

Easyriders

May, 1978
\$1.25

***Straight Talk
About Quaaludes***

**Three Bike
Features In One**

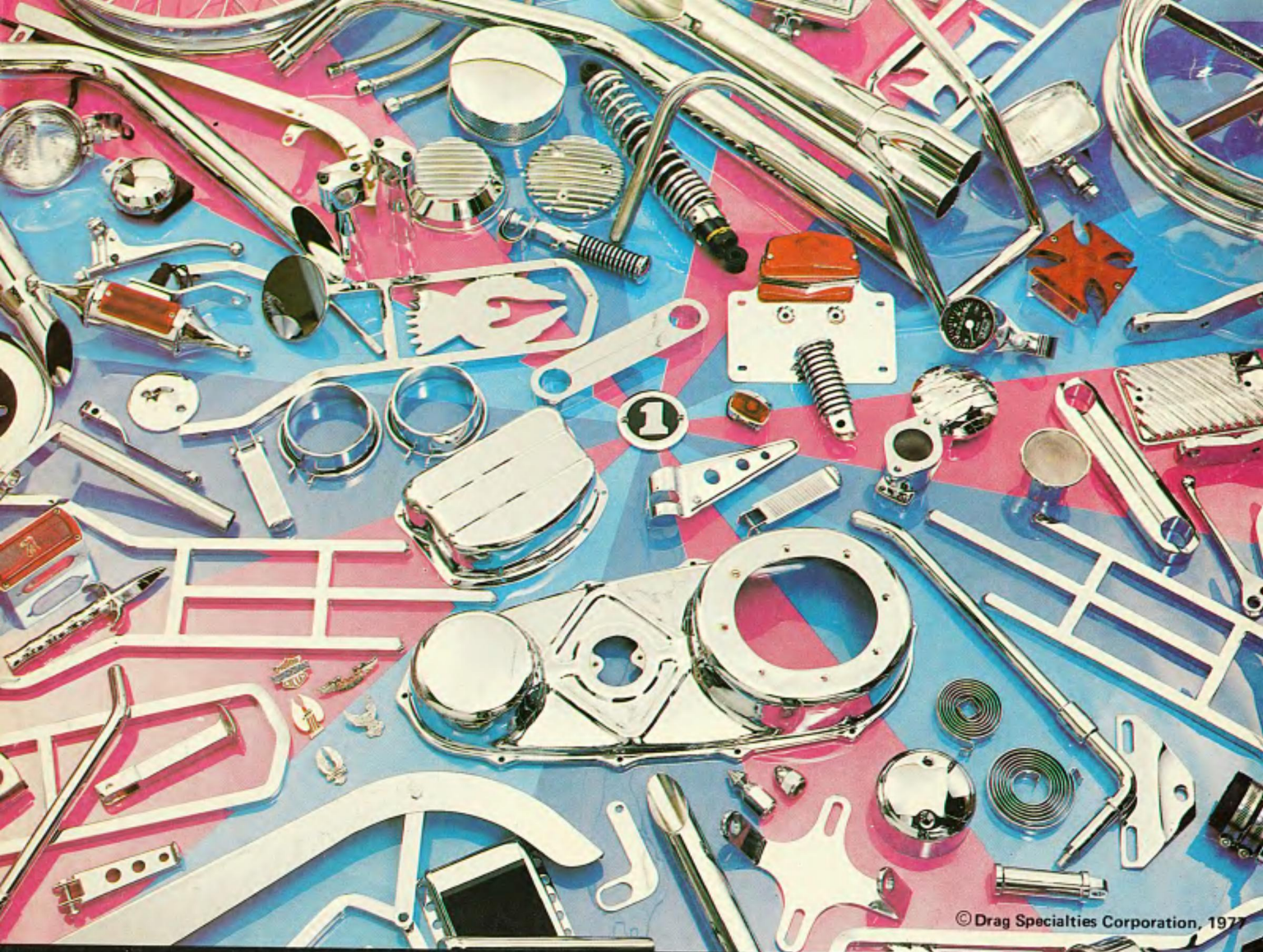
***Our First Ol' Lady
Contest Winner!***

**Cop Methods
Revealed**



David Allan Coe:
**Top Recording Artist
and Hard-Core Biker
Talks of Prison, Bikes,
Brotherhood, & Music!**





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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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FTW

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COVER photo of Becky and David Allan Coe by Billy Tinney

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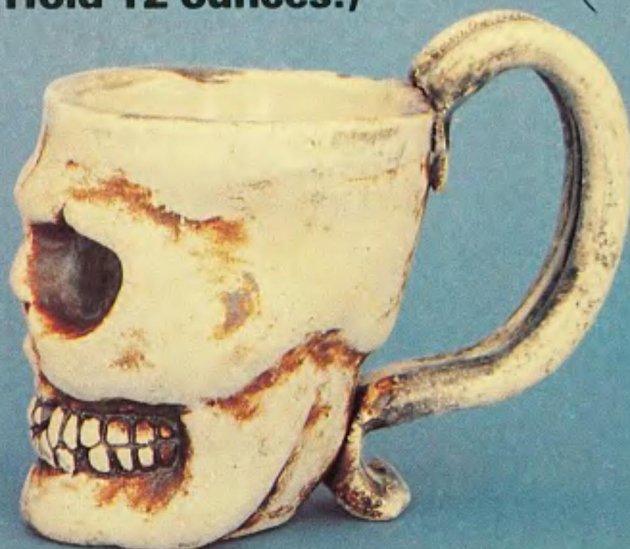
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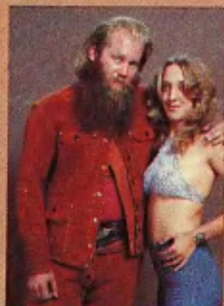
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Do you hate looking like a cop when you put your leather jacket on or do you feel like you're in a Fonzie look-alike contest, that Hollywood trick bag, then check out the most bonaroo jacket going. Six pockets (two huge pockets on the inside which will leave your hands free to operate your motorsickle if you happen to drop by the grocery store and pick up a couple of steaks). They come in 2 colors *Casual Brown & Beyond Black*.

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As you know, India is overpopulated. So the government is tryin' to get the natives to use birth control devices. Well, all the dudes in a village were shown how to use a rubber by rollin' one over the end of a broomstick. A year later the village's population still hadn't dropped. Upon checking, the authorities found that the condoms had been carefully used—on the end of broomsticks! (Really! Would I lie?)

Well, there goes another freedom. A New Jersey judge recently ruled that beatin' the shit outta your ol' lady is not a marital privilege. Now she can sue your ass. (If she's able.)

Equal justice file: A Canadian cop with "high alcohol content in his blood" hit two motorcycles (killing three bikers) while going "between 86 and 107 miles an hour." What was his sentence? Three years hard labor? You're dreamin'. He got only nine months.

Did ya hear about the woman who was refused the job of jailer in Nevada because tests proved that she was too "nice" for the job? (Probably could count to a hundred too.)

Speakin' of jailers: A federal study of nuthouses found a dude in Massachusetts who had been in the state hospital for 50 years. His crime? He painted his horse to look like a zebra! And did ya hear about the dude in Kansas who was sentenced to one to ten years for—are ya ready?—assaulting two trees! I don't know if he raped 'em or what, but whatever he did, it was only \$250 in damage. (One to ten! Well, you know he wasn't a cop.)

A classified ad in a Michigan newspaper read, "The first most important thing

in my life wants me to sell the second most important thing in my life—my 1969 H-D Sportster." (Pussy whipped, eh?)

Speakin' of Michigan, the State Court of Appeals decided that giving the finger is not illegal—while at the same time warning the public that in certain circumstances such conduct is punishable. (Probably in court it might not be too hip to give the finger to the judge.)

Rip-off of the month: Ten motorcycles were recently stolen out of a shed in Kansas. So what? Well, the shed was on a city prison farm and the ten scoots were bein' held by the police as evidence to be used in court.

Then there was this dude who was married to a miserable bitch. He moved 10 times in 17 years just to satisfy her naggin'. Finally, he had enough and went to the police and asked to be locked up 'cause he was afraid of what he'd do to the bitch. They refused. He strangled her. He was sentenced to three years probation. (Perfect crime? Chauvinist judge? "A" for effort? What?)

This probably took a helluva lot of thinkin', but the Louisiana Supreme Court has decided that blasting a door open with a shotgun to make an arrest is using unreasonable force. (Fuck it, wait until the fugitive comes out, blast him, and claim that he went for a gun! Right? Right.)

Now everyone knows what ya can do with brownies (food) and so they're banned from Florida prisons. Well, a chick sent a box of brownies to her man who was locked down. The guards figured fuck it, why waste 'em, and proceeded to eat 'em. They got so wasted they went to the hospital. (Fuckin' lightweights.)

Did I tell ya that the Feds spent \$121,000 to find out why people say "ain't"? Or how about the \$71,000 they spent to compile the history of comic books, and finally, how about the \$19,000 they paid a dude not to grow cotton? Shit, all I grow is a little weed—and they don't give me nothin' (except taxes). ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Hip Cops

☐ We're both into bikes. We like to ride unhassled, drink unmercifully, smoke our brains out, and fuck like three-peckered jackrabbits. We think helmets suck and 55 mph is a national butt-fuck.

You must think we're typical **Easyriders** readers, right? Wrong! We're both cops.

So, the next time The Man pulls you over, keep in the back of your mind that this guy may just be a little cooler than you think. It's true that cops like us are in the minority, but we're growin' in numbers.

Knuckles and Skull
New York State

Tough Question

☐ How come The Man frowns upon my poundin' on the ol' lady in the privacy of my own home?

Little Jesus
Island Park, N.Y.

■ No sense of humor.

Laughin'

☐ I'm in the slammer doing a fifteen, and you know, I see a lot of cats laughing all the time in their daily encounters. It's only natural to do this—since it's such a drag to do time. But checking it out, I found there's really very little that strikes me as funny and so I decided I'm gonna quit laughing just to be sociable—no phony laughs—if it ain't real. But when I saw Trosley's cartoon on p. 10 of your January issue, I busted out laughing and almost shit myself before I could stop. I appreciate that, bro—'it's been a long time.

Slippery J.
Baltimore, Md.

Dave Goofed

☐ Even though Dave Mann's paintings are the finest ex-

amples of biker art around, he finally fucked up.

You're gonna think I'm some kinda freak for noticing his mistake, but after a little partyin', I get into detail. In your January rag, Dave Mann depicts an ol' lady behind the bar, and unless she uses fertilizer on her left armpit and battery acid on the right one, I can't find any reason why she has a full pit bush under her left arm and nothing under the other. If you can explain, do so.

Spike
So. Jersey

■ In the biker's world, anything can happen—and usually does.

Dressers

☐ When are you going to feature some fucking dressers in your rag? I'm sure I'm not the only dude who'd like to see them.

Tim H.
West Allis, Wis.

■ We leave dressers to **Road Rider** magazine.

Snitchin' On Solari

☐ Bet you didn't know that J. J. Solari was a Mouseketeer in his younger days!

Mike Beaugh
Schaumburg, Ill.

■ Whatta ya think fucked up his head?

Exposed

☐ In your February issue on p. 94, is there by any chance a staff member amongst the group?

Skip, J.S.M.C.
Warren, Pa.

■ They're all family—but eight are actual staffers.

Ear Piercing

☐ This is in reference to Gary Josephson's "Weird Question" (Feb. '78). The real reason for a man to

have his ear pierced is that back a long time ago, the sailors wore a gold earring so that when they died it would cover the cost of their funeral. Simple—but true.

Debby
Orange, Calif.

☐ A pierced left lobe with a piece of true gold through it increases a man's strength (in all departments) and his virility—plus adding to his abilities as a warrior. This has been known by all true believers for centuries.

Rev. Allen L. Howell
Newark, Del.

☐ I have my left ear pierced. My great-great grandfather hailed from Marsala, Sicily, and with my family it was tradition to have the oldest son pierce his left ear and wear his mother's wedding band in it after she had the misfortune of going down for the count, leaving for the other side, or however you care to put it—died, that is.

As far as I know, the tradition goes back at least eight generations, with only one break in the chain. I am the new master link, so to speak. Yes, I suppose it is macho, but let us not forget—if we don't take care of our own, who will?

I'll not forget the proud smile on my grandfather's face the first time he saw my pierced ear.

Rippo
Amite, La.

☐ As to the origin of men wearing rings in their ears, it started back in the times when pirates and buccaneers were doing their thing. It seems that the only way to get a decent burial and save your money from getting ripped off was to get it made into a ring and wear it in your ear.

The Zechariah Band
Alpine, Calif.

Ol' Lady Contest

☐ We do hate to be flappy-mouthed bitches; nonetheless, those are some of the ugliest cunts we've seen in any rag. Is there no taste or has your editor been jerking off so long he's gone blind?

Two Ol' Ladies
San Jose, Calif.

■ The dude who sends in his ol' lady's pic thinks she's pretty fine and that's all that matters. The editor has nothin' to do with what is submitted.

☐ What do you mean, ol' ladies? How can you people sit around and call these beautiful and sweet, these delicious and edible, these gorgeous creatures, ol' ladies?

Nick Tenaglia
Milford, Mass.

☐ As a first-time Ol' Lady Contest voter, I find it's as hard as my crank to make a decision, 'cause they're all beautiful.

Slow Eddie
Leavenworth, Kan.

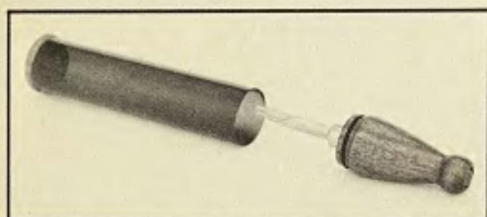
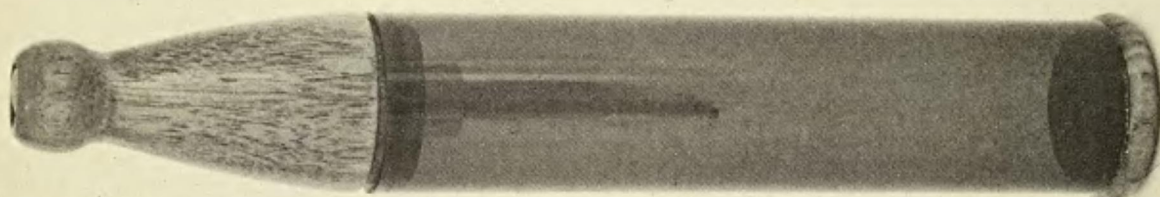
☐ Hey, did you assholes lose your sight? The Ol' Lady Contest must be a goof—right? Those aren't for-real biker chicks, are they? Looks like the same kind of chicks that have been showing up in **Playboy**, **Penthouse**, and **Oui** for fucking years now. There's not a righteous chick among 'em.

Now, all the chicks in the photo on p. 94 (Feb., '78) look for-real—not like that bunch of dressed-up weekend warriors you ask us to vote for. I vote for the chick in the second row on p. 94—the one with the sunglasses.

Beast
1% Nomad
Rahway, N.J.

■ The photos are submitted by our readers. Some may

Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60mph?



All you do is insert your doobie (whatever) into this **Biker Pipe**, light it, put the cover over it - and you're ready to puff. Even pass it from scoot to scoot while blasting down the road.

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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 scoot 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'!

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be hard-core bikers, while others may not.

Profound Thought

□ If your ol' man's or ol' lady's crotch stinks, tell 'em—ain't no one gonna know but you two. But when you go on those weekend party sprees and wind up with some smelly ol' asshole, you got no one to blame but yourself.

Squeaky Clean
Seattle, Wash.

Sense of Humor

□ It really seems that Women's Lib has ruined the sense of humor of a lot of chicks. I was disappointed to see Solari's "Calmin' Your Chick's Biggest Worry" get so much shit from women. This man has an outrageous talent for putting words together effectively, and I laughed my ass off all four times I read the article.

I've never met a biker yet (and I've known a few) who didn't find a gourmet's delight in eating pussy, and I've enjoyed many laid-back, joy-filled hours under the tender strokes of a biker's loving tongue. If Solari were really serious about his dislike for the smell of a woman's natural fragrance, he'd be writing commercials for feminine hygiene spray—instead of righteous stories for a magazine like **Easyriders**.

Come on, ladies—get your shit together! You've got to be able to laugh at yourselves to make it in this world.

Tickled Pink in
Vermont

Solari Responds

□ To the irate, pissed and rankled: my article, titled "Calmin' Your Chick's Biggest Worry" dealt simply with something chicks worry about. Maybe not all nine hundred seventeen billion of them. Maybe just three. But more likely a few million. However big the pile, the article did not mean that this was something **guys** worried about. Just the chicks. The ones with the bumps and no cocks.

When someone is worried about something, a good

way **not** to get them to stop worryin' about it is to keep yappin' and yappin' and harpin' and yappin' and borin' in and turnin' the screws and tightenin' the straps and relentlessly hammerin' away at the very thing that's already getting on their nerves. So, naturally, that's the method I suggested. And that's the method I used to make the suggestion in the first place.

The actual solution was put within quotation marks—my thinking being that this would not only be a splendid thing to read, but would also be a fine thing actually to recite. It seemed like a perfect way for a dude to make his chick's whole day, should a time ever come when she might kinda scrape her toe along the floor with her hands behind her back and inquire some night, "Does . . . my box ever have a . . . an odor?" Blazing your way suddenly into this speech with all the sincerity and tenderness you could muster would probably have her damn near complete collapse in total despair. Or double her over laughing, or shoot her through the air to give you a big hug. Depending on you, depending on the chick, it would at least do **something**—and if it was no more than break the fucking monotony, that would be pretty good.

But somewhere, apparently, some wad of sticky goo got stuck between where the paper was and where the part that makes the head work is, or else I just plain errrrred, because there was only one unblue-faced letter that I saw, and that one was from a **chick**—the poor fall guys in the whole thing.

I am currently working on a series of "knock-knock" jokes which should prove to be quite the caution, lay a comforter of titling joy across the meadows for as far as the eye can see, and set every robed hindu shuffling down the road a-giggle, squeaking, "Ooo yiss, what a fienn joke thiss iiz, yiss."

And I thought Andy Gump got a lot.

J. J. S.
at Deaddog

Boycott Dope

□ The price of dope (hash, Colombian, domestic—whatever) is too high. An average ounce of Colombian can run \$45—inflation has hit grass, even. It takes no whiz at math to figure the greater the quantity bought, the more money saved—which is why dealing brings in the profits right?

In talking it over among some folks here in Baltimore, we concluded the answer is a boycott! If people don't buy, the price has got to come down. Hey, there's still plenty of Mother Nature to farm on. There's plenty for all. Think about it.

Foxe
Baltimore, Md.

Show Canceled

□ We wanna thank the New Riders of the Purple Sage, Star Find Sound Company, San Quentin's Coach Ferretti, and all the other people who were prepared to put on a ball-bustin' prison rock and bike show at San Quentin on February 4th. Then came the lockdown and the show was canceled. At this time we don't know when we'll be allowed to reschedule the show—but we will.

Dennis
Daly City Hells Angels

Five Bike Feature

□ Just dropping a couple of lines to let you guys know those five scoots you ran short features on in your March issue were all right. You guys ought to get your shit together like that more often. It gives us a chance to look at some fine scoots that otherwise wouldn't have made it. Try it again sometime.

G. D.
Piqua, Ohio

Censored Mail

□ To all the locked-down bikers and ladies who would like to receive some mail from the outside world, I want to let you know that I personally have written to several of you, only to have the letters returned to me "Unauthorized Correspondence." I don't know if you give up all your civil rights or not when you enter the

IT'S HERE!

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(See Page 155)

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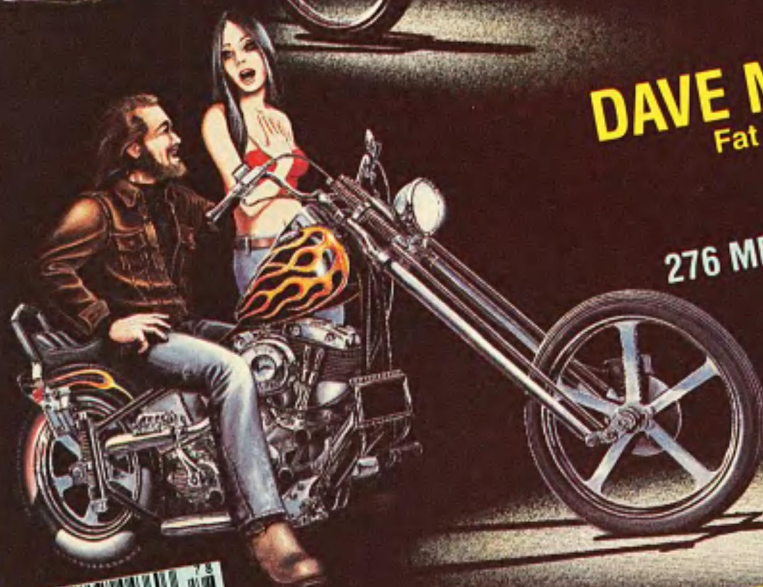
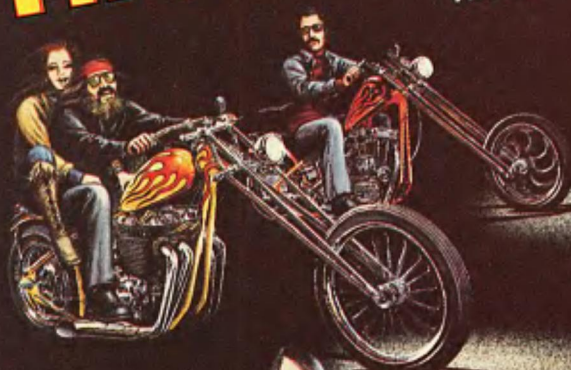
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California residents add 6%.

pen, but if you wonder why you receive no replies to your ad, this is probably the reason.

Maybe if you read this you'll understand that there are people fuckin' with your mail and allowing you to receive only what they want you to receive.

Casey
Eureka, Mo.

The Way It is

☐ I'm writing this to all the chicks in the past year who wrote to this mag and complained about their ol' men.

Chicks, you'll learn one day that the men are the bosses. You chose the biker's way of life and that's the way it is. If you can't cope, get out!

Rag Doll
Wheaton, Md.

Chili Recipe

☐ Yeah—I got dis question. Yer "hi-steppin'" chili recipe sounded like a righteous meal, since me and my friends are fond of south-of-da-border cookin', ya understand.

However, after cutting the recipe in half, the only thing big enough to hold all that shit was a 150-gallon oil drum. It's been sittin' on the stove for four days now and the damn burners just can't seem to generate enough heat to cook them fuckin' beans. So we thought we'd put a plastic tarp over the top and let the crap ferment for a couple of months. Da question is—what proof do ya think that shit will have when we unwrap the sum-bitch?

Wazoo Wizard &
Poop-bird

Big Pot

☐ Tell Tim Andrews that to cook his chili you gotta have at least a 35-gallon pot and them things are hard to steal. Also tell him if he wants to find out how many gallons a pot holds, square the diameter (in inches), multiply by the height (in inches), and then multiply the result by .0034 (D²xHx.0034).

Chili King
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Harley Helmets

☐ Spider's article on those

leather Harley helmets (Feb., '78) was very interesting, especially in light of what happened to me last summer. I was at the **Easyriders** swap meet and one of the dudes there was selling—dig it—a cardboard box full of those leather helmets, all of them in mint condition and each one still in its Harley factory carton. I snapped up one for ten bucks. When someone saw what I had and begged me to sell it, I figured I must have picked up a real collector's item. So I decided to get a second helmet. No such luck. Someone had purchased the entire stock of them. (No, I won't sell the one I have.)

Daryl T.
Barstow, Calif.

Promoting Brotherhood

☐ I, or I should say we, are deeply appreciative for what you guys have done for the people and sport of biking—the promotion of unity and brotherhood among us. Some day your rag will be recognized as a significant piece of social criticism.

Whether you realize it or not, a lot of non-bikers read your mag, and because of this they are coming to realize what we, as bikers, are up against. Furthermore, you are one of our last strongholds of free speech.

Barn Stormer
Chula Vista, Calif.

Wet Thumb

☐ I tried your wet-thumb speedo mentioned on p. 26 of the February '78 issue. It worked, all right, but the ol' lady kept complainin' because her snatch was gettin' cold—plus, those damn lips kept flappin' in the wind,

makin' weird noises. Christ—I thought I had a collapsed lifter or something.

Rollin' Joe
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Not Funny

☐ I used to enjoy your jokes and thought they were funny, but now they're getting stupid. Can you please make them funny again?

Sharon Wisuri
Livonia, Mich.

■ They're sent in by you readers. We pick the best we receive—even though some are pretty lame.

Human Rights

☐ After reading the article on Rocker's funeral and the surrounding events, I got to thinking that maybe President Carter oughta check out the situation of "human rights" in his own country instead of places where the word **democracy** is used a little less freely. Dig?

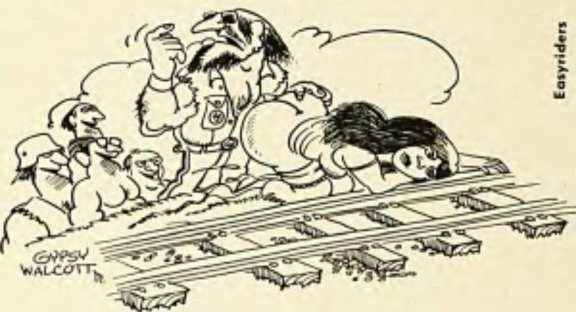
Scorpion
Goodland, Ind.

Forgotten Bikers

☐ When downed brothers need friends the most, it seems they are forgotten by people on the streets. Just wanted to thank you for doing something about such a sad situation.

Susie
Mary Esther, Fla.

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



Easyriders

"OK, now—listen and you'll feel the rumble of a train."



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Helmet protest . . .

The Madison, Wisconsin, thing turned into one heck of a protest and in fact I believe it was the largest one-day happening in the history of motorcycling. What's even better is that the protest, which drew 35,000 motorcycles and 50,000 plus cyclists from all walks of life, achieved its goal. What the politicians had taken lightly last year when 20,000 or so riders showed up was taken to heart this time, and before the rally was over it was announced that a helmet law repealer bill had been passed and was on its way to the Senate! You see, we can win. At this time we must express our thanks to a couple of organizations, namely the BBA and ABATE. ABATE was organized through the efforts of the people at *Easyriders* and they really made it work for all of us.

—Bob Clark

Street Chopper

Drinking bikers . . .

One of my readers who immediately appreciated the detailed figures was me. The enclosure was a copy of an article which appeared in the *American Journal of Public Health*; its title was, "Alcohol and Motorcycle Fatalities," prepared by Susan P. Baker, MPH, and Russell S. Fisher, M.D.

The study was based on a retrospective investigation of 99 fatal motorcycle crashes in the state of Maryland. Of the 99 accidents, 62 operators were determined to have been drinking; of the 62, 31 had illegally high concentrations of alcohol in their blood.

At the outset, authors Baker and Fisher present several caveats and conditions: that there has been no study made of the relationship between alcohol

and motorcycling beyond a general feeling that certain groups of motorcyclists consume hearty quantities of beer; that based on standard practice for accidents involving other kinds of vehicles, it's fair to assume that police departments substantially under-represent the link between alcohol and motorcycle crashes; and that they recognize the particular vulnerability of a motorcyclist in any sort of wreck, alcohol-related or not, because the bike rider is not protected within the confines of his vehicle, like an automobile driver.

This last, they feel, is especially important, since it leads to the conclusion that accident avoidance is especially important where motorcyclists are concerned.

Here are some particularly interesting facts presented by Baker and Fisher:

(1) "Tests for alcohol were negative most commonly among motorcycle drivers who appeared not to have been responsible for causing the crashes, i.e., another vehicle failed to yield the right of way, struck the motorcycle in the rear, or was traveling in the wrong lane."

(2) "Blood alcohol contents of 100mg/100ml or greater (beyond the legal limit) were found for 25 out of 42 drivers who were probably responsible in single- or multi-vehicle crashes, compared with 5 of 17 drivers probably not responsible."

(3) "Alcohol was present more often in nighttime crashes."

(4) "Fatally injured motorcyclists were older, on average, than motorcycle drivers involved in all reported crashes in Maryland. . . . The larger portion of older drivers in the fatal crashes may be due to less alcohol usage among younger drivers."

(5) "Impairment by alcohol may well be the most important human factor contributing to fatal motorcycle crashes. Failure to recognize this is due in part to police underreporting. . . . Counter-measures directly related to alcohol include emphasizing the adverse effects of alcohol in all motorcycle education courses, identifying motorcyclists with drinking problems and providing adequate treatment, and addressing the problems underlying acute and chronic alcoholism. Applied to other categories of road users, however, such strategies have yet to produce an undisputed reduction in alcohol-related fatalities."

If it's fair to project the conclusions of the study across the entirety of motorcycle fatalities for a given year, then about 2200 motorcyclists, or 63% of the total body-count, die after having had a drink or two.

—Cook Neilson

Cycle Magazine

Motorcycle disease . . .

Outgoing president of the American Association of Automotive Medicine Wilton Nelson followed the tradition started by Susan P. Baker a couple of years ago in that he attacked motorcycles as his last "message" in the *AAAM Quarterly*. Nelson opined that we need a way to treat "the motorcycle disease in this country" and suggested that "perhaps we ought to repeal the helmet laws because the bikers aren't worth saving." Kinda makes one wonder what the AAAM was thinking about earlier when the organization indicated a desire to work with the American Motorcyclist Association on motorcycle safety, doesn't it?

—Roger Hull

Road Rider

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 1/2" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

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

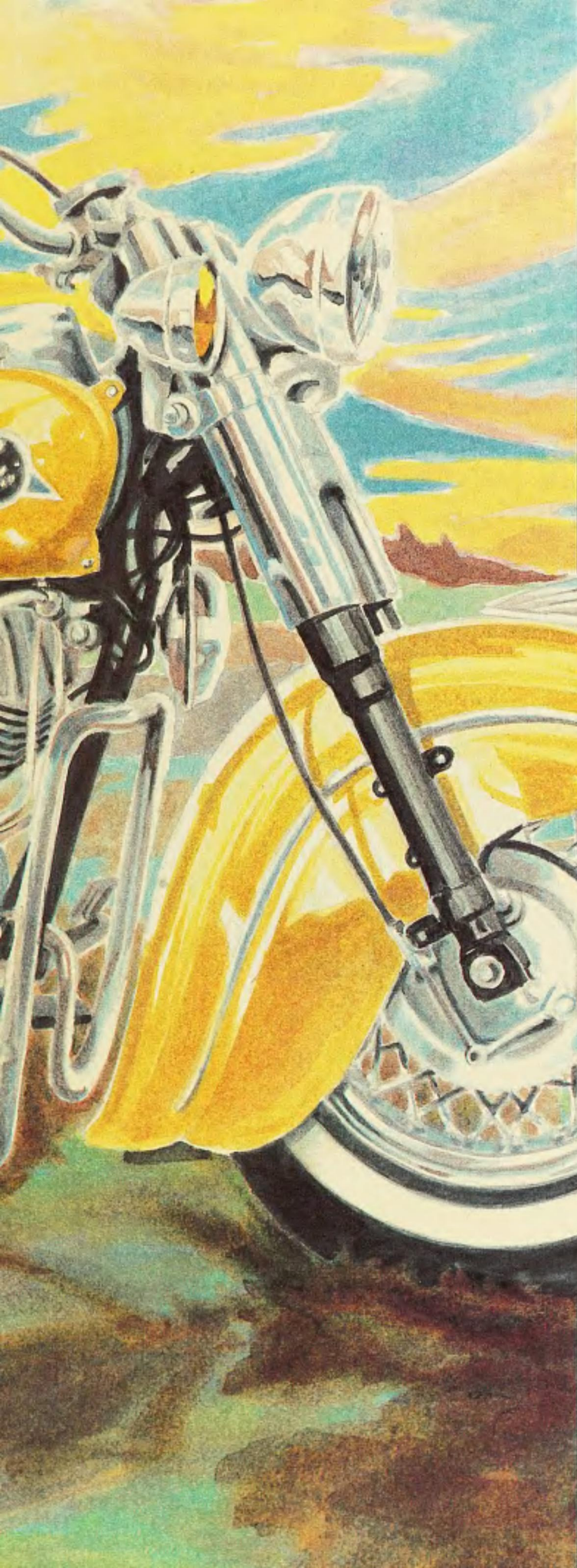
(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740







Neon Apocalypse

By J. J. Johnson

The Chief was a heap of dust — rat shit in the homemade drag pipes, bird shit for a paint job. But underneath the thirteen years of sitting quietly in the barn, the Indian was all there.

The owner scraped mud from the drenched cotton fields off his boots and looked at me through wind-burnt eyes. "Whatcha think? Think it'll ever go again?"

I didn't say anything, just nodded and circled round the prize. I could already hear those 74 inches rumble through a triple-chromed collector.

"Wouldn't be thinkin' 'bout choppin' it, wouldja?" The old farmer leaned over to pick a piece of straw from the leather seat.

"I ain't gonna sell it for any price, if ya are."

