a real lonely dude who wants to hear from foxy ladies and mamas, quick. **Stanley Corey #62656**, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Let's ride together, ladies. **Mike Biker #138224**, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Ex-H.A. from Kansas City needs serious ladies to write to. **Billy Tyler #56107**, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Stone white biker, doin' time in the hole, could use correspondence from ladies. **Dan Emch**, Box 78495, CTF-SHU, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Inmate in desperate need of letters from ladies. **Bob Tobarro**, age 39, Box B-35479-3-C-4, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I'm looking for a female person to write to. **Jim Crowley**, Box 57149, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Could use mail from any and all foxy ladies. **Cliff "Doc" Malone #98330**, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I've been in jail for five years with no mail at all. How about writing, somebody? **Bob Omasta #015276** 3-T-8, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

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A rugged wallet, **hand-made** from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$10.00** plus 75c postage and handling.

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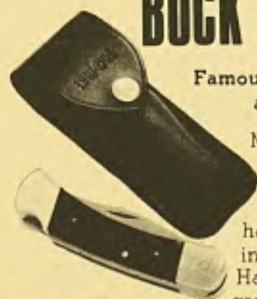
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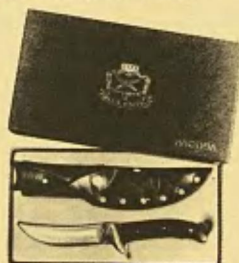
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Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge.

This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only **\$12.95** plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

Hell on Hog Wheels

—Continued from page 36

the other and opposite point of view—the U.S. Army wanted a motorcycle that was simple and strong, cheap to produce, and easy to maintain or repair under the most primitive conditions. This design logic resulted in a bike that was crude by comparison to the BMW, but which had virtues that were not shared by its Teutonic counterpart. The R 75 was a dream when it was running, but overhaul and repair required skilled technicians and precisely machined spares. By comparison, the WLA would clatter along the road drippin' oil and lookin' like it was gonna come apart any minute. When the time came to repair one, even a motorpool flunky who didn't know his rectum from a sump could usually be counted on to unfasten the offending module and bolt a replacement back on. Tolerances were purposely kept loose so precise calibration and adjustment weren't critical—consequently, the spit-and-bailing-wire school of maintenance was perfectly capable of handling almost any Harley ills.

Thousands of G.I.s got their first chance at dirt trackin' on WLAs and when the war was over Harley got another bonus—the soldiers all wanted Hogs for jammin' around the good ol' USA. Many bought civilian model WLAs and a whole lot of 'em bought 74s for that massive taste of raw power toolin' off into the sunset.

The Army continued to use WLAs until the mid '50s, but the day of the scooter had given way to the jeep. Uncle Sam still buys some 74s for military police escort duty and such, but the good ol' days are long gone. To the best of my limited knowledge, no modern army has more than a few motorcycles, and they aren't assigned to combat missions. Some time ago *Easyriders* ran a photo feature on the ill-fated Harley XA drive-shaft military model that was produced in limited quantities during WWII. Since we always take a perverse delight in whettin' yer appetite for what's to come, get back while we lay this one on ya—Indian also made a thousand or so BMW-type military bikes while the XA was in production. The Indian XA is some beautiful piece of military hardware, and we have the pictures to prove it.

Many thanks to George Barrack, Gary Barrack, and Nolan Williams for helping us shoot the pictures, getting the background info, and generally making the job a lot easier. George and Gary are sitting on a mountain of old and hard-to-find Harley and Indian parts, as well as a righteous collection of mint scooters. If ya write real nice they might be persuaded to sell you the piece you can't find anywhere. Watch out, 'cause George is not a typical businessman—he flies around in a 1930s open-cockpit Stearman biplane. Ya never know about guys like that. George can be reached at G&W Motorcycle Sales, 215 Johnson St., Trinidad, Colorado 81202.



New tests prove it: DUMP THE CHAIN, PHASE 3 IS BEST!

In a recent series of "put-up or shut-up" tests, conducted by SuperCycle Magazine, Phase 3 eliminated all remaining doubt about the superiority of the belt drive. The time honored, but antiquated primary chain is simply no match for the efficiency and dependability of the Phase 3 Super-8 belt drive. The belt proved to be superior in **every** category (see SuperCycle - Sept. 1977).

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VIBRATION & FREQUENCY	0.4 in/sec 160 cps	0.5 in/sec 530 cps	37%	PHASE 3
HORSEPOWER 1977 FLH	43.0 hp @ 90 mph	37.5 hp @ 90 mph	14.66%	PHASE 3
MILEAGE @ 55 mph (5 hp)	67.67 mpg	64.89 mpg	4.28%	PHASE 3
MAXIMUM EST. NORMAL LIFE	20,000 mi	8,000 mi	250%	PHASE 3



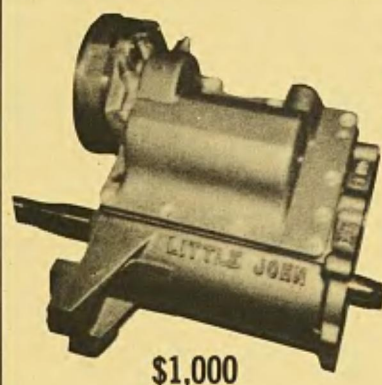
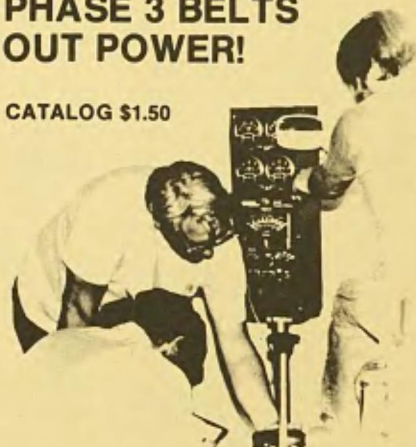
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Tattoo Removal

—Continued from page 27

get one at all, or get it placed high on your arm, somewhere on your chest or back, your legs or ass. That way it can be covered whenever you venture into polite society. But if it's a little too late for that, don't give up or cut your arm off. Something can be done.

The first method involves taking a sponge soaked in salt water solution and scrubbing the tattoo until the area is raw and sensitive. This is repeated three or four times, at six-week intervals. This will fade the colors somewhat but will not remove the tattoo completely and has little effect on black inks.

Some people are under the impression that a tattoo may be removed by surgically lifting the skin and "scraping" the pigment away from underneath. It doesn't work. The skin illustrator's needle carries the ink through both layers of skin, and even if you succeeded in scraping away part of the pigment, more than ninety percent would remain in the dermis and epidermis.

A Doctor Goldberg in Cincinnati is conducting a series of experiments in which laser beams are used to burn away unwanted marks. His original goal was the development of a color-sensitive beam capable of eliminating anything of a selected color, his hope being that certain malignancies, black in color, could be burned out instead of cut away by old-fashioned surgical methods. Almost by accident, it seems, he realized that tattoos as well could be removed this way. I repeat, however, that his process is in the experimental stage and not presently in practice.

This leaves us the two methods of tattoo removal in use today. One is to "re-tattoo" the marked area with natural-tone pigment (not bleach). I have not seen any examples of this treatment but it sounds less painful than the most common of all, surgery.

In one surgical technique, the entire tattoo is removed at once and replaced by a skin graft, normally taken from the leg. This eliminates the tattoo but leaves a discolored patch in its place. Chances are that some scarring will result from the graft.

The other procedure is that of removing small portions of the tattoo, allowing new skin to form, and removing more

tattoo over and over until the whole thing is gone. This method leaves scar tissue instead of discoloration and, in the case of an illustration on the arm, no hair will grow there again.

Should you decide to get tattooed, you should visit a proper tattoo artist and take care to select a design with which you feel comfortable. If at all possible, you should make up your own, insuring an originality you can't get with out-of-the-book designs. However, should you find yourself with an unwanted tattoo, don't despair, for these days even art is not eternal.

Bill James
Hastings, Nebr.

■ The only way is to go to a dermatologist who will give you the gory details of having it removed, a process which will take about 2-3 hours of your time. The only good thing about getting one removed is that ya get some fuckin' good downs.

R.E.H.
Claremore, Okla.

■ About four years ago at the age of 21 I walked into a local tattoo parlor and had a leafy rose drilled into my left forearm for 15 bucks. Three months later I had that same rose removed by a plastic surgeon for 500 bucks. I can't describe the state of mind I was in when I got the stupid thing, but suffice it to say that whole year was one long depression for me. My regret was immediate. I realized how fucked up I was, and the tattoo was literally driving me nuts. At the end of the three months it was either see a plastic surgeon or a shrink. I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown.

Any plastic surgeon will remove tattoos. It is a standard procedure in cosmetic surgery. It leaves a scar, but that's easy to live with and rarely does anyone notice it. The doc I had served his residency in the hospital of an upstate prison and removed scores of tattoos there. (It involves cutting out the tattoo and then skin grafting the area one week later, although different docs have different methods.)

One who knows,
Long Island, N.Y.

■ I'm having one taken off my forearm at the local hospital, and this is the process they're using: 1. They shoot the tattooed area with pain killer. 2. They then take regular table salt and water and make a paste. 3. They put the aforementioned concoction on the tattoo. 4. They get

a cotton pad and scrub like hell and take off a lot of skin. 5. They rinse it off and bandage.

After it scabs up, the body rejects a lot of the ink, and it gets lighter in color. After a few treatments, it should be completely off. I've had two treatments and it's almost gone. Just be sure to have some downers for after the pain-killer shots wear off. It burns like hell for about a week until all the salt particles get out.

J. J.
Wichita Falls, Tex.

■ The least painful methods are the most expensive. Consult your Yellow Pages under "tattooing" and you will probably find a dermatologist advertising tattoo removal. If not, write to (or call): Affiliated Dermatologists Medical Group, 4322 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. (213-933-7581) for a free brochure and info.

T-Shirt Ron
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Dermabrasion is very effective and can be done at home. First, shave any hair and disinfect the area with alcohol, iodine, or other disinfectant. Rub the tattoo with salt (on a washrag or 2x2 gauze) until the skin begins to weep, then coat the wound with iodine or an antibiotic.

Complete removal of the tattoo may require two or three treatments and usually leaves a scar. A doctor might be able to offer some alternatives or improvements in the technique.

Doc
Milpitas, Calif.

■ I know of only two ways to do this. 1. You can go to a dermatologist and have a dermabrasion done. They freeze your skin and grind it out a little at a time so you won't get a scar. This process takes several months and several hundred dollars. 2. If you don't have the bucks to do that, then grind it out yourself, using salt. After it heals up completely, there still may be some tattoo left. If so, give it another workout with the salt. The deeper your tattoo is, the more treatments you will have to give it. To prevent scarring yourself, be sure to let your skin heal up well before you go at it again. I've gotten good results.

Coke
Fort Madison, Iowa

■ Get a wet rag and dip it in salt, get a good buildup on it, and get to rubbing over the tattoo. Rub hard, 'cause the

whole idea is to rub away several layers of skin.

The salt will sting and burn for a while, but it will get numb after a couple of minutes. Rub with equal amount of pressure on all parts of the tattoo until it turns a bright red. Rinse it off and see if the skin has worn off evenly. If not, rub some fuckin' more.

When you have done this, dry it off and let it alone. Do not put any lotion or ointment on it. Let it scab over, and when it starts loosening up at the edges, bite a bullet and yank that motherfucker off. Don't forget about it and let the damn thing heal up, 'cause that won't do any good. You'll still have a tattoo.

If the tattoo was put in very deep, you might have to do it all over again to get out the little spots that might have been missed. If you don't like the white streak left on your arm, back, ass, jug, etc., just get out in the sun and let it tan.

Unlike burning, this doesn't kill the surrounding skin. It just removes it, and new skin forms and will tan. I have taken out tattoos several different ways, and this is the only method that really works well.

Ripper
Granite, Okla.

■ Good tattooing is a serious work of art. If you're not sure of yourself or sure that you want it for keeps, you shouldn't get one. Right? Anyway, if you want to rid yourself of one, here's some info on who can do it: Doctor Goldman, Laser Tattoo Removal Clinic, c/o Cincinnati Children's Hospital.

He does it by laser impacts. He charges \$15 per impact. An average tattoo usually consists of 15 impacts. If this doesn't help you out, go to any good tattooist. He can probably tell you another way to get rid of one.

Monk's Ol' Lady
Mt. Tremper, N. Y.

■ I can't believe you hardcore dumbfucks haven't figured that one out yet. Well, here's how to rip 'em out by the roots. First, swallow a handful of reds (that's for the pain). Second, dump down a couple of cans of suds (that's to get the reds workin'). Third, wet the tattoo, pour salt on it, and rub with a quarter till the fucker drips blood like Miraculous Mutha's box at high tide. Repeat process when ya can touch the sunuvabitch again. After a few times it will fade away.

Dan (The Kraut) Schneider
St. Mary's, Pa.



DEDICATED DEBBIE

Where are all the Debbies of the world?

What a life! What an ol' lady! This chump has it in the bag. Can you imagine, by gazing beyond Debbie's beautiful bod into these flicks, how this scooter freak got into this situation or how he trained his ol' lady into the fine jewel she is? The dude must have a two-foot crank.







Photos by Billy Tinney



He just putted five hundred miles, pulled up to a secluded stream, and shut off his hot motor. Then, without a word, he parked his tired ass and proceeded to cop some much-needed z's. But did his ol' lady drag her road-worn ass off the rear fender and piss and moan about the lumps and bumps, complain that her little tummy was empty and on and on? No, Debbie knew how her ol' man would like to find her when he awoke—naked—and since the sun was warm and the clear stream was cool and refreshing, she disrobed. Being an observant chick, she noticed that the bike had caught miles of mountain dust from the trip. So, without disturbing her ol' man's

quiet mountain dreams, she took on the chore of putting a little sparkle back onto his scooter.

And knowing that her ol' man needed only a few hours to regain his strength, she awoke her man in her own special way. But only after the bike was cleaned, the camp prepared, and her body cleansed did she approach him—still ready and anxious to please.

Goddam, where are all the Debbies hiding? Either I've got to have one or this bro ought to sit down and write a training manual on the fine art of turning snivelin' broads into fine, dutiful, sensuous, sweet things. There must be a secret.

—Brow Beat



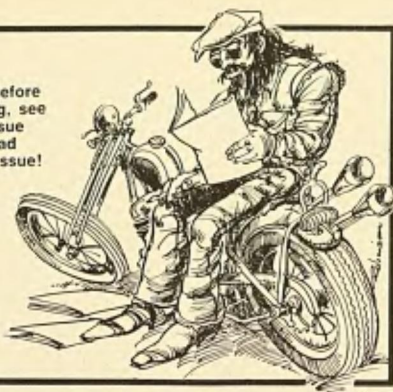
Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11, 12,13,14,15,16, 26, and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18, 19, 25, 29, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetttin' early issues.

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Polishin' Up A Scoot

—Continued from page 68

look. He never bitched at me—leaving me there was my lesson. I just gave him my sexy look—a two cent smile is all he's worth.

I was really faithful to J.C. when he got sent to the can even though he said I could screw around a little as long as he didn't find out about it. There were a couple of nights I got so loaded I didn't know what I was doing with those guys. Well . . . more than a couple.

J.C. would kill any guy who screwed with me, but I got what I wanted. What's another dead dude anyway?

Well, four months went by fast, but not without finding something to keep my mind off sex and to occupy my body . . . and get a little bread on the side. Beatin' the boards isn't hard work at all; the more I work, the more I could save. I dig this kind of work. With my looks, who could refuse me?

One night—my last night of work—Russ staggered into the bar. That creep! I wish he'd leave me alone. He asked me if I wanted to go for a putt after I got off at two. Well, it's a ride home, and it beats walking. He took me up to his pad and laid me on the floor—there was no bed. I asked him for fifteen dollars and he gave it to me. I went to use the head, and out the window I jumped. If J.C. ever found out, his ass would be grass.

The day finally came when J.C. got out of jail. What a man! I just love him. He wanted to fix up his bike a little, so I gave him what I'd saved. That no-good fuckin' prick spent it on a good time with the boys. Two days later, he came home with a friend. J.C. and I had a wild session screwin' non-stop all day—making up for lost time.

Man, this wax is really meltin' in the hot sun. Me and J.C. will be together very soon, and the way he makes love gets me wet just thinkin' about it.

This bike really looks cool. Just as sharp as J.C. would want it to be. My beer is gettin' warm. I guess after the fifth one, I'm not very thirsty.

I went to visit J.C. Sunday. It seemed so long—the flowers I left there the week before were all wilted except for the single rose. That was just like the one he gave me the time he came to visit when I was in the hospital after falling off the bike drunk. ■

Ralph in a helmet

Your helmet's on my mantel,
and brother, so are you.
You're stuffed inside like sausage
with the consistency of glue.

I found your hand just yesterday
and gave your thumb a clasp.
But you responded not at all.
You didn't even gasp.

You used to be so talkative!
You'd never shut your yap.
But now you couldn't talk if you wanted;
your mouth is sliding down the strap.

I've been looking for your peepers
to see if they show surprise,
and give them to your mother.
(You always said you had her eyes.)

I've been poking at you with a stick
to see what else is there,
and so far I've found an ear and a cheek
but I can't yet make a pair.

Your foot bobbed to the surface
a little while ago, I think.
But your once big bones and muscles
could be mistaken for a drink.

I was greeted by your toes as well—
all eleven—and your knees,
and your tongue and arms and hair
and teeth and your motorcycle keys.

I saw all that I was looking for,
everything that once was you.
I still won't cease to call you Ralph
even though you're more like Stu.

You're all wedged in there pretty good,
though you sometimes overflow
when a breeze comes through the window
and rocks the helmet to and fro.

But at least I sleep more soundly now,
like a little child—a waif;
because this helmet law I'm reading
says you're absolutely safe.

—By Eat

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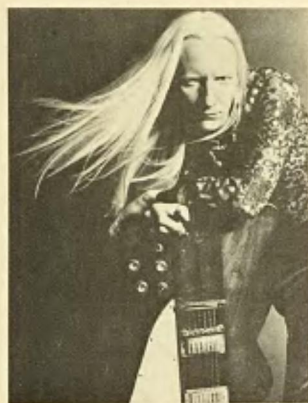
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DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing

Nothin' But the Blues/Johnny Winter: Although the tempos vary and the album moves through a few different moods, one thing remains the same, and that's Johnny Winter himself. His raspy vocals are still the name of the game when it comes to blues, and as usual, this bunch of Winter brings home the message that it's goddam cold outside. A first-rate effort from the world's greatest albino singer. "Bladie Mae," "Sweet Love and Evil Women," and "Drinkin' Blues" are typical titles that'll give you an idea where this shit is coming from.

David Allan Coe Rides Again/David Allan Coe: After his release from prison in 1967, Coe settled down to writing and singing in a little better atmosphere, and the results have been some great tunes from a Nashville-based biker. This latest release has a pretty mellow touch, and the country-style ballads cover a variety of stories, from "The Punkin Center Barn Dance" to "Laid Back And Wasted." Coe's vocals are even and smooth, and as an added plus the album has a cover as good as the tracks inside. It was about time somebody put a Harley up front.



Greatest Hits/Ten Years

After: Ten Years After have earned a niche in rock history as one of the premier English blues bands of the sixties. For many, their performance of "I'm Going Home" at Woodstock was one of the high points of that historic concert. Lead guitarist Alvin Lee's commanding pyrotechnics puts him in the same class with greats like Clapton, Page, Beck, and Townshend. It's music tailor-made for kicked-back tripping. This collection of their best work not only includes the mind-bending live Woodstock recording, but other brain jugglers like "Hear Me Calling" and "Woodchopper's Ball." This stuff is heavy, for those times when you want it just that way.

CSN/Crosby, Stills, and Nash: Back in 1968, Stephen Stills of Buffalo Springfield, David Crosby of the Byrds, and Graham Nash of the Hollies got together to form one of rock's true supergroups. Joined by Neil Young, they were responsible for some of the best music of the late sixties and early seventies. Unfortunately for their fans, they couldn't get along well enough to keep the group together, so they split and went their different ways. Since the breakup, none of the individual performers has done anything that approaches their achievements when they were together. In the intervening years they have tried to re-form, but they could never really get it on. Finally, eight years after their last previous vinyl venture, they have buried their personal and creative hatchets long enough to get this album out. We can only say it's about fucking time. CSN is a great record. It

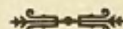
features those sweet vocal harmonies that melt the defenses of the staunchest virgin iceberg. The deft blend of electric and acoustic guitars and the flowing melodies are just the thing to ease your mind when the world is trying to cornhole you. You can take your pick from mellow ballads or crafted, driving rock numbers, and in every case you come up with true quality. It's great to have these guys back together again.



Stacked Deck/Rusty Wier:

"I'm tired of being labeled a country artist. That comes more from where I'm from and what I look like than from anything I'm doing. I wear a cowboy hat and boots and such, but that don't mean shit." What does mean shit is that Rusty Wier can put down some hot fucking tracks on a vinyl disk. This album is crammed full with powerful blues-rock, the kind that comes boiling up from out of the bayou smothered in spicy gumbo—guitar work that can only be done with sneering lip and keyboards straight from a delta cathouse. It's been a long haul for Rusty from those Austin bars where he had to pass the hat to make enough to eat. Even now, most people would just as soon step on his hairy face as recognize it. His voice is a soothing cross between the mating call of a horny moose and a diesel air horn, and we can really get off on his vicious vocals. There isn't a weak cut on the record, and three of the best numbers were penned by Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks before they joined Fleetwood Mac. From the opening tune, the ballsy "Walkin' Thru New Orleans," you know that Wier is out to make you boogie your ass off and he isn't playing games. He's stacked the deck all right, and all the cards are winners.

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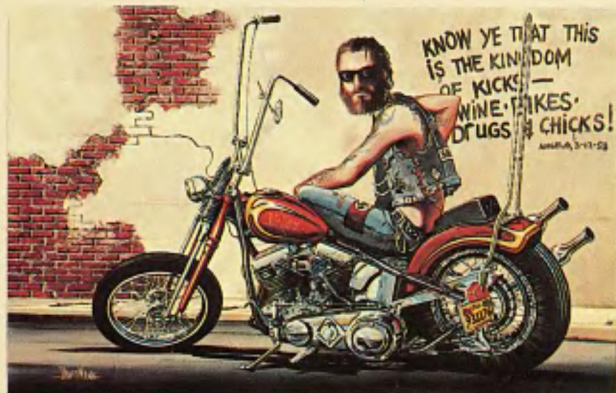
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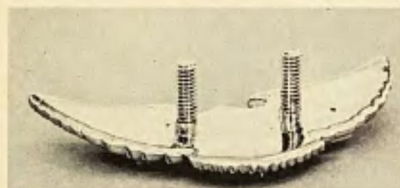
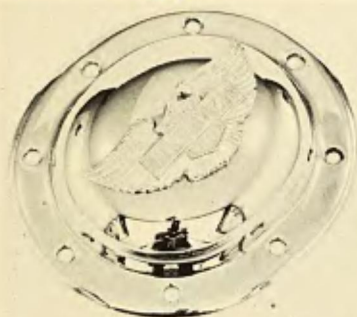
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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Sexual Fantasies

—Continued from page 15

when ya sink yer teeth into the side of it, it suddenly falls away, and there's just empty space for a second, and then this runny stuff slowly trickles down behind yer lower teeth an' spreads out under yer tongue, kinda cool-like and rich?

"When I see her I suddenly get this picture in my mind o' one o' them little candies, only it's the size of a VW.

"Oh, yeah . . . well, I imagine that I got 'er trapped in one o' the school hallways, about 9 at night, when the place is all locked up and abandoned. She's down at one end, and I'm at the other, comin' tord 'er, and the only light is from a street lamp somewhere that's shinin' real sleazy and weak through the glass on her door that she's up against—the kinda glass with the wire goin' through it and what's hard to see through, and she's up against it there, just kinda shadowed against it, with me comin' down the hall at 'er, with the sound of 'er terrified breathin' rollin' off the narrow walls, soundin' like sometimes when a train engine slowly 'breathes' when it's stopped in the night and waitin' to get goin' again.