I laughed. "What's your price for this piece of machinery?"

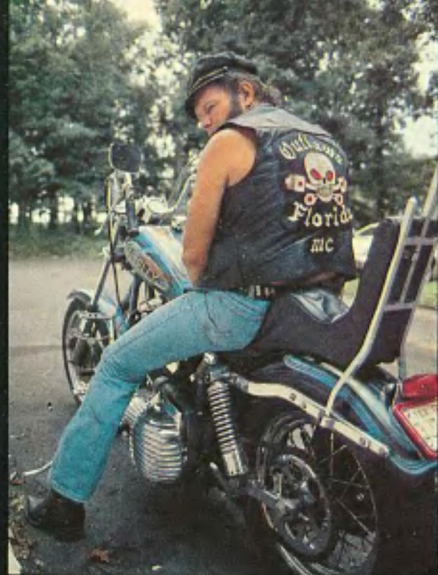
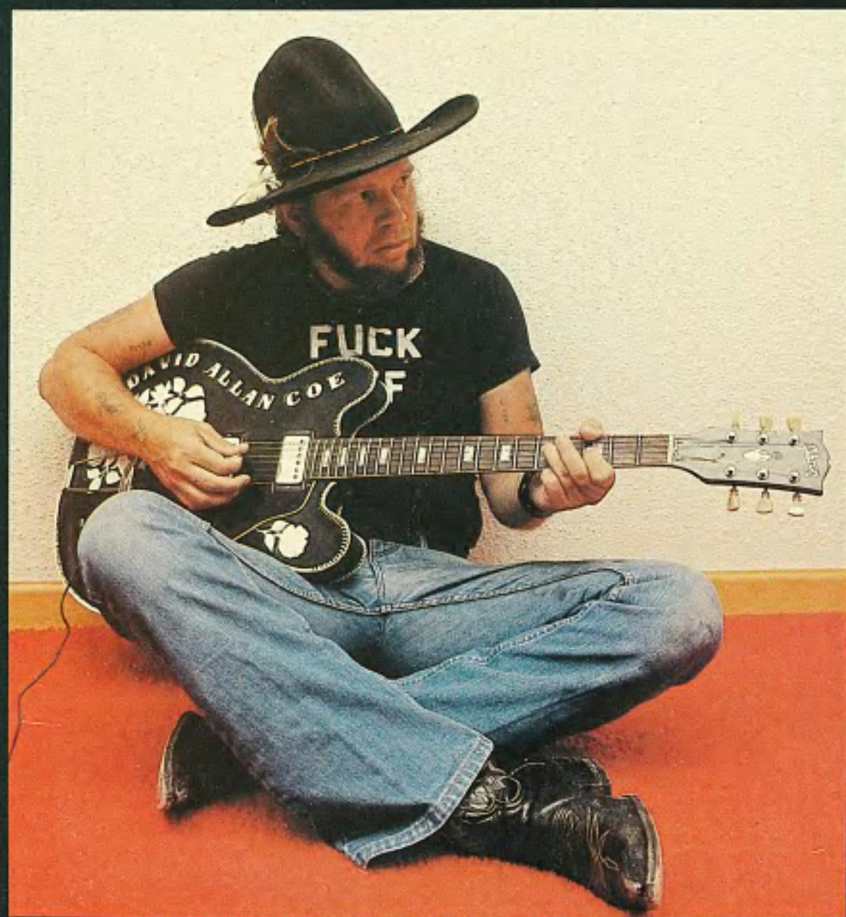
Again, I heard the flathead crack and roar as it moved proudly onto the freeway, gliding powerfully through the early afternoon traffic like a huge, beautiful thing from the past, a vanished state of mind rolling beside, then in front of all those unconscious four-wheelers.

"Ya didn't answer my question." The old man's voice was hostile. "I coulda sold this thing a hunnert times over, but they all was gonna chop it up." He turned toward the barn door. "I'm busy," he said.

I looked up from the bike at his dark silhouette framed by the light outside. I cleared my throat and spoke very distinctly, very strongly. "Mister, I wouldn't dream of putting a torch to your Indian. I just want to restore it and let it be what it should be — alive. For the right price, of course."

The farmer stuck his hands down in his overalls

—Continued on page 78



UP-FRONT INTERVIEW WITH DAVID ALLAN COE

What follows is the first in a series of interviews Easyriders will be presenting from time to time in the months ahead, featuring people we believe you'll find interesting. These interviews will be conducted in a no-holds-barred manner—uncensored, no fan magazine bullshit—and will provide some interesting people (both famous and unknown) an opportunity to say whatever they want.

Because of the variety of people we plan to interview and the freedom they'll have to express their views, you may not always agree with what they say. For that matter, you may find that you don't like the person at all. But we're not in the business of making fans, and the chips will fall where they may. No matter how you feel about the individual or what he says, however, we can promise you'll find the interview forthright, interesting, and—most important—thought-provoking.

The first interview is with David Allan Coe, a unique entertainer who is simultaneously a top recording artist, songwriter, and hard-core biker (member of the Outlaws Motorcycle Club). Coe has spent much of his life behind bars—from his first institutionalization at the age of nine, through his time in Ohio on death row, to his release in 1967. A tough life, a fight from the prison cell to national prominence—you can believe he has some things to say.

The interview was held in Charlotte, North Carolina, and Nashville, Tennessee. The original interview was conducted by the editor, and the six hours of taped conversation that resulted was edited to 40 pages by Janie Milstead. Further editing to its present length was by Tex Campbell, Bandit, and the editor.

It was a helluva lot of work—hope you find it interesting.

—Editor

ER: We know you've been hassled by the straight press, but we're not here for that reason. Our magazine is read by over a million and a half

bikers each month, and they're good people. We think they'd be interested in you, since you're probably the only top recording artist who's a hard-core biker.

DAC: Yeah. Marty Robbins has a Honda chopper an' he fucks around with it—but he drives race cars, mostly. He ain't into no Harleys.

ER: We thought we'd start off rappin' with you by findin' out what you have to say about the direction you're headin'. We understand you've let the band go.

DAC: That's right. I really don't plan on doin' any personal appearances unless I have a hit record. As long as I can hold out financially without goin' on the road, I will.

ER: Because of all the hassle?

DAC: Yeah. When I get to the point where I can be a Johnny Cash—where I can go to auditoriums and coliseums—that's different. If I ever

"I spent twenty years in various institutions and never committed a serious crime."

go back to performin' in a bar, where I'm gonna be around people who are drunk, I'm only gonna be around biker brothers. I don't want to be around citizens who are drinking, because it's always a hassle. And it's even more of a hassle for me, because I'm a biker. It's hard for me to take the shit most musicians take off people.

ER: What's your reaction when someone gives you shit on stage?

DAC: I'd just as soon punch the motherfucker in the mouth—where most musicians will back away from it. Then the minute I hit somebody, one of my bodyguards will hit somebody—or anybody—you know. So then you have a full-scale fuckin' brawl on your hands and then I get sued, see?

ER: Are you involved in such a lawsuit now?

DAC: I have one pending in Houston. This guy was a real asshole. He

was sitting right in the front row with a chick in a red dress pulled up above her knees. He was tryin' to impress her and she him—so he started throwin' ice cubes at me an' ended up throwin' a beer bottle. Every now and then he had something to say, too—so I just told him, "Say, man, listen—I've taken all the shit I'm takin' off you, and the next thing you do to me, I'm puttin' your fuckin' lights out." So he said, "Fuck you." I jumped down off the stage and sucker-punched him. And I figured that's it, you know? I turned around and started to walk away, and I felt something on my back. I guess I didn't knock the dude out. He came back and was hittin' me with these karate punches. I turned around and said, "Bitch, is that as hard as you can hit?" Then I punched him again and he went over three tables. He knocked over a beer bottle and cut his wrist and then one of my roadies grabbed him and my roadie got cut. So that's what the lawsuit's about. The guy was a karate teacher and he said nobody would want to learn karate from a dude that a hillbilly whipped in a bar. So a million dollar lawsuit is pending.

ER: Is that the only time you've got into it with somebody?

DAC: That's the only one where I'm being sued for anything physical that I done. One of the members of another club got in a fight with some people at one of the concerts and the people tried to sue me and say I was involved in it—but I wasn't.

ER: We hear you're moving toward a film career. When will your movie *Seabó* be released?

DAC: I'm not sure. Film Ventures is gonna distribute it. But instead of talking about that, I'd like to make a statement about the "Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy" documentary on PBS television.

ER: Go right ahead.

DAC: Well, there was a lot of controversy about the show, about a part that said something like David Allan Coe never killed nobody and that David Allan Coe said the state

had no records of it and all that.

First of all, I think people should be aware of the fact that I'm the one who took those people into the prison. I made all the arrangements to do the show. It was a television special—not a real-life thing, as some people tried to make it. Some people tried to put me in a position of defending myself and saying, "Yes, I killed somebody." That's bullshit. To begin with, I think people should be less concerned with my lifestyle than with my music. To buy one of my albums merely because they think I killed somebody or not is . . .

ER: Bullshit.

DAC: Total bullshit. It's like saying you should buy my album because I ride a Harley. It's ridiculous. A lot of bikers could probably get into my music if they tried to, because I do live a life similar to theirs—but not all bikers are gonna like my music just because I'm a biker.

ER: Is that where all the shit started about your killing somebody—from the TV documentary?

DAC: Well, no. The whole thing was that I was on death row, along with two other men, for suspicion of killing an inmate. I never confessed to the crime, and I was eventually released. People who have never done time don't understand the workings of a prison. They don't realize that inside the prison is an institutional court made up of officers of the prison. They can't understand that the head of the kangaroo court is not going to say, "Yeah, I put the sonofabitch on death row. I beat this inmate to death. I kicked his nuts out till he died—tryin' to make him confess to a crime."

No, you'll go through the records and see where it says an inmate died in his cell while having an epileptic fit—banged his head. Of course, everyone inside knows they beat the fuck outta him and that's how he died. But people—you know, straight people—they don't understand any of that, because prison is something completely outside their experience.

But to finish answering your question about the TV documentary—like I said before, I was the one who set up the whole thing. They couldn't have done it without me. Why would I take them to Ohio Penitentiary and tell them I was on death row if I wasn't?

The warden says right on the program, "David Allan Coe was in L-Block." Now what he doesn't say is that L-Block and death row are the same fuckin' thing. The only ones who would know that are the other men who've been in the Ohio State Pen. So Joe Public thinks David Allan Coe lied, when in reality I didn't.

The whole thing with the TV station came when the fuckin' guy who did the directin' and stuff guaranteed me that I could be there during the editing of the film. I had gone to my brothers and got permission to shoot some footage in front of the Louisville clubhouse. There's been pictures taken of Outlaws without their permission and I went to a lot of trouble to get that permission. They didn't use any of that footage. They didn't show David Allan Coe as a biker. Instead, they used some jackoff shots and it just didn't make no fuckin' sense to me.

Well, me and the dude got into an argument about the film rights and I punched him in the mouth and called him a no-good, stupid motherfucker. The next thing I know he's makin' statements to the press sayin' I was a homosexual and a snitch when I was in the joint.

ER: The station that produced the documentary is being sued. Are you?

DAC: We both are—because of things that were said on the show. And yet I read so many things that people say about me that are a thousand times worse than what I said. But I can't sue people. Everybody says you can't sue them—you're a professional.

ER: Why do you think you've been hassled by the press?

DAC: Most publications, when they interview someone, are just on an ego trip themselves. What they're tryin' to do is trap you into sayin' something—rather than just talkin' to you and presenting it as it comes down. Basically, the interviewer wants to go home and be a hero to his boss.

ER: Ain't that the truth?

DAC: For example, *Country Music Magazine* had the worst review of one of my albums I've ever seen. The review

"I once said that they couldn't sing, but they could suck the chrome off a bumper hitch."

was done by a fellow named Nelson Allen, who happened to be Roxy Gordon's good friend. We had a newspaper called *Picking Up the Tempo*. When Roxy and Nelson fell out, Roxy moved into my house and was running some affairs for me. He ended up alienating these people at the newspaper, so it's a political thing that came down. But of course when people read that review they didn't know that.

If a reporter comes up to my bus when I'm on tour and tells the bodyguard, "Hey, I'm from *Rolling Stone* and I want to see David Allan Coe," and the bodyguard says, "Well, I'm sorry, man—he ain't seen nobody," the reporter shouldn't go back and write a shitty story because his feelings are hurt. If I'm not seeing nobody, I don't care if you're from the Bible.

ER: Has there ever been anything written about you that you dug?

DAC: *Iconoclast* magazine in Dallas, Texas, did have the courtesy to follow through and check out everything and write a true story. But unfortunately, *Iconoclast* is local and *Rolling Stone* is national. The story was written by Martha Hume, who is Chet Flippo's wife. Chet Flippo also wrote a story about me one time that said I was in prison for armed robbery—which I never told him. My prison record is on file with the FBI—it's open to the public. It's there in black and white.

I think it's ridiculous that I spent twenty years in various institutions and never committed one serious crime. Then to have to stand up and defend myself

to some fuckin' asshole reporter is preposterous. Instead, they should be tryin' to find out why you can take a nine-year-old kid and put him in an institution—but they won't even admit that's going on.

You know, it's two different worlds you live in—like being a biker. There's no way I can tell my daddy that a policeman pulled me over and knocked me off my motorcycle before he even asked for my driver's license. My daddy wouldn't believe that, because it's against everything he believes in. I just could not continue to deal in the two different worlds the way I was forced to, you see?

ER: Were there any other hassles with publications?

DAC: Yeah. *Midnight*, that newspaper, had a headline that said "Top Country & Western Singer Once On Death Row," with an article by some chick I'd never heard of in my life. She tells how I was on death row for five years, you know. Well, here's a chick that just sold a story to a newspaper. She didn't care if it was true, if it was false, whatever. All she was tryin' to do was get her money for her story and go home, man. So out of that evolved this, that, and the other.

ER: Did you try to make any denials or set them straight?

DAC: Being the kind of person I am, when motherfuckers come up to me and ask me these questions, I'm likely to tell them anything. You know, motherfuckers ask, "What were you on death row for, man?" Well, I'm likely to tell them I killed eighteen people and then they run out and print it in their paper. They don't bother to check anything out. It served a purpose, in a way, though, because it got some doors open. You know, people started listening to me, and if nobody else knew how much time I did, I still knew. I was in prison twenty years. It might have been nineteen years, nine months, and twenty-eight days—but to me, it was twenty fuckin' years.

ER: What's your relationship with your parents?

DAC: I've got a pretty good relationship with my parents. We've talked a lot and reached some understandings about things that happened when I was a child.

ER: They felt they had to put you in an institution when you were nine years old?

DAC: Yeah. And I can understand it.

ER: Were you originally put into an orphanage?

DAC: No, it was a detention home. The first institution I was in was the Star Commonwealth for Boys in Albion, Michigan. Then I was in the Boys' Industrial School in Lancaster, Ohio. I was in Mansfield Reformatory. I was in Chillicothe Reformatory. I was in Lima State Hospital. I was in the Ohio Penitentiary twice. I was in Lewisburg Penitentiary. I was in the National Training School in Washington, D.C.

ER: What was the transition from prison to getting into music? Were you published while you were still inside?

DAC: Not songs—but I tried everything. I bought a *Writer's Market* that lists places to sell your writing. I tried verses for Christmas cards, I sent off poems, short stories—I tried every way to make

—Continued on page 45

Oh No!

Say It Ain't So!

Eight Tons of Marijuana Burned to Provide Heat

EUGENE, Ore. (UPI)—The Oregon Department of Environmental Quality said Friday that eight tons of marijuana confiscated in an Oregon raid had been burned in a utility boiler to provide steam heat for downtown Eugene, including a hospital.

"It was probably the most expensive fuel burned in our local history," said Marty Douglas, a spokesman for the state agency.

The marijuana, taken in a raid by federal and sheriff's officers south of Bandon Saturday, was reported to have a street value of about \$16 million.

Douglas said that the DEQ had to give approval to the Eugene water and electric board to burn the high-grade pot, called Thai sticks, under the utility's air pollution control permit. He said that the marijuana was burned Wednesday night at a 1-to-20 ratio with the regular timber residue called hog fuel so that it would be diluted to the extent that the pot's active ingredient would have no effect on residents.

The boiler's steam is used to heat the Sacred Heart Hospital and Eugene's downtown commercial area.

Screw Tradition!

And all the poop-butt rules that go along with it. Ever since we put this book together, we've been breakin' written and unwritten rules like we do the speed limits around here.

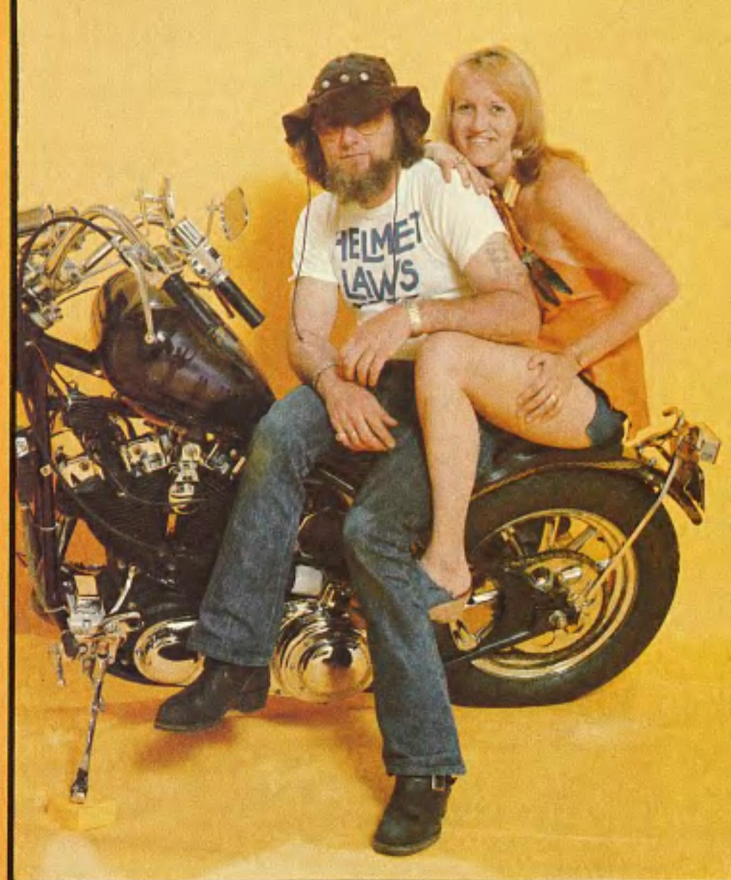
Anyway, after the 5-bike feature a couple of issues ago, we decided that we would bust our balls to get some more of the nice bikes we receive from out of state on the pages.

Since some of us spend our last dime to put a scooter together and lose our ol' ladies in the making of our putts, and since our lives revolve around our rides, the bikes deserve more recognition—rah-rah.

Here's to our putts, may we always ride free.

—Bandit





Owner: Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn. 90-cu.-in. 1974 shovelhead.

Photos by Pete Chiodo

RUNNING RELIGION

Rogue is the owner—who cares what the bike looks like?

How do you handle a bike feature about Connecticut's Rogue? We could be sarcastic about the man and be fire-bombed. As much as I hate to write a serious-to-tears story, at least I've got to tell it like it is.

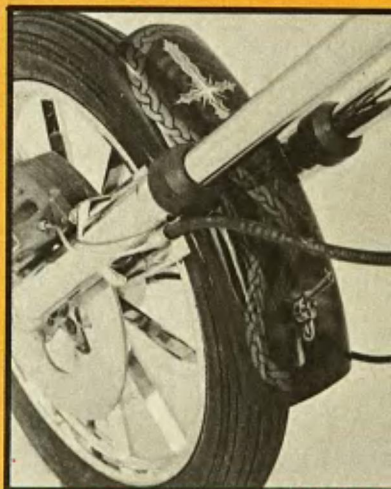
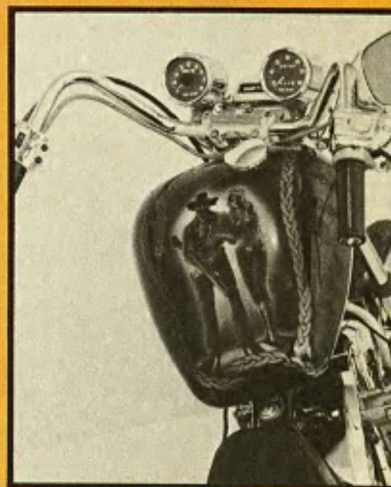
Ya see, Rogue isn't your average, pasteurized, homogenized biker. 'Course, now that I've squeezed that last comment outta my straining brain, I realize that I don't know one damn average biker. Anyway, for sometime now, this man has been very important to motorcycling. And without listing his accomplishments one by one like a goddam resume, I'll mention just a couple of high points. Like the time in second grade when he scored some stinkfinger from his teach—which will

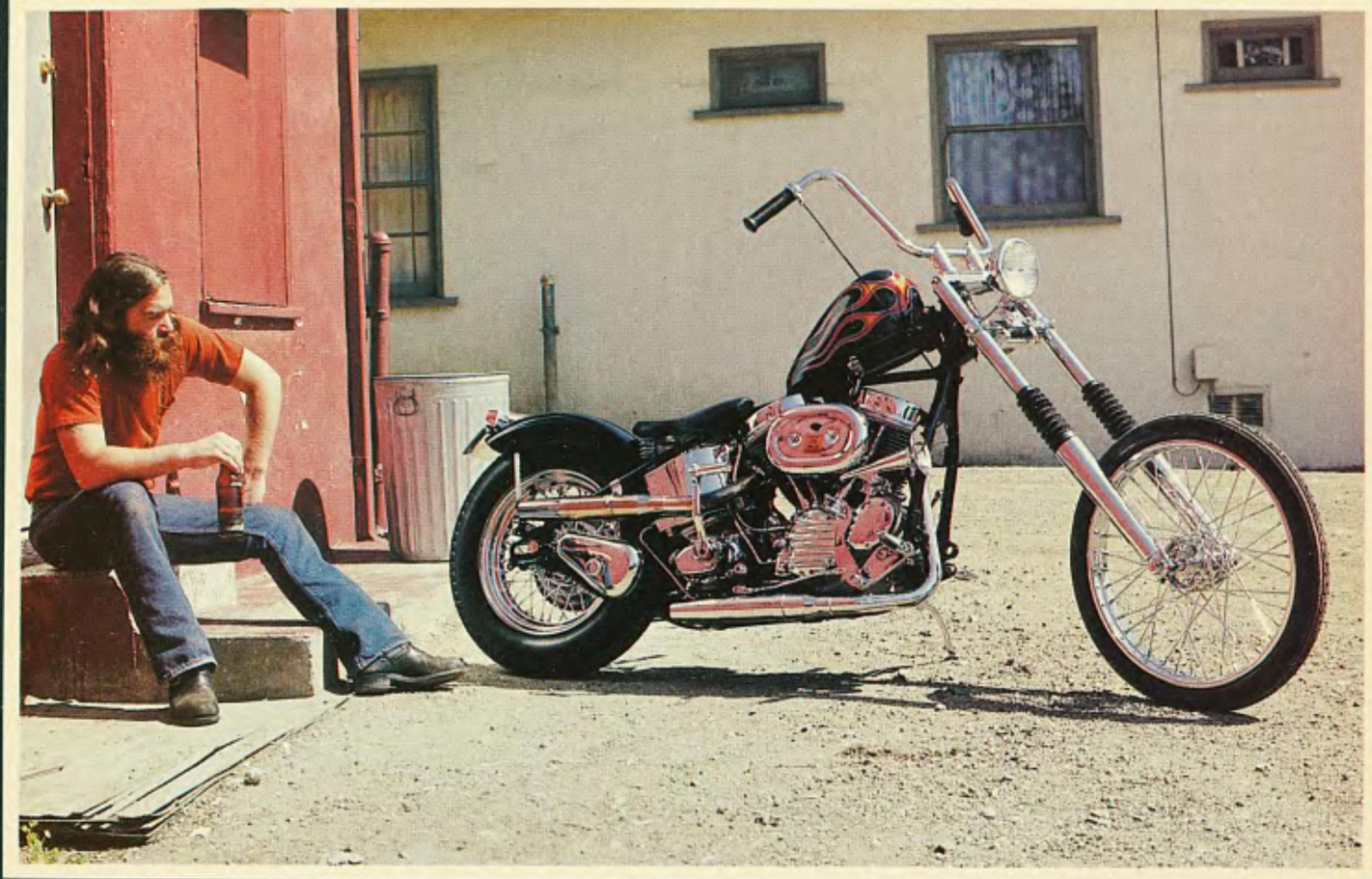
no doubt illustrate the massive assistance this individual has given our sport and the helmet fight.

When Rogue first communicated with **Easyriders**, he was National President of the Huns M.C., and one of the concerned scooter people who helped organize the Connecticut Motorcycle Association. That was at least five years ago. Since then, he was instrumental in defeating the helmet law in Connecticut and he also helped other states that needed assistance in fighting unfair legislation. He has worked with ABATE and various motorcycling publications to back the fight for bikers' rights. The freak also goes so far as to assist clubs in settling their differences. And finally, his ol' lady says he's a good fuck.

Now have we kissed his ass or have we kissed his ass?

—Bandit





INDEPENDENT BROS



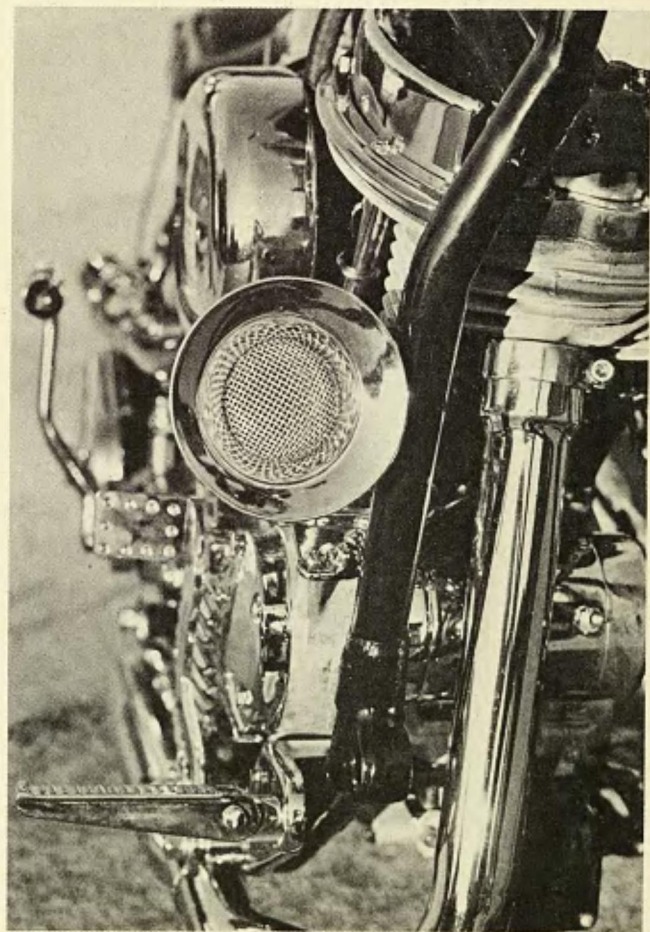
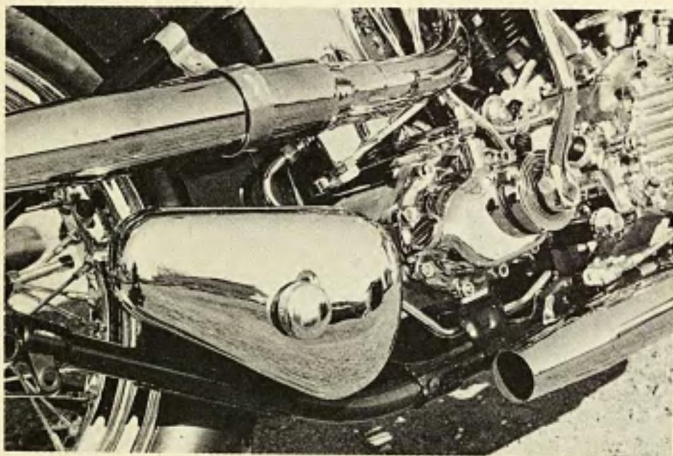
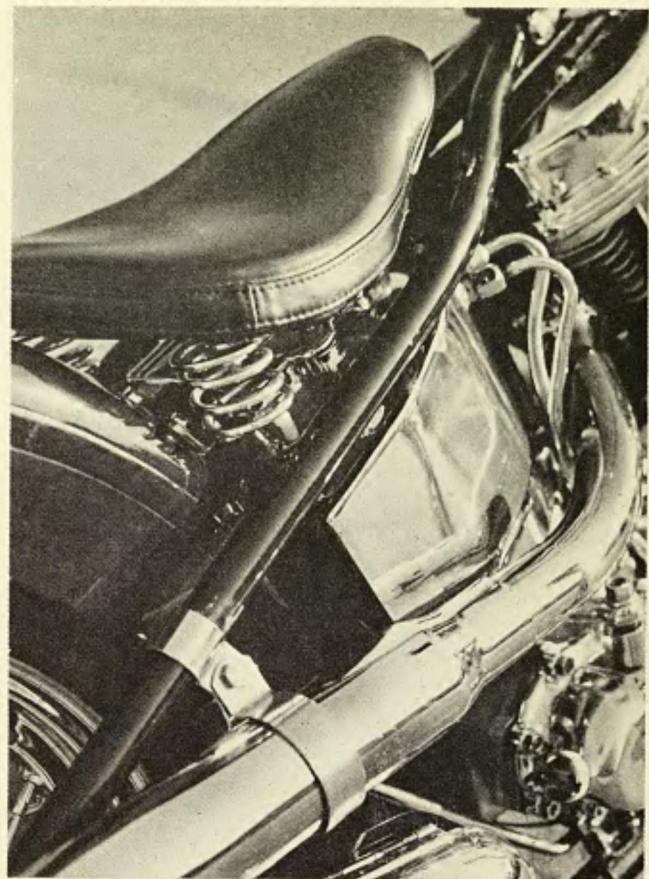
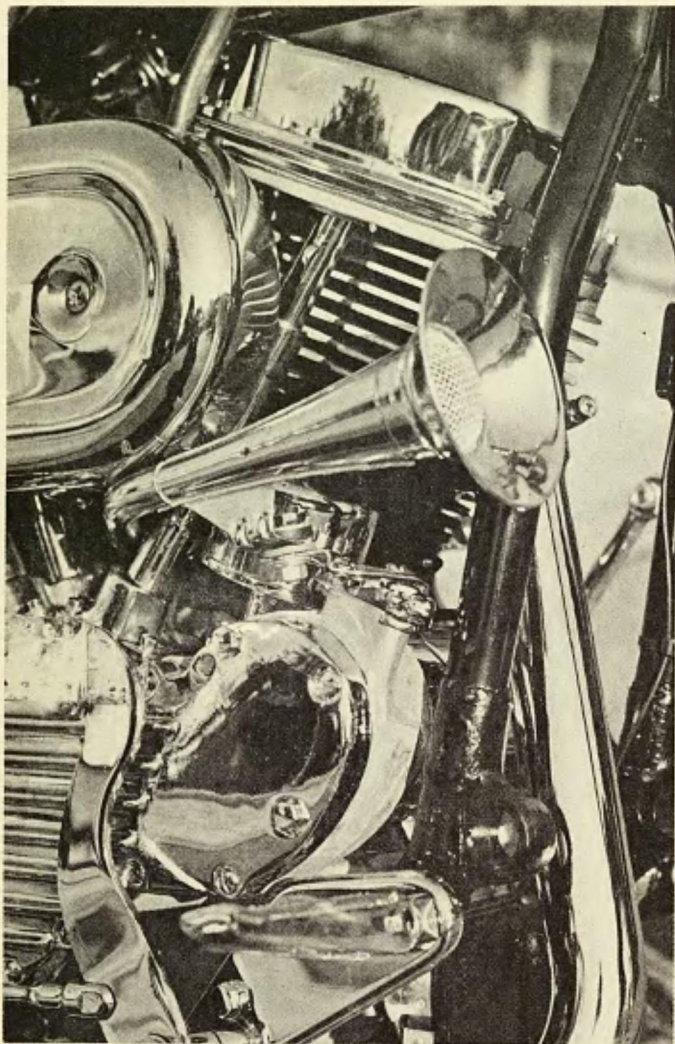
We've gone into the subject of photos (and the lack of) regardin' bike features a lot—and we know it interests you people about as much as a tech feature on a mini-bike. Normally, the owner of a scoot wants to show it off to its advantage, but not so in this case. Maybe it was that everybody had an attitude that day. Anyway, the owner said, "Fuck it, I ain't takin' my putt out to the grass or up in the hills just to have a pretty background behind it."

And the photographer was just as helpful, snarlin' "And I ain't about to put the fuckin' bucks out for a studio to shoot one lousy bike feature."

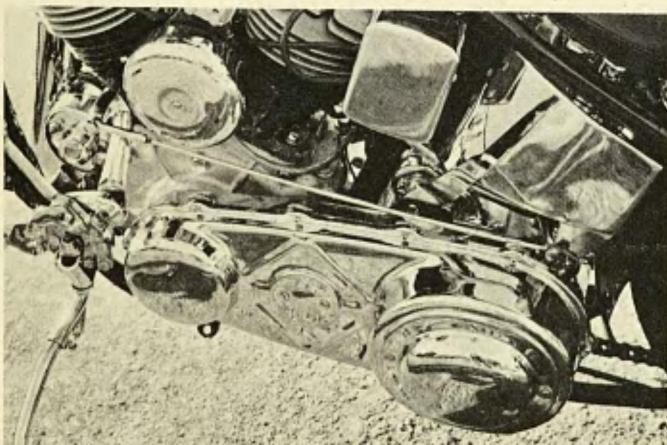
So they took the photos out behind a local bar. (Maybe that's why they had an attitude in the first place—Wild Turkey weekend). And if we didn't like it—tough shit. Well, we didn't and we contemplated printin' all the shots upside down, or no bigger than postage stamps. But we didn't want to short all the good scooter people who read this rag, so we did the feature right.

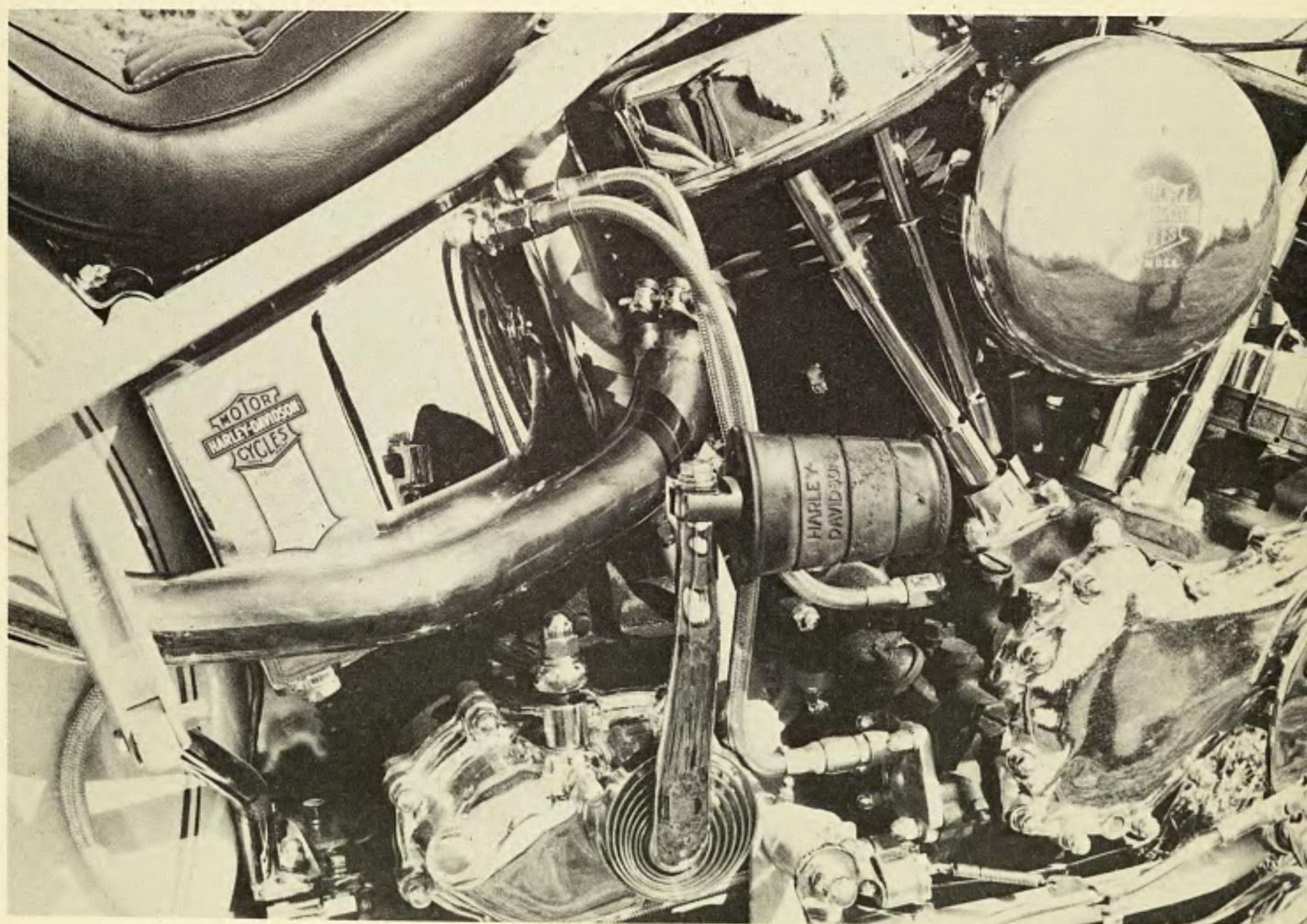
But when the owner wants some spare shots of his bike, we'll probably send him shots of a two-year-old kid sittin' on a moped.

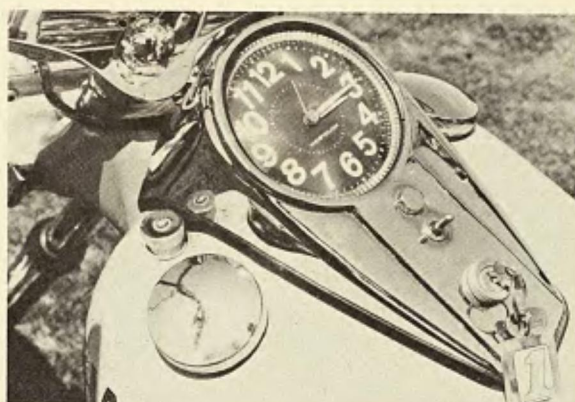
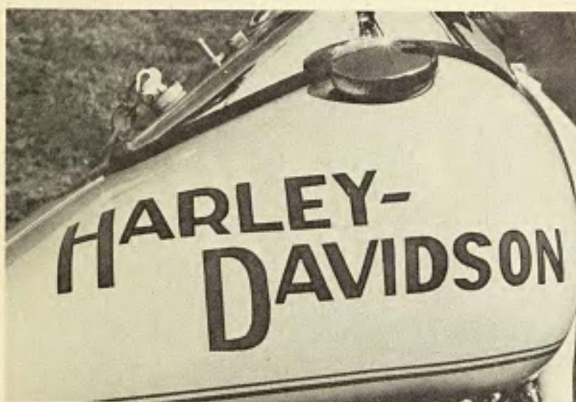
—The Unknown Penman



Owner: Dan Matson, Bay Area, Calif.
1954, 74 cu. in. panhead.







WHAT COLOR?

Ain't this the shits? The clouds just headed in different directions. The sizzling sun just gave us a glimpse of its beautiful bod for the first time in a fortnight. And the squeamish mutha in the next office dropped a work note on my desk while I was takin' a shit. And I wanted to split lanes for a hundred miles this sun-filled afternoon.

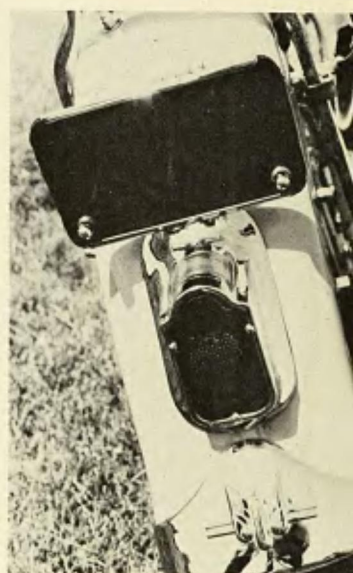
I wrote an electrifyin' story on this bike a fuckin' month ago. But the tale was about the sparrowshit, yellow color it's painted. So what happened? The illiterate artist ran out of color pages and put the article together in black and white. Natch, the

dynamic, original tale no longer made any sense — no more than it does for me to be sittin' here when my bike is up and the sky isn't cluttered with water buckets.

You'll have to take it from me that Rod's fatbob was beautiful in color. You'll also have to accept the fact that this stuff is far from perfect (hard to swallow, huh?). Lastly, try to handle the notion that this is the end of this snivel. I'm gettin' my ass outta here.

— Later

Owner: Rod Jensen, Hastings, Nebraska.
74-cu.-in. 1953 panhead.





THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON QUAALUDES

By Rick Sandack

If Rip Van Winkle had overdosed on Quaaludes, let's say in 1957, he'd have missed out on shit like Chubby Checkers' emergence onto the rock scene, or Lucy leavin' Desi, or Evel Knievel parachuting into the Snake River. What's more, Rip's hospital costs would have been enormous. A twenty-year, semi-private room would have made for one helluva bill. Not to mention the cost of vaso-pressors,

I.V. tubes, respirators, and charcoal perfusion.

To this day nobody knows what Rip overdosed on, but to groove and snore steadily for twenty long years, he must have had some powerful shit. It could have been anything, even homemade methaqualone. With Rip's intuitive sense of how to get down, he might have scraped together the raw elements from roots

and berries, mashed it up in a coconut shell, and washed it down with a quart of juice extracted from over-ripe casaba melons. Whatever it was, it did the job, and that beautiful bearded cat cruised for two decades straight.

Rip was a hipster, and doubtless would be a biker if he lived now. He probably couldn't tell you the meaning of the word *sopor* if his life

depended on it, but as far as embodying the very nature and essence of the word, there's no better. He was tops in his field, a free spirit who could sleep on rocks and beer cans and tell the corporate world at that time to get fucked—that he was ducking out, submerging. And he wasn't coming up again until the cortex of his brain signaled his medullary center that things were cool. Maybe he hoped that when he awoke life wouldn't be so replete with inflationary food bills and light bills and unemployment and hostile vibes from the boss and unreal expectations from the ol' lady.

Needless to say, when he woke up he wasn't talkin' for a few days. First, because he was on the verge of pukin'. Second, because he didn't want to say anything until he got his shit back together. And third, he couldn't say anything because he had too much hair in his mouth—and it wasn't his ol' lady's.

After six weeks of convulsions and a smattering of petit and grand mal seizures, Rip was normal again. I mean, you don't just wake up after something like that and take life with the aplomb of a brother getting cited for DWI. You go through it.

Which brings me to the point of this soporific fucking article—just what happens when you scarf down the 'lude.

The first group to use it were small animals like hamsters and mice, who got it in the course of lab experiments by the FDA. Next came prisoners, at Vacaville prison, and then fun-loving college kids. Eventually drug cultists spread the word that it was an easy-to-get, reasonably cheap and effective downer, and that's where we are today.

Methaqualone has dropped a few notches in popularity lately, but its long-lasting effects and ready availability will probably make it continue to be in demand.

The stuff's called sopors, or 714s, or Rorers. and any cultist worth his weight in Acapulco Gold can tell you that the more you take it the more tolerant you become. No, that doesn't mean you put up with your ol' lady's nagging (or does it?). It means that where you once got down on one, it takes two, then four, then six, then eight, and so on.

Know anybody who's taking eight these days? It's a shame to habituate to that point because it's costly and tiring—and because you're pushing your tolerance toward undesirable

levels, unless you dig coma or want to know what it's like on the Other Side.

Tolerance levels should definitely be discussed. A chick can get down on two tablets and, depending on her tolerance level, she may only feel lethargic. But if she's never taken it before, she may go into a deep, Rip Van Winkle type sleep. A brother may take six street 'ludes and not feel a thing because the tabs were pressed outta milk powder. If they had been true pharmaceutical, he might have descended into second stage coma—you know, taken an elevator ride down his spinal column for a permanent nap. Or he might have walked away from it.

So it depends on who you are, and your tolerance for this drug. If you want to know lethal doses, most available literature on the subject puts it at three, four or five grams. That's at least enough to sleep through the construction of a 40-floor highrise. Some downer, huh? The point is, and this is obvious, that what happens to you is the price you pay for your fun. That's the trade deal you make with any drug.

Which brings us to the next point—is it worth it? Part of the reason some people think it is stems from their belief that sopors are an aphrodisiac. You know—that they make you want to fuck anything that moves, to commit nasty, abandoned acts that you wouldn't even have considered had you not been under the power of the 'lude. But aphrodisiac is the wrong word. The drug is an "uninhibitor," which can mean a number of things to a number of people. To someone who keeps himself or herself from engaging in acts that would be considered perverse in their estimation, like fucking in a trough full of linguini sauce with a pair of mid-get wrestlers, Quaaludes help, because they lessen inhibitions. So does booze, it should be noted.

Authorities on the subject, like narcs and those little guys in white jackets who are always misspelling your name on the pill labels, say that methaqualone is not an aphrodisiac because, just as you're ready to enact your perversion (if there is such a thing), you fall asleep. This isn't invariably true, but you see the point. While methaqualone acts as an uninhibitor, it also acts like the notorious downer that it is. Like any sedative, it depresses the central nervous system to a point where the body is begging for sleep.

But there is something every dedi-

cated Quaalude taker should know, in case you ever fall victim to an overdose: There's no chemical therapy for treating it. What therapy exists is called support therapy, and it's strictly by the aid of mechanical devices that you're able to live.

Support therapy means I.V. tubes stuck in you, or vaso-pressors on your legs to keep your veins from dilating. Or if you were really bad, you'd be put on a treatment called charcoal perfusion. This is the cool, scientific part of the article. I'd feel guilty if I didn't mention it. You see, charcoal perfusion is a lot like smoke entering a charcoal filter on a filter-tip cigarette, except that it's blood and not smoke being filtered. The blood circulates through see-through tubes and through a filtered charcoal screen which collects the methaqualone and keeps it from reentering the blood stream. If it works, the patient will pull out of the coma.

Some patients do pull out and then they go right back into it again. It's a pretty strange sight to emergency doctors to see a comatose patient suddenly rise up fully awake one second and slip back into coma the next. But there's an explanation. Methaqualone is fat-soluble. That means it's stored in the tissues. It's not like a lot of drugs that are water-soluble—that can be pissed away. Methaqualone stays in you until it's released from your tissues. So the patient who greatly overdoses on methaqualone awakes briefly from charcoal perfusion and goes back into coma, because right away methaqualone is being released back into the bloodstream by the tissues.

Bet you didn't know that, huh? Fat-soluble. Can you imagine the amount of the stuff Rip Van Winkle stored to make him sleep twenty years? He must have looked like a one-hump camel.

So if the side-effects from too much methaqualone seem to last longer than, say, a two-day bout with booze, that's the reason. It takes longer to get out of the system.

One more thing. If you're taking gobs of methaqualone just to get down and perhaps pushing your tolerance near those lethal levels, maybe you ought to consider something else. First, because the hospital bill is a drag. Second, because the price you pay is an enormous headache. And third, you missed out on all that normal functioning. You know—pussy-fuckin', puttin' and all that good shit. And ain't that the real roarer? ■



Josh idled his heavy panhead to a stop in the middle of his garage. Warily stepping from the stationary machine, he lumbered his way out of the darkness within to the fading light of early evening outside. He pulled hard on the overhead rope hanging from the garage door and quickly stepped back to avoid being struck on the head. Locking the door, he dragged his feet lethargically to the porch.

He was tired, hungry, and in no mood to be fucked with. It had been one of those days and all he wanted was to relax in his favorite overstuffed chair, smoke some of his stash, and get a good meal in his belly, in that order.

Dianne should already have one of her fabulous meals piping hot and waiting for me, he thought as he stepped through the front door.

"Dianne!" he bellowed, closing the door behind him. "Dianne, it's me. I'm home." He always let her know right off who was comin' in the door. She had the Walther PPKS he'd gotten her for protection and she knew how to use it. He wanted no mistakes as he banged around the first few minutes he got home.

There was no reply to his yelling. And no aroma of delicious foods to tantalize his nostrils. The house was empty except for him.

"Dammit!" he muttered, throwing his riding gloves to the floor. "Where the fuck is that woman? She knows I always get home at this time! Sonuvabitch!" He continued grumbling aimlessly as he looked around for a note from her.

He was unaccustomed to having to do for himself—and it was especially irritating in his present mood. It was unlike Dianne to do something like this. He'd chew her out good when she got home to make sure it didn't happen again. After all, he busted his ass all day long every day to make his machine shop provide for their needs.

"Is it too much to ask to have her here with dinner waiting when I get home?" he shouted aloud, throwing his arms wide to dramatize the point to himself.

Grabbing the only beer in the refrigerator, he popped the top and quickly gulped down half of its contents in one swig. He slammed the cupboard doors in his search for something to munch on to rid himself of the gnawing pain in his stomach.

Plopping down heavily in his

favorite chair, he instinctively reached beneath it for the small wooden box that held his stash and smoking paraphernalia. Failing to find the stash, he was forced to turn and grope around under the chair.

"Gone!" he moaned. "Dianne must have been cleanin' house again. Shit!" This was too much for any man to endure. "No woman, no food, one lousy beer in the box—and now I'm forced to play hide-an'-seek for my fuckin' smoke!"

By this time Josh was on his tired feet slamming things around in a furious search for his stash. Just as he was about to tear a stubborn drawer from the hall cabinet, Dianne walked through the front door.

"Hello, honey," she chirped, stepping over the boots he'd thrown in the middle of the floor and giving him a welcoming kiss.

Second Chance

By Joe Jennings

"Hello, honey?" he choked. "Where the fuck have you been? Where's my dinner? What did you do with my weed?" Josh shot all three questions at her in one breath.

"Didn't you find my note?" she asked. "I put it on the bulletin board here by the phone." Pulling the obvious note from the board, she handed it to him as proof.

Sally's five-year-old fell from the garage roof and broke his arm. She called and asked me to watch little Amy while she took Johnny to the hospital.

Embarrassed, but still irritated, Josh continued his tirade. "That's just great," he said sarcastically, "but what about my dinner? You don't have a damn thing in the place to eat."

"Oh, I stopped off on the way home for you. I knew you'd be hungry, so I picked up some fried chicken. There's also onion rings,

a Coke, and a berry pie for desert." She handed him the warm bag.

The fire of his anger drenched by her simple explanations, Josh made one last attack on her defenses. "Where's my stash box? I put it right here last night and now it's gone. Where'd you hide it?"

Smiling sympathetically, Dianne thwarted his final effort. "No you didn't, honey. Remember—you put the box over there by the stereo last night before you went to bed. You did a number while you listened to that new album I got you."

Feeling very stupid indeed, Josh immediately regained his memory of the previous night—and she was right. He merely grunted in reply and sat down to enjoy his food, offering no apology for his accusations.

Before long, he had devoured the contents of the white sack and smoked his way into a mellower state of mind. Feeling more human, he switched on the television and settled down for a pleasant evening. His calm was soon interrupted by the rumbling din of several Harleys rolling up in the driveway. With considerable effort, Josh made his way to the porch to investigate. It was four of his biker buddies—Charley, Turk, Harve, and HD.

"What are you guys up to tonight?" he asked as they lumbered up the steps toward him.

"What do you mean, asshole?" Turk shot back. "We were gonna make plans for our run next month."

Josh had completely forgotten, but was glad they hadn't. He was in the mood for some company and happy that friends had dropped by. But the crew was abruptly halted at the front door by Dianne. "No you don't," she warned. "You clowns aren't about to make my clean floor look like a grease pit. You guys shed your boots right there on the porch first."

Ordinarily, this group of scooter enthusiasts weren't inclined to listen to a nagging chick when they were about to plan a party—let alone do what she told them. But there was something special about Dianne that invariably drew respect from the rowdy crew of bikers. They bitched and moaned, but complied with her demand.

Flicking off the tube and switching on the stereo, Josh joined his

—Continued on page 84

Police Methods Exposed

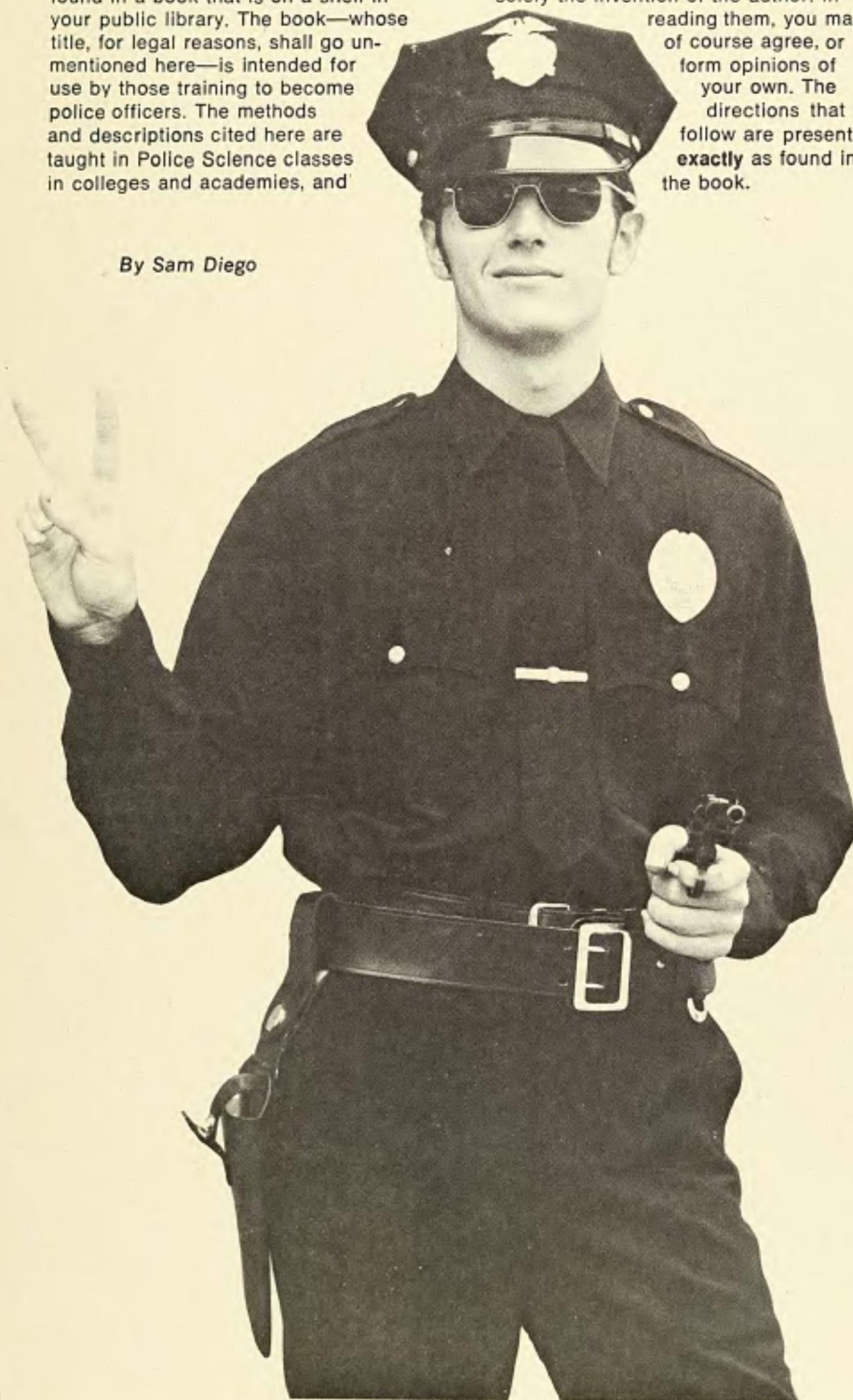
(with comments by the author)

If you've ever wondered why the police are always so successful in their search for felons, the reasons can be found in a book that is on a shelf in your public library. The book—whose title, for legal reasons, shall go unmentioned here—is intended for use by those training to become police officers. The methods and descriptions cited here are taught in Police Science classes in colleges and academies, and

would-be officers are expected to follow the directions to the letter.

The comments in parentheses are solely the invention of the author. In reading them, you may of course agree, or form opinions of your own. The directions that follow are presented exactly as found in the book.

By Sam Diego



How to Recognize Illegal Aliens

Mexicans. They walk by raising each foot high above the ground with each step. This comes from their being raised in an agricultural environment, where wooden-soled clogs, or leather sandals with automobile tire soles, are worn when walking in the freshly plowed fields. (The directions say nothing about following a trail of chili pepper stems, listening for frijole farts, or scanning the felon's face for freckles which seem to be slipping off.)

Oriental Aliens

Illegal aliens from Japan or other oriental countries are often seen walking on the beach. The oriental alien is easily recognized by the large space between the first and second toes, caused by their having worn rubber-soled shoes called *zories*. (The book should have added that they will also have rice stuck between their teeth, be carrying a bag full of dried chicken and raw fish, and will say "Ah, so!" or "fled lice" when questioned. Simple-minded discriminatory descriptions such as those above can be found throughout the book.)

Cowboys

(When was the last fuckin' time you saw a crooked cowboy? Everybody knows they're straight shooters.)

The cowboy will always have bowed legs, due to his frequent riding of horses. He will have a weathered face and he will speak in the western vernacular, using such terms as "dogie," "wrangler," and "pardner." (The funniest part about this section is that it appeared in the chapter under "Illegal Aliens." Apparently, the police department does, after all, consider immigrants from Texas and Oklahoma to be illegal aliens. No mention was made of shit on their high-heeled boots, a saddle over the shoulder, or sheep dung smeared on the suspect's fly.)

A.W.O.L. Sailors

These persons, of course, can be quickly recognized and apprehended because they use Navy terminology when speaking, and they always wear black socks. The language they use will directly connect them with the branch of service within which they have most recently served. (If it's a Greek sailor, he'll be easier to spot than most, because he'll be seen walking backwards, bent over, with his pants at half-mast.)

Communists

Most often apprehended at crowded gatherings, protest marches, or groups, the "Commie" is easy to apprehend and recognize. He will use euphemisms such as "vested interests" for power politics, he will refer to Russia as "the Soviet Union" and to Russians as

"Soviets." He will also use the word "exploit" in many different usages. (He will probably also have a color photo of Jane Fonda in his wallet, hair on the palm of his hand from beatin' off while lookin' at a picture of a tractor, and will stand at attention whenever he sees a red light.)

Transients

Also known as "hobos" or "bums," these persons will invariably be found wearing two pairs of pants and two shirts, which they will claim are worn to keep them warm. They will also carry a disassembled safety razor, tucked away in a soft, cloth bag, usually one that has contained Bull Durham tobacco. (If they're the kind of hobos I've seen, they'll also be packin' a jug of muscatel wine, an' they'll have bad breath an' a big appetite for ripped-off chicken.)

Ex-cons

(I laughed so hard and loud at this one that some big-titted broad threw me outta the library.)

Ex-convicts will always walk one behind the other, in single file. It is an indication of a long stay in prison, because prisoners are always passing notes to one another. (I read that fuckin' line ten times, an' never did get the connection.) They keep a poker face and talk out of the side of their mouths, because talking is not allowed in prisons. They never look at a police officer, pretending to ignore his presence, and this is what eventually gives them away.

An escapee, or recent inmate from a youth authority facility, will always stand at half attention, and will be quite free with "yes, sir" and "no, sir" answers. He will always look down at the ground, rather than at the questioning officer.

Tattoos indicate that a person has been in prison. Prison tattoos are roughly drawn and have wide lines, because the ink is made from newspaper print. (The more I read, the funnier—and less intelligent—the author seemed to be. Anyone who has ever tried using printer's ink for tattoos knows that the oil in the ink causes the picture to peel off after a few days.)

Women

Women will always try to look sweet and innocent when apprehended. They may cry, and they will swear that they have never been arrested before, but later they will ask what "charge" they'll be "booked" on, and what the "ball" will be. These terms are uncommon to a woman who has not been arrested before, so guilt is easily ascertained beforehand. (Got that?)

Narcotics Addicts

Narcotics addicts will always have a bottle of some soft drink protruding

from a hip pocket. Their arms will be covered with tattoos of various designs. Narcotics addicts hide their needle marks and scars by tattooing a snake over the marks. (Personally, I prefer a target, so I can hit the vein when I'm loaded. The book should also have noted that LSD users can be easily identified because they'll be tryin' to fly off the top of a tall building, an' everybody knows that a dude who's been smokin' grass shrinks down to two feet tall.)

Car Thieves

Car thieves carry the following: chewing gum, fifty-cent pieces, and screwdrivers. A recent innovation is a hypodermic syringe filled with water. It is squirted into the ignition keyhole, the water makes contact with the electrical points, and the car starts. When the water evaporates, more is squirted into the key-hole. (I knew a dude who put quicksilver inside a little ball made of chewing gum. He'd carry it around in his mouth to keep it soft, an' when ready, he'd shove it against the keyhole. The quicksilver made contact and the gum sealed it in. One day he forgot an' chewed the gum. He swallowed the quicksilver and almost shit himself to death.)

Perversion

Obscene photographs and materials—especially those depicting abnormal sex acts, such as cunnilingus and fellatio (**abnormal?**)—are indicative that the possessor is a sex criminal. **Any excuse should be used to book this person, and his house should be searched for further evidence.** (Well, there goes my pussy-eatin', head-lovin', an' givin' cookies to little girls.)

Counterfeit Driver's License

Most large colleges and universities have facilities for making a new license that is the same as the original, but with name and date changes. (That's all there was to that advice, and is UCLA ever gonna shit when they read that revealing fact.)

Meta-Communications

Actually, we can receive meta-communications without a word being spoken. A subject is guilty when he fails to answer the question, hangs his head, shrugs his shoulders, or sighs when asked a guilt-assuming question. This should be the key for the officer to give the suspect a little pep talk to the effect that it takes a "man" to admit when he's done something wrong. (Dig this scene: A twenty-one-year-old cop has apprehended a forty-year-old scooter tramp for a crime that he didn't commit in the first place, an' the fuzzy-cheeked cop squeaks, "It takes a man to admit when he's wrong." What's to admit—when the

only evidence is a little blood on his blade and four empty rounds in his piece?)

Emotion

An officer can promote emotion in a suspect by speaking in an emotional tone. (You can say that again. An officer promotes anger in every biker he stops, 'cause the cop's madder'n a motherfucker when he stops the dude.)

Emotion blocks our intellect, and clear thinking becomes impossible, so it can be advantageous to make the subject emotional. (Like knockin' over his freshly painted bike or kneelin' him in the balls, makin' a grown man cry.)

Signs of Guilt

Sweating—with ruddy or flushed face. (I flushed mine last night, but it's so fuckin' ugly the toilet spit it back at me.) Sweating hands. Pale or blanching face is the best index for guilt. A dry mouth is usually a **definite** sign of guilt. (Maybe the cops oughta do like the Africans. All the suspects are lined up and asked to stick out their tongues. Then a red-hot iron is touched to the tongue. If a dude's guilty, he gets the shit burnt outta him 'cause his mouth is dry, and they snuff him. Of course, the poor bastard could just be scared shitless that he's gonna get burned. The Chinese make all the suspects take a mouthful of dry, cooked rice, an' the guilty bastard chokes to death on the spot. If he's innocent, he just gets a free meal.)

Physical Signs

Clenching of the hands denotes guilt. In Russia the subject is given a soft rubber ball to hold in his hand during interrogation. It's attached to a recording device, and he is warned that he will squeeze it when asked the question proving his guilt. The guilty suspect **always** squeezes the ball. (The way I've heard it is that when the KGB questions a dude, **they** squeeze the balls. Over there it's a one-way door no matter how ya look at it.)

If the suspect's arms hang loose, he is innocent. If he holds his elbows close to his sides, he is guilty. A guilty person's heart beats fast and hard, and his guilt will show by the throbbing veins in his neck. (If the officer is one of those new, cute chick cops, show her yer dick if she wants to see throbbin' veins.)

Other signs of guilt are: moving about in a chair (especially if it's the one with wires connected to it), pulling ears, rubbing the face, picking the nose (One of my bros kept pickin' his nose an' eatin' the buggers. The cops got so sick they kicked him outta the car.), rubbing the hair, clearing the throat by hacking, and biting the fingernails.

Criminals often carry the calling cards of attorneys, bail bondsmen, and parole officers. Pawn tickets are often found on criminals. ■

The 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, *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 (ol' man, photographer, pimp—whatever) will receive \$10.

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

Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or any other out-

standing 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.

Remember, we can use **only** good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides—nothing else (no color prints).

IMPORTANT! A blank model release appears on p. 67 of this issue. This release **must** be completed in full, **must** be signed and witnessed, and **must** accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

The votes are in and here you see the first monthly winner. But this is only the beginning—there are lots more honeys and prize money in the months to come. So if you've been sittin' on your ass instead of snappin' some far-out flicks of your foxy sweetie, get it in gear and enter the contest.

In case ya haven't heard, here's how the contest works:

We decided to make you, the readers, the judges. You'll decide each month's winners. We aren't gonna say anything! Each month

we'll publish all the entries we receive that are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean your entry has to be a professional photo—just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. You readers will select the winners and runners-up from those entries we publish.

So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winners in the August issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be April 30, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #59 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Ca 90265.