"Then pretty soon I'm right up to her, right in front of 'er, lookin' down at her helpless upturned face, with all her fears right there for me to read right on the surface.

"Then I slowly reach out and put my hands on her shoulders . . . smilin', an' lookin' 'er up and down once, breathin' like a train myself now, lookin' down at her wide eyes, like a puppy's eyes, one that's shiverin' an' scaird in the cold; an' I press my face down at hers an' I . . . an' I . . .

"OK, lady, does that redhead in yer gym class get it on, or does she just look at all the passin' bikers that way?"

"That's . . . that's what I do. That's what I'd like to do.

"Actually, what I'd like to do is ask the redhead! But I seen her play tetherball, an' she col'cocks that thing like she wuz Rocky himself! Fuck, she's got fuckin' fists like beefbriskets! What if she's one o' them dyke-things? She'd fuckin' kill me!

"What I got goin' here is actually two fantasies, an' only one of 'em is sexual! The other one is sheer bravado! In real life, that damn nun would kill me too! You just don't corner them women an' get away with it! They'd fuckin' snap ya in half! I know. I used to have them cutthroats for teachers! . . . You know, if you hold cigarettes in your navel for a long enough period o' time, you eventually build up a cal-lus, and you can actually crush the thing out in there too, look here. . . ."

B.M., 25, male:

"I might as well tell ya, doc, I jack

off at intersections. Oh, I don't mean at the intersection; I mean, I don't walk out into the middle o' the street and bend over and say, 'Take that, intersection!' No, I didn't mean to throw you off, or anything. I mean that I just sit there on my bike and jack off whenever I'm waitin' for the light to change. Well, no, it ain't a problem, there's always time.

"Anyway; I imagine that I'm just waitin' there, just quietly jacking off . . . when suddenly this Cadillac Eldorado pulls up alongside me, an' in it is this stoneass-fox society lady, class-A'd-to-the-max, bejeweled and be-decked, and all debutanted into her most beautifulest . . . an' she just stops there and looks over at me, smilin'. Then she out-an'-out gets to her knees on her seat, leans her furred and perfumed body out of the window, with the front of her gown fallin' away from her tits, an' her tits goin' ker-thunk, ker-thosh against each other from their tremendous weight, which is caused by their enormous size, an' brings her mouth over to where I am sitting dumbfounded, jacking off, an' rubbing myself in the full exposedness of my cock, an' she says, 'I own the factory that makes all the traffic signals for the whole city. Howdja maybe like a couple o' free ones for your bedroom!'

"Whatta rush, doc: I could lower my bike through a hole in the roof, maybe . . . drill another hole in the floor for the jizz to drain out, 'cause I ain't got no rugs to azorb it, steal a couple o' NO LEFT TURN signs, maybe get holduva . . .

"You think this is crazy, huh. Yeah, yeah, you're sayin' you don't but you really do, huh? But, what the hell, it's a fantasy, ya know? In a fantasy a woman actually could have enough smarts to own a factory."

O.A., 24, female:

"I'm a club mama, doc. You know what one o' those are? Yeah, well then you know that I've experienced damn near all there is to experience. There

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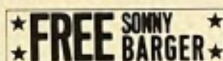
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ain't nuthin', hardly, that those guys
ain't done with me.

"But sometimes the guys will take
off somewhere, and then I'm always
left there alone with Bruno, the club
bloodhound. Usually, he's layin' down
over by the chair, across from the chair
where I've usually got myself plopped;
and a lotta times he just lays there
and looks at me. An' when he does
that, he always lets his tongue droop
out of his mouth. An' you don't know
what 'droopin' is, doc. I mean, a
bloodhound droops a lot just normal,
with them fuckin' ears an' eyes and
wrinkly foreheads. But this tongue o'
his; that damn thing must droop about
a fuckin' foot an' a half. An' he don't
just unravel the thing all at once,
neither; he'll do it gradual; layin' there
an' lookin' at me with his head up
from the floor, an' pantin' casual the
way they do; an' that tongue just slowly
slidin' from his mouth; first maybe
a couple inches an' then stoppin' while
he pants some; then—bloop—it's
flopped another couple inches, then
stops again. An' this goes on for about
five minutes until the thing reaches the
floor, and then—frsshhhh—it kind of
just spreads out along the floor like
a spill.

"An' then that tongue starts to flick.
Just the tip of it, it starts to flick. First
just off the floor just a skooch. An'
then the whole end of it begins to curl
up and back, just like someone sayin',
'c'mere' with their finger. And all the
time he's lookin' at me, and the end o'
that piece o' fleshy carpeting is goin',
bawooop, (c'mere), bawooop, (c'mere).

"An' that's when I get this fantasy:
I imagine that I get up out of my chair,
walk slowly over to him and squat
down right in front of his face. And
that belt of a tongue is hangin' out
of it. I grab the sides of his head in
both my hands and say, 'Ya know,
Bruno—just once I wish one o' those
dipshits would fuck me in the pussy.'

"But I never actually go and do it.
Talkin' to dogs is screwy. Besides, he
could never answer anyway. His
tongue's too fuckin' long."

G.C. 26, male:

"Right next door to my house there's
this playground. The kids always go
home by about six, but every Tuesday,
just like clockwork, there'll always be
this same little blonde girl, about seven
years old, who'll stay there alone for
about another hour.

"All the time she'll sit on the same
swing for that full hour, the one that
I can see best from the window in my
back door. And she always wears this
same dress. A little pink and red
checked dress, that kind of flies up all
around her when she swings, and kind
of billows and fluffs up and down . . .
up and down, while she swings back
and forth . . . back and forth.

"And sometimes she sits facing me.
"And all the time that she swings
she hums this little song. I can't re-

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call how it goes, but it's just this soft little tune, as though she doesn't have a care in the world.

"On Tuesdays, I actually watch the clock to see it work its way to 6, and then I run to the backdoor window and press my palms against it, and look out there to see if she's there, and she always is. Then, as the minutes roll by, I start to sweat, and my fingers begin to scrape against the glass, as I watch her out there, all alone, just swinging on that swing, while I stand there in the house and gradually turn into a basket case, watchin' 'er.

"Then I get this vivid picture in my mind: it's a picture o' me not standin' desperate against the pane any longer, but instead, I'm tearing open the door, bursting out onto the back porch, crashing through the rail and down onto the lawn, running toward the chain link fence of the playground, leaping high into the air against it, and clawing the wires against the undersides of my fingers, just hangin' there like a fuckin' gibbon and screamin', 'Why the hell don't you go get whooping-cough or something, ya little twerp! You been fuckin' up my Tuesdays for the past six months! Every other night o' the week me an' my girlfriend are already IN there, dry-humpin' against the monkey bars! But on TUESDAYS, ohhhh, please, paaaardin ME—we have to wait for little Miss OPERA-HOUSE to finish her little DITTY first! Why doncha go swing from a noose, ya fuckin' little human prophylactic!

"Ahhh, but what the hell; ya talk like that to a little kid an' the whole neighborhood's down on ya. But one o' these days I'm gonna take a slingshot to the kid, I guarantee ya that."

T.L., 25, male:

"This ain't a fantasy, doc. I actually did it. I did, doc, I actually did it. Does that count? If you do your fantasy, does that count? It's gotta count more, don't it? Ain't it gotta count more? What? Oh, yeah, sure—I guess I got a little excited.

"Well, I was puttin' past this mor-



Easyriders

"Honestly, Carolyn, she just came in and helped herself."

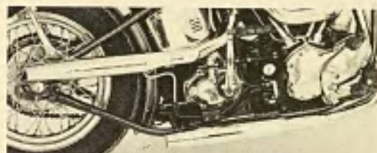
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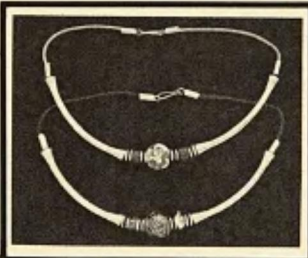
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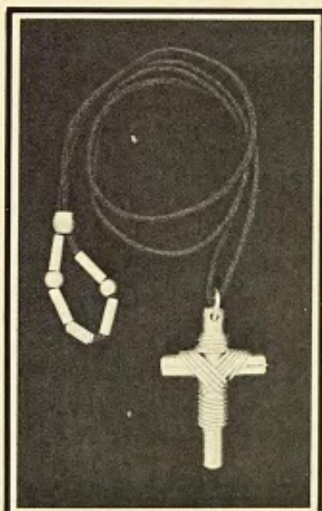
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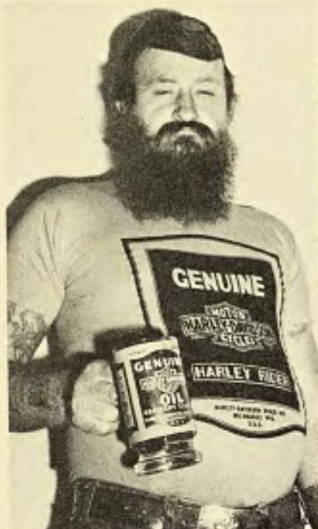
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tuary, this place where they do bodies, and leave 'em out for the kin to come an' say hi to . . . well, I was puttin' past, an' for some reason I got this urge to go explore the place. So I figured, shit, I'll go take a peek, what the hell.

"It was night, and I slunk in the back way, and skittered around the rooms on tiptoe, but then I heard someone comin', so I ducked into this room that said don't go in there.

"An' inside of it there was these caskets, man. A dozen of 'em, maybe. An' all of 'em was filled. Oh, I don't mean they was stuffed or anything, with more than one body in each, looking like popped-open suitcases, or anything. There was just one to a crate, but the people was dead—that's what I'm sayin'.

"It was the grislies, man.

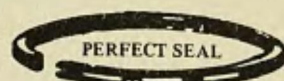
"Well, I'm stickin' my nose in all of 'em, sayin' hi like I figure I might as well, when all of a sudden, I see over in the corner, there, this coffin that was all white. But it was more than just white, it was like it was glowing. It wasn't really glowing, but it was reflecting what little light there was in the place so that it looked like it glowed.

"Well, I had to go check that sucker out, man, so I went over, and I look inside, and there's this girl in there, an' she was dead. She looked like she was about fifteen. Hell, she might have been older, for all I knew, but I figured she was about fifteen when she had her last birthday that would show. And she was beautiful. She was the most beautiful girl, dead or alive, that I had ever seen. She was white too. By that I mean, she was dressed in white. Oh, she was 'white,' besides . . . and in fact, maybe a little pale to boot . . . but what I mean is, she had kind of that same glowiness as the rest of it, and what the rest of it was getting all its glowiness from was from the lining, which was a kind of pearlescent sorta silken stuff that was all sleek and slipperylike, and was radiatin' the dim



Easyriders

"Sorry, sport—but if her whole name's 'Pat' we're gonna have ta abbreviate it."



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lights like them lights in the sidewalk that go around in circles in front of new liquor stores for the first day before the service stinks and they don't make change anymore.

"Well, it was that glowing that did it. It was like a weakening and a strengthening that came over me all at the same time, and a minute later I've got my cock in my hand, and I'm lookin' in that coffin. And then another minute later, I was actually goin' at it, moanin' and groanin', and twistin' my head all around with my eyes squeezed shut, and breathin' like a runner, myself right in that coffin just like she was, only with me wrenchin' an' twistin' like a grunion, but with her not doin' too much of anything. She was a lot like a live woman, in that respect. And then suddenly my head fills up—both heads, in fact—and I feel this final surge of bodily hydraulics pressin' against every one of my bones, and then nnnnnnnngn . . . jiiizzzzz . . .

"Best I'd ever had, doc.

"What?

"Bdlyecchk, oo, no, pthui, I didn't fuck her. I jacked off on that shiny stuff. That's the best 'catch-rag' I'd ever seen! You'da never had ta wash it! All the jizz just slides along it until it can't slide no more, and then in a few days it's hardened, and it don't even show! I knew it, just as soon as I looked at it, that it woulda been the perfect backstop! An' best of all, you'da never had ta hide it! You coulda made couch covers outa the thing and just kinda turn and—pththt—into it while goin' from one room into the other, an' never think twice about it.

"I only wish I coulda took some home, but I hadda scam outa there, 'cause I guess I attracted some attention from my racket, and I heard people commotin' and assemblin' down the hall.