Kathye Sundahl



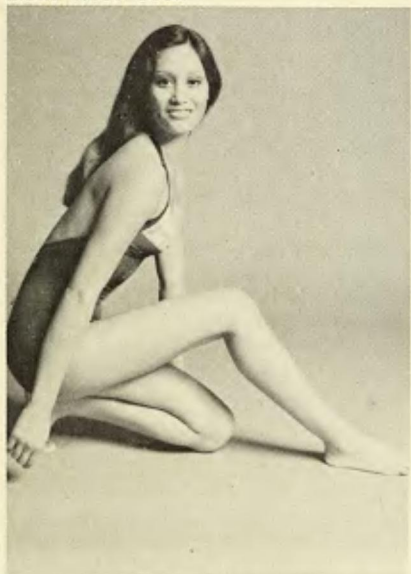
Genie Wooden



Dianne Childs



Liana Rose Cook



Cheri Rolli



Phyllis Jellel

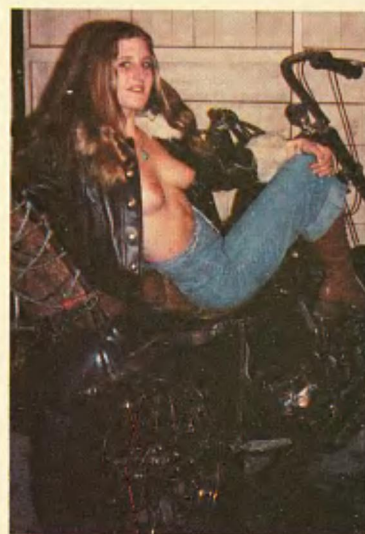




Paula Price



Lou Ellis



Carollee Cook



Anita Caulfield



Here she is, folks—Camille Basch, the first month's winner in the Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest.
The runners-up: Renee Terenbaum, Virginia Wootan, and Susanne Chakan.

Marja Swartjes



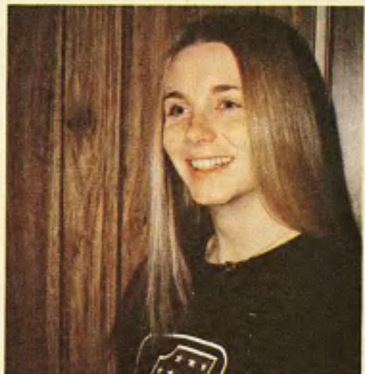
Karen Pagel



Lisa Landry



Nancy Kerr



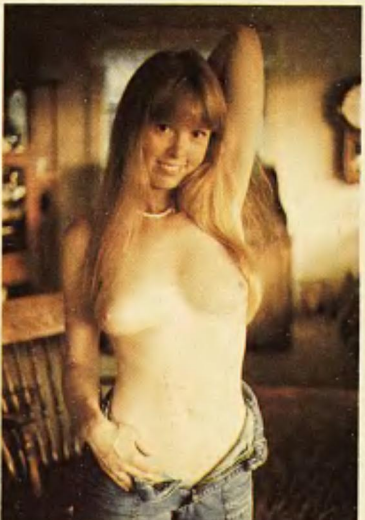
Angel

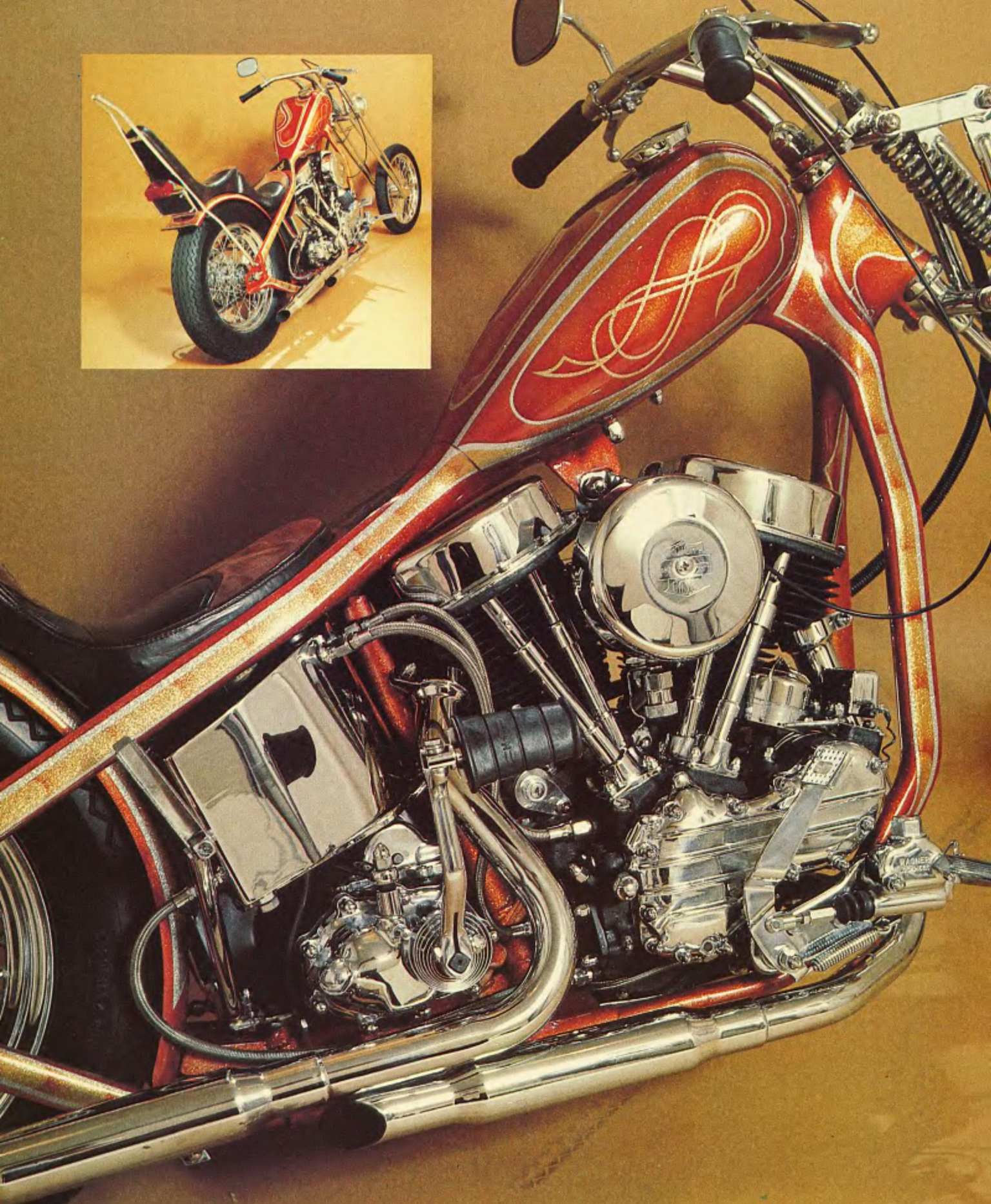


Kathy Powers



Red Snapper





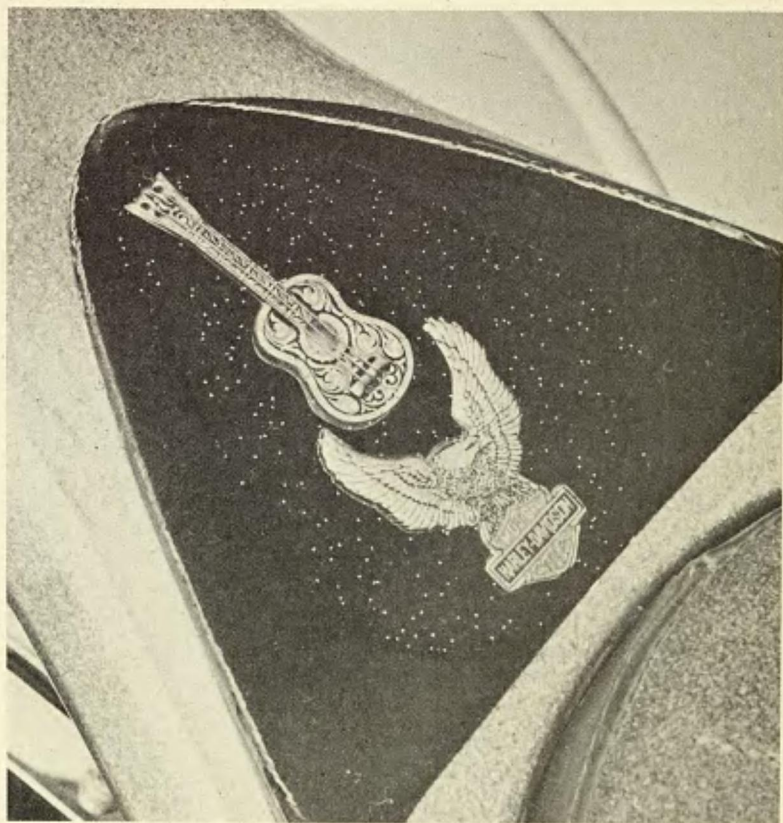


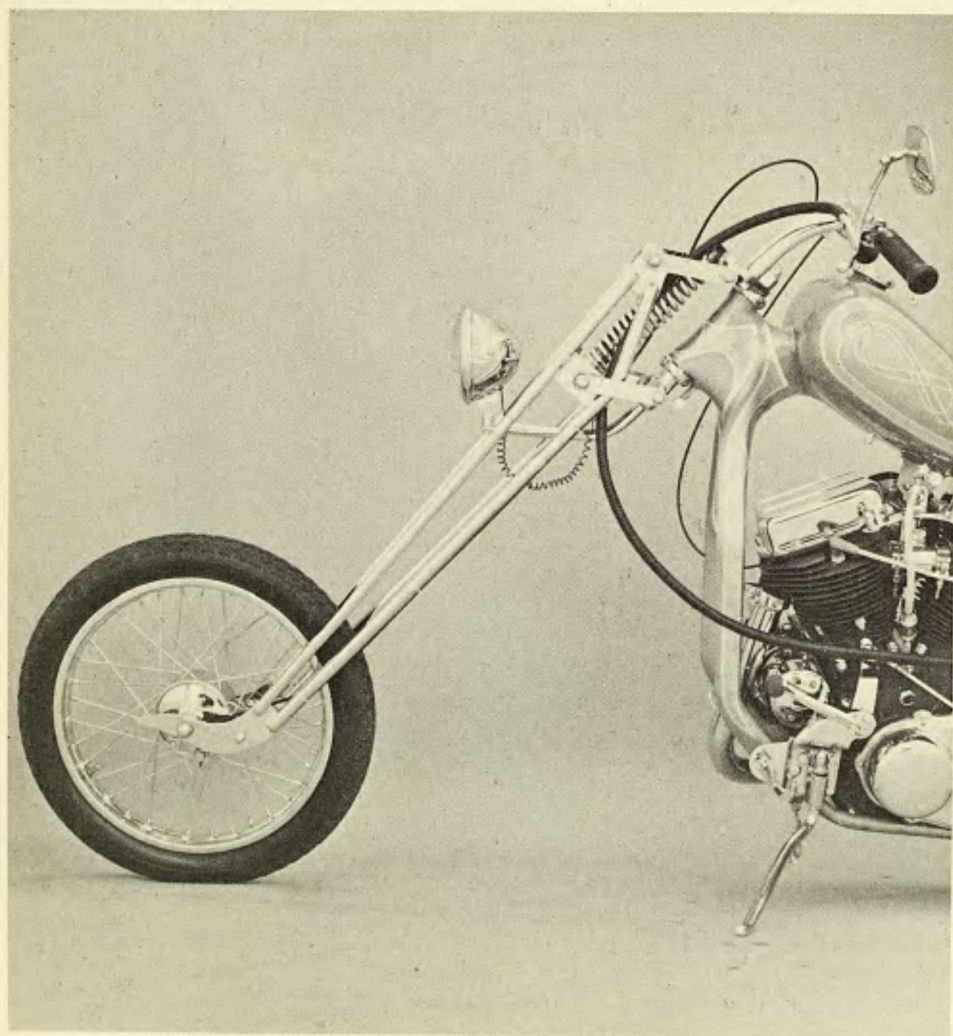
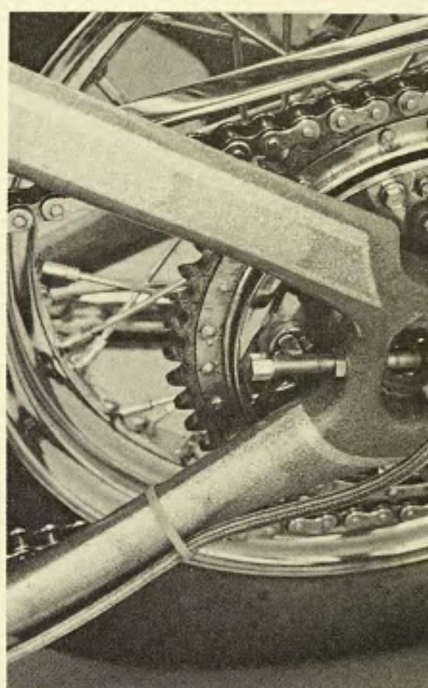
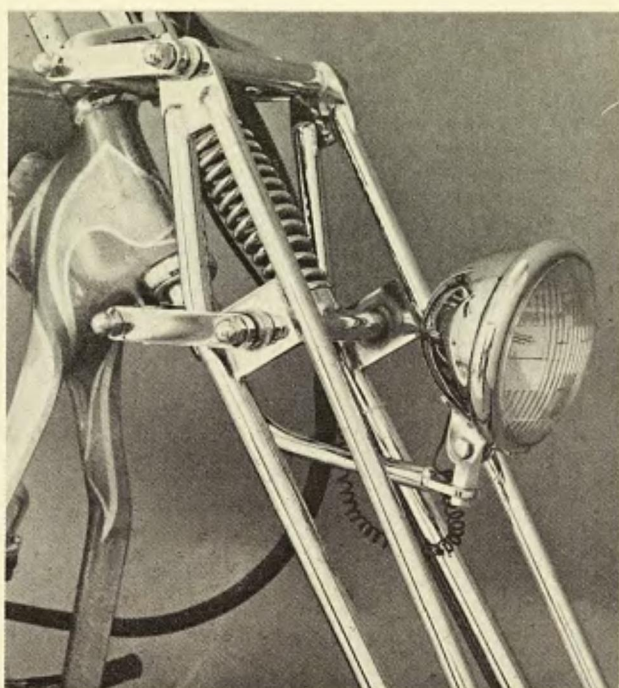
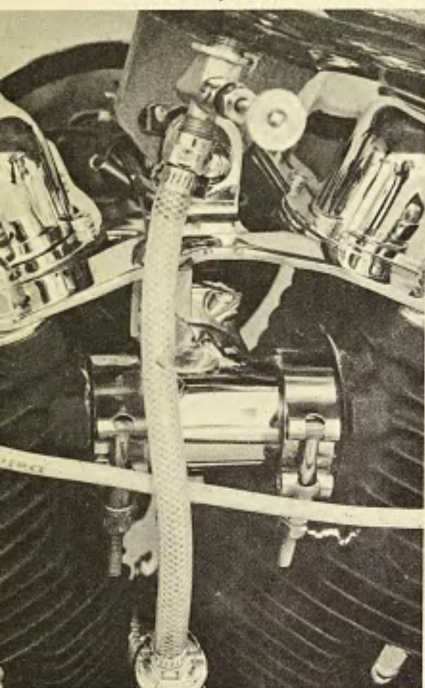
NUMBER ONE

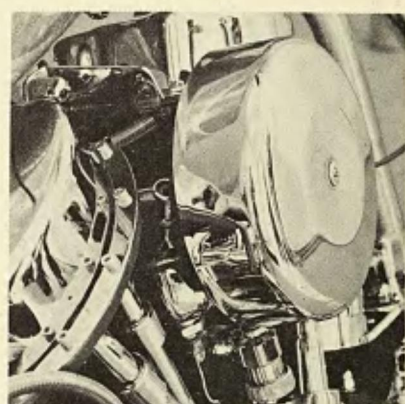
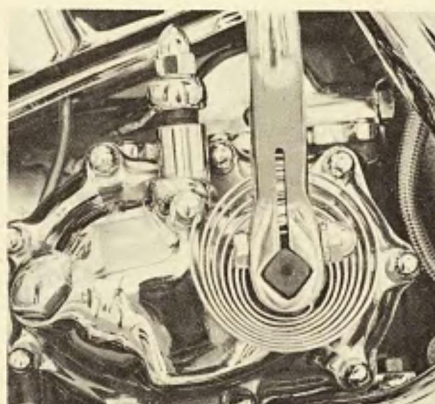
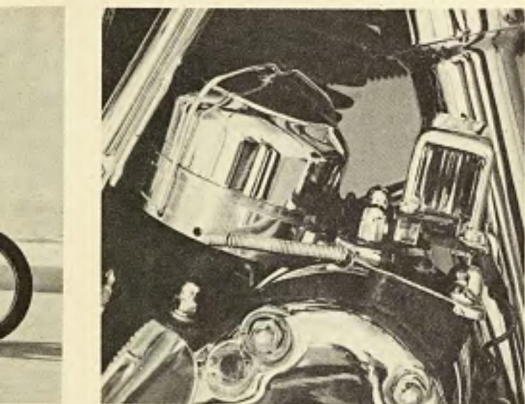
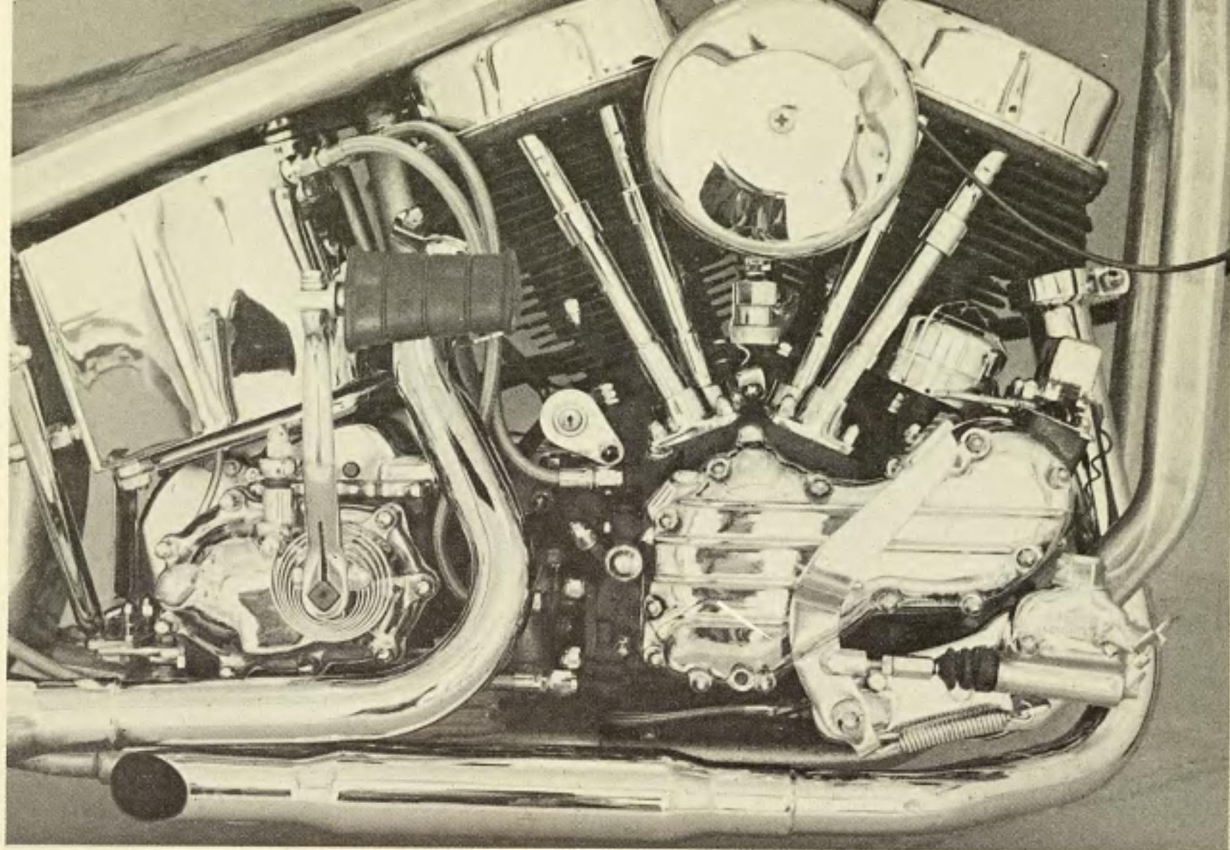
—in more ways than one!

The man has two passions—his bike and playin' guitar. The bike, of course, holds down the top slot, but the music isn't far behind, as you can see from the little piece between the tank and the seat. Every time Bob throws his leg across his scoot, he's looking down at a laminated insert of a guitar poised between Harley wings.

This is his first 74 and the first bike he put together himself. (Hope that justifies the title.) Something else we found interesting when we met Bob and saw the bike is the fact that it's been on the road for a year and a half and







has seen every run in the state. That fact's even more impressive when you consider that he spends nearly seven months a year hustlin' back and forth from home to concerts and nightclub gigs.

Which brings us to the other love of his life—guitar pickin'. For the last thirteen years, strummin' those tightly drawn strings has been Bob's way of makin' a livin' and fillin' his gut. And the dude must be as good at workin' on a finely tuned guitar as he is at workin' on a finely tuned putt, 'cause he's backed up folks like Sammy Davis, Jr., the 5th Dimension, Ike and Tina Turner, and lotsa other glitter freaks.

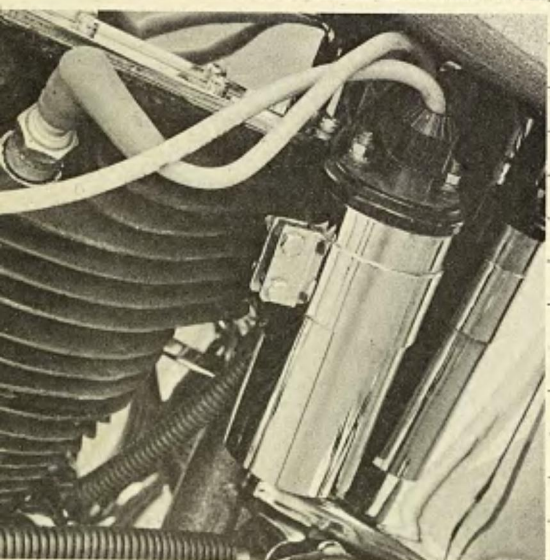
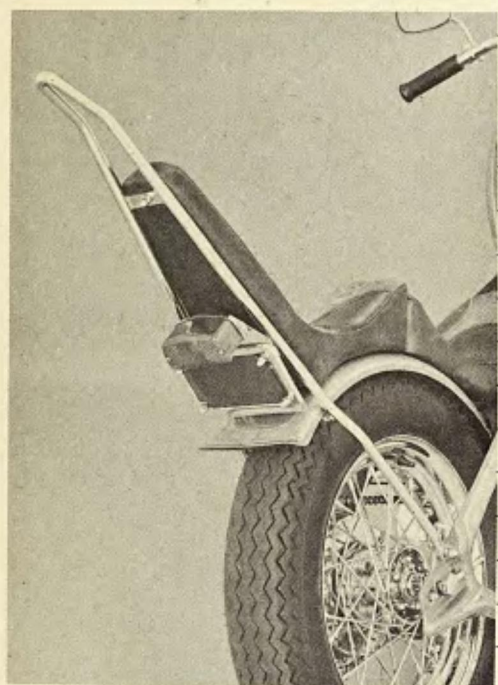
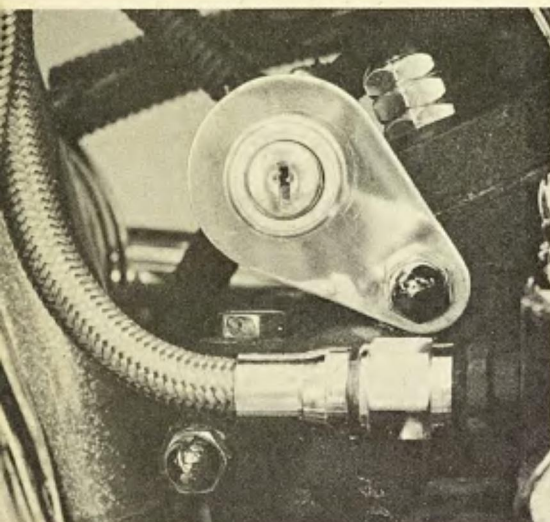
That's how he got the dust to build this scoot. He stashed his coin and

stayed away from the cocaine while on the road, not wantin' to see his first custom bike disappear up his nose. Then he poured the green into the machine when he got back home. And the effort obviously paid off, as you can readily see—the result was one fine-lookin' motorcycle.

It may sound like a shiny Hollywood success story, but the facts speak for themselves. Since Bob loves to play and loves to ride, we told him he ain't shit if he won't jam through the city on his scoot while wappin' away at his axe at the same time. If he brings it off, it could be the start of a whole new act.

—Tunes

—Continued on next page



Owner: Bob Gallarza

City: Pacoima, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1956 H-D
Model: FL
Value: \$5,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 9 months
Chroming by: Dan's

Frame

Year: Who knows?
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid cradle
Rake: none
Stretch: 2 1/2 inches
Other alterations: tabs removed

Engine

Year: 1956
Model: panhead
Rebuilder: Dave at Casey's
Ignition: distributor-coil
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: Casey's
Pistons: 10:1
Cases: wrinkle black
Heads: brass guides
Cam: stock
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): M-74
Air cleaner: Paughco
Pipes: Paughco gooseneck
Muffler(s): one piece

Accessories

Bars: Santee
Risers: one piece
Fender(s): 6-inch flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Jammer
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Gary Bang
Rear pegs: "V" bar
Electrics: 6-volt, 3-brush
Gas tank: Mustang
Oil tank: Paughco
Oil system: Jammer braided lines
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: So. Cal. seats
Sissy bar: owner
Height 23-in. above fender
Material: 5/8-in. round stock

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1956
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

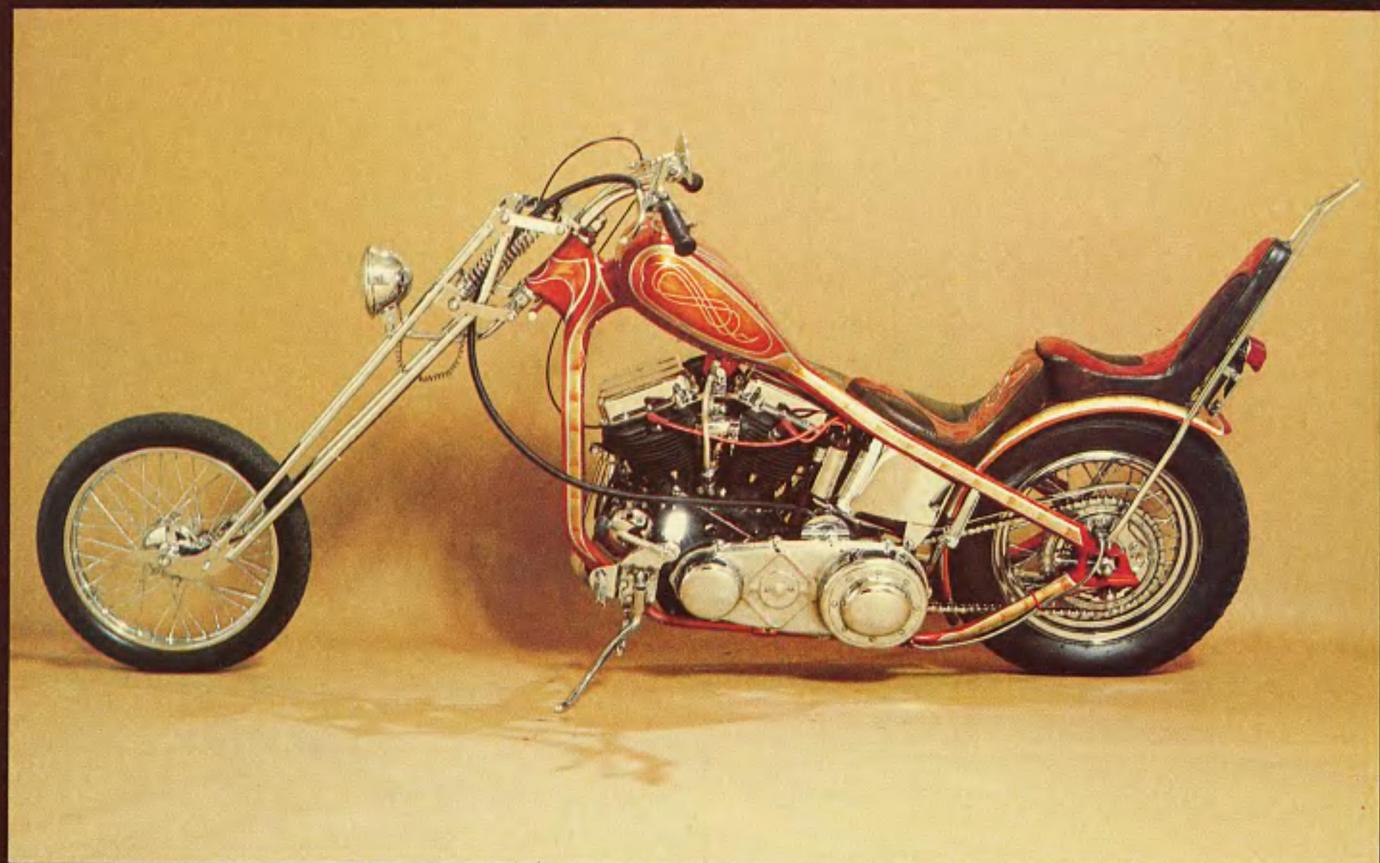
Type: girder
Extension: 16 in. over
Builder: Machine Shop
Special features: acorn nuts

Painting

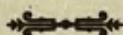
Molding: Chicano Ray
Painter: Raja
Color: orange flake
Type: Epoxy
Special paint: Roger Cassano
Other special modifications: Guitar & wing lamination, acorn nuts, pop-off gas tank.

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 17	Size: 16
Hub: Mach. Shop	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 2:75	Tire: 5:00 Arco
Brake: Mach. Shop	Brake: juice



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☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



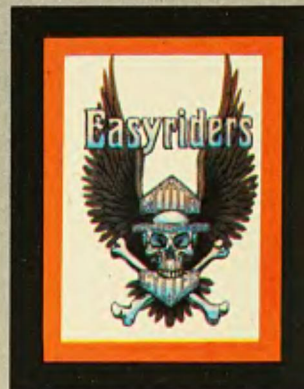
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

ABATE FORUM

Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

DOT initiates motorcycle accident study

What are the real key factors that contribute to motorcycle accidents? Riding errors, driving errors, faulty equipment, environmental problems (road, weather, visibility) or any number of sociological/psychological problems? These and other factors may all be better understood at the completion of a U.S. Department of Transportation study.

Under a proposal put together by Dr. Harry Hurt, the USC Institute of Safety Systems Management (ISSM) is conducting a two-year study into the causes of motorcycle accidents. From the findings, they hope to develop countermeasures that will reduce the number and severity of motorcycle accidents. As with most government contracted business, Dr. Hurt and his associates had to submit a competitive bid for the research. The approach that swung the DOT to their support was based in part on what is known as the "multi-disciplinary" task team approach used by the Federal Aviation Administration to study air disasters. With this approach, a team of trained investigative experts combs through the accident wreckage, checking every bit of evidence. Each member of the team has a different specialty, so what an engineer might not notice, a sociologist could determine to be a key factor. Needless to say, every member of the USC investigating team is an experienced motorcyclist. Thus, each knows where to look for causation clues and can talk with accident victims in motorcycling terms.

The amount of information gathered for each accident investigation is awesome. The "multi-disciplinary" approach requires coding of information for each of the sciences involved. There are codes for everything from multiple injuries to tire tread. In all, each

accident is coded into over 500 data categories for statistical analysis. At times, extensive follow-up procedures are necessary to get all the relevant facts. Vehicles may be removed from the accident scene and have to be tracked down. Police officers may leave in response to another call before the investigative team arrives. Each entry must be followed through and the accidents must each receive this in-depth analysis to get the information the Department of Transportation is after and to assemble it in a useful form that is truly representative of motorcycling.

The project has reviewed 400 of the 900 accidents to be investigated, but already some interesting facts have appeared. First, it appears that riders are most vulnerable during the first ten minutes of a short ride, especially if it's during rush hour traffic. It also comes as no surprise that the greatest cause of automobile/motorcycle collisions is violation of the motorcyclist's right-of-way by the auto driver.

Early findings also seem to show that many accident victims don't dress to be seen. In conjunction with this, it is estimated

that only 25% to 30% of street riders use their headlights all the time. Yet it is significant that this group accounts for less than 1% of the riders whose right-of-way is violated by an automobile driver. Who are the riders most likely to become involved in a motorcycle accident? It is the beginning rider on a new or borrowed motorcycle. The ISSM has pointed out that motorcycles demand special skills, of which almost none can be gained from operating an automobile.