"Oh, well, yeah, we were both in there at the same time but I wasn't on 'er or anything. I'd bent her over in half with her face in her knees so's I could kinda have some room to squat around in. Both hatches were up, so it wuzn't no problem, I just vvvp'ed her up, over, and down again, with her nose in her knees, like she'd maybe come alive, done a sit-up, and then died again. I had to leave 'er like that, but maybe they won't notice. Sometimes when you're grieving enough, you miss things. Like, I knew one guy who died, he had this mole on his cheek, and the mortician removed it, and nobody said a thing. What's important is that they won't notice the jizz. Sure wish I coulda took some o' that stuff home.

"Well, that's it, can I go? All . . . the other people got to. . . ."

* * *

So. So that's a sex-fantasy article, um? Well . . . I don't know about you . . . but I-am-in-fucking-heat. —Clo. ■

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Flip For Spooky

—Continued from page 30

to kick the skinny fucker in the crotch and just haul the little blonde along with him to an isolated spot further down the highway—but hoping that winning the flip might keep the whole scene normal. "Who flips?" demanded Champ.

"Have at it, man."

The coin spun upward, glinting brightly in the narrow shafts of sunlight stabbing through the treetops.

"Ya git his piece outa that bag?" asked Moo quietly, as the prospect called Scab came sauntering back from the clearing into the dense shrubbery.

Scab displayed the .45 proudly. "He's so goddam busy jammin' it to that poor little kook, he never even heard me when the piece clanked against the sissybar! I never saw a guy so lost in his fuckin', man!"

Tool and several others appeared behind Moo.

"I do all right?" asked Tool anxiously.

"You did jes' fine," murmured Moo, motioning to all of them. "Let's ease up there and watch the fun!"

"Ya gonna clue me?" insisted Tool.

Moo glanced briefly at him. "Yeah, I guess ya earned the details. We kinda borrowed Spooky from the county's loonybin. She's a real special case. Lost her marbles when some dude hijacked her and spent a whole weekend hid out, forcin' her to give him head. Left her kinda weird, see?" Moo shook his head sadly.

"So? Why her and this shitface?" Tool frowned slightly.

"Well," chuckled Moo, "y'see, Spooky jes' goes kinda wild whenever any dude shoves a crank in her face. Gets real ugly about the sight and the smell of a stick, too! Bit the cock off a raunchy attendant at the loonybin, accordin' to the prez, whose sis works there, and was munchin' off the bastard's balls before anybody heard him screamin'! Yeah, Spooky's kinda touchy!"

"Jesus W. Christ!" said Tool softly.

"We figure to let the Champ bleed himself to death. It beats jes' blowin' him away, which would be much too fast and good fer a turdbain like him!" Moo smiled coldly. "Now let's sneak up there and be ready to hustle Spooky outa here. We promised the prez we'd have her back on the loonybin's lawn no later than next Friday night."

Cautiously, they moved forward.

The Champ propped himself up on his elbows, panting slightly and grinning down at the empty-eyed face gazing at his naked crotch, only inches from her silently moving mouth.

"Bite me, baby," urged Champ hoarsely. "I love it!"

With a curiously violent whimper, Spooky lunged viciously at his exposed parts—her teeth snapping as she took her first bite. . . .

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Rust in Peace

—Continued from page 13

that club run up to the lake. The old fart was gonna think he was accident prone if he didn't come up with a different excuse this time.

"It's early," Pete yelled over the wind. "Work," Al said, thinking out loud. Pete nodded while Al fell into watching the world slip by on an unwinding strip of black ribbon.

They were moving with only the music of the wind and bike when Al became uneasy. He knew he couldn't have made it far out of town, yet these woods and this road weren't familiar. He knew every road around town, but this one didn't match any in his memory. They must be down by the lake, he decided, because it was the only area that had these kinds of trees—big, leafy shade trees with syrupy dark shadows on the ground beneath them.

"I'm lucky," he thought, again out loud.

"How's that?" Pete asked, not taking his eyes off the road.

"Might of got killed last night," Al said, half in humor.

"Might of?" Pete said, still watching the road, again giving that grin.

Al tossed his head back and laughed, slapping Pete's shoulder. "Wow, I feel like it with this head of mine."

Ahead and to the side of the road, a tavern loomed up. There were five or six bikes parked in the dirt, all of them pretty nearly like Pete's. Al was a little surprised when he felt them lean in toward the parking lot, but he decided a cold one wasn't such a bad idea. Help him get his head straight.

Pete pulled up and shut down. The air smelled sweet, a little bit like pine, but not quite. Someone was blowing a horn inside. Live jams, easy blues. Clear as the air had been out on the road, and so mel-

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low. Al closed his eyes a moment to listen.
"You comin'?" Pete asked, ambling to-
ward the door.

"Yeah. Sure."

Al followed Pete inside. It looked like
any other little dive he'd ever been in.
Dark, mirror behind the bar, black leath-
erette diamond-tuck upholstery with the
usual splits showing the soiled foam pad-
ding underneath. Yet strangely, the air
was fresh. It was as fresh as it had been
outside and with that same piney smell.

Inside, two guys were shooting pool,
but the rest sat close to the little stage
where the skinny dude stood, blowing his
horn. Their eyes were shut and their
heads rocked back and forth like a chorus
line of junkies with the nods.

"Blows a mean horn, don't he?" Pete
said, taking up a stool at the bar.

"Man, I could just about listen to him
forever." Al closed his eyes.

"Some do," Pete answered, nodding to
some of the other patrons in the bar. The
bartender came over then. Pete ordered a
pitcher. When it came, cold and frosted,
Al poured himself a tall one, sucking half
of it down before he lowered the glass.
"Yeah," he said, smiling and belching in
appreciation.

"Drink up," Pete said. Al poured an-
other.

The skinny horn player took a break
and came over to where they sat.

"Gabe," Pete began, "This is Al. He's,
uh, new around here."

"A regular now?" Gabe asked.

Pete shrugged, raised an eyebrow,
glanced at Al.

"I'll be a regular as long as you're
here, man. You play a real fine horn."

"I try," Gabe smiled.

"How's your head?" Pete asked Al.

"Better. Naw, pretty fuckin' good.
This brew's just what I was needin'."

"You look better," Pete said. He started
to say something else, but stopped as the
rumble of scoots, a lot of them, poured in
through the door from outside.

Pete and Gabe looked at each other.
The pool players eased away from the
table, cues in hand, and leaned back
against the bar, eyes on the doorway. The
others stood up from their tables and
came over to stand beside the bar.

"What's going on?" Al asked.

"Red and his boys," Pete answered in
a neutral tone, sipping the cold brew.

"There gonna be a beef?"

Pete sized him up, then looked back to
the door. "Yeah," he said.

"Yoo-hoo," a high-pitched voice called
from outside. A huge shadow fell across
the doorway.

"Whaddya want?" one of the pool
players called out.

"Al. Where's that dear boy Al?"

One of the pool players glanced at Al.
"Me?" Al asked, unsure what the fuck
was going on. Pete nodded.

"Here I am, motherfucker!" Al hol-
lered.

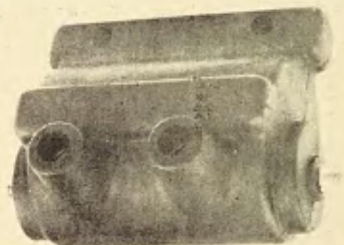
The doorway was almost seven feet by
four, but Red had to bend down and
squeeze through sideways as if he were
crawling into a kid's playhouse. When he

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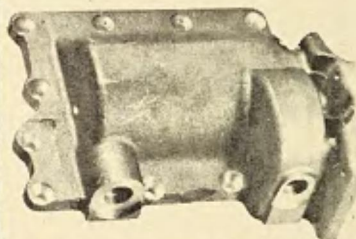
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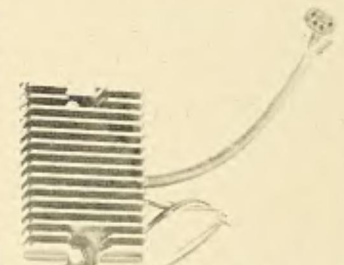
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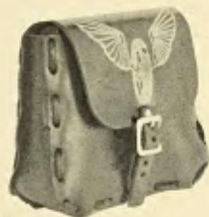
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got in, he had to stand with his head tilted forward, and his red eyes burned down at them. He wore tight black leather, spiked heels on the thigh-high boots, and had pink skin almost like a baby's. If it hadn't been for his size, the big, hard muscles beneath that smooth skin, and the thick, curly red hair on his arms and chest, he would have made a fine-looking chick.

His face had high cheekbones and a small mouth turned into large, painted red lips. His blood-red eyes were outlined with something like mascara. It was on his lashes too, and there were ashes dusted around the eye sockets that made them seem deep, as if you could slip and fall into them. Al stared at the ragged death's head tattoo spread out across Red's chest. There was something about it and Red's face that was terribly similar. The outlines were the same maybe. Al didn't have a chance to decide because, having cut the impression he wanted to, out of the quiet air, Red began his rap again.

"You're mine," he said softly with a leer, pointing at Al.

Al smiled weakly and spat, turning to Pete, feeling a bit uneasy.

"How do you figure he's yours?" Pete asked, ignoring Red and taking a long pull out of his glass.

"Because—" and a smile came and went across Red's face—"I'm taking him." He turned his head a little and called over his shoulder. "Boys?"

If they weren't all fags, Al thought, then he wasn't scared shitless. They filed in, dressed like Red and with the same death's head tattooed across their chests. There were ten of them and they all stood around Red, smiling, Al thought, though he could not be sure because they had no eyes. They could have been grinning. It was hard to tell without the eyes.

"Come on, Allen," Red coaxed. "It'll be just like old times. Feeling that wind in your face, hearing it whisper in your ears. Old times," he hissed. "Come on, let's get on with it. Come on."

"Fuck you," Al heard himself say.

"But look at you. Feel that skull of yours. That big hole. Half of what brains



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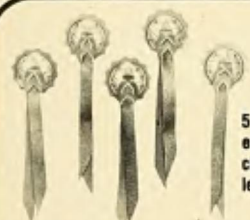
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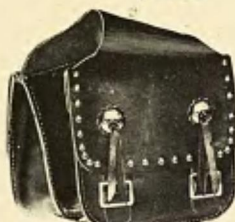
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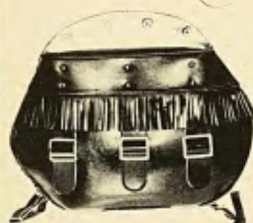
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you had are gone. You're dead, Allen, you
pretty little boy. Most definitely dead."

"The hell you say."

Red tittered and rolled his eyes. "Oh,
but you are," he answered, yawning.
"I'd have thought Pete would have told
you by now. But then, I suppose he has
in his usual halfassed way." Red shook
his head as if he were sad over something,
clucking like a distressed hen.

"You were very drunk. Very, very
wasted. But it wasn't your fault. The man
said he didn't see you until—well, just
until."

Al closed his eyes and opened them as
if he could wake up again and all this
shit would be gone.

"Come on, Al," Red said. "Let me make
you whole. I can do it, you know." He
smiled and snapped his fingers.

Two of Red's boys started forward. Two
of the pool players came from the bar,
cues ready in hand.

"Cool it!" Red screamed, pointing a
long, menacing finger at the pool players.

Everyone in the place froze. Pete
straightened up at the bar. "You can't
take him this way," he said, nonchalantly
checking his fingernails and flicking away
a few small bits of grit. "You know he
don't have to go unless he wants."

"Read the fine print on *this* one again,
Pee-ter." Red ground his hips into the
empty air in front of Al. "He's mine—
lock, stock, and pretty little ass." He
winked at Al, who was busy staring re-
flectively at the floor.

"That don't mean shit," Pete snapped,
then added, "the man has a right to win
himself back."

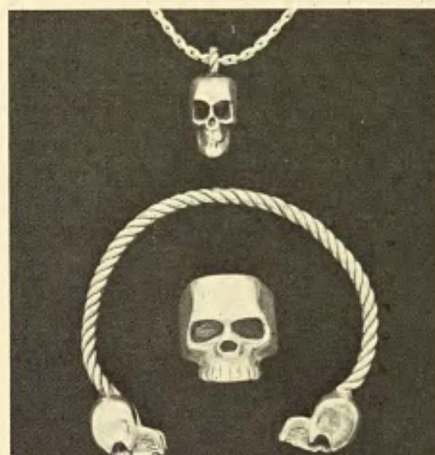
"Only if he chooses to exercise that
option." Red smiled. "And I'm sure he
won't, once he's filled in on the procedure
in these matters."

"What is it?" Al asked.

"A race."



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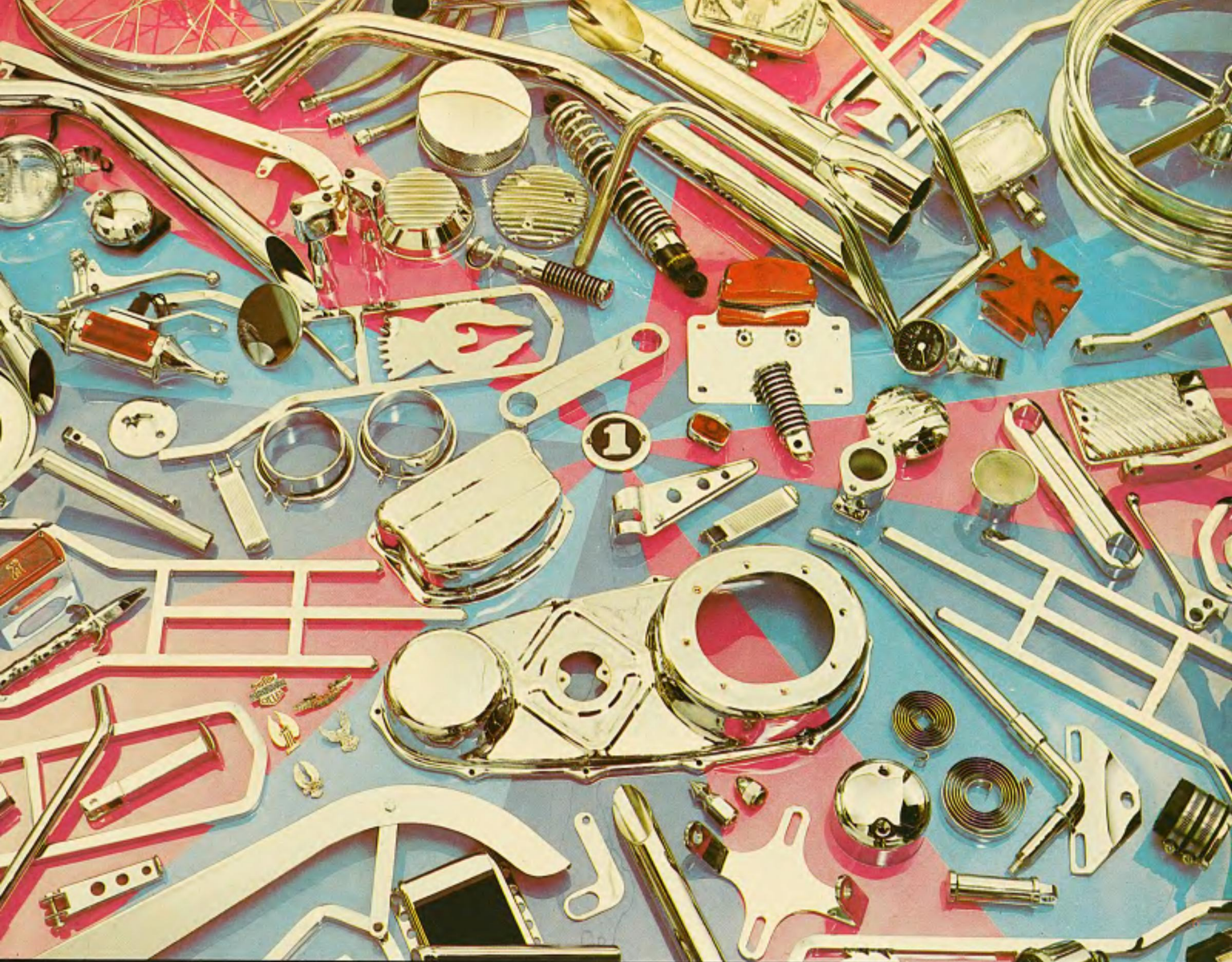
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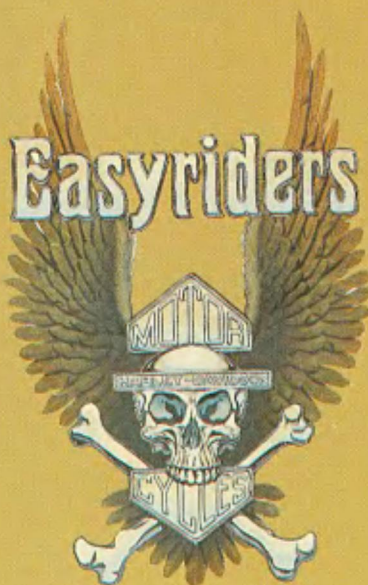
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Al relaxed. Drunk or sober, he could ride with the best of them, even with the ones who were said to be a mite loco, and a cut above the others who did not share the same affliction. He poured himself another glass of beer.

Seeing Al smile, Red said, "Are you ready for the details?"

Al nodded, tight-lipped.

"You'll race my man Izzy. You'll run from here, across the Styx river to Hell—"

"—and back!" Pete said loudly.

"Ah. That remains to be seen," Red replied.

"Looky here," Al broke in. "Now everybody just waittamin it. Look, I'll play along as long as everything is cool. You, er, fags, a race—I can hack that shit. It's funny, you know. But when we start talkin' about racin' into Hell, that's just a little too spooky for my blood. So, if you folks don't mind, me being dead and all, I think I'll just go on outside and find someplace to lie down, and uh, die. You know, just sorta wait for it to get dark." He started across the floor.

"If it were only that easy," Red mused.

Pete put a hand out and grabbed Al by the arm. Al spun, tore loose, grabbed a pool cue and put his back to the corner. "Okay, fuckers! You want me, any of you, you come an' get me!" He waved the cue through the air, making heavy whooshing sounds that got less and less impressive as he began to pant like a tired dog, the cue beginning to feel like a lead flagpole at the ends of his arms. After a few minutes, he stopped, exhausted.

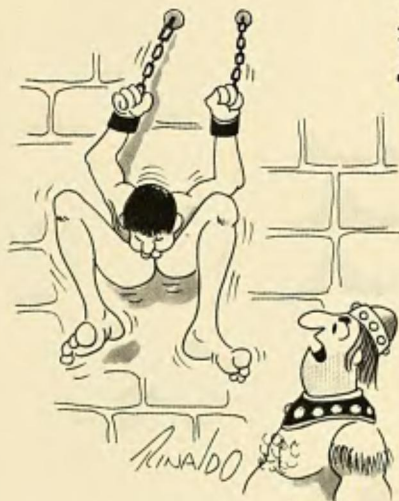
"Are you finished?" Pete asked in a bored voice.

"No way out?" Al asked.

"None," Red tittered.

"Don't let him psych you," Pete said, nodding toward Red but looking into Al's eyes. "You got a good strong chance as long as you don't try to pussy out again. You'll ride my scooter."

"Rules infraction!" Red bitched, stamp-



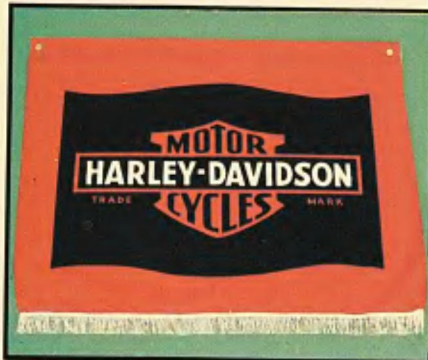
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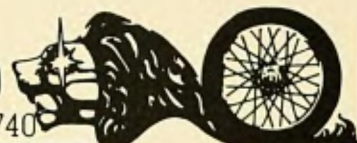


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ing his foot, which shook the entire building.

"Stick it in your ass," Pete said evenly.
"Oh dear. It's probably so itty-bitsy, I wouldn't feel it if you did. But," Red taunted, "I suppose he doesn't have a chance anyway."

"Who's this Izzy?" Al asked, letting the pool cue slip to the floor.

"Come, meet Izzy," Red invited, squeezing back out the door the way he'd entered, his boys filing out after him. Al, Pete, and the others followed.

The sky had turned dark the way it does before an electrical storm. The wind was blowing hard, sending leaves skittering across the lot, plastering themselves against the bikes. "Izzy?" Red cooed. Behind them, from around the corner of the building, stepped a shrunken figure. Al turned and wanted to laugh. It looked like a lizard with dark, wine-colored skin. There was a row of sharp bone that started near the crown of the head and ran down almost to the neckline in the back. Its breath hissed from between the full, obsidian lips as it breathed, its eyes bulging white with small black pupils at the centers. It stepped toward Al and the others.

"I'se Izzy. I'se pleezed t' meech y'all," the creature said in its whistling voice.

The lizard rubbed its thin, scaly hands together, nodding its head quickly as it shifted its puny weight back and forth from one foot to the other like a child anxious to relieve himself.

"Whish ones Izzy races?" the lizard hissed, eyeing Al's group.

Red gestured. "The damaged one."

"Iss mines? Iss mines?" Izzy asked Red excitedly.

"For the usual amount of time, after you've beaten him," Red answered.

The lizard stopped fidgeting and grinned, showing two broken rows of white teeth from behind its drooling, fat lips. "Ri'shouss," it said.

"Well, let's get on with it," Pete said.

"Less' gets ons wis' its," Izzy echoed, clapping his hands.

"What's to be agreed on beforehand?" Al asked.

"Rules?" Red asked, guffawing incredulously.

Pete took Al aside.

"Listen," he said, "that lizard-thing, that li'l bastard don't look like much, but he's got a nasty bag of tricks, dig?"

"I'll watch him."

"You best. Now, keep my motherfuckin' flat-out. It's a straight shot all the way down. No matter what, stay hard on the throttle. Don't let up."

"Okay."

"Are you boys done whispering?" Red asked petulantly.

Al and Pete broke up. Al straddled the scooter. He flipped the key, stood, kicked it over, and grinned to himself as the meaty throb of the pan thundered in his ears. He let it idle, waiting.

Izzy came around the corner on his mount, looking just about like a monkey on an elephant. He had to stretch to touch

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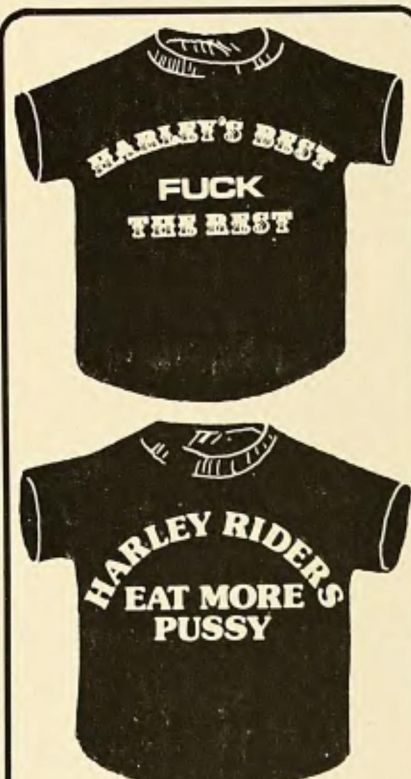
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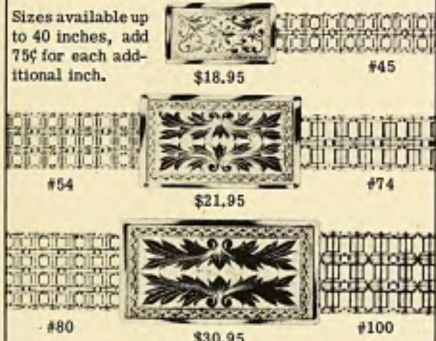
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the ground, but somehow he kept the machine upright. At least, something kept it up. Al glanced at Red.

"Line up!" Red shouted, holding his arm out for a starting gate. They pulled up to the line. "On your marks . . ."

Izzy took off. Al looked around helplessly. "Get set . . ." Red scratched his ass and looked up into the clouds as Izzy hit third.