Examination of fatal crashes reveals that the percentage soars after midnight. Moreover, the most severe and most frequent occur on the short five-minute trips around the block. Riders going such a short distance often decide not to wear a helmet, sometimes with disastrous results. Conspicuity, rider skill and protective equipment are turning out to be especially problematic areas. Perhaps the completed findings of the ISSM will be put to use by lawmakers in the form of more comprehensive legislation directed at the true problems contributing to motorcycle accidents.

—Safety Zone

American Honda Motor Co.

Law against help

Police in Lagos will henceforth arrest any motorcyclist who stops at the scene of an accident in which he is not directly involved. Police public relations officer Mr. A. J. E. Umoffia, who made the announcement, spoke of instances where motorcyclists displayed "jungle solidarity" by "lynching" motorists who were involved in a collision with their kind. He said, "We are determined that this must stop immediately."

—West Africa Magazine

They're Fightin' Back!

According to the National Highway Safety Advisory Committee, a presidentially-appointed group, the Department of Transportation should take immediate steps to provide state legislators with information on the efficiency of motorcycle helmets in reducing motorcycle deaths. Such data are needed to combat the continued drive to repeal helmet laws, the committee said.

Meanwhile, at its recent annual meeting, the American Association for Automotive Medicine adopted resolutions urging Congress to reinstate DOT's authority to "invoke penalties against states that fail to enact and enforce laws requiring helmet use by all motorcyclists and calling upon DOT to take whatever steps are necessary to bring about compliance by every state with the department's helmet use standard. AAAM also urged state governors to resist efforts to repeal helmet laws and to adopt mandatory helmet use laws in those states that currently do not meet the federal highway safety standard on helmet use.

Well brothers, it's constantly amazing how all the safety groups that get their payroll from the DOT always seem to advise the elected officials to go along with the Department Outlawing Trans-



The battle is not over. The unshaded states still have a helmet law and it's up to all of us to help our bros in every state to defeat the mandatory helmet law. And don't kick back in your state if your law has been repealed—there are forces still at work to get the law reinstated. We must remain alert. We must fight together for everyone's good—no matter where the unfair anti-street biker laws exists.

portation. At any rate, we have another fight on our hands and this time the DOT is gonna use the big guns on us. They are shaking in their saddle shoes 'cause the grubby scooter trash kicked their ass the last time. So ya better believe they are gonna put up a smoke screen this time. After all, it's only our freedom on the line and their jobs.



Bikes banned on city streets

Longueuil, Que.: Irresponsible motorcyclists have caused a general prohibition of bikes on the streets of this suburb of Montreal.

Since November 24, 1976, motorcycles have been banned from all but major roads in Longueuil. Motorcycles are allowed to enter a residential neighborhood only if the rider lives there. He or she may use the bike to go to and from work by the shortest possible route.

Punishment for law-breakers is a \$20 to \$60 fine or a maximum 60 days in jail if the fine is not paid.

The new law is a modification of one passed July 23, 1975, which banned motorcycles from residential neighborhoods from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. The revision simply removed the time limit.

Jean-Claude Harvey, the city's traffic engineer, said the law is aimed specifically at motorcyclists who tear around streets just to make noise and ride in circles on front lawns or in the street.

But Mr. Harvey also said that excessive noise was only part of the problem. A lot of car-motorcycle accidents in residential areas occur because car drivers do not expect to see and are not looking for motorcycles and some motorcyclists do not drive with their lights on.

He did admit car drivers were to blame in most of the collisions.

Jean Bertrand, Quebec dealer association spokesman, said he will be monitoring the situation, but he believes the city is over-reacting.

Time Lost

We do our damndest to publish up-to-date information. However, by the time the news leaves a two-week-old newsletter, letter, or newspaper, then filters through all the greasy hands around here, then is processed and treated to a tour through a printing plant, and then is finally boxed and shipped via ox-carts to wherever—sometimes the news loses it's timely punch. But we'll keep trying, if you'll continue to flash us the news as soon as it happens.

Local Update

New Hampshire: Yes, it is true. On August 6th the helmet law went out the window for those age 18 and older. New Hampshire Motorcyclists Rights Organization (headquarters, Manchester, N.H.) worked hard and long and finally it paid off. The fight isn't over yet, though—more flack from good ol' Uncle Sam is on the way and N.H.M.R.O. will be there to stand up for the rights of motorcyclists in New Hampshire.

—Sally Little

Southern Bikers Rise for ABATE

Georgia: About 2000 bikers, including many who had partied late into the night at an ABATE festival on Atlanta's south side, rose and rode downtown for a rally protesting Georgia's helmet law.

A parade permit had been granted, allowing a helmetless ride through Atlanta to show support for State House Bill 819, which has been introduced to repeal the mandatory helmet law.

At 1:30 p.m., even though some people were still arriving, the group left Atlanta's Civic Center, thundered by the State Capitol bareheaded, and arrived at the Fulton County Stadium.

"We're all brothers. We're all in this together. I don't care what you ride," shouted Lee "Big Red" Van Housen, who is Georgia's ABATE director, to the crowd. A resounding cheer with arms held high went up when the crowd was asked if they would protest every day until the law is repealed. The crowd was urged to write letters, and to get their friends to write letters to their representatives urging the legislators to change the law.

Probe Repeal of Helmet Law

Maine: As you probably know, the Maine helmet law was repealed in early October. A judge by the name of MacDonald assigned to the Knox County District Court in Rockland, Maine is about to be either prosecuted or censured for having dismissed helmet law cases that were brought to him involving violations that occurred in the time period just before the helmet law repeal went into effect. Evidence is being gathered to support a charge that MacDonald broke his judicial oath to uphold the law and a state representative has jumped on the bandwagon that's trying to get MacDonald ousted for having fostered "disrespect for the law". The governor has also expressed great displeasure at the judge's exercise of common sense, especially since MacDonald has apparently infuriated law and order zealots by similar reasonable actions in the past. In this case, MacDonald went on record as saying that it was totally nonsensical to fine or imprison someone for breaking a law that was soon to be nullified, and added that there was much confusion in the average rider's mind about when the repeal was to go into effect since it was to be "ninety days after the legislative session closed"—whenever that was.

Oregon: Two Democratic state legislators have urged Speaker of the House Phil Lang to appoint a special interim task force to study the effects of repeal last year of the mandatory helmet law for motorcyclists.

Reps. Tom Marsh (D-Beaverton) and Rod Monroe (D-Portland) say they back such a study in view of statistics which show that motorcycle fatalities on state highways jumped from 43 in 1976 to 72 in 1977. That increase accounted for the entire jump in the state roadway death toll.

Fatalities on Oregon roads went from 638 in 1976 to 664 last year. However, deaths of motor vehicle occupants actually went down, from 499 to 495. The pedestrian toll rose from 84 to 87. Bicyclists killed dropped from 12 to 10. Without the motorcycle count, the number of deaths would have decreased by three.

Both Marsh and Monroe fought the repeal of the helmet law, and say that it will be "irresponsible" if the 1979 state legisla-

tive assembly doesn't re-enact it. Marsh, who has announced he will not seek re-election to the House, said that "if the 1979 legislature is so blind as to not reinstate the law they will be acting irresponsibly and immorally." Monroe says that he, personally, plans to "lead the fight."

Please don't drink your battery acid

Wingfoot Clan readers have seen article after article telling how the federal government is taking care of us—excessively—at the expense of the taxpayer-consumer.

Another prime example of this excess care has emerged, this time reported by the U.S. Department of Commerce as it checked into regulatory excesses:

"Don't drink the contents of your car battery!"

That's what the Consumer Product Safety Commission requires auto battery manufacturers to tell consumers via a label attached to each battery built.

The cost to consumers? A mere \$5 million a year.

Words from the President

(Of the American Association of Automobile Medicine)

In this message, let me say thanks to all our members and staff for making this a memorable year for me. Every year, AAAM grows. The budget, membership, our annual conferences, etc. The Proceedings have become a standard reference in many safety libraries. This is due to the enthusiasm of the membership.

I have had a chance to air some of my pet subjects in these President's Messages, and in this, my last, I would like to make a few statements about motorcycles. This will probably put me on the list of bad guys for those who are most affected by my comments. My intent is, however, to interest enough people who are willing to participate to concentrate on the real causes of motorcycle injuries and work out counter measures.

Motorcycles are by far our most fatal and injurious form of transportation. In Michigan, motorcyclists have a fatality rate 11 times that of motorists. It is a form of both recreation and transportation,

which makes the treatment of the problem much more difficult. Perhaps some of our psychologists and psychiatrists can give us a profile on some of the motorcycle enthusiasts. One thing I believe is that a motorcyclist is basically a risk-taker, who has an unconscious desire to be injured or killed. It is something like the cartoon I saw with a German-helmeted biker on a chopper who is looking up at a star and sees a fairy who says, "You have three death wishes." A motorcyclist is less forgiving in collisions or loss-of-control situations. Yet, people continue to argue that they shouldn't be compelled to wear helmets because it violates their constitutional right of choice. I heard one statement that perhaps we ought to repeal the helmet laws because the bikers aren't worth saving.

All of us use poor judgment from time to time. When you use poor judgment on a motorcycle, the results are often fatal. We all must have seen some crazy examples of motorcycle risk taking. For instance, during a recent seven-inch, slushy snowstorm, I saw a two-wheeled motorcycle traveling at about 55 mph on the Interstate. On another winter occasion, I came upon a bicyclist lying prone on the bike seat and traveling at approximately 50 mph, 20 feet behind a tractor-trailer—he was apparently "drafting" the truck to use it as a wind breaker. He nearly fell off on several occasions before they outdistanced me. I work with a fellow who drove a motorcycle in the fields near his home and was injured when he ran his bike into an excavated basement. Sure, these don't represent every motorcyclist, but I bet every motorcyclist has one story to tell you about the time he nearly "had it," or the time he was injured. Racing has provided information to manufacturers and operators in all sorts of sports, from auto racing to boat racing. Did you know that in motorcycle racing, the drivers have their blood typed and allergies painted on the rear of their helmets? I don't know why they chose the helmet, except maybe it is the only piece of their equipment that they wear which is not apt to be destroyed in a crash. Motorcycle racing in many ways is similar to auto racing. It is generally safe, because of the controls during the race on the machines, the environment, and the drivers themselves. As much as we would like to have the same controls on the public highways, we no not. A motorcycle can be operated for recreation off the highway and safety equipment is not required—nor is a driver's

license. Injuries and fatalities in trail riding are also part of the total injury picture which is tabulated each year. The responsibility for improving the picture in motorcycling must come with the recognition by the motorcycling industry of the hazards which exist to the cycle operator and the public that allows them to operate. We have tried within AAAM to bring representatives from these areas together to find solutions. Although some factions of the motorcycle interests have shown a willingness to participate, some of them have not and prefer to sit back and name "bad guys" and print obituaries of their rapidly turning-over (or is it, turning-under) memberships.

Sometimes, people have drawn comparisons between two-wheeled, non-powered bikes, and motorcycles; however, there are a couple of inconsistencies. One is that a

non-powered two-wheeler cannot attain the speeds in which a single-vehicle accident is often fatal. Also, bicycles generally are not operated by people legally able to drink. If you have any comment and/or data on motorcycles, send them to the *Quarterly* for publication, or to John P. O'Hara, 13-376 Rayburn Building, Washington, D.C., 20515.

This message was written before the Vancouver meeting was held. I don't know if any action or projects were begun at that time to effectively treat the motorcycle disease in this country. In the 1978 meeting with the IAATM we may be able to compare the U.S. and European motorcycle statistics and perhaps gain some insight into differences and commonalities of the foreign experience. Abstracts are due now so, if you are either with me or against me, let's get busy and write.—L. Nelson

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Sacramento, California 95816

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Today!

It is National ABATE's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory safety laws.

It is also National ABATE's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your areas that are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National ABATE is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. Here's my \$10.00 contribution for 1 year's membership in National ABATE.

I understand that National ABATE will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast, and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National ABATE chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

Thanks for not giving up—we never will.

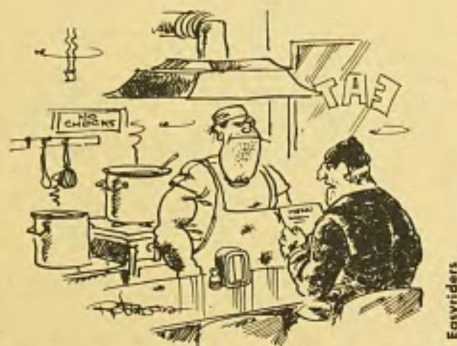
Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____

1978 SWAP MEET SCHEDULE

Easyriders magazine is putting on a series of motorcycle parts swap meets. These will be off-the-wall scooter happenings—complete with rock band to soothe your gourd as you buy, swap, or sell your bike goodies.

The following is a list of 1978 *Easyriders* Swap Meets. Dates and places are correct at the time we go to press, but are subject to late changes. For the most recent info about a particular meet, write Double Ugly, c/o Swap Meets, P.O. Box 1046, Ventura, California 93001.

Denver, Colo. National Western Stock Show 1325 E. 46th Ave.	April 2
Los Angeles, Calif. (Pomona) L.A. County Fairgrounds Bldg. #5 Take Interstate 10 (San Bernardino Freeway) to Ganesha exit in Pomona	April 16
Springfield, Massachusetts Eastern States Expo Better Living Bldg. West Springfield, Mass.	April 16
Hammond, Ind. (8 miles from Chicago)	April 23
Hammond National Guard Hammond, Indiana	
Indianapolis, Ind. Indiana State Fairgrounds 1200 E. 38th St.	April 30
Allentown, Pa. Allentown Fair 17th & Chew St. Agricultural Hall	May 7
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to City of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace	May 21
Denver, Colo. National Western Stock Show 1325 E. 46th Ave.	June 18
Columbus, Ohio Ohio State Fairgrounds 632 E. 11th Ave. Lusche Bldg.	June 25
Detroit, Mich.	July 16
Los Angeles, Calif.	July 16
Louisville, Kentucky	July 23
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to City of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace	August 20
Ventura, Calif. Ventura Fairgrounds North 101 in Ventura, take California St. exit	August 27
Phoenix, Ariz.	Sept. 24
Detroit, Mich.	October 29
Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 5
Allentown, Pa. Allentown Fair 17th & Chew St. Agricultural Hall	Nov. 12
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to City of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace	Dec. 3
Ventura, Calif. Ventura Fairgrounds North 101 in Ventura, take California St. exit	Dec. 10



"How's the shit-on-a-shingle today, Bernie?"

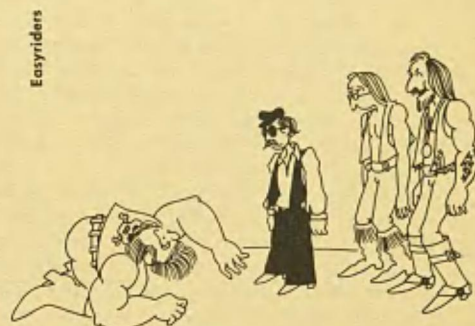
Coming home early, the tired biker found his shapely ol' lady in the sack with the dude next door. "Since you're gettin it from my ol' lady," the angered biker shouted, "I'm goin' over to your place and have some of your ol' lady's stuff!"

"Go ahead," said the neighbor, "you probably need the sleep."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



"Da blue wings?
Dat's for eatin' a policewoman."



"Ol' Snerd sure has a way with words!"

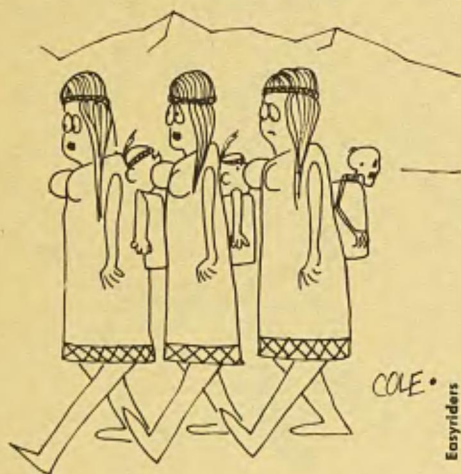
The bank robbers arrived just before closing time and promptly ordered the few remaining depositors, the tellers, clerks, and guards to disrobe and lie face down behind the counter.

One nervous blonde pulled off her clothes and lay down on the floor facing upwards. "Turn over, Linda," whispered the girl lying beside her, "this is a stick-up, not an office party."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

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Know any funny gags? We'll fork over 20 bucks for each joke we use, so get off your ass and send 'em in to — Space Filler, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Did you hear about the biker who loved seafood, so he picked up a girl with crabs?

—Spike
South Jersey

A sure sign of bad times: A pimp driving a Volkswagen.

—Leslie Glass
Warrenton, Va.

A biker and his ol' lady were checking out of a fancy hotel. As they picked up their bill, the dude asked, "What's this \$150 item for meals? I never came down for any eats. I was always in bed with my ol' lady."

"We're on the European plan," said the clerk. "It was there for you. If you didn't use it, it's not our fault!"

"Well, it looks like we're even," said the biker. "'Cause you owe me \$150 for makin' it with my ol' lady."

"Why, I never touched your wife!" shouted the clerk.

"Look, Jack, it was there for you. If you didn't use it, it's not my problem."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

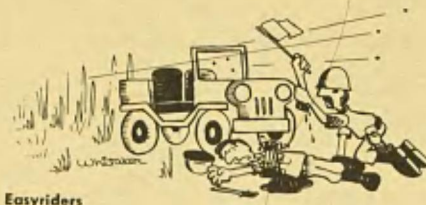


Conversation at the biker's club had turned to sex and the techniques thereof.

"But should I talk to my wife while making love?" asked a young biker.

"Shit, yeah," counseled an older member, "if you're anywhere near a phone."

—Shelley Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.





"I know we've been together a long time, kemosabe. But when you start calling me 'Tonto, sweetie,' I split!"

The giant biker approached the bartender and said, "I see by the sign in your window that you're looking for a bouncer. Has the job been filled yet?"

"Not yet," said the bartender. "Have you had any experience?"

"No," the biker admitted, "but watch this!" He walked over to a loudmouthed drunk at the back of the room, lifted him off his feet, and threw him sprawling out into the street. Returning to the bar, he said, "How's that?"

"Great," admitted the bartender. "But you'll have to ask the boss about the job. I just work here."

"Fine," said the burly man. "Where is he?"

"Just coming back in the front door," replied the bartender.

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

The grandmother instructed her grandson on how to give her an enema, then she got down on her hands and knees and waited.

"Do I put the hose in the pink hole or the brown hole?" the kid asked.

"The brown hole, of course," Grandma answered.

"I thought so," the kid said. "I could've poured it in the pink one."

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W. Va.

Discussing their respective employers, one pretty secretary confessed to her friend, "Whenever I take dictation, he has me sit on his desk and then he plays with my stockings while he's talking. Does your boss ever do such things?"

"Oh no," replied the other. "He's above all that."

—Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

The pretty, young schoolteacher was concerned about one of her 11-year-old students. Taking him aside one day, she asked, "Charles, why has your schoolwork been so poor lately?"

"I can't concentrate," replied the lad. "I'm afraid I've fallen in love."

"Is that so?" said the teacher, holding back an urge to smile. "And with whom?"

"With you," he answered.

"But Charles," exclaimed the secretly pleased young lady, "don't you see how silly that is? It's true that I would like a husband of my own some day. But I don't want a child."

"Oh, don't worry," said Charles reassuringly. "I'll be careful."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"The wind caught her tits and beat her to death."

These two dudes went into business together, and they met at the local bar. Suddenly, one of the dudes yelled out, "Oh, shit! I left the safe open."

"So what?" said the other dude. "We're both here, aren't we?"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

A young doll was bragging to a girlfriend about her new boyfriend's sexual prowess.

"I barely had the strength to come to work this morning," she said smiling. "Goodness knows how I'll manage when his vacation starts next week."

"How long is he off?" her friend gasped.

"Just long enough to smoke a cigarette," the satisfied girl replied.

—Edna Bowman
Phoenix, Ariz.



"Look sad, ya dummy—ya just walked in on your chicken with another man!"

Returning home for a forgotten briefcase, the husband found his pretty wife standing naked on the bathroom scales. Not bothering to enter the room, he reached in, patted her on the bottom and asked, "How much today, baby?"

"Same as always," she answered. "Two quarts of milk and a pound of butter."

—Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

A couple from Chicago were visiting Hollywood and, as they walked along, the woman's eyes grew wide with shock and amazement. She turned to her husband and said, "They ought to take all these fairies and put them someplace!"

"Honey," said the man. "They did, and we're there."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

The dazzling young chick was strolling down the street in skintight hip-huggers when an amazed man approached and said, "Excuse me, miss, but I can't help asking—how in the world does anyone get into those pants?"

"Well," she replied demurely, "you can start by buying me a drink."

—Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

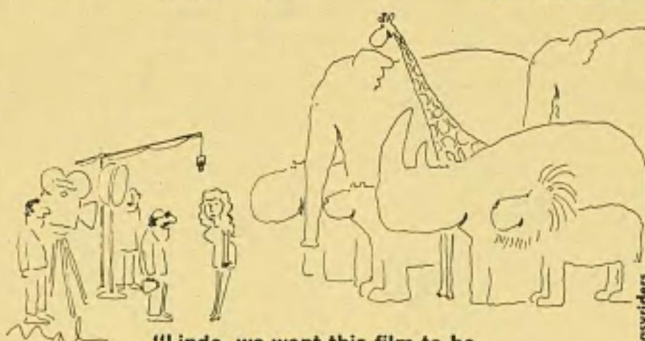
A badass biker stormed into a bar and angrily shouted, "I can lick anybody in here!"

An old whore, standing at the bar, lifted her dress and said, "Okay, bro, you can start right here."

—Leslie Glass
Warrenton, Va.

What did God say when he made the first biker? "Shit, I fucked up again!"

—Spike
South Jersey



"Linda, we want this film to be the ultimate turn-on for animal-lovers."



We Must Believe In Magic/Crystal Gayle: For us to review a female vocalist she's gotta have great looks, great tits, or a great voice. She should, through one of those qualities, give us a hardon as stiff as a forged iron vibrator. Gayle doesn't have huge tits, like Dolly Parton, but she does sing those innocent sorts of country-flavored ballads that Parton seems to thrive on (though it's hard to believe that she didn't rely on some hormones at one time or another, in addition). Her voice, though, is more like Linda Ronstadt. It's young and warm, and she slides into notes the way Ronstadt does. But she lacks that "hurt me" quality that Ronstadt seems to radiate, those gut-level vocals that make you want to reach for the nearest pair of big ones, tie her down with chains, and pump away for a few hours. Crystal Gayle, on the other side of the fence, is just a nice country girl, and you could play this record for your parents, if they're still answering the phone when you call. If there's a drawback to this album, it's only that when Gayle sings about "Going Down Slow," you know: she's not getting ready to grease the flesh thermometer. Hell, she could take all the time she wanted as far as we're concerned.

Life On The Line/Eddie And The Hot Rods: Any guy who wraps a noose around his neck can't be anything but a disciple of Terrible Ted Nugent and the Fuck-You-If-You-Don't-Like-It school of music. We're not so wild about British bikes or the pasty-faced, lumpy-legged broads who grease their overseas seats, but once in a while something good comes out of the country that lost America's first war. And when it does, we're the first drunken greasemonkeys to admit it. Eddie is an old hand at the British pub scene (why the fuck don't they wise up and call a goddam bar a bar?) and after a decade he finally has made the big time. His basic attitude is "screw it," and it works. Eddie sounds like a mixture of Bruce Springsteen, Phil Spector, and The Ventures. With tunes straight to the point, like "Do Anything You Wanna Do," and "Ignore Them".

DOWN ~TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing



Race With The Devil/Black Oak: These guys used to call themselves Black Oak Arkansas, and under that moniker they became one of the biggest concert draws in the country back in '74-'75. During this period they put out at least three gold albums, but since then they've been going through some changes which have taken the edge off their popularity. Lately they've switched labels and shortened their name, and it seems like they're getting it back together after extensive reorganization. Now recording for the folks at Capricorn, the Macon-based kings of southern boogie, Black Oak

Tangerine Dream Live/Tangerine Dream: These three bros from Berlin create music that does something totally different to your head than anything else. Back in Deutschland, these space cowboys have done serious research into how certain sounds affect the old brain. Then they built these amazing banks of synthesizers, sequencers, and oscillators that look like something Spock would go berserk for. Out of these custom electronic instruments they create cosmic noises that are either strangely beautiful or absolutely bizarre. It's all instrumental and pretty far out. They say they can make

have an album here that is definitely a strong showing. There is some good boogie, especially "Daisy," but the best stuff on this platter is straight-ahead rock, like "Rainbow," "Feels So Good," and the title cut. Plenty of vocal talent enables Black Oak to lay down some powerful harmonies, and their guitar work is quick and tight. Jim Dandy Mangrum's lead singing reeks of hot jiz, which is not surprising since he was recently cautioned prior to a performance about exciting the prurient interests of young girls by wearing jeans that showed too much of his dandy.

certain structured sounds that can flip you out or even make you come. Buster has been playing this live double album for every slut he can coax into his pad, but he still has to knock his women unconscious before they'll spread. Of course, it's difficult to teach old dogs new tricks, no matter what you've got on the turntable. While this record is not guaranteed to get the vaginal juices flowing, it will get inside the old gourd and shake things up. If you're the kind of person who can get off listening to the sound of a toilet flushing, check out Tangerine Dream. They'll take you to another place.



Foghat Live/Foghat: Usually, live albums mean one of two things—either the group had a recording contract with one LP to go and they didn't want to spring any hot stuff until they aced a new deal, or they didn't have enough material for a "best of" collection and have been hitting the nose candy too hard to churn out decent new stuff. Couple those drawbacks with the piss-poor production on most live records and you wind up with a real loser. If someone had told us a year or two ago that Foghat would come up with a dynamite live collection, we woulda told 'em to put their turntable where the sun don't shine. But sonuvabitch if this album don't burn the short hairs to cinders! The cuts are longer than on most of their studio versions, and the combination of three Foghat greats makes this concert cutting one of the best hard-rock records released in recent months. White Wing has worn out two copies. If numbers like "Slow Ride" (and they ain't talkin' about your bike), "I Just Want To Make Love To You," and "Fool For The City" don't wake you up and make you start waving your hairy lug wrench, you'd better check your pulse, 'cause you must be ready to cash in your chips.

Waitin' For The Night/The Runaways: We wuz robbed! The record company or some other equally insensitive organization took away a total of two great tits! Jackie Fox, the sultry bass player who could give anybody a stiff dork, is out of the lineup. And the same is true for their former lead singer, Cherie Currie. They substituted Vicki Blue for Fox, and she may be a slightly better musician. But the group misses the variety provided by two lead singers. Joan Jett, who takes over those duties by herself, is too shrill and sings like your ol' lady in the shower. They're still the best-looking bunch of semen depositories on record, but their earlier albums were a lot better. The only improvement on this LP is that drummer Sandy West is pictured wearing a Harley T-shirt. But hell, you don't even see her nifty nipples. Former fans should be forewarned.

—Continued from page 16

money. I finally sold one story to a Christian magazine about how I got saved. It was a bullshit thing, but I got \$150.

ER: Did you try to sell your music while you were in prison?

DAC: I tried. I'd send a letter out and tell them, "Man, I gave a guard five cartons of cigarettes to get this letter out. Please don't write back and say you got my letter. I'm sending you these songs—if you can't use them, tear them up and throw them away." Two weeks later I'd get called to the warden's office. They'd tell me there was a letter from so-and-so publishing company. "Been smuggling letters out, huh, boy?" Boom—thirty days in the hole. You know, after that happens to you three or four times, fuck—I mean, can't the motherfuckers read, or what?

ER: When you got out, what was your first step toward getting into the music business?

DAC: I was on parole in Ohio, which wasn't easy, man. I met a guy in Shelby, Ohio, who was a partially blind preacher. He had a small recording studio and a record label called Cabot Records. We did a single called "Prisoner's Release" and "One-Way Ticket to Nashville." I took that record and traveled across the country tryin' to get people to play it. Of course, I couldn't get no disc jockeys to touch it, so I went to Nashville with the record.

I was living in my car when I met Bob Mooney. He had a label called Rem Records and I got a job working for him, cleaning the pressing plant. I was sort of livin' behind the plant, workin' and just gettin' on.

ER: And the rest is history, right? You're probably the most unorthodox recording star in the business. How long have you been a member of the Outlaws Motorcycle Club?

DAC: First of all, let me explain that at one point I dropped out of the club. I moved to Dallas and there's no Outlaws in Texas, so I started partying with the Scorpions. They were real good people, so they said they'd like to have some of my ex-brothers come down and party. So a bunch of Outlaws came down there and I got to see all my old friends. When you see people you really love, man, and they're askin' you when you're gonna come back home, it's hard.

I tried to explain that a lot of things were happening with my career. They said fuck that and wanted me back and I asked them what my obligations would be. We don't have honorary members and my obligations would be to make four national functions a year, and if I was out of town where there was an Outlaw chapter, I would go see my brothers and just be myself. They figured I could have a professional career and still be an Outlaw, and I agreed to try.

I've been back a year now with the club. While I wasn't an Outlaw, I had problems on the road when I'd run into little clubs who'd say I used to be an Outlaw and want to get shitty. But



you know, bikers have enough trouble with citizen people. We've got trouble with the rednecks, the cops, the hippies. It's all bullshit and we've got enough problems without shooting up each other.

ER: Do you wear a one-percenter patch?

DAC: I don't now, because I don't really feel I'm being a one-percenter. I'm still an Outlaw, and I still believe the things they believe, but I don't feel that I'm really a one-hundred-percent one-percenter motherfucker, like most of my brothers are. I don't wear a one-percenter patch on my cutoff for that reason alone. Outlaws are first to them, and Outlaws are first to me, but if I'm in

"I'm an Outlaw, and I'd die for my patch, if that's what it takes."

Japan and a brother dies, I just can't make it to the funeral.

ER: Aren't a lot of things out of your control now?

DAC: That's true. But then again, I have to take the position during this interview that I cannot speak for the Outlaws Motorcycle Club. Anything I say is my viewpoint and mine alone. Some of my brothers may not feel that I should even be giving this interview. I'm sure. All I can say is that my—I'll call him my "boss"—said it was okay, so that's all I need to know. He believes in ya and I believe in ya, so I don't think you're gonna fuck us around.

ER: In a way, you're still trying to live in two different worlds.

DAC: That's true. The hardest thing for me is to accept the fact that I'm a biker but yet I'm a professional musician tryin' to make my living. Other people don't respect that. When I'm on the

road as a professional entertainer, I'm not on the road as an Outlaw. I'm not out there lookin' for trouble, although I may be way out of my area. I may be somewhere I don't really belong at all, and as an Outlaw I would never go there. But as a musician I have to go there for my career. I wish some people would understand that and accept me for what I am, which is a country-western singer.

ER: Have you ever considered leaving biker clubs behind and just concentrating on your career?

DAC: If the Outlaws had honorary members, that's probably what I'd be. But I'm an Outlaw, and I'd die for my patch, if that's what it takes. I don't want everybody being everybody's brother 'cause I don't think that's ever gonna happen. I've seen too much shit go down in the past for that to happen.

I think everybody should have a code of ethics, man. You know, instead of—well, if you catch a fucker over here, kill him! If a biker is broke down on the road and he's scooter trash, you should help him, man. If you can't help him, leave him alone. Why fuck with him? He's just passin' through.

ER: Bikers do have enough common enemies without getting into shit among themselves.

DAC: I've got a lot of friends in other clubs. I don't run Outlaw raps on them and they don't run their club raps on me. Sure, I think the Outlaws are Number One, and the other clubs think they're Number One—or they wouldn't wear the patch.

I've partied with a lot of the clubs we ain't supposed to be friends with and I've got friends in them clubs. They always treated me like a man and I've always acted like a man around them. I think that any fuckin' biker who goes anywhere should be able to come up to any clubhouse, and if he conducts himself in the proper manner, he should be given respect. That's the way I feel, and

—Continued on next page

once again, those are my opinions only.
ER: In magazines you come off sounding like a male chauvinist. What would you say about that?

DAC: I guess most bikers are male chauvinists. I don't see how you can consider yourself anything but that. But I was the first person to be the male singer with an all-female band. They were called Ladysmith. I added the Tennessee Hat Band and had the girls just singin'. After a while, the road started gettin' to 'em, so they left and the band and I just went ahead on. But Ladysmith still sings on my albums, we're very good friends, and I take them on the road occasionally.

ER: Tell us about saying "motherfucker" on television.

DAC: It was on live TV in Dallas. I said "motherfucker" and "Suck my dick."

ER: What happened?

DAC: Nothing. I got a lot of bad press about it, but that's all. I made a statement once about Ladysmith that they couldn't sing, but that they could suck the chrome off a bumper hitch. And their daddy's a preacher—you know, them girls are straight chicks, actually.

Some other time a photographer's takin' pictures of us and I grabbed one of their hands and put it on my dick. That picture come up in a magazine! I just do shit. I'm always shakin' people up. For instance, any one-percenter you know, they got two, three, four, five ol' ladies, and it ain't no big fuckin' thing. But let some straight person find out I got two ol' ladies and it's a big deal to them.

ER: You've been quoted as saying your music is progressive country. Is that accurate?