"Oh, did I forget you, sweetie-kins? Go ahead." Red laughed, flicking a limp wrist in the general direction of the vanishing Izzy.

Al twisted the grip, pulled up the front end—and dumped his ass in the dirt. He jumped up, dazed, and ran the wrong way. Red and his boys howled like crazy, screaming in glee. Finally, Al found the bike. It was still running. As he pulled it upright, he felt things popping and stretching down low in his stomach, as if he had just busted a gut. He hopped on again and gunned the engine. A little easier this time—he fishtailed across the dirt onto the pavement where the back rubber bit, jerking him around so that he almost dumped it again.

He was in the open now, chasing a speck far ahead. "Settle down," he told himself. "This ain't like you, man." The wind was screaming in his ears. Izzy was somewhere up ahead. Al's thoughts raced pell-mell through his head, back to the events at the tavern, then ahead to imagine what the hell the "usual amount of time" alone with Izzy might mean. A cold shudder raced through his spine.

Shit, maybe he *was* dead, he thought. Why not? No other way that he could explain all this fuckin' weirdass shit. Anyway, he didn't give a damn anymore. He wanted to get it over with. Just lay his godawful aching bones down somewhere and rest.

Squinting through the tears that streamed from his eyes, he caught sight of Izzy again. He was closing in on the



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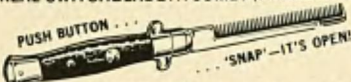
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little godzilla muthafuck. Al didn't realize how fast he had been bearing down on the lizard until he suddenly whipped by the grotesque creature. He glanced back quickly, then blew out his breath in a long sigh of relief as the lizard fell into the distance.

He ran on steadily for what seemed like an hour, pushing the throbbing mill hard. Up ahead, coming out of the thick, swirling mist, were flashes of a dark highway intersecting with the one he was on. As he neared, the mist began to break up in silvery wisps. The long asphalt ribbon glistened as weak red light broke on it. Was it later than he thought? It seemed about sunset, when the sun rides big and scarlet on the horizon. Only thing was, there was no sun, just this eerie red glow drenching the landscape.

Now he was very close to what he had taken for a highway at a distance. It was a river. They had said something back at the tavern about a river, the Sticks or something. Suddenly he was on a long wide bridge, his rubber howling against its thick, shiny surface.

Al threw back his head and laughed. He'd made it! He backed off and started to ease up a bit. He tossed a quick glance behind. No Izzy anywhere to be seen. He turned forward again. Up ahead were shapes moving back and forth at the mouth of a tunnel. He couldn't make them out. He'd have to get closer. They gotta be the fuckin' judges, he thought. But as he closed the distance, he began to make out some details. He slowed down.

Motherfuck! he thought, as the faces of the judges loomed at him. A gut-wrenching spasm of fear clawed at his brain, and he wanted to scream pure bloody terror. The sound rose from somewhere way down inside him but died before it cleared his snarling lips. He laid his scot down, fell, and slid. It was as if he were on ice. Sliding smooth and fast on his stomach, the bike skittering away from his line of sight, he began to slow. His stomach felt cold.

He was at a dead stop now. Red came

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prancing up with a big, leering grin and stood over Al as he lay on the icy-cold surface. I'm paralyzed, my goddam legs...

Al thought. "Pity," Red snickered, "you've lost." Izzy stepped out from behind the red giant. He was rubbing his hands together like a hungry fly, chittering excitedly.

"Where's Pete?" Al screamed. Red came close, bent over and put out his hand. "Now you're mine."

Al opened his eyes and stared wildly around. "There now," she said, her hand on his crink.

He screamed, staring at the tiny red hairs that grew thickly in the valley between her tits.

"What's your bag?" she cried, frightened by the look on his face. Al stared at her bloodshot eyes, all red and crusty, and at the mascara that had smeared and run around them in big black rings.

Al scrambled out of bed. "Stay away!" he shouted. He looked down at himself. "Where the fuck are my clothes?"

"You puked on 'em, honey. I put 'em out on the porch."

Al dashed out, opened the back door, ripped on his pants, and fell off the porch into the alley. "Hey, Missa!" someone hissed. Al turned around. An ugly little kid with snake-like eyes was standing at the end of the alley in front of the carport, nodding his head and shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Here's yo motorbike, Missa. It's safes, jes' like I ss says." The kid was beaming. Al ran toward the bike. "Hey, Missa—where my five dollarss fo' watchin' yo' bike?"

Al hopped on his scooter. No key. He jumped off, tore a wire free from the horn, hot-wired it, and jumped back on.

"Missa! Hey, Missa!" the kid yelled, frantic and rubbing his hands together. Now the bimbo was out here too, wrapped up in a green terrycloth robe, half her idiot kids drooling and sneezing right behind her.

"Al? Come on, honey. Come on back inside. It's just that shit you took last night—it made you have a nightmare," she pleaded.

"Get the fuck back!" he screamed at her. He kicked. His scooter coughed, sputtered. Again. This time it caught and he gunned the engine, bringing yelling, cursing sleepers to their windows.

There was a lot of screaming going on behind him as he pulled out onto the busy street on Sunday morning, 10 a.m., his pants unbuttoned, crotch freezing. He turned around and looked behind him. He turned back—just in time to catch the bus driver making the goddamndest stupidest left turn in front of him. . . .

He opened his eyes but squeezed them shut quickly. His head felt about the size of a watermelon. Lying there, he could remember only pieces of the night before. Bits and pieces, but enough so that when he heard the sound of a scooter coming up the road behind him, he didn't turn around. He just crawled into the bushes and hid with his broken bike. ■

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Black T-shirts for the true Harley rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck the Rest," "Harley Riders Get More Head," "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy," and three new ones—"I'm His Because He Gives Good Face," "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head," and "God Rides a Harley." \$6.50 per shirt. State choice of wording and size. Coco, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (53)

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo grass. Ordinary weed to "superweed." Both recipes. \$3.00. Martin, Box 7422, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33704. (53)

Speedometer metric conversion kit. Fits all motorcycles, cars, buses, and trucks. Send \$2.00 per kit to Metric-Easyriders, Box 1899, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 2P3. (53)

Badass Biker Boots

All Leather Steel-Toed

Engineer boots in the traditional 11-inch and mind blowing 17-inch heights



Soles and Heels are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.



Easyriders logo will be branded on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon



If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically

2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).

■ 11 in. — \$59.95

■ 17 in. — \$74.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width

Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add \$12 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

These are not your ordinary cheapos—they're your shit-kickers for life! All leather.

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Circle/fill in your choice

Size _____ Width _____

■ Height 11 in. 17 in.

■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$ _____ for _____ pair(s)

(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)

Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, two layers of leather and foam padding for comfort. Insoles are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. Midsoles are all leather. Adjustable straps at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. Your Super Boots meet the following government standard: ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.

NEW!

WIDE RIDER FROM JAMMER

OK YOU FAT BOB FREAKS... Jammer's got the wide springer you've been snivlin for! This is not just a cheap quickie, but a real piece of merchandise, built by the same bunch that brought you the famous Jammer Narrow Springer.

A. Wide Rider Springer

60050	9" Twist	60054	9" Round
60051	12" Twist	60055	12" Round
60052	15" Twist	60056	15" Round
60053	18" Twist	60057	18" Round

299.95

Be sure to order top nuts & triple clamp. See page 88. Springers are shorter than glides, stock for stock by approx. 3" - 4" (eg. 9" springer is equal to a 5" - 6" glide type fork.)

C. 116042-Marquis Touring Double Bucket. For Honda 1000. Black. \$130.00

(The Elite Comes complete with all brackets, and mounts like stock.)

D. 116032-H.D. Sportster Elite Touring. 14" back with built-in sissy bar. Black. \$105.00**D. 116033-H.D. Super Glide Elite Touring. 14" back with built-in sissy bar. Black. \$105.00****D. 116030-H.D. Sportster Elite Touring. No Back. Black. \$90.95****D. 116031 H.D. Super Glide Elite Touring. No Back. Black. \$90.95****E. 116040-Marquis Touring. No back. Fits Honda 750 K & 550 K 1977. Black. \$95.00**

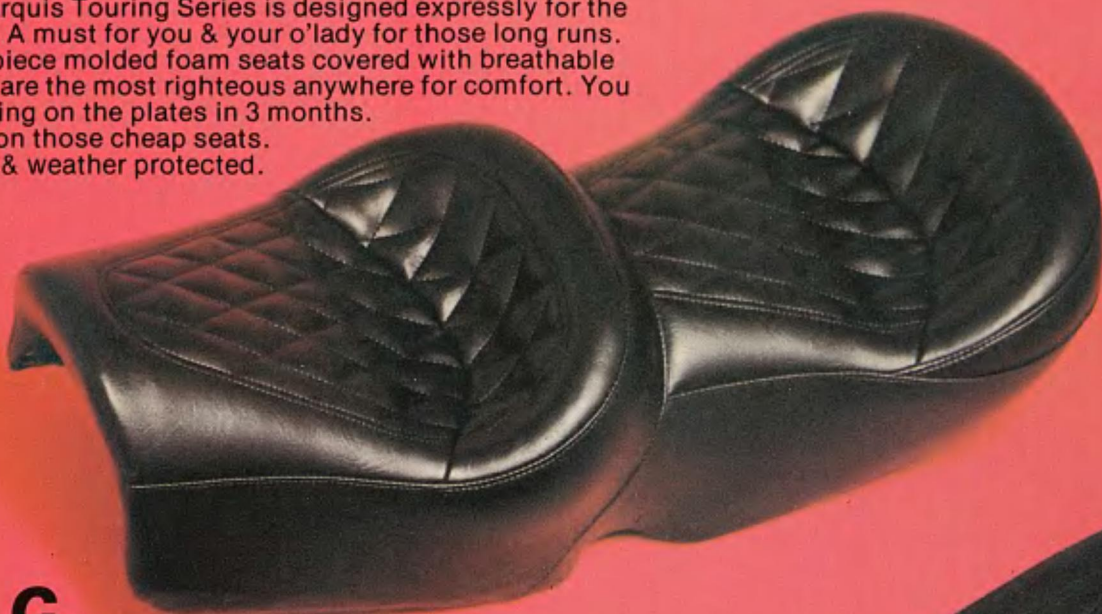
See page 90 for continuation of E. Marquis Touring seats & brackets.

B. ECONO-BRAKE WHEEL -
No it's not a Hallcraft wheel (we have them too) this is an import & the chrome is no where near as nice as Hallcraft, but mechanically it's sound & so much cheaper, we feel we also must offer it. (The chrome on this first batch is even below regular import quality. We only have limited quantity at this price.)

69071	18" Econo-brake wheel
69072	19" Econo-brake wheel
69073	21" Econo-brake wheel

129.95

The new Marquis Touring Series is designed expressly for the Road Rider. A must for you & your o'lady for those long runs. These one-piece molded foam seats covered with breathable Naugahyde are the most righteous anywhere for comfort. You won't be riding on the plates in 3 months. like you do on those cheap seats. Waterproof & weather protected.



C

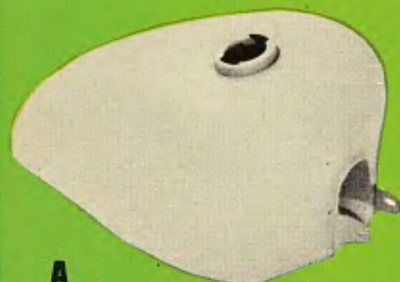
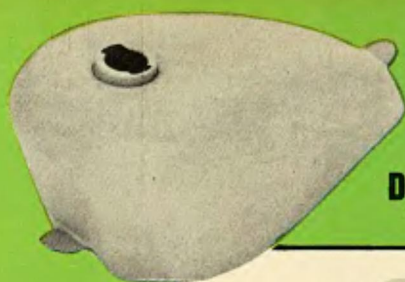
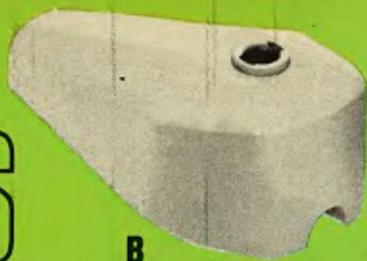


D



E

GAS TANKS



A 3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. **39.95**

B 36018 Coffin Tank. Heavy 16 gauge steel. No welds or dips on the top side of tank. Mounting tabs included. Uses stock HD cap and Sportster type petcock, and has external vent tubes. **39.95**

C Extra Wide Mustang Tank. Here's a tank for those long runs. 16 gauge steel. Heliarc welded. Holds 3.3 gallons.

36019 One hole 44.95

36020 Two hole 49.95

D 36024 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.5 gallons. Low tunnel. Made of steel. **39.95**

E 3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

F Fuel Line. Braided vinyl, double walled, nylon reinforced. Works well for gas line and oil line. Use $\frac{3}{8}$ " size for HD line.

3606 Per ft. of $\frac{5}{16}$ ". .75

3607 Per ft. of $\frac{3}{8}$ ". .75

G 3608 Hose Clamps. Fits $\frac{5}{16}$ " to $\frac{7}{8}$ " lines. These are the good ones. **.39**

H 36017 Gas Shut Off, HD type. $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch pipe size. (Will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. **10.95**

36025 High Performance Gas Shut Off. Full-flow $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole. Works with nitro-methane or gasoline. Solid brass. **16.95**

J Gas Shut Off, Handle type.

3609 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 5.95

36010 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 3.95

36011 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $\frac{7}{16}$ ". 4.95

K Gas Shut Off (Push-Pull).

36014 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 5.95

Gas Tank Plugs.

36015 $\frac{1}{8}$ ". .45

36016 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". .45



E



G



J



K



H

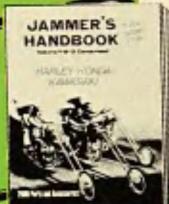


F



NEW!

5209 Linkert Carburetor Fitting. Contains 1 anodized aluminum fitting with an "O" Ring seal designed to adapt Linkert carburetor to $\frac{1}{4}$ " I.D. flexible fuel line. **\$2.00**

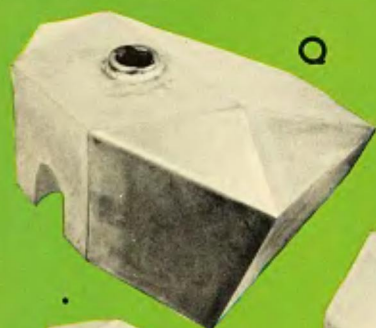


tank-seal

A TANK SEALANT PREVENTING LEAKAGE AND CORROSION



12806 Tank Sealant Tank Seal is an adhesive agent designed to stop and prevent leaks in gas tanks. It will also help prevent corrosion and stop rust. Available in a convenient pint can and will seal a 3-gallon tank. **\$3.95**



Q



M



R



P



N



O

The Maxi-Tank. Maxi in every respect — style, workmanship, materials. These gas tanks are made of heavy 16 gauge steel and are heliarc welded. They are all designed to look amazingly slim and stylish for the amount of gas that they hold. The positioning of the tunnel, the petcock and the gas cap has been calculated to make the most efficient use of the tank capacity. All tanks use standard HD type gas caps (not included) and have $\frac{3}{4}$ " outlets in the bottom.

M 35010 Maxi 2.8 gal. 54.95

N 35011 Maxi 3.5 gal. 64.95

O 35012 Maxi 4.5 gal. 69.95

P 35013 Maxi 4 gal. 69.95

Q 35014 Maxi 6 gal. 89.95

R 35015 Maxi 2 gal. 54.95

TIRES

PIRELLI TIRES The best tire for highway use. Made with high-adhesion "cling" rubber.

7302	2.75 x 18	23.76
7303	3.00 x 18	26.32
7305	3.00 x 19	29.54
73010	5.10 x 16	47.45

Arco Tire. Our choice for the rear tire for choppers.

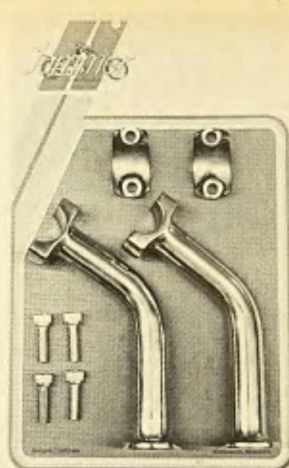
73011	5.00 x 16	36.95
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AVON TIRES

7306	2.75 x 21	34.95
7307	3.00 x 21	34.95



NEW!
Comfort Risers

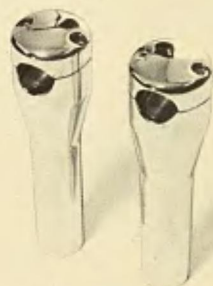


Chromed solid steel, 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to 7/8" by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for 1/2" x 20".

44017	2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral	34.95
44018	2 1/4" rise 4 1/4" lateral	36.95



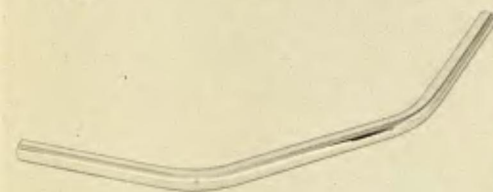
RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



Glide Risers (Original Style). Solid steel. Fits both 7/8" and 1" bars. Bottom drilled for 1/2" x 20 studs. Custom chromed.

44014	4 inches high	30.80 pair
44015	6 inches high	31.90 pair

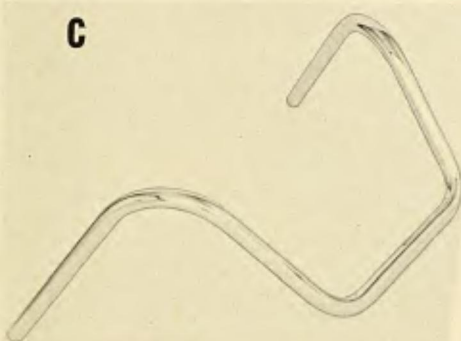
A



B



C



A Drag Bars.

4101	1" diameter.	7.95
4102	7/8" diameter.	7.95

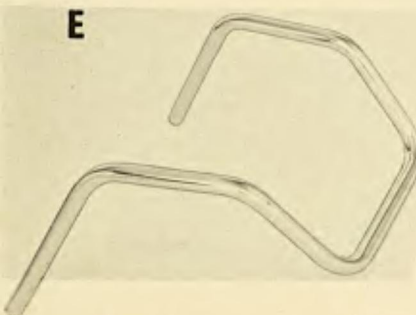
B Riser Top.

4103	1" diameter.	11.45
4104	7/8" diameter.	11.45

C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.

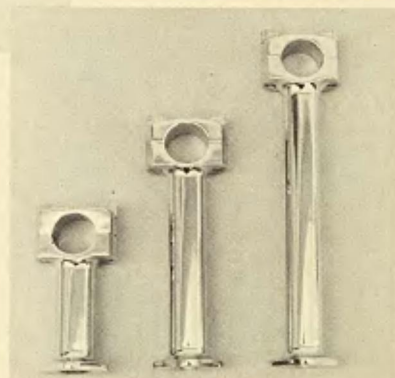
4105	18" between grips.	1" diameter.	12.95
4106	24" between grips.	1" diameter.	12.95
4107	18" between grips.	7/8" diameter.	12.95
4108	24" between grips.	7/8" diameter.	12.95

E



E Six Bend Number Two.

41011	1" diam.	16.45
41012	7/8" diam.	16.45



Custom Risers (Glide Type).

For 1-inch bar. Drilled and tapped at bottom for 1/2" x 20 bolts. Works well on our springer.

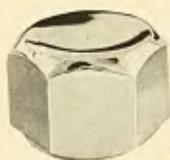
4401	3 inches high.	29.95 per pair.
4402	5 inches high.	32.95 per pair.
4403	7 inches high.	34.95 per pair.

43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing 1-inch-diameter risers to 7/8-inch bars. They are knurled on the inside and outside. Set of four halves. .90 (Not shown.)

NARROW & NEW WIDE

SPRINGER AND PARTS

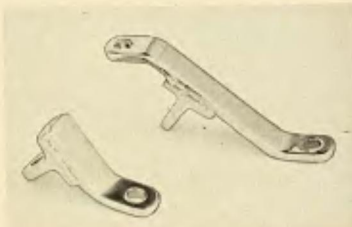
ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE
CUSTOM CHROMED.



Narrow Springer.

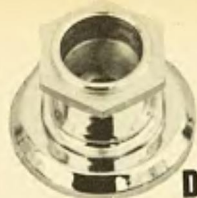
Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. **299.95**

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **9.95**

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **12.95**

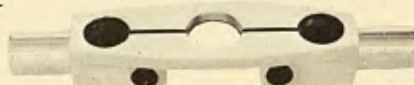


CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

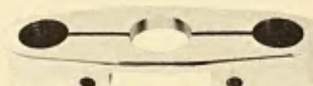
A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

6101 HD 74s.	5.95
6102 Sportsters.	5.95
6103 45s.	5.95
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier.	5.95
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier.	5.95
6106 Honda 750.	5.95
6107 Honda 450.	5.95
6108 Honda 500.	5.95
6109 Universal neck.	5.95



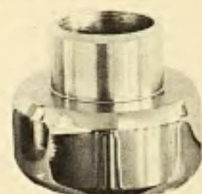
B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.

Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **29.95 each**



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.

For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2"x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **29.95 each**



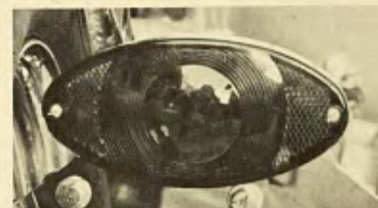
62013 Sportster/45 Cup. May be used as replacement for stock part and on our Sportster frame. Chromed. **9.95 each**

LIGHTS



90038 Small Round Headlight.

18,000 Candle-Power. All Brass Shell - Beautifully Chromed with 3/8" Stud Bottom Mount. The Small 4-3/4" Diameter blends great with Narrow Front Ends. **12V \$19.95**



9205 "Cat's Eye" Oval Taillight. Reflectorized. Steel Body. Approve in most states. 12V only but can be converted to 6V by bulb change. Chromed. (Uses 9207 backing plate.) **12.95**

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

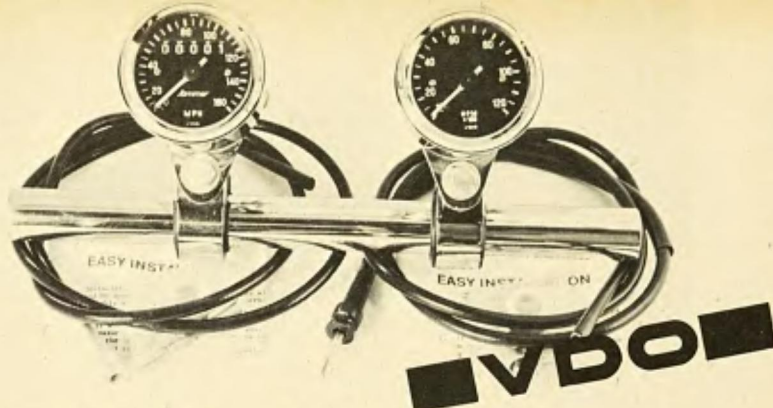
12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. **12.50**

121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. **\$12.50**



Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer.
CALIF. 213-843-1522
(Mail order blank is on page 110)

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. Easy-to-read face measures 2-3/4". Includes odometer. Includes chromed speedo, cable, rubber-dampened mount and instructions.

12701 For HD 74 '61-'72 54.95

12702 For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 54.95

12703 For all Honda 750 54.95

Chopper Tachometer Kit.

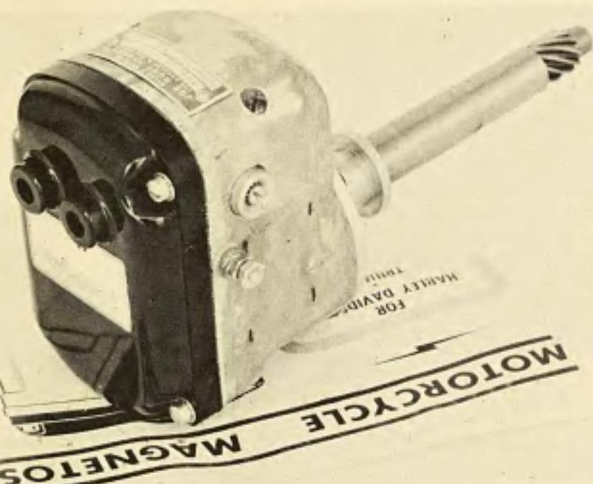
12704 For HD 74 '37-'69* 54.95

12705 For Sportster without magneto 54.95

12706 For all Honda 750 54.95

*Modification required.