DAC: No, not really. I've sung everything from blues to rock 'n' roll. I've written every kind of music imaginable. I'm an actor, an entertainer. I just don't believe that people can put labels on me. Lemme sing you a song I wrote for Johnny Paycheck—it's doin' real well right now:

Take this job and shove it—I ain't workin' here no more.

My woman done left and took all of the reasons I was workin' for.

You better not try to stand in my way when I walk through the door.

Take this job and shove it—I ain't workin' here no more.

I been workin' in this factory nigh on to fifteen years.

I seen some of my best friends' women standin' in a pool of tears.

Seen a lot of kinfolks dyin', had a lot of bills to pay,

Lord, I'd give the shirt right off'n my back if I had the guts to say,

Take this job and shove it—I ain't workin' here no more . . .

The foreman is a regular SOB and the line boss is a fool.

He got himself a brand-new flattop haircut—Lord, he really thinks that's cool.

One of these days I'm gonna blow my top and there's gonna be hell to pay.

I can't wait to see their faces when I get the nerve to say,

Take this job and shove it — I ain't workin' here no more . . .

(Editor's note: "Take This Job and Shove It," by Johnny Paycheck, was the



top country-western tune in the country in January, 1978, according to Billboard, Record World, and Cash Box.)

ER: Your press can't be all bad—you must have your supporters.

DAC: No, I don't think people want to see the good part of David Allan Coe. The stories you read are usually about how Nashville is sick and tired of me and how they're gonna get rid of me and how this is my last year in the music business.

Well, in Nashville, my fuckin' boat is right next to Billy Sherril's, Bill Anderson's, Buddy Killon's—I mean all the top fuckin' executives. I talk to them almost

"If I'm not seeing nobody, I don't care if you're from the Bible."

every weekend. We go fishin' together.

I think some people would like to send me back to prison so they can say to the next motherfucker who comes along in the music business with a little balls, "Hey, you see what we did to David Allan Coe, and if you don't fuckin' conform, that's what we're gonna do to you."

ER: To go back to the subject of prison, what's the toughest institution you were ever in?

DAC: The worst was the Boys' Industrial School in Lancaster, Ohio. It was like being on a chain gang—a very hard-core place, at the time. I was there maybe a year, and it left quite an impression on me.

ER: Did you work in a quarry or some rough job like that?

DAC: I did road work. If you stepped outta line, they'd kick your fuckin' head off. They had inmate guards—and that's worse than havin' regular guards. Those motherfuckers were the biggest guys in the joint. They'd beat your fuckin' brains out and there wasn't nothin' you could do about it.

ER: What were some of the chickenshit beefs that landed you in prison?

DAC: Possession of obscene literature—which was actually one of those eight-page porno comic books. And possession of burglar tools—meaning one screwdriver in a glove compartment of a car that belonged to a friend.

ER: Was that because you were on parole at the time?

DAC: Because I was a ward of the state. I've been on probation and parole from the time I was nine years old until 1967. But I never really went back for parole violations. Most of the time—no matter what I got arrested for—they made it a new felony and a new conviction. They judge you on your past record.

ER: What are your feelings about capital punishment?

DAC: I don't think there should be capital punishment for any crime. I don't think there's such a thing as a person who can't be rehabilitated. If that were true, I wouldn't be sittin' here today, because I was supposed to be non-rehabilitative.

In my prison jacket it said that there was nothing they could do for me—I'd be in prison for the rest of my life. Well, that's bullshit, man. I know motherfuckers who killed their wives and kids and everybody for three blocks and they're out on the street now and doin'

—Continued on page 89



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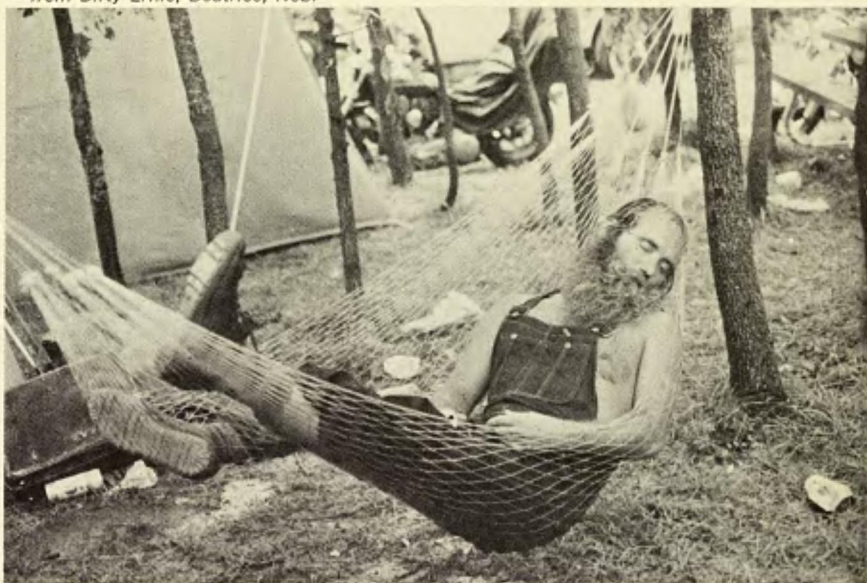
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—from Gus, Watsonville, Calif.

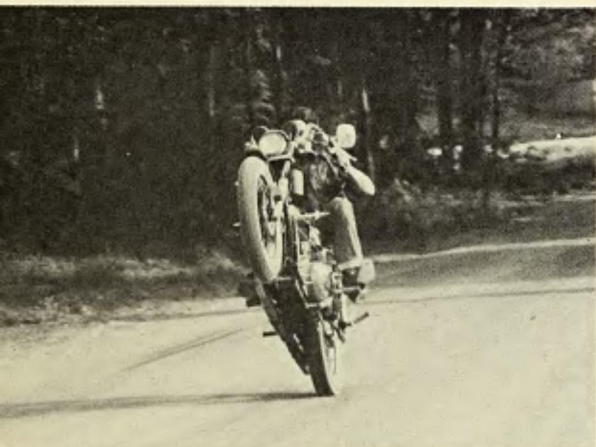
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Carol Scott, Oakland, Calif.



—from Donald Towne, Los Angeles, Calif.



—from James Brewer, Norwich, N.Y.



—from Carol Scott, Oakland, Calif.



—from Lori Malato, Carson, Calif.

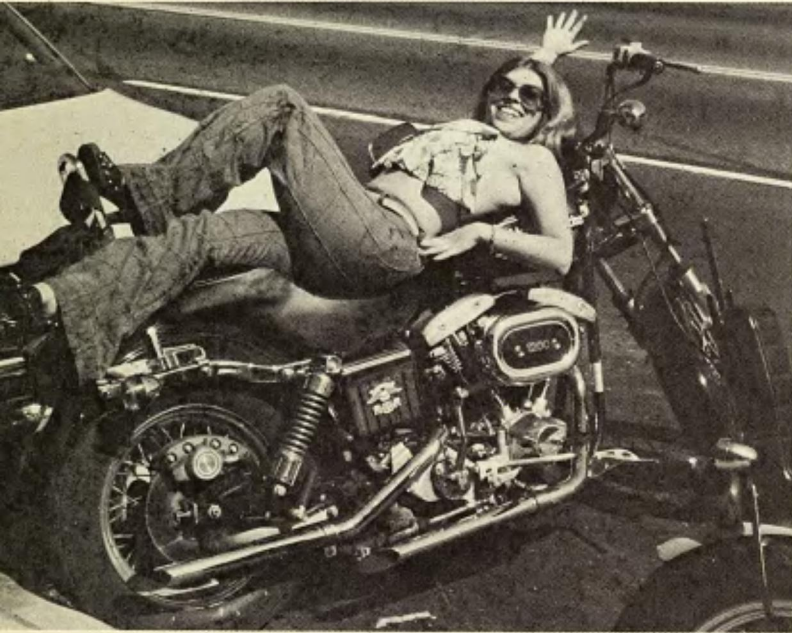


In The Wind

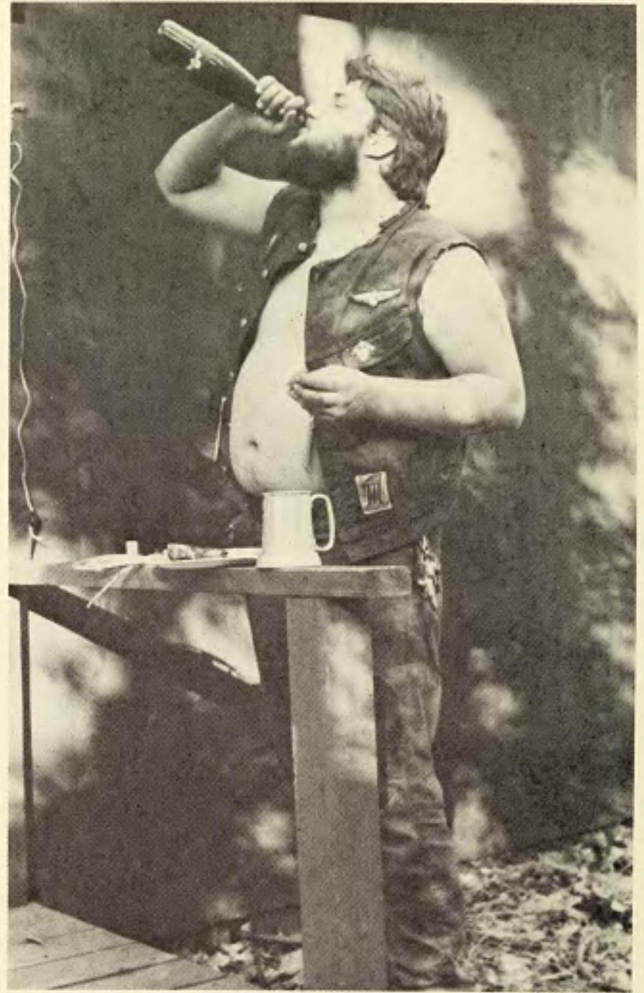
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration 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 now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)



—from Johnny King, S. Boston, Va.



—from Lynn Miller, Bellmore, N.Y.



—from Marc Disoteo, Clifton, N.J.



—from Lori Malato, Carson, Calif.



—from L. Calvin, Carelton, Mich.



—from King & Silverdollar Queen, Mansfield, Ohio



—from Sammy Roth, Quebec, Canada



—from John Noch, Towson, Md.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Ed Ohop, Danielson, Conn.

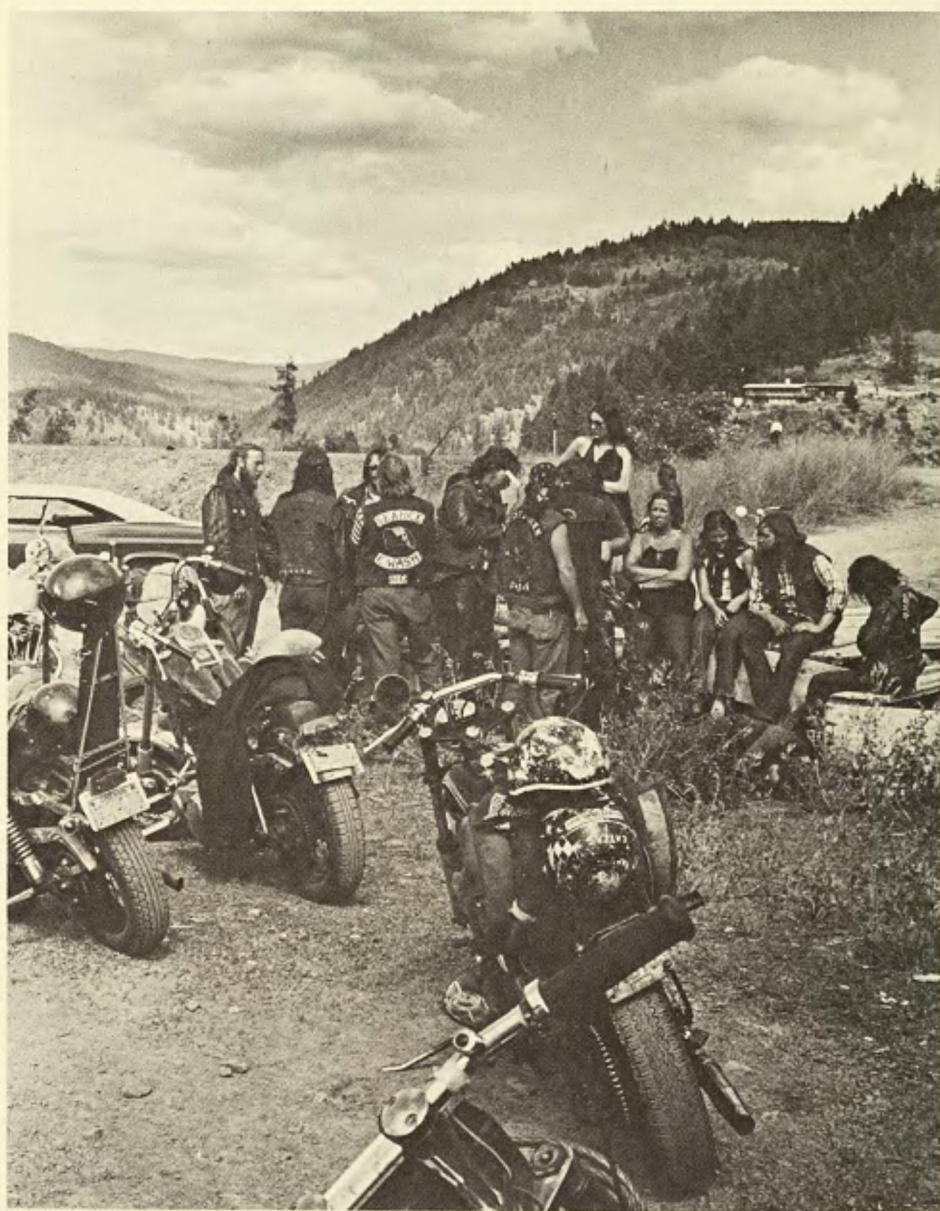
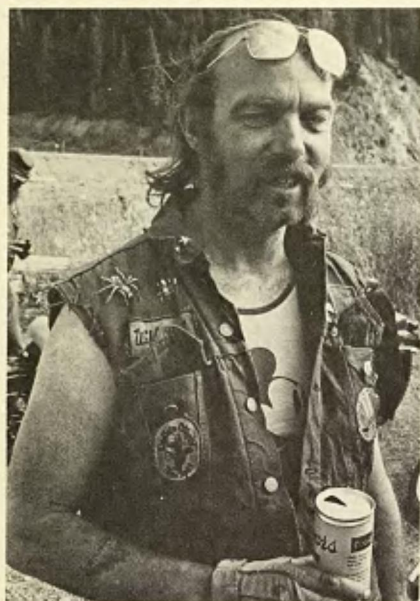


—from Steve Graham, Amboy, Wash.

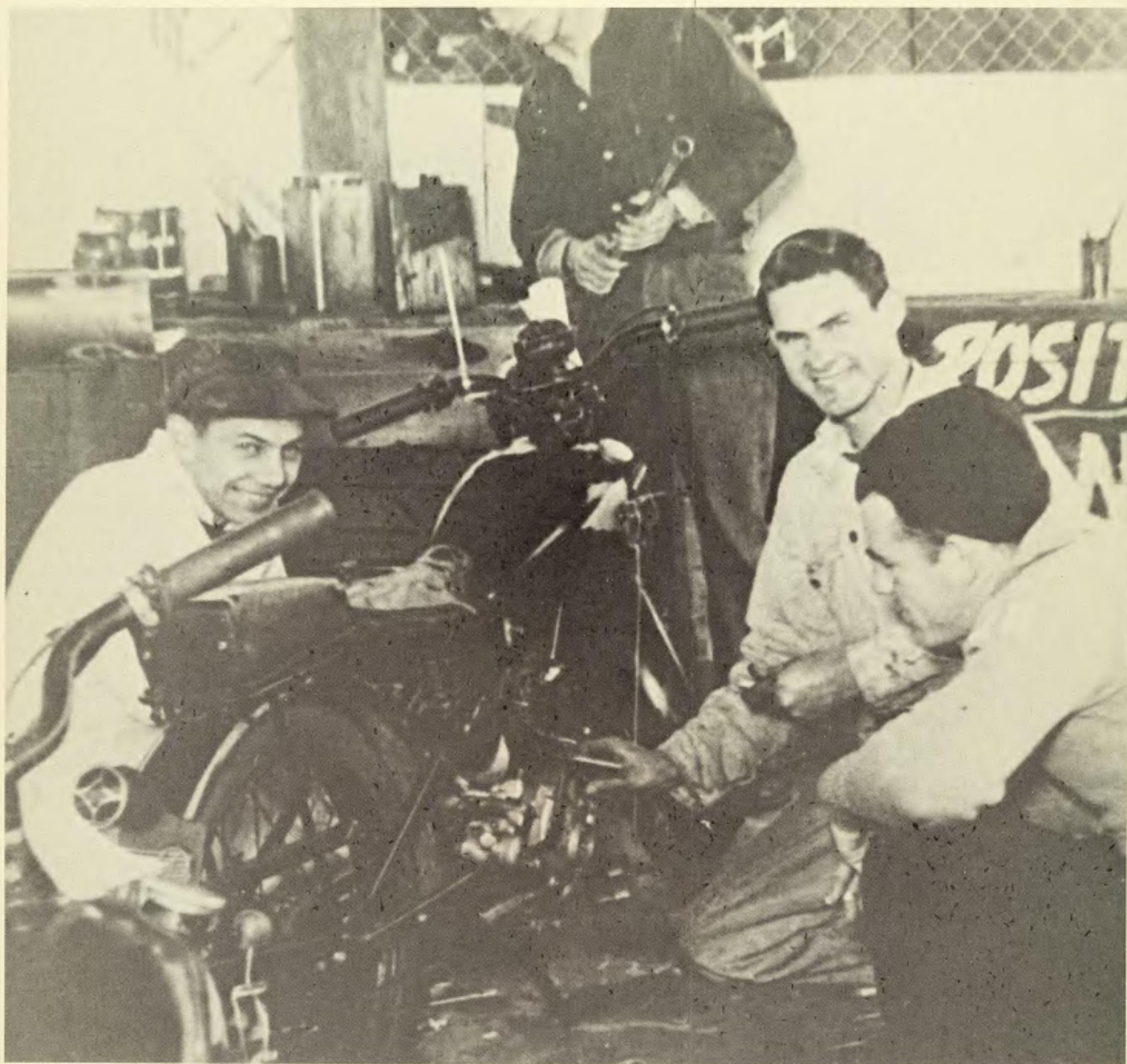
In The Wind

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—from Irene Spencer, Forsyth, Mont.



—from Ed Murray, Victorville, Calif.



—from Robert Setree II, Kokomo, Ind.



—from Hollywood, Mt. Holly, N.J.



—from Red, Dubuque, Iowa



—from Frank Motschko, Kelowna, Canada



—from Shirley, Burbank, Calif.



—from Al Wrightsman, Syracuse, N.Y.



—from Douglas Bowser, FPO, N.Y., N.Y.



—from Dutch Henderson, Omaha, Neb.



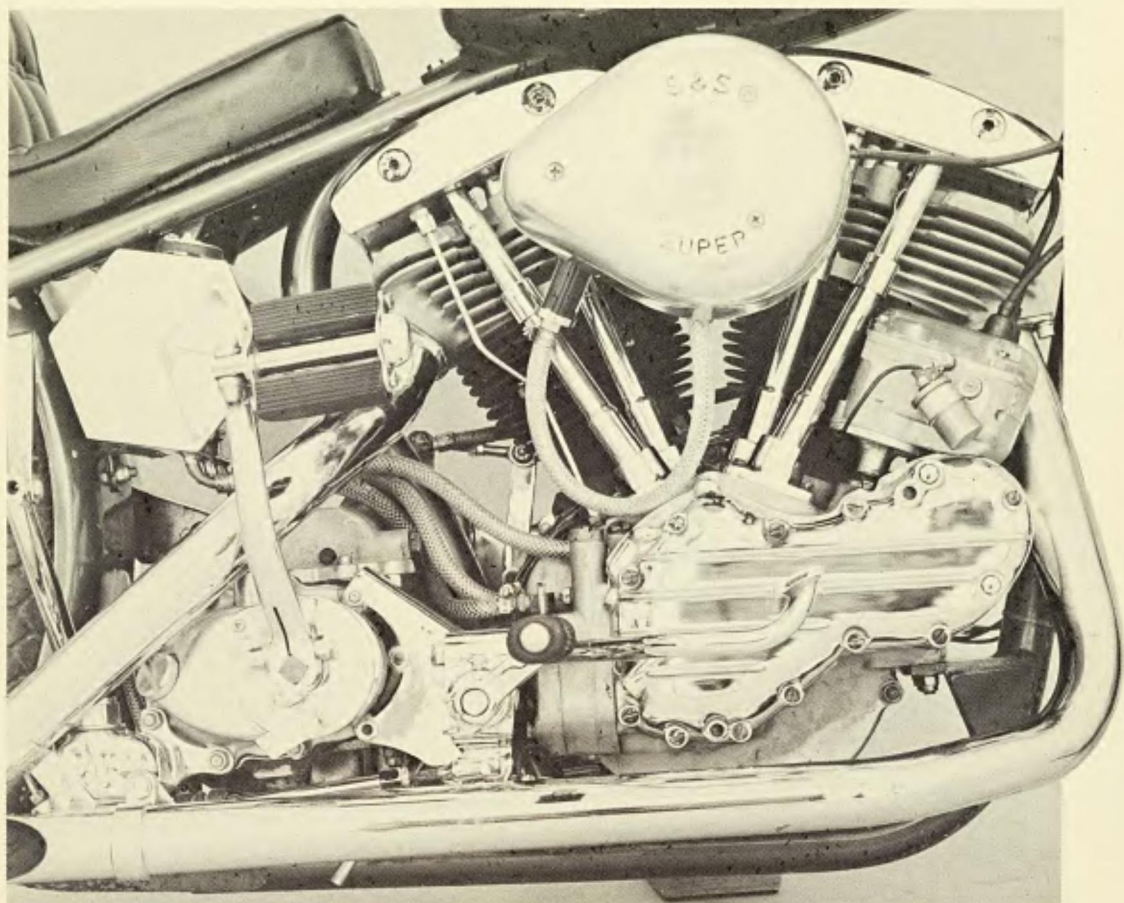
—from Bryan Fowler, Youngstown, N.Y.



—from Dave, Calabasas, Calif.







Catch 'im

Stop that mutha!

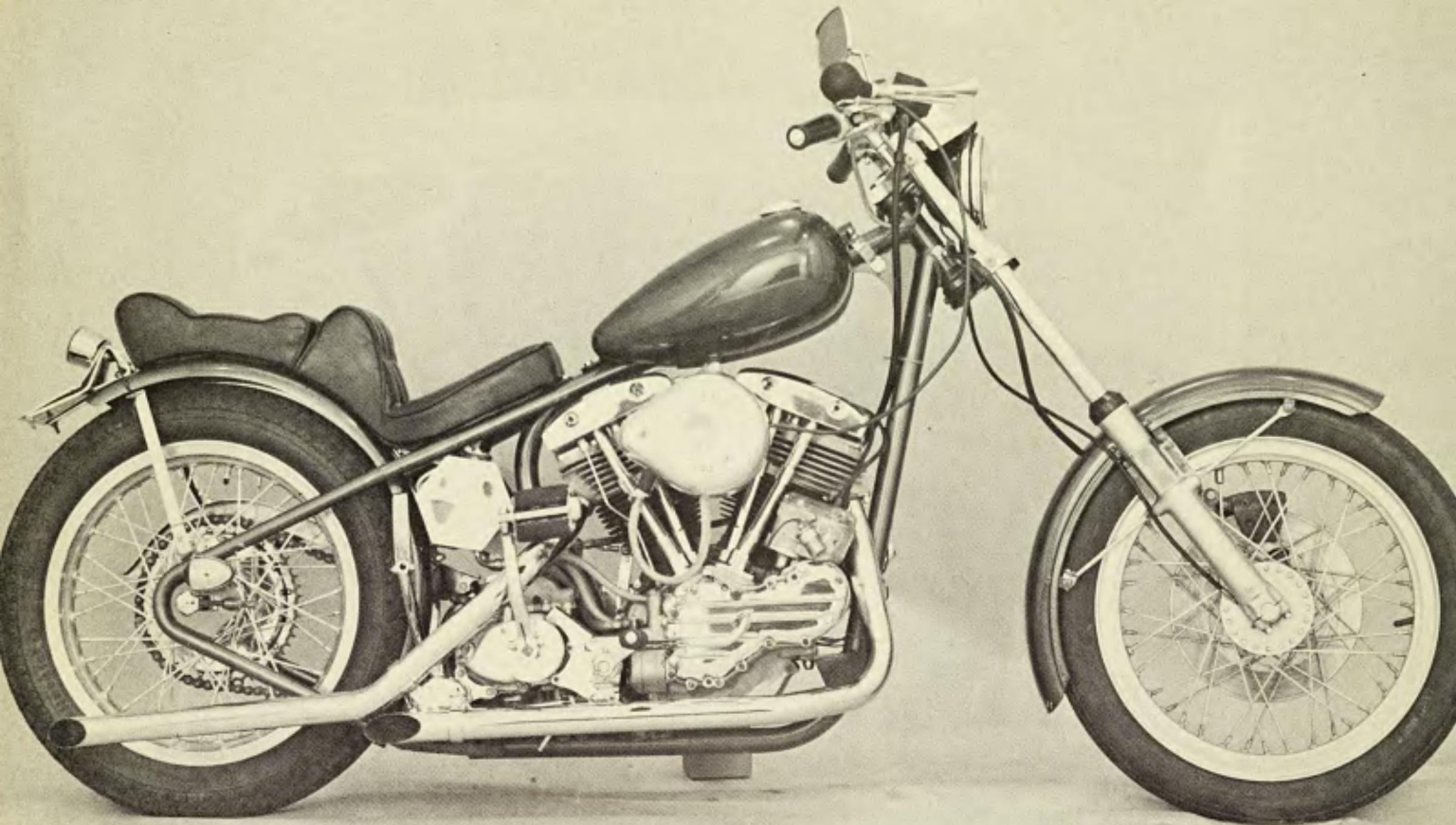
You're not gonna believe this. Nothin' new—I wouldn't have believed it myself, except it happened to me and Pete. Hangin' around outside Pete's photo studio a few months back, things got fuckin' dull. We had a bike shootin' arranged, but the fucker picked up a chick with forty-inch jugs and blew off the shootin'. I would have too. So Pete and I bought a six-pack and sat on the curb starin' at the spokes on my putt.

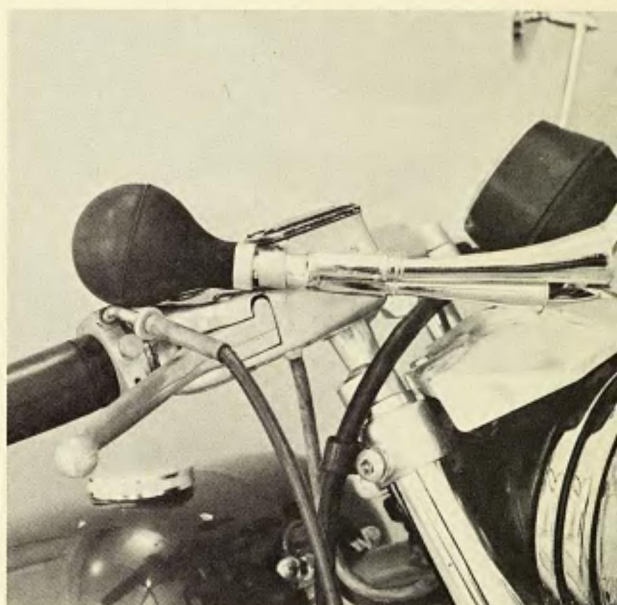
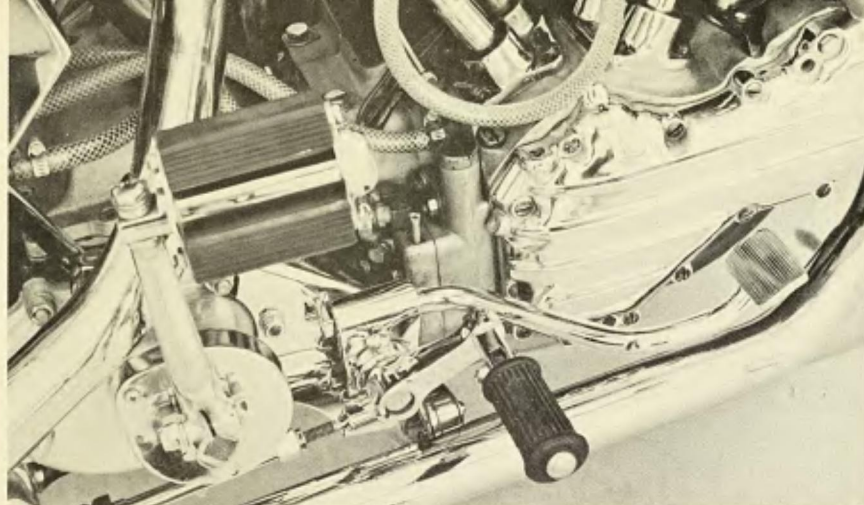
Just 'bout the time we finished tellin' each other all the neat things we coulda been doin' while this sucker was nibblin' on a couple of goodies, we heard a set of loud pipes backin' off as a bike pulled up to the light. When the light turned green, the bike lit up like a firecracker and burned away from the intersection.

He hit second, the tire broke loose, and he was just about to jam third into action when I hollered, "You want a beer?"

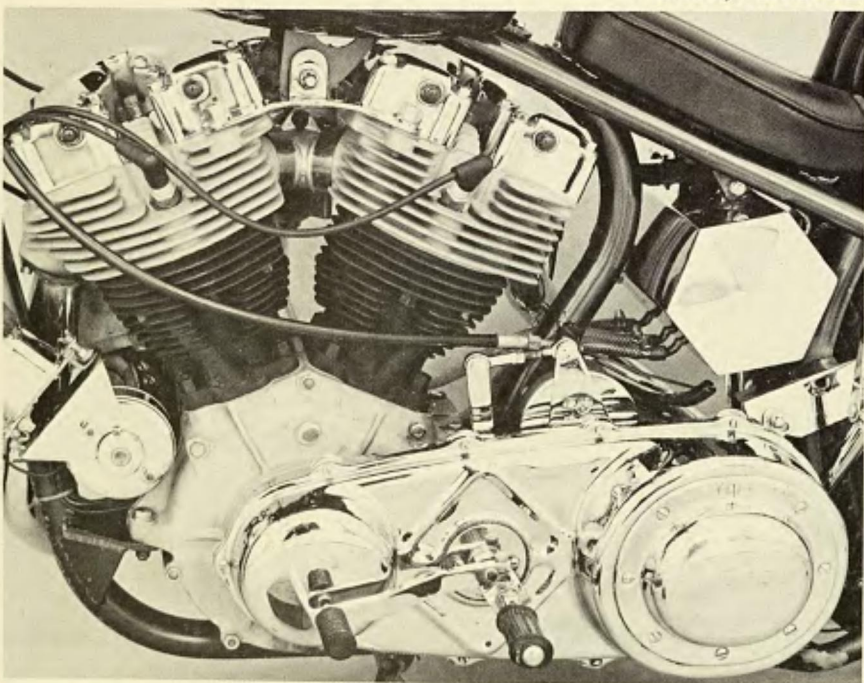
He hit the binders as if his ol' lady had just stepped in front of his bike. We gave him a cold one and before I could tell him I liked the bike, he downed the beer and was twistin' the throttle. So I shoved another brew at him quick and told him what was happening. He could dig it, but he was already late to meet a sweetie.