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.



MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS

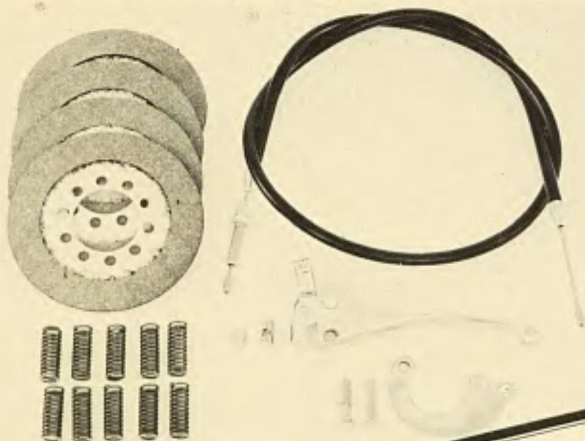
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

13602 For HD 74 and 61 OHV 1937 to 1969. 164.00

136017 For HD 74 1970 and later. 209.00

13603 For Sportster. Also fits 1938 to 1952 45 twins, 1937 to 1948 HD 74 and 80 side valve, and 1953 to 1954 Servi-car. 184.00

MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



14304 Mousertrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. 54.95

Only! \$1.95 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 110)

53028 Mikuni Throttle Cable. 4.95



13504 Mikuni Carburetor. 38mm. A great performer. All tests indicate better gas mileage, more horsepower and long trouble-free use. Clean and easy installation. 54.95

13505 Mikuni Manifold. For Knucklehead and Panhead 1937 to 1965. 27.00

13506 Mikuni Manifold. For Sportster and Shovelhead models, 1966 and later. 27.00

FORWARD

All **Voltpak** units are designed to significantly upgrade the motorcycle electrical system by the use of Solid State circuitry. The appropriate **Voltpak** unit will eliminate the stock Regulator, Relay, Battery, Battery box, Zener diode, Rectifier, Capacitor, Ballast resistor, Inductor, wiring harness and most other electrical power consuming devices. Electrical operation is unaffected by vibration, dust, water, gas and oil. The **Voltpaks** contain a built-in protection against overvoltage, battery reversal and short circuits. **Voltpaks** have no points or moving parts to wear out, maintenance is never required. Simple to follow instructions and wiring diagram makes re-wiring easy. **Voltpak** units can mount almost anywhere. For the show and performance minded person where reliability, simplicity, appearance and the elimination of electrical problems are important, the **Voltpak** unit is the answer. Ideal for states that require lights on at all times.

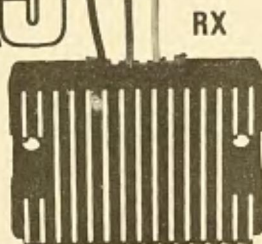
WARRANTY: 1 FULL YEAR

All **Voltpak** models are guaranteed against circuit failure for 1 full year. Contact Action Choppers before returning goods. Copy of purchase receipt should be included. All returned units will be tested and exchanged immediately by Action Choppers if found defective. All **Voltpak** models are made in U.S.A.

VOLT PAKS

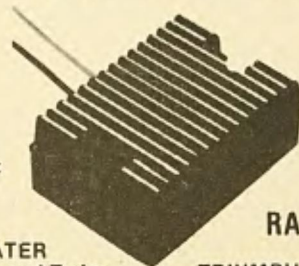
HONDA FOURS 350 to 750
KAWASAKI H1, KZ 400
B.M.W. R50 to R90

SUZUKI GT 380 to 750, RE5 ROTARY
YAMAHA XS1-B-2, TX650, TX750
R3-C-5-B-C, RD 250-350, YD55,
DS6-C, SD6B, CS3B-C



99014 MODEL RX. Is a single compact unit that will eliminate your stock Regulator, Rectifier, Diodes and the unsightly wiring harness. The RX can be mounted anywhere on your bike. Installation and re-wiring is extremely simple. Ideal when building a clean uncluttered custom bike and space is limited. There is no need to build or purchase an electrical box to hold all of the stock electrical components. Battery must be used with the RX models. **\$44.95**

MODEL RA: Permanent
Magnet Alternators



HARLEY 74' 1976 AND LATER
HONDA 90 to 450 Singles and Twins
ROYAL ENFIELD 250-350
SUZUKI GT 185-250, TS-400, T 20 to 500
YAMAHA HS1, B, LS2, AS2C, YAS1-C

TRIUMPH alt.
BSA alt.
MATCHLESS alt.
NORTON alt.
A.J.S. alt.

99015 MODEL RA. Permits operation of the ignition and lights WITHOUT the use of a Battery and will eliminate your stock Regulator, Zener Diode, Rectifier, Capacitor, Battery Box and most of the troublesome wiring. Installation is simple, requiring mounting and the connection of 4 wires. You may still use your battery if you wish. There is no need to mention all the advantages this RA Model can provide when space is limited and a much more efficient electrical system is required. **\$44.95**
This Model is available 12 volt only.

9901 RELAY PAK, RP 6 Volt Only. A solid state relay that replaces the old-style Harley mechanical cut-out relay. Designed for all Harleys using the 6 volt 3 brush generator. NO points to stick, NO coils to burn out, NO moving parts. Connects to battery and generator, that's it! 1 year warranty. Must use battery. (Bracket not shown). **13.95**

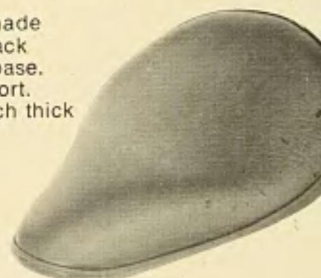
99013 Harley 74's 1976 and later. Must order this plug to attach to our 99015 Model RA. 4.95

NEW! we got em' in stock now! AMERICAN MADE SOLO/PILLION SEATS

11702 Pillion Seat. Wedge design to fit with fender. Covered in naugahyde. 9 inches long by 4 1/2 inches wide. 4 inches high in back tapering down to 2 inches in front. **12.95**



11701 Solo Seat. Custom made for Jammer. Covered in black naugahyde. Steel plate for base. Dense foam for added comfort. Chrome nose bracket. 1 inch thick by 9 inches wide. **19.95**



(Marquis Touring seats E. continued from page 102)
(shown)

E. 116034-Honda 1000 Marquis Touring. No Back. Black. **95.00**

116036-Marquis Touring. Fits Honda 750, 550, 500, 450 Side Tilt, 360, 350 2 cyl. Side Tilt, 350 4 cyl. Yamaha 500, 650-74 & 75. Black. **95.00**

116038-Marquis Touring. No Back. Fits Honda F Models 550 - 400. Kawasaki 400. Black. **95.00**

(not shown)

E. 116041-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Kawasaki 900. Black. **120.00**

116043-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built in Sissy Bar. Fits Kawasaki 900. Black. **95.00**

116035-Honda 1000 Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Black. **120.00**

116037-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Honda 750, 550, 500, 450 Side Tilt, 360, 350 2 cyl. Side Tilt, 350 4 cyl. Yamaha 500, 650 - 74 & 75. Black. **120.00**

116039-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Honda F Models 550 - 400. Kawasaki 400. Black. **120.00**

Brackets for All "Marquis" Seats

114042	Honda 750 Thru 1976	\$4.00
114043	Honda 500 & 550 Thru 1976	\$4.00
114044	Honda 450 (Side Tilt Only)	\$4.00
114045	Honda 360	\$4.00
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#9802 H-2 6-V Battery
H/D 1937 & later 74, 80, S.V. Twin Service
Cars, with 45 S.V. Twin
H/D 1964 & earlier FL & FLH 1200 27.65



#98011 H-12 12-V Battery
H/D 1965 - 1975 FL, FLH1200, XL
40.25



#98013 JB-9 12-V Battery
Honda CB750/K1/K2/K3/K4/K5
Kawasaki Z1, Z1A, Z1B 33.40



#98012 JB-10 12-V Battery
H/D 1970 - 1975 XLCH
H/D 1971 - 1975 FX 1200 (Kick Start)
22.85



#98017 G-2 6-V Battery
H/D 1965 - 1966 XLH Sportsters
23.28



- | | | |
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| 14401 | HD-(nickel) Conn Link | .64 |
| 14402 | HD-(nickel) Roller Link | .76 |
| 14403 | HD-(nickel) Offset Link | .84 |
| 14404 | HD Primary Chain | 33.30 |
| 14406 | Spst. Primary Chain | 28.70 |
| 144044 | HD Rear Chain (nickel) 100 Link | 21.46 |
| 14405 | HD Rear Chain (nickel) 102 Link | 21.90 |
| 144046 | HD Rear Chain (nickel) 104 Link | 22.32 |
| 144052 | Honda-HD Rear Chain (super) 98 Link | 30.68 |
| 144051 | Honda-HD Rear Chain (super) 92 Link | 32.62 |
| 144053 | Honda-HD Rear Chain (super) 100 Link | 33.26 |
| 144054 | Honda-HD Rear Chain (super) 102 Link | 33.90 |



#98010 H-3 6-V Battery
H/D 1937 & later 165, 125 Sportster, K's
H/D 1937 & later K(45 S.V.), KH(55 S.V.)
H/D 1953 - 1959 ST
H/D 1954 - 1964 XLH Sportsters 22.25



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| 144060 | HD-Honda (super) Conn Link | .98 |
| 144062 | Honda Endless Chain — 100 Link | 54.95 |
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144061 Max. Chain Breaker 25.62

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JAMMER'S HANDBOOK
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
KAWASAKI

A close-up photograph of a man with a thick, dark beard and visible tattoos on his arms. He is pulling a black beanie with orange and white stripes over his eyes, making him blindfolded. The beanie has the words "HARLEY-DAVIDSON" knitted into the fabric. The background is a warm, orange-toned skin, possibly a woman's back, which is part of the advertisement's visual theme.

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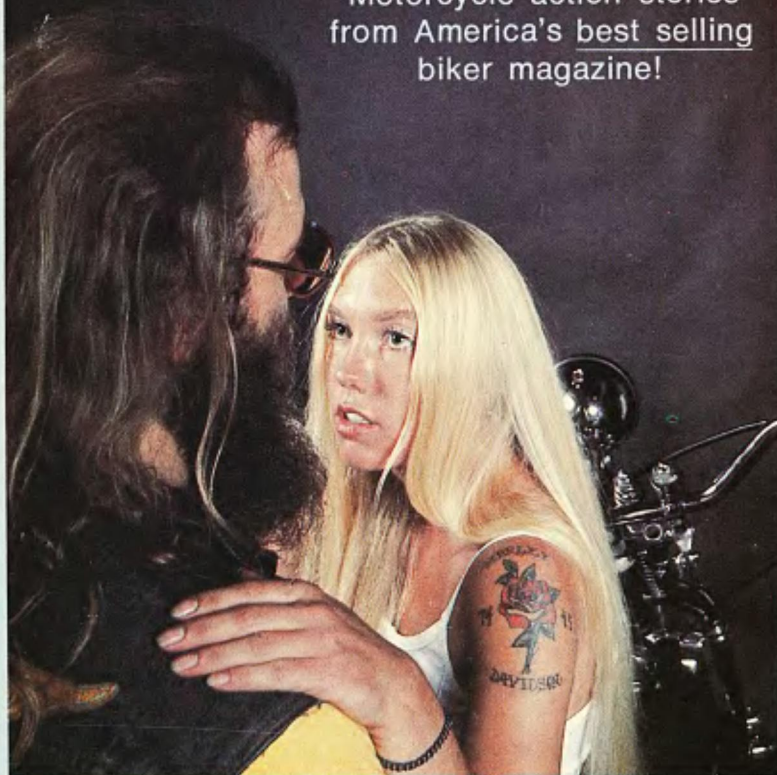


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