"The background is up and the camera's loaded," Pete snapped, as the rider was about to pop the clutch. I pointed at the small entrance door, and before I could try another convincing line, he snapped the clutch on the 86-inch, brought the front end up on the





Photos by Pete Chiodo



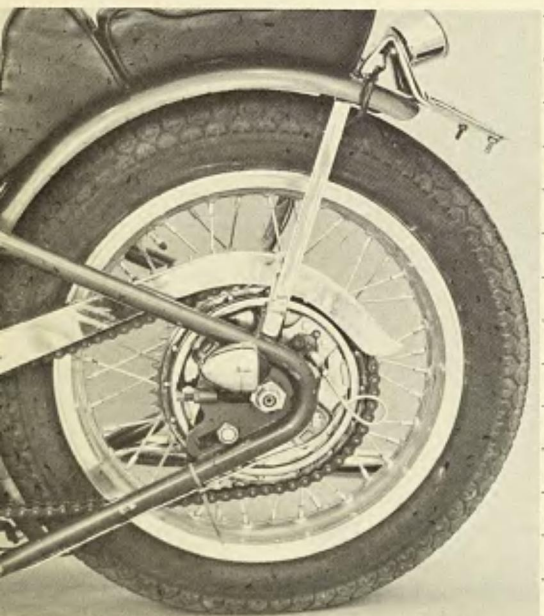
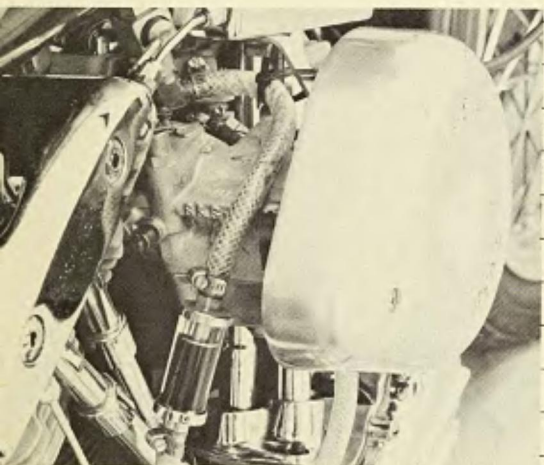
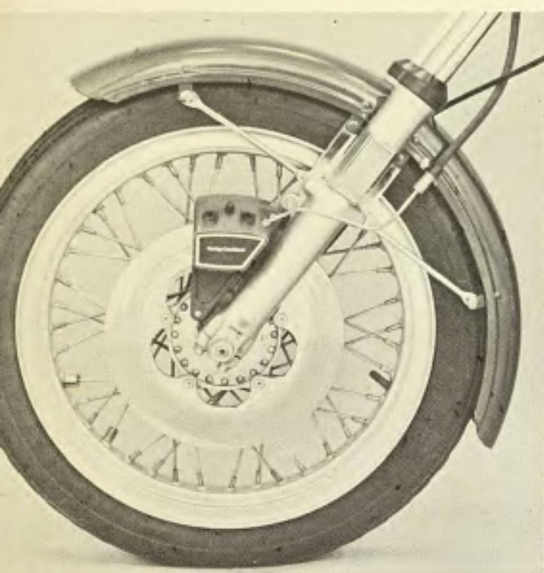
curb, and rode across the sidewalk and into the studio. Pete and I were dazed.

"Let's get on with it," Ralph shouted as he got off the bike.

"Well, aren't you gonna shut it off?" I asked, puzzled, watchin' the bike idlin' against the blue background. Will it affect the photos, he wanted to know. Pete answered "No," and started taking flicks. "My sweetie is in bed waitin'," Ralph reminded us. We put the feature together so fuckin' fast that he left the background paper torn an' skid marks on Pete's floor—gettin' out in less than a half hour. Pete's cameras were hot and when we went back to the curb the beer was still cold. We drank another brew in a daze, and when Pete looked at me, he spoke for the both of us. "What the fuck happened?"

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owner: Ralph Zepeda

City: El Paso, Texas

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Bikers' Custom

Year: 1976

Year and make: 1968 H-D

Builder: Motor Shop

Model: FLH

Type: single-loop rigid

Value: ?

Rake: 45°

Assembly by: Bikers' Custom

Stretch: 4 inches

Time: 6 months

Other alterations:

Chroming by: American Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: 1968

Risers: FX

Model: FLH

Fender(s): FX & 6 in. flat

Rebuilder: Bikers' Custom

Headlight: FX

Ignition: Joe Hunt Mag

Taillight: cat's eye

Displacement: 86 cu. in.

Speedo: FX

Lower end: Truett & Osborne

Front pegs: FX

Balancing: E.T. Balancing

Rear pegs: Jammer

Pistons: Axtell 11:1

Electrics: 12v., no battery

Cases: Sand blasted

Gas tank: 3-gal. Mustang

Heads: Late H-D

Oil tank: Jammer—hex

Cam: 468 Truett & Osborne

Oil system: braided nylon

Lifters: Sifton solids

Primary cover: diamond

Carb(s): S&S super

Seat: 2-piece butt bucket

Air cleaner: S&S

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Tuned drag

Height:

Muffler(s): none

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: FX—glide

Year: 1975

Extension: 4 inches

Shifting: posi-shift

Builder: H-D, owner

Engine sprocket: phase III-24

Special features: none

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 18

Molding: Bikers' Custom

Hub: FX

Hub: stock

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: WM4

Color: candy red

Tire: Goodyear

Tire: Continental

Type: lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: drum

Special paint: none

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

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Each buckle comes with 1 3/4" 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.

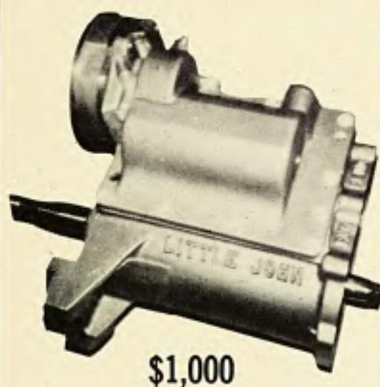
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Rambo hurt. Always. How he'd survived these last years, he didn't really know. It seemed like yesterday. But it wasn't yesterday, and it wasn't last year. It had taken many years—painful, gut-slammng years.

He ran a trembling hand across his leathery face. Five days stubble. It felt good. Reassuring. Like before. Only it wasn't before, and if the Help Department (the Police Department had officially adopted the new title in 1985) spotted him on the street unshaven, he would be taken in. "Conformity For Continuity" went the slogan. No long hair, no beards, no unusual cloth-

ing. National Dress Code. It was deemed healthier in 1987.

"Ahhh . . . shit." Rambo's voice was hoarse and dry. The remark wasn't a curse. It wasn't anything.

Rambo was a Cit-Rehab. A rehabilitated citizen. And it was hard to think. It was fuzzy and didn't always work out right and hard to think because . . . well, when you came out of a Reconditioning Center, that's the way you were. That's the way you were after your Counsellors injected those drugs that made you scream and plead and crawl on your belly. Filled your veins with drugs that made you piss and shit all over yourself, pumped you with chemicals that made you cry uncontrollably, then electronically stimulated parts of your brain, making you remember what you didn't want and forget what you

thought you never would. After that, you had a right to be slow. And scared. And Rambo was. Always.

He licked his lips. Sandpaper. He was sitting in a small pre-1977 house on the outskirts of the City. The house was going to be torn down in ten days. Central Policy Control had decreed that it was healthier for each citizen to live in a Co-op Compound. All single dwellings were to be demolished.

Rambo reached under the bed he was sitting on and pulled out a thick photograph album. The red imitation leather of the cover had long ago cracked, revealing strips of dead-gray cardboard beneath.

He rested the album on his knees and flipped it open. But instead of looking at the pictures, he studied his arms. He peered at healed-over scars that almost blended with his skin. He tried to remember which tattoos used to be where. Before the Counsellors had removed them. Tattoos were counter-conformity.

He turned to the book. He stared at a picture of three men and a woman. Three wild-looking, hairy dudes. The chick was smiling in-



By Mike Skvorzov

LAST RIDE

vingtily, and something stirred vaguely inside Rambo as he took in the roundness of her tits. Nipples pointing and pushing against the blue tank top with the words Harley-Motorcycle-Davidson. A black-bearded giant of a dude stood with one paw around the girl. His other hand held a quart bottle of beer. The giant's eyes were twinkling, and there were foamy bubbles hiding in his beard.

The giant was Rambo. Was.

Along the bottom of the picture, Rambo read his own writing. *Bass Lake—1972. 23 years ago.* He was 20 then. Just a kid. But a kid with balls. And bros. He was a man now. An old man whose balls had been cut off, and whose brothers were either dead—offed like dogs—or Re-programmed like himself. Which was worse.

Rambo wished for a beer. An idle wish. There was none. "Members of a happy and productive society don't need crutches." Closing the album carefully, he stood up. He laid the album on his bed and walked into the small living room where he was assembling the 1953 panhead he'd ridden a thousand years ago, in another world.

In a last act of desperation, a few days before the Help Department took him for treatment, Rambo had dismantled his pan. He'd buried the parts along with his colors.

"I ain't gonna let them pricks get ahold of you," he'd told his bike. He talked to the pan because there was no one else to talk to. Gypsy, the only other bro who got out alive that night the Help Department chem-fired their final meeting, died while Rambo held his head with shaking fingers that stank of blood.

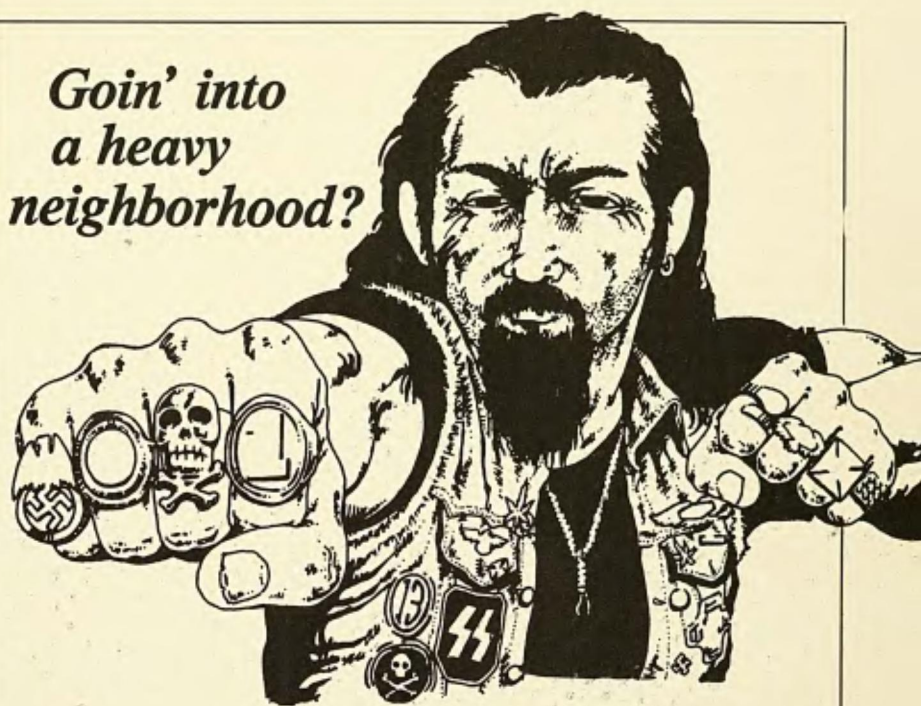
Rambo didn't run. There was no place to go. Nowhere. By the time the bike was buried, he was delirious. Hallucinating with fever.

Now, for the last two weeks, he'd been digging up parts and slowly putting the bike back together. Along with the bike, he was rebuilding a past life. It was coming back. Sharp fragments of blinding intensity. Scorching.

He recalled when it first started falling apart, when it went bad. All wrong. The end of the 1970's. He

—Continued on page 72

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Astrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Taurus

Even as a little bull, ya had your eye on the heifers. You were probably trying to look up Auntie Buttbreath's baggy bloomers or put your fingers in her sour old snatch. Stubborn from the gate, your first word was either "no" or "fuckyou!" You held your breath (or nose) an' shit your pants before givin' in. You ate everything in sight, including the contents of the cat box—after first pinching his nuts off.

Once you've made up your mind about a situation or subject, nothing can change it. In fact, one infamous Taurus set out to convert the world to his way of thinking and damn near accomplished it. His name was Adolf Hitler. And proving how much the Taurian mind dwells on hardons and hangups is another Taurus, Sigmund Freud. Hell, he even liked kinky sex in his dreams.

Your friendly banker could easily turn out to be another Taurus. One Taurus I know has a dollar sign tattooed on the head of his dick. Taurians are extremely money conscious, with a built-in knack for making it. William Randolph Hearst, for example, was a Taurus.

Although this sign is one of the most patient and easygoing, it sure as hell doesn't pay to prod one or push your luck. When a Taurus loses his temper, it's like an explosion! Like the bull that

he is, he'll see red and charge—leavin' his heckler with his poop-chute wrapped around his ears like a turtleneck sweater.

On the positive side, this sign is basically honest and trustworthy, with a strong but silent determination. In a jam, he'll come through when others have given up.

Negative traits: overly materialistic, lazy, self-centered, with a tendency to overeat and drink. The Taurus is often incapable of seeing anyone's point of view but his own. Taurians often have what's known as halitosis hoof—otherwise known as biker's boot breath. When they remove their shoes, it clears the room and unclogs the sinuses. Taurians are prone to being overweight and may suffer from clogged arteries and sore throats. They show an instant dislike of doctors in general.

Older Taurian bikers can still out-ball, -bang, and -brag most younger studs. They usually end up still owning their first machine—plus several others and a comfortable pad. Never hurting for breads, they may have to beat a few horny honeys in the head with their honkers to get rid of 'em.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Taurus? Be a fantastic cook, make him think your people are rich, and rub his stinky feet without puking. Douche with gravy drippings, leftover soup (split pea), or Jack-In-The-Box secret sauce—and believe all his bullshit. Always refer to your tits as udders.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This month's birthday boy is up to his nose in nookie. 'Course, if you're muff-diving more and enjoying it less, it may be 'cause you smell and tell. This is a great time to get in the wind for a week or so. Grab your ol' lady or your favorite crack and blow the cobwebs outta your gourd. Putt your way out of a rut and keep your goodies glad to be had. Don't forget to take your sense of humor along—in case ya run into any redneck rumpkins.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month ya might have to

rip off your rug rat's piggy bank and cash in all your bottles to cover some repairs on your scooter. 'Course, if they're major, ya just may have to hock your ol' lady's teeth, too. You're not lucky enough to rap your way out of a ticket or two now, either. Whatdafuck—can't win 'em all. But this is enough to make ya go on a three-day bender. Extra bucks now come as easy as pickin' your nose—with your toes.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

This month is a piece of cake, compared with last month's ass-kicker. Don't attempt to get even

with the turds who tried to tie your nuts in a knot—it's a waste of time. Besides, you're too busy getting your shit together on an important project to care about cornholing any assholes around. You're still not too busy to pass on the ass or say no to some snow. Keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers outta stray hair pie—or ya could end up in a monthly mess!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

The second half of the month could find you lookin' for a new location to stay or play in. Perhaps your job has petered out an' you'll make a move for career purposes. If so, you'll have to quit fartin' around an' get your ol' gonads rollin' in the right direction. Once ya get your balls movin' in the right path, expect a rise in finances. There'll also be an extra helping of pussy passed your way—enjoy!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Now's the time to direct your attention to more than just scratchin' your ass, belchin', and fartin'. If you can keep your eyes and ears open and your zipper closed long enough to take advantage of a financial surprise, it will be a ball-buster. So stop sittin' on your royal bum and ease up twiddlin' your bone long enough to look around ya. Be careful though, or you'll blow the whole fuckin' deal in a fit of temper and end up countin' the bumps on your bod.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Last month it was the neighbors—now it's the friggins' relatives givin' ya the drizzlin' shits. Worse yet, you're ripe for another rip-off! It will be hard to hold your mud an' not blow it now. Things are shaky around home base, where the assholes try to gang up on ya and take advantage of your easygoin' nature. Maybe you should stuff your ears with your ol' lady's Tampax and ignore the whole damn sorry situation!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

If ya took my advice last month, ya should have melted down your butterball buns by now. Maybe ya did it in someone's mouth. If so, I know you were polite enough to save some for the next mug. There's some out-of-the-ordinary trippin' and tokin' in store for ya now. Just don't let it drag your balls down until you trip over a limp nut sack. Try to keep it down to a low roar or you'll be too pooped to poke!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

You're a regular one-man time bomb the first two weeks. Better

watch out or you'll go off when you're least expectin' it. This explosive climax may not come in bed, but it could end up in a courtroom. You're famous for two things—your sexual stamina and the sting of your temper outbursts. Better try keepin' your stinger stuffed safe inside your honey's two lips or you'll regret it. Work off some steam by workin' out on your scooter—it's safer.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 21)

This is the year of the horse. Since your sign is half horse and half man, you should be well into earning the reputation of ol' horsecock by now. If not, by the end of this month you will. Remember your loyalty to a bro. The fact that someone else's broad waves her twat at ya is no excuse to pump it. Besides, she needs her ass kicked, not fucked. Now is the time to play by the rules. Otherwise, you could end up fuckin' more and enjoyin' it less!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Don't let your ego stand in the way of an important joint decision. Use some tact when you flap your jaws—especially at your boss. Flying fucks and useless bucks are pushing 8.5 on the Richter Scale—so be careful. Stick to what an' who ya know and don't trust every twat in town. There could be some conflict with your crack at home that needs correcting or cornholing. Either way will turn the trick an' give ya a piece of ass and mind!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

This is one month ya won't easily forget. Problems are eruptin' like powerful farts and are just as stinkin'. The law might put its screws to ya with its almighty nut-crackin' double standard—you know, one for the citizen and another for the dude on a putt. Right now there's more at stake than the fucked-up system—so tread lightly. Be sure you're not holdin' and don't get too curious over a new cunt in your group. If you can slide through this one without a scratch, you'll be lucky.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Someone out of your past sneaks up on ya from behind, to pop your cherry. This is one thrill ya don't need. The only things you can count on are the hairs around your rooster. If ya keep yourself too medicated, you may be caught with your guard down or trip over your pants. Keeping your shit together is essential now. You're also accident-prone for the next couple of months. Take it easy on the road—otherwise, you'll end up as a vital statistic.

model release

This model release must be completed in full and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 30 for additional information.)

Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
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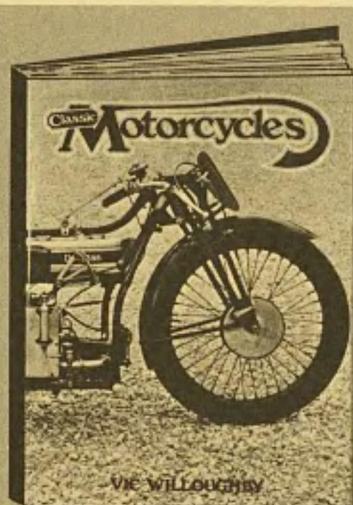
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It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more.

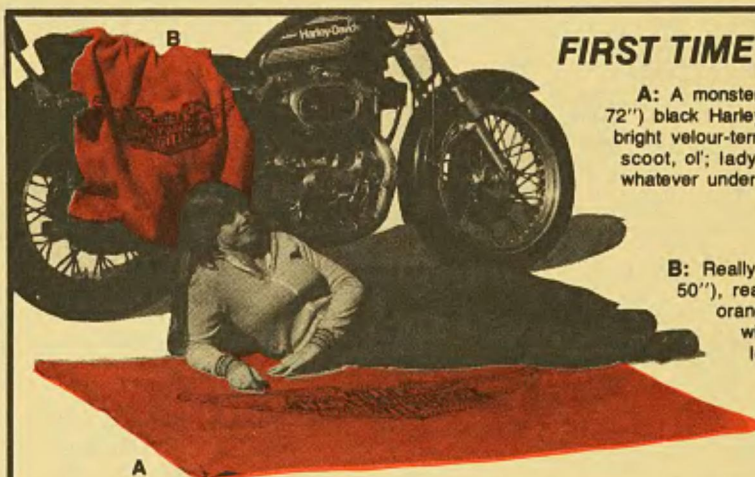
This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines,—large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

These are just a few of the bikes featured—the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes—only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

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No Dreams

Damn it, I want a straight answer. My problem is serious. I've never made it with a chick, and so I want to know what a guy can think about when he's masturbating if he's never fucked anyone.

Wondering
Seattle, Wash.

● Did ya ever play doctor? Or how about "If you'll show me yours, I'll show you mine"? There's gotta be something in your past ya can hang onto.

Cleaning Problem

My ol' lady has threatened not to make my next scooter payment if I don't get the Harley oil out of her new lime-green carpet. What should I do?

Big Bob
Oxnard, Calif.

● Get a bucket. Fill it with water and some kinda cleanser. Get a brush and then kick the shit outta your ol' lady until she gets that fuckin' stain out. Or you could be nice and give her a choice. She either cleans it up or goes out and buys a throw rug to cover it—and while she's out, tell her to make that payment or keep on walkin'. What's this lip bullshit anyway?

Perfect Sex

I seem to have found perfect sex (at least for now—I get bored easily), so much so that I get a good feeling (even a slight shiver) when I just think about it the next day while he's away. Am I weird?

Agnes
New York, N.Y.

● Work on it, babe—you'll have complete climaxes if ya want. Shit, I have to dictate

this column to someone because of my fuckin' squirm-in'.

Older Bikers

What has been your experience with older bikers? There's a lecherous old dude that's been eyein' me. Not bad lookin', etc., but I wonder if it's worth it.

Young Thing
Atlanta, Ga.

● Well, there's old dudes and there's old dudes. Some are with it and some aren't. If he's with it, you're in for a sex trip because of his having been up and down both sides of the street—he knows the female body and what excites women. Another thing I've found is that they don't seem to be in a hurry for their trip. They seem to spend time—a lotta time—with you first. Of course, you get a winner now and then. The last guy I made it with wasn't too bad—after I strapped my 20" dildo over his pud.

Beautiful Puss

I've made it with a chick other than my ol' lady. She's got a beautiful pussy and I was wondering if all pussies are beautiful.

John
Cincinnati, Ohio

● Well, it depends on: 1. Whose it is. If it's your ol' lady's, it's beautiful. 2. What ya smoked, dropped, and drank before ya dived into the bush. 3. Whether you know the difference between a beautiful box and an ugly one. Is there an ugly one? It's all in the eyes of the dude at the time—how horny he is, etc. Why I've even been complimented on the

beauty of my box, and believe me, it's ugly. Even scary. I wouldn't drag my nose through it. No way.

Hairy Scene

My ol' lady's box is too damned hairy. Shit, it starts with her navel and runs almost to her knees. She won't shave it 'cause she says it'll come back thicker. What should I do?

Joe
Deerfield, Ill.

● There's a lot of hair freaks out there who think you're weird; others dig bald pussies. To each his own. I dig hairy men. Your way out is simple: shitcan her so someone who'll dig her will have a chance.

Wondering

I'm afraid of havin' sex with a new boyfriend because of my twat being so large. I have my muscle action down pat and can milk a dick with it—but still, I wonder.

Hidden Valley
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Milk a dick. Hey, that's my action. Who're you shittin'? You don't have worry one.

Fat Women

Hey, I was wondering if fat women had more fun. I figured you'd know, due to your grossness.

Chester
Portland, Ore.

● Pliss up a rope, Chester.

No Trust

I don't know where I picked up my problem, but I've never trusted men with all my heart—I always felt they would shit on me. I've given

a piece of it, of course, but not everything. Do you trust men?

Glinny
Somerset, N.J.

● Me? You're fuckin' A. I'll take anything I can get. As for you other women, look around—in all the shit there's some pearls. Now the problem is, which is which?

Special Way

Is there any particular way you like to be eaten?

Melvin
Detroit, Mich.

● First choice is by a man. I like him to start very slowly, touching the hair and lips very softly. Then, paying special attention to the "man in the boat," he can build up pressure, and in the grand finale take me inside his mouth, suckin', pullin', and nippin'. Wow—excuse me while I go find Spider.

Secret Spot

Mutha, you cow, I was wondering if you were ticklish and if there was any one spot on your body that was the most sensitive of all.

T. W.
Kansas City, Mo.

● Most of my bod has been pretty well thrashed, shit-head, but I do have a special spot—my brown eye.

Getting Ready

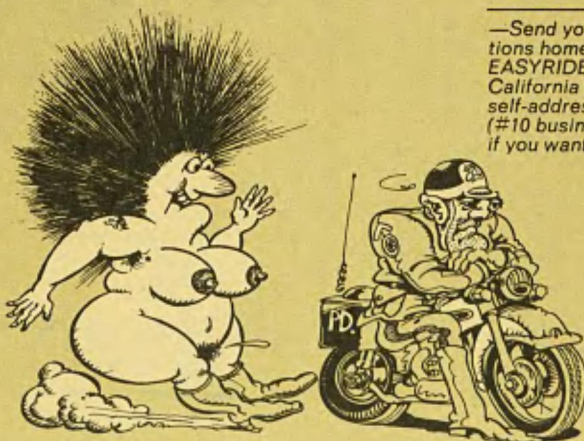
What kinda dope do you use to get in the mood for sex? Do you snort coke to get ready?

Wondering
Detroit, Mich.

● All I need is a snort of the aroma of a dude's crotch.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

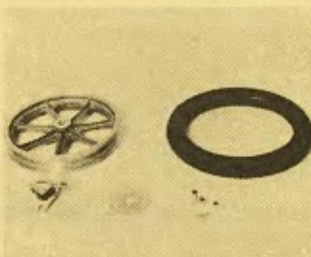




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18"
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21"
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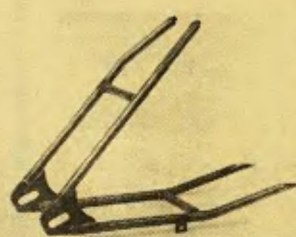


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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90263.

For bro **Rodney Ringwood** and "**Kito**" **Garcia**, who never made that turn. Love from Bro Ralph.

In memory of **Wild Bill** from Redding. Gone to the Golden Scoot. Crazy Mike. West Germany.

In memor of **Angel**, a good ol' lady. You'll ride in my memory forever. Little Harry.

Gypsy Jack. He rode his putt hard and fast. Pokie.

In memory of **Limex**. Why the fuck did you have to die? You'll remain in our hearts forever. Bear and Linda. Seminole, Florida.

In memory of **Bud Yavov**, a true biker to the end. We'll miss you and always remember you. Brenda and friends. Terry and Barb.

In memory of **Pam "Stoney" Timbreil**, one hell of a chick, who rode her bike lickety-split. She rode as hard as any dude I've ever known, and died with the throttle cranking on. Tony, Dallas, Irving, Tex.

To **Kenny B.**, who died on the bike he loved more than anything. John Bernache.

In memory of **Jim and Randy**, who always bring us sunshine. We loved you. The Group. Riddle, Ore.

In memory of "**Fumhead**" **Vic Kopp**, a brother who will never be forgotten. Dione Graly.

For **Joseph Tooruen**. Too good to be forever, and never to be forgotten by family and friends. Sue, Anthony, and friends, Norwalk, Calif.

In memory of **Fred "Angel" Hamilton**, who experienced his ultimate high in a bizarre shoot-out with state pigs. Critter, Wisc. State Farm.

In memory of **Sammy Scooter**. Let it not be that I've lost you forever at the age of nineteen. Denise.

In memory of **Tex**. A solid dude, lost to a four-wheel iron monster. Earl the Pearl.

To **Willie**. He died like he rode—fast! George.

In memory of **M.F. Butt, Solo**, and **Waseguy**. We will love you all forever. Charlie Daniels.

In loving memory of **Phych O'Brien**, who died for no good cause. You were loved by us all. Debbie and Danny.

For **Joe B.** He did it his way. Snake, Mom, and Barnyard.

In memory of **Boondocks**, dusted by the San Diego pigs, who shot first and asked questions later. Marian.

In memory of **Cowboy Bob**, Diablos M.C., Berdoo. A man strong, proud, and free. JoAnn.

In memory of **John**, who lived and died with a rush. Cookie, Mike, and Joe.

In memory of **Roggs**. Still lovin' you forever. Corn Flakes and Paula.

In memory of **Steve "Moe" Swanson**, from all his bros on Long Island. New York.

In memory of **Marty and Kit**, snuffed by a punk in a pickup truck. Doug and Suzie.

In memory of **Fish**. A better brother there never was. From Filthy Phil. Adelaide, So. Australia.

In loving memory of "**Little Mac**." May you forever ride in peace in Harley Heaven. Kathy. Honeybrook, Pa.

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 90263.

Sweet, foxy ladies with heart, please send letters and photos to Andrew Jacobson #B-86775-4606, Frank Mann #B-87370-4603, and Roland "The Cuban" Suarez #B-73276-4608, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Ladies, tonight's the night. Get your pencils and write. George Jacob #101-190, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I am lonely and will answer all letters. Daniel Gordon #037805, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32063.

Sexy, 28-yr.-old female convict needs pen-pals. White, 5 foot three, 130 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. Down, out, and broke. Minnie L. Cox, Indiana Woman's prison, 401 N. Randolph St., Indianapolis Ind. 46201.

This place ain't no joke. Hurry and write before I croak. Walt Ferguson #778-479, Box 500, Elmira, New York, 14902.

One white Harley mama, in the dirt for breaking and entering, need a biker, not a punk, to write to me. Maggie May, 212 3rd Ave. SE, Cresco, Iowa 52136.

To all you good-lookin' dudes who are doin' time and would like a friend. Rambl, 2310 No. Gale, Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

May the beauty of a burning candle brighten my cell. Harvey Sells #147-063, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Foxes and freaks, young or old, we need your sunshine. Steven Hunter #39149 and Dave Wyckoff #38639, 2606 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Biker, 25, been down three years and needs mail. Will answer all who send pictures. M. J. Zbiewski #02095, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Would like to hear from a chick who could make my time okay. Curtis Duff #132188, M.C.T.C. 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Two cons would like to hear from all foxy ladies. Photos would help. Lea Shelton #139-451 and James Ronald #134-414, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43002.

I'm in need of mail from ladies 16-30 to help me deal with time. Mark Williams #778463, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Downed Californian, handsome, white and tattooed; 26 yrs. old and in need of mail from ladies. Frank Wingfield #38951, 2606 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

I'm doin' ten and need a girl to write to. Paul Harrison, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 4101.

I'm doin' time and need to hear from some girls who care. Dennis Ward #05-5261, T-2N-11, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32061.

A little female correspondence and a photo would be right on time. Pete Barth #147047, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Texas tramp in Kentucky slammer needs fe-mail. Write to Michael Sullivan #30541, Apt. 2-C-16, Box 128, K.S.P., Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Arizona sidewinder in the Granite Castle. Need mail from ladies. James P. Morgan #31058, Apt. 2-C-21, Box 128, K.S.P., Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Wanted: Chicks to write and share a smile. Send pictures, too. Jerry Bush #42963, CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Wanted: Chick or chicks to write and share a smile and some pictures. Jerry Bush #42963, CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Brother doing some hard time. Would like to hear from interested ladies. Eugene Fred #C-60947, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Another scooter tramp down and in need of letters. James D. Alred #28261, 3-C-794, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Down and out in the slammer. A letter from a foxy lady would sure make me happy. Darrel Joe Gourley #31310, Box 900 2A-174, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

I'm 23 yrs. old, 6'2", 170 pounds, blue eyes, and in the slammer. Will answer all letters. Melvin Horton #B-80305, Box A.E. Rm. 8354, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 94550.

If you're reading this ad, you must want to write to someone, so write to Steve Schuster #01771, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Two horny tramps will write to anything that walks or crawls. Send photos. Larry Grass #B-86578, Box A.E. 4209, and Gary Hogaboam #B-76932, Box A.E. 4110, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Wanted, chick or chicks to write and share a smile. Send pictures, too. Jerry Bush #42963, CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

White bro, 6'2", 19 yrs. old, 190 pounds, needs letters from white ladies. Mike Ashby #10505, Carson-K.H.S., Box 5600, Stockton, Calif. 95205.

I'm badly in need of letters from chicks. Age 22, ht. 5' 11", weight 200 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. Send photos. Carl C. Kaletka #11968, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

If any ladies exist out there, please write to this downed tramp. Dean Gerandt #B-78705, Rm. 5159, C.M.C. East, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Are there any females out there who want to write to me, then live with me when I get out? Dan Sheets #92-756, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Three downed white bikers will go insane if they don't hear from some groovy white chicks. Myles Hilary #77A1546, Frankie Alba #76A4353, William King #75A3106, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Seventeen years old and doing life. I'm 6' 4", 200 pounds with brown hair and green eyes, and need letters. David K. Jones, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

One-percenters needs mail from any white chicks. Charles Murray #76A-4415, B-5-17, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Man lookin' for some together women to write to. Jeff Winters #C-51369, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Will some warm-blooded woman save me? I'm a get-down dude and I need a foxy woman to take my mind off this time. George Rounbehler, Box B-32927, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I'm a 28-yr.-old white biker who wants mail from chicks. Ronnie Santillo #140-392, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Girls of the world, I could use a few lines if it doesn't take too much of your time. Patrick Foley #77B-506, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Two males, one white and one Indian, seeking understanding females for in-depth loving. John E. Allen and Richard Erickson, 1 W. Lincoln St., Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Busted biker on a bum trip wants to hear from all ladies who like to ride and fuck. Bobby Buchanan #83526, Box 97, Trusty 2, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely white male, age 25, needs letters from ladies. Max Atterbury #7367, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Downed biker needs to hear from ladies. Michael Walczesky #74688, 2-A-18 K.C. 1, 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S.C. 29210.

Lonely white Tennessee boy would like to hear from Calif. birds and others. Send photos. Johnny Ray Armes #303-48-0099, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Lonely and looking to hear from ladies with heart. Robert Lee Moye, P.O. Drawer 1072, Mail #592, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Lonely Sportster rider doing a stretch could use some mail from chicks. William Roberts #30502, K.S.I.R. D-306, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

White, lonely, and 20 yrs. old. Could use letters from a warm and lovin' lady. Grant Hill #30499, K.S.I.R. Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'm 19 yrs. old and doin' 30 yrs. in prison. I need ladies to write to. Edward H. Tillotson #056854, Mail #051, D.C.I., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Two bros need mail from anyone. James D. Alred #28261 and Jim Summers #31646, Box 7-3-C-794, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Two dudes need letters from some chicks. Wayne Murphy #105331 and Terry Miller #115171, Box 1107, Elmore, Ala. 36025.

Lonely white male doin' ten to fifty years would like to hear from sincere chicks. Richard Campbell #92117, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely guy wishes to hear from chicks with something more on their minds than just a bunch of bullshit. Send photo. Michael Louis Tuli #C-15308, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I would like to receive mail from anyone. Jerry Smith #64214, I-Dorm, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

Badly in need of letters from anyone. Gary Alvord #041482, Box 747, R-2-S-13, Starke, Fla. 32091.

24-yr.-old white male needs letters from nice ladies. Kenny Young #Q-172, #B-81189-A, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

22-yr.-old blond, blue-eyed, and 5'5". I'd like to hear from anyone. Paul Westmore #149-881, C.M.R.C. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Lonely white guy needs a young lady with whom to start a relationship. Michael Richardson, DCC, Rd. 1, Box 500, Smyrna, Del. 19877.

29-yr.-old lonely prisoner needs mail from anyone. Charles Burnside, Jr. #147-935, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

My ol' lady split, so I need mail and photos. Gary Webb #95613, Box 514, Granite, Oklahoma 73547.

I survived Attica in '71, and the only worse hell is no mail. Ted Given #75-C473, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Would like to hear from girls, 18 to 19, and get letters and photos. Tim White, 384 So. Ironton #106, Aurora, Colorado 80012.

Lonely and down white bro needs some mail to make the days and nights a little warmer. Reuben Ledford, Box 65190, CTF-N, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, I need your mail. Pop Papadopolio #B-73498, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Sweet young lady would like to correspond with bikers and others who are interested. Cinde Killegrew, Box 571, Franklin, La. 70538.

Young, vivacious chick wants to correspond with good men who are into hard rock, bikes, and adventure. Cheri Thompson, 2323 B St., Forest Grove, Ore. 97116.

Lonesome lady, doing time, desperately needs letters from equally lonely males. Jessie Spann, Box 2000, Lexington, Ky. 40507.

Small, sleek and pretty, that's me, and I need your lovin'. Write to this mama for a surprise. I'm doin' time and am desperate for mail. Sandra Clayton #2881-171, Box 2000, Lexington, Ky. 40507.

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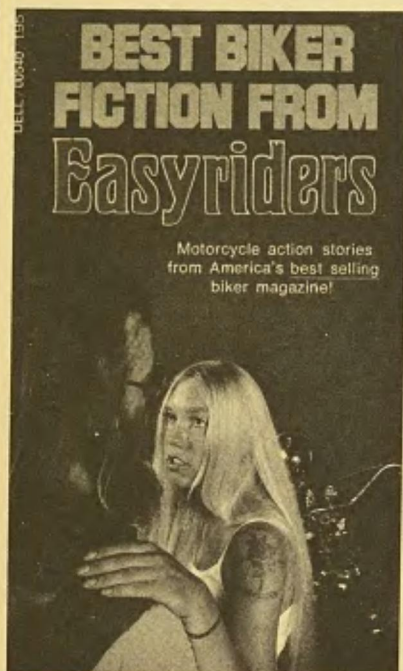
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LAST RIDE

—Continued from page 65

knew who was at fault. Him. His brothers. They were the ones. It was their own fault. Their fucking complacency. Their fucking gullibility.

What bitter irony: in the early seventies it looked like bikers finally were getting their shit together. Unity. Brotherhood. Protest runs. It was working. "Big Brother"—as they half-jokingly referred to the government back then—was backing off a bit. Helmet laws were being repealed. And that's what did it. The bros let it slide. They thought they'd won. No need for unity any more. Chickenshit arguments split bros apart again. Territorial wars. Same old fucking bullshit. The government sat back and smiled. And let brothers snuff each other.

And then one day: Helmets. National Law. No exceptions. First offense—jail. Just like fucking that. Four and a half years later: No Motorcycles.

When the shit really started to fly, it wasn't hitting bikers only—by then the straights felt the iron fist too. But bikers were first, 'cause sure as shit nobody in a 1989 Cadillac Cosmic gave a fuck about some goddam sled trash.

Bikers got it first and gave in last. "You stupid, stupid motherfuckers," Rambo said quietly. He was including himself. A single tear formed and slowly made its way down his lined face. Stopped for a second by beard stubble, it hung to his chin, then broke free and fell to the floor. A tear of rage. And pity, perhaps.

He went to the bike. The tires were cracked badly, but still held the air he pumped into them. He'd had the presence of mind, so many eons ago, to smear them with grease before he buried them. He poured gas into fatbob tanks from a red can—carefully protected like the tires. He sniffed the gas. He closed his eyes; it was that good. Only the Government had gasoline. Only the Government and Rambo. He almost smiled.

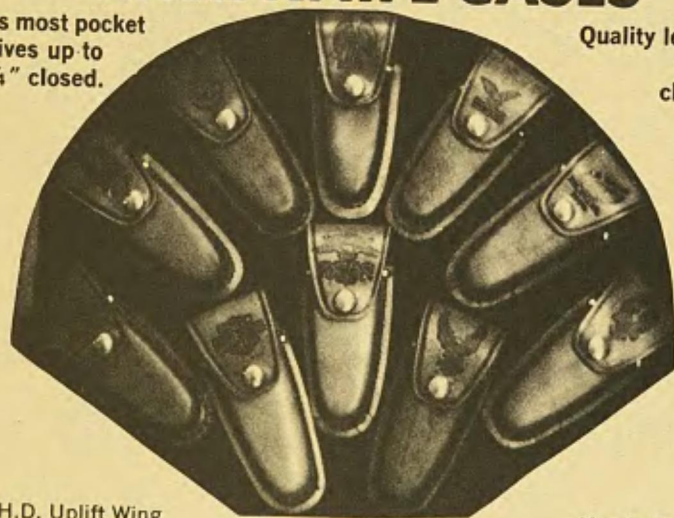
He looked at the short sissy bar. He had hung his colors on the tip of the bar. Gently, he picked up the crumpling, cut-off denim jacket and spread it on the gas tank. He looked at the patch—his patch—for a long time.

He'd never doubted the bike

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would start. Just like before, it didn't let him down. It caught and held. Jesus! God! Goddam, that sounded good. His heart pumped. The pan pumped. His mind cleared a little more.

He removed his shirt and carefully donned his cut-off. He straddled the bike, feeling the familiar vibration of long ago. Dismounting, he opened the front door, then went to the bedroom and returned with his photo album. He climbed back on the bike and put the album in front of him, holding it steady between his thighs.

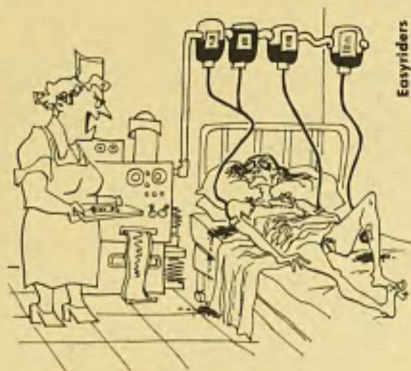
The jockey clunked into first. Slowly, majestically, Rambo rode out the front door and down the three steps of the porch. Alive again.

People in the block—in the process of moving out—had already gathered. They stood watching uncertainly. No one said anything. An old man pointed.

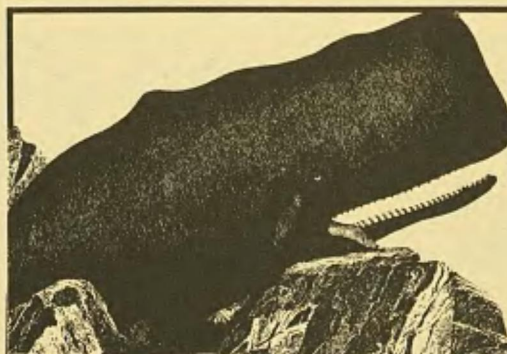
"You fuckin' spineless sonsa-bitches!" Rambo yelled at them. "You jelly-assed pricks let them do this to us!" But of course he knew it was he and his who did it to themselves.

The wind felt good as he shifted into second. He cranked it on. The engine strained. Trying to please. Balls out. His ears rang. He was about to make the quick shift to third when the bullet hit him in the chest. It lay there for a fraction of a heartbeat before exploding, scattering chunks of red flesh and pink-speckled bone fragments.

Another bullet hit the gas tank. The bike erupted in flames, throwing off the bloody corpse that once was Rambo. The red photo album spun in a graceful arc. It landed open. Open to a photograph of a black-bearded giant, his arm around a girl in a Harley-Davidson tank top. ■



"Quit slurping your food!"



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-wettin' early issues.

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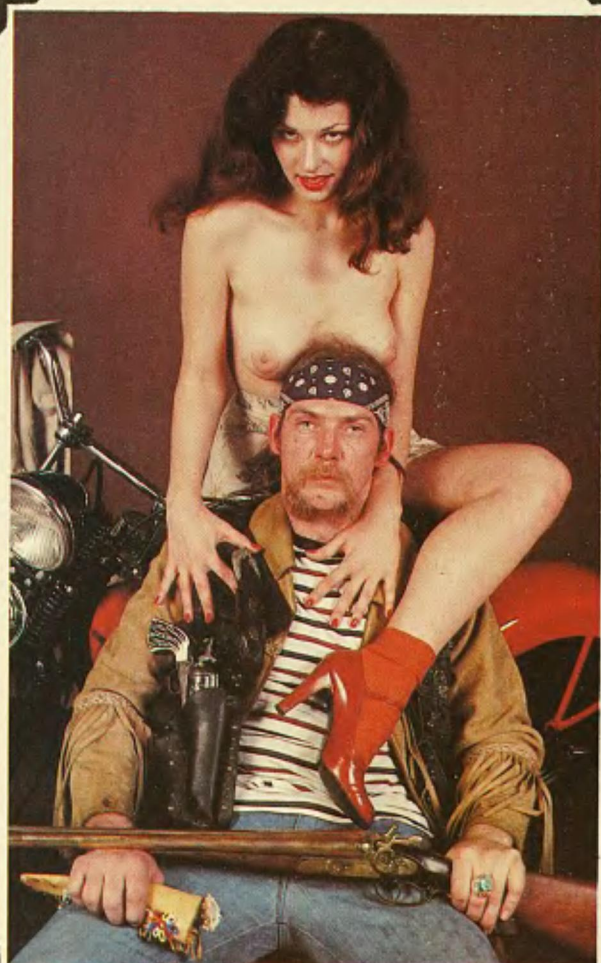
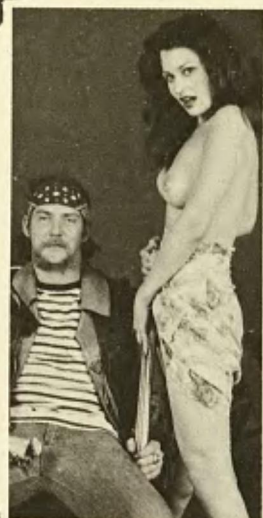
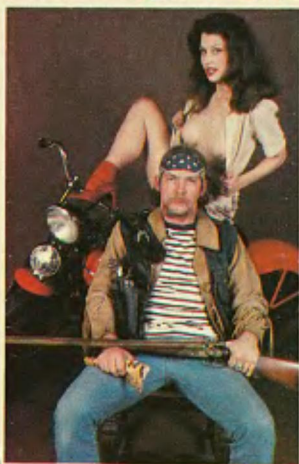


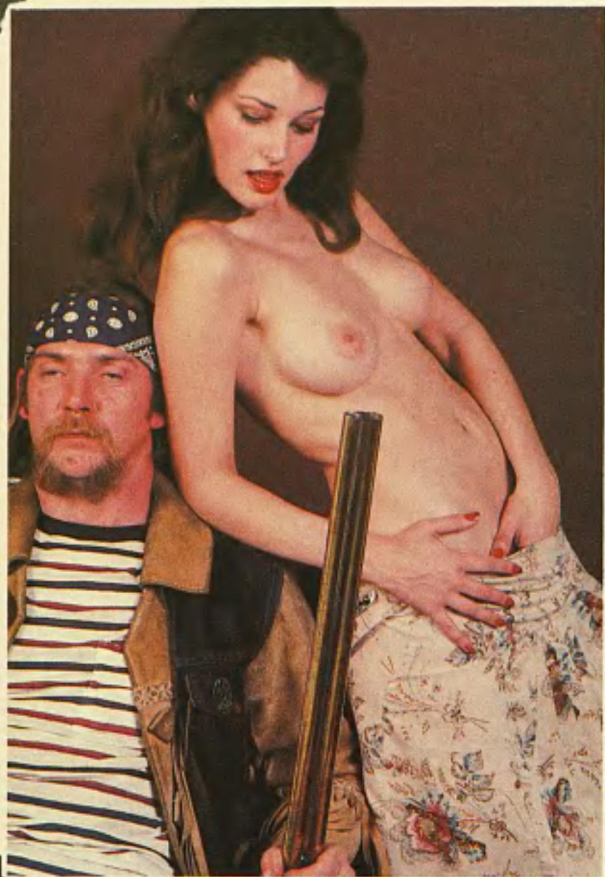
PHOTO CONCESSION

Which pic should we send home to the folks?

Ol' Dusty Dan took his mama, Valerie Vixen, to the fair one day. They had a dandy time, their faces sticky with cotton candy and their arms loaded with crap prizes from the games. But they were beginnin' to give out—the rug rats had stomped their feet flat and all the over-fried food was turnin' their stomachs into grease pits.

Mumblin' complaints about the stale popcorn, they were lookin' for a place to sit down when they spotted a dusty photo tent run by an ol' gaffer right out of the 1800s. There wasn't any line at the concession, so they stumbled inside. The armpit-scratchin' ol' codger specialized in takin' antique-style photos that came out lookin' like daguerreo-







Photos by Ralph Hampton

types right outta the nineteenth century—taken with a battered relic of a camera at least as old as the dude at the trigger.

The creaky ol' shutterbug insisted that the pics look authentic, so he rummaged around and found some appropriate clothes for Dan and Val, but something was missing. Snappin' his fingers, the ol' cat grabbed a prop shotgun and thrust it into Dan's weary hands. Then, still not satisfied with the effect, the old man searched through a battered trunk full of props until he found a frontier-vintage hogleg in a shoulder holster. At last pleased with the arrangement of props and the mood he'd created, the old galoot stepped behind his camera and began to focus.

Little did the old man or Dusty know how bored and horny sweet Valerie was right then. Nor did either of them realize what a downright exhibitionist's mind was tucked away under all those wavy locks. Dan had only been looking for a place to rest, figuring he might get some old-style photos to send to his people. But, as you can see, seething Valerie had something else in mind.

—Snake

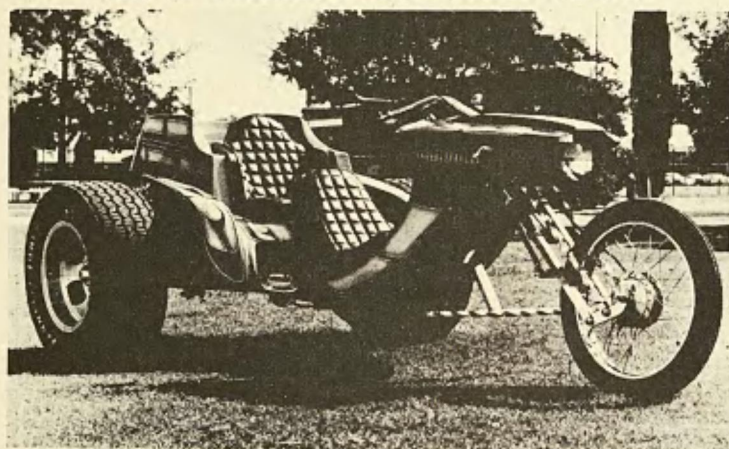


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2nd Annual Colorado Motorcycle Festival to be held at Erie, Colorado, April 28, 29th and 30th of 1978. Admission is \$4.50 per adult per day, and children 12 or under \$1.50. There will be a swap meet, movies, 1-day parking lot, motorcycle show with trophies and \$500 in cash awards to be given away, two 1/2-mile big-bore races and 1 motocross race with \$1,000 purse for each race, spectator sports, carnival, commercial exhibits, bands, daredevil acts. Danny "Bizerko" Perko will attempt to jump 10 cars without a landing ramp, along with other stunts. There'll be Queens, beer, concessions, pie eating contests, hot pepper eating contests, tug of war and volleyball tournaments. Much more.

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Neon Apocalypse

—Continued from page 13

and peered back into the barn's darkness, staring at me as if he could see through the young city slicker's words, into my mind to see if the Chief could find a new home with me. "Five hundred. No more, no less."

I had the cash on me, but resisted jerking it out too fast. This old man might scatter like mice in front of a tomcat and I didn't want the deal to be lost. "Well," I said slowly, "it's going to take a bundle of money and time to return the Chief to original condition—but, well, maybe it's worth it." I visualized the back of my denim jacket, the back of my own head, as I moved into the open, hair flying, far in front of all those mindless shits in their mindless goddam look-just-alike cars, plodding along behind the fantastic deep gold Indian Chief. Mom and Dad and Buddy and Sis all wondering if the big machine that had just gone past was real or just something imaginary—a giant golden ghost on the freeway.

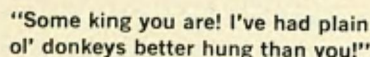
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A year and a half later, a dozen shipments of parts from California, a pound of weed, countless scraped knuckles—and the '47 Indian Chief was ready. All back to original. And I had yet to hear the sonofabitch run, except every night in my mind, as I bent over it, crawled under it, took it apart, sandblasted it, painted it, and put it back in shape. I listened to it blast through my mind all during that last week—when I began to run my hands over the Chief and feel that he and I were finally together, that we were going to make it onto that freeway and move as one.

I picked up the gas can and drove slowly to the filling station, got two gallons of regular, a case of fifty weight, and four cans of thirty weight. The trip back to my garage was slow and easy, filled with anticipation of actually hearing the Chief, really feeling the clutch rock back and engage, really seeing the pavement move under us as we turned onto the street and accelerated for the first time.

After making sure the oil levels were right, I half-filled the tanks and turned the left petcock down to fill the carburetor bowl. I listened to the gas gurgle inside the line, on

I got on and pushed the shift into first, then eased back on the rocker pedal with my left foot. The bike began to move toward the street. We dipped down, then leaned into a gentle turn to head for the freeway. I twisted my left hand and the



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Q. How does it work?

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idea of dust and death was left behind as we leaped forward, heading west for open road.

Streaming along the entrance, on to the freeway, the warpath sound of the Chief began to boom alongside the cars as we matched speed in the first, then the second, and finally the high-speed lane. The shift lever was to the rear, resting against my left leg. The left grip was halfway open, and the spark was fully advanced. I listened for protest from the engine but heard only a restless blasting from the collector that rose from the ground and swept up to the rear. The early-afternoon commuters seemed to be in another world as they watched, eyes glazed, from their four-wheeled cells; despite all their insulation, they heard the Chief scream at them as we began to pick up speed and move out in front of their tight packs.

We rolled onward like the thunder of a breaking wave, watching an occasional child point out a car's back window and jump around in the back seat, his parents not really seeing what the child found so exciting. But the Chief wanted more, to go farther than the freeway could allow.

I looked for the best exit and took it, peeling off the freeway onto an access road. A mile later, I stopped and listened again for whatever signals the engine might be giving. I leaned the carburetor a quarter turn, then accelerated onto a paved farm road at right angles to the freeway.

The late summer sun flashed through the afternoon's trees as we rolled along the deserted road. I eased back on the throttle, partly to rest myself, but mostly to listen to the bike growl in anticipation,

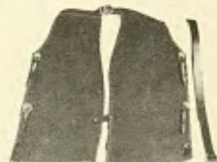


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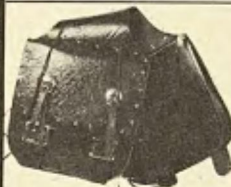


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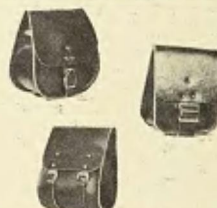
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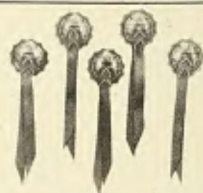
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eagerly waiting for the full-throttle run further down the road.

I reached for second, found it, and we half-idled, half-loped along the gray strip of pavement running between the fields of green crops. Between exhaust strokes, I could hear the natural sounds around us, everything blending into one great, moving symphony of power, rushing forward toward the horizon.

Then, in the far distance, a small speck of red appeared, growing larger until I recognized it as an approaching car. The red began to fill the horizon, and I moved to the right side of the two-laned road so this temporary intruder upon our gold and blue world could safely pass and leave us in peace. As the car came closer, I saw that it was a convertible—a red Cadillac convertible—a brand-new Cadillac convertible. With a young blonde driving it. A good-looking young blonde. A fantastic blonde chick! She waved as the huge red car swept by and I heard a quick toot on her horn as she floated down the road behind me, going in the opposite direction.

I turned my attention back to the road in front of us. The Chief sounded good, ready to be opened up for a full run, so I twisted the throttle back a bit and let him pick up some rpm. Again the green crops, the telephone poles, fence, and side roads began to fade quickly as the machine and I picked up speed, racing faster now into that huge expanse of blue horizon.

On my left, another red object appeared, but this time it was nothing—a tractor in the fields. I wondered just where that blonde chick was headed. Red Cadillac, red tractor . . . chicks and farmers . . . what's the difference? I opened the Indian's throttle a bit more, the scooter responding easily by picking up fifteen miles per hour. We were moving at seventy now—no vibration, no bumps from the road—the soft-sprung, heavy bike was floating on air and rolling on big tires that could take it all with no strain.

Just like a Cadillac, I thought. Maybe she'd dig a ride behind me, her arms squeezing me tight. Bet she's got a tight twat, firm ass . . . couldn't see her tits, her sitting low in that plush Cadillac seat. Maybe we could fuck in the back seat or drive down the freeway with me behind the wheel, her giving me head, truckers having orgasmic



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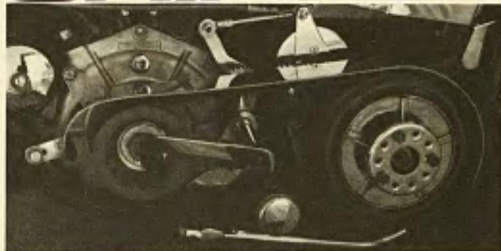
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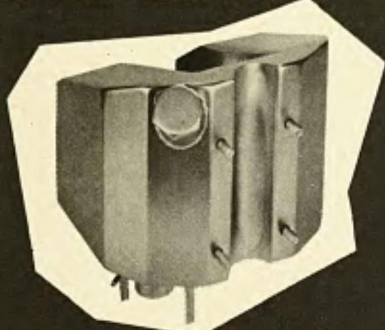
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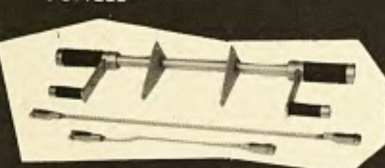
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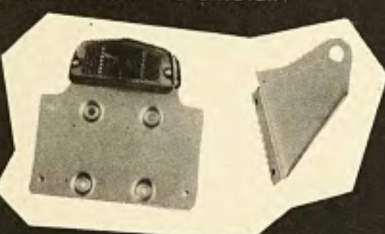
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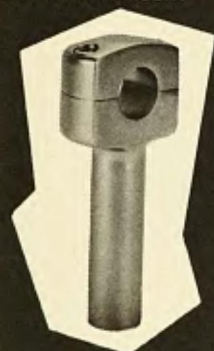
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wrecks as we passed under their eyes.

I shook my head, violently trying to keep my thoughts on the blue in front of me. Fuck the fox. I've got riding to do. I cranked on the throttle grip again, and the Chief jumped to eighty-five.

I could still hear slight pauses in the roar from the exhaust, and knew the Indian still had good revs left before it topped out. The broad blue horizon loomed before us, but the thoughts of the chick in the big car slowly crept in and began to make the forward trip boring, uneventful. I tried to block out the thoughts, concentrated instead on the gold penetrating the blue, attempting to get back into the pure trip—but red images kept cropping up in spite of my efforts. After riding on for two or three frustrating miles, I finally gave in, yielded to the red. I slowed the bike and turned it around to make a full-speed run back toward the freeway. Maybe I can catch her, I thought.

The Chief responded well to my quick, full twist on the throttle. I listened with mixed emotions as the 74 cubic inches wound themselves tighter and tighter. The speedometer needle moved smoothly around, then slowed its clockwise movements as we approached ninety . . . ninety-five . . . a hundred miles an hour. The exhaust was unbroken now, a smooth blast to the rear. I listened, proud for the Chief that his resurrection was complete and good. But I was also uptight that even this speed might not get me down the road fast enough to catch the red Cadillac convertible.

This last thought, so alien to my original purposes, so degrading to the Chief as a pure state of being and mind, only made me want to go

Easyriders

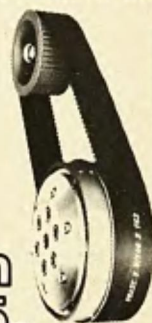


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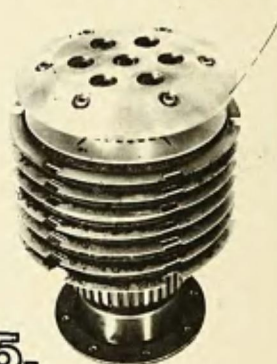
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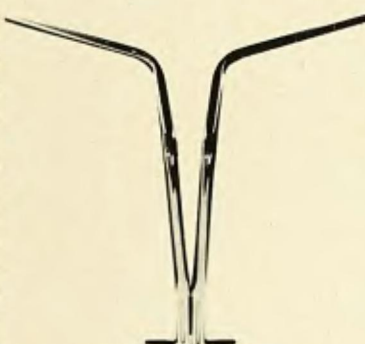
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faster, to catch the chick and really give her a hard, hostile fucking for daring to come between us and the blue horizon. My thoughts raced ahead. I'll grab the back of her long blonde hair and shove her face down into my crotch. I'll wave at all the good folks on the freeway. Hey! Lean over and look what this bitch is doing with her head in my lap. I'll drive her far out in the country, then stop and lay her on the seat of her car and jam it to the hilt.

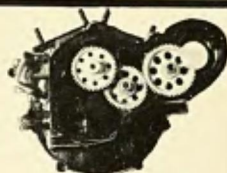
I kept the throttle rolled all the way back, the road being devoured by the big Indian with relentless speed, rushing toward the freeway, chasing the phantom Cadillac. I'd begun to think she was long gone when I spotted a faraway red spot by the road, straight ahead. Hey, I thought, is she waiting . . . for me? I didn't slow the bike but just rode straight on, watching the red spot grow larger in the distance, where a dirt road intersected the pavement. Is that her, in the red Cadillac? For me? The Chief and I rolled on at a hundred . . . a hundred and five.

The red began to move slowly onto the paved road. Shit! The stupid bitch . . . I'll pass her on the left and then cut her off. I kept the throttle wide open. Then I saw it. It wasn't the red Cadillac. It was that red tractor I had passed earlier when it was in the field. I moved over to the far left to get ready and pass—really blow the slow, dumb hunk off the road. Coming up on the red beast, I suddenly saw the big white letters as they became visible, moving toward me—FARM-ALL—printed on the left side over the engine, the tractor moving sharply to the left, filling the road, dead in front of me.



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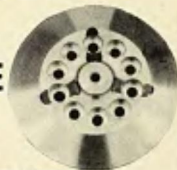
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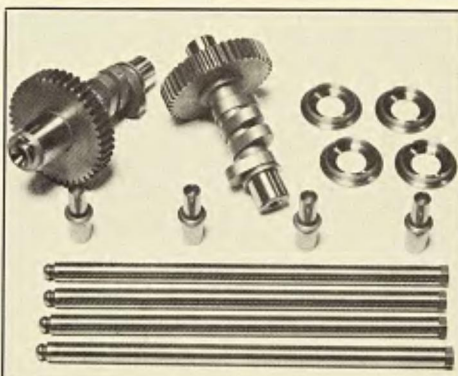
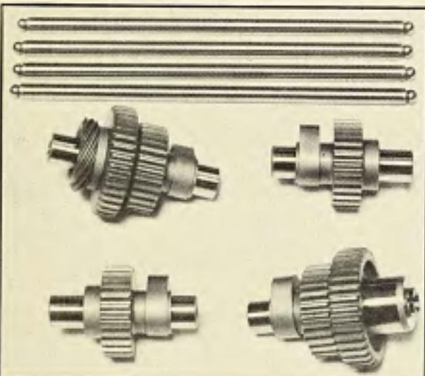
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—Continued from page 27

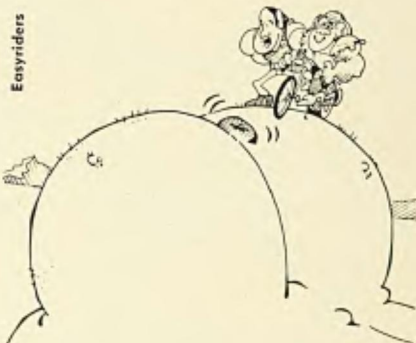
companions sprawled on the floor, ready to begin their plans. He felt obliged to make a face-saving gripe about the boots. "That woman can be a real pain in the ass. Someday I'm gonna boot her out and get a new chick—one less pushy."

His friends grinned at each other. "You be sure to let me know when you do, Josh," requested Charley. "I'll take her off your hands any time."

Whenever there was to be a meeting, Josh's place was usually the unanimous choice of the group. It wasn't that Josh was all that great a guy, although he was reasonably well-liked. But his house offered the best in everything they needed for all occasions. There was always plenty of beer, food, smoke, and sounds. His living room was the only one where a bro could sit down in comfort, without having to move a trans or a couple of engine barrels off the couch to make room. His place had all the comforts the others lacked, and it was no secret why. Dianne was a great housekeeper and always made everyone feel welcome. Thus, none of them really minded complying with the few requests she occasionally made.

Dianne approached the group and took a hit from the joint they passed to her. Breathing out the warm grey smoke she had inhaled and held momentarily, she turned to Josh. "I hope you're plannin' on including me on this run—instead of leaving me home like you did the last six rides."

Josh, annoyed with her for upbraiding him in front of his friends, replied that he might consider it. He didn't want to appear pussy-whipped to his buddies and so tried



"Maybe it's a cop memorial!"

to dismiss her question. But this only made her more persistent and soon both were yelling angrily. Josh, on the spot in front of his now-silent friends, couldn't back down.

As Dianne turned and stormed into the back bedroom, Josh shouted at her back, "You don't like the way I do things around here, go the fuck someplace else." The bedroom door slammed shut, knocking a small picture from the wall to the floor. Josh turned sharply back to the group, satisfied he'd proved to them who called the shots at his house.

After waiting a few moments to let the situation cool down, Harve spoke casually. "Awww, it probably wouldn't hurt to let her come along on this ride, Josh."

"Yeah," Turk added, trying not to seem overly concerned about it. "Shit, she's been pretty square with us an' maybe she deserves to go."

Josh knew they were right, but nonetheless tightened his jaws when he looked at the closed bedroom door. "I was plannin' on takin' her. I just didn't like her actin' like she was tellin' me, ya know?"

All that yelling had made Josh thirsty, but he remembered that he had drunk the last beer in the house earlier. "Dianne!" he yelled over his shoulder. "Dianne, go get us some beer!"

The bedroom door opened slowly and Dianne emerged, her eyes red and swollen. Josh was still angry. "Run down to the store and get us a case of beer," he ordered. "An' don't take all night—we're thirsty."

Dianne on her way, Josh returned to the circle of mellow friends comfortably sprawled on the floor. "I don't know what's with her anymore. She knows to keep at least a five-pack in the box."

"Well," HD offered, "you gotta admit—that five-foot-two, hundred-ten-pound chunk of foxy female has got her share of spunk."

They all agreed—even Josh—that she did have that. HD's remark started them talking about Dianne. "Remember that time you were ripped out of your mind on that homemade wine we brewed?" Turk asked, directing the question to Josh.

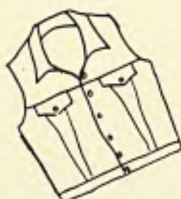
"Yeah," Harve added. "You were packin' Dianne, headin' home, when The Man stopped you."

Josh recalled the incident at once. "Right," he laughed. "That crazy cop was jackin' me around and actin' cute and I could barely stand

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up. So up pipes Dianne and says she'll ride us home if the cop will let us off. The smartass cop called her bluff—at least, he thought it was a bluff."

HD finished the story. "Wow, man, I don't know how she ever did it, but by God she kicked that monster to life and drove your ass all the way home."

The whole group was now laughing as they fondly recalled the event. She had saved Josh's ass for sure. Twenty minutes passed while they swapped stories of Dianne's escapades. Then their laughter was joined by the sound of another bike pulling into Josh's driveway.

After a quick token knock, the front door opened and Tom Haskins stepped inside. He was jittery and obviously upset about something.

"What's the matter?" Turk asked.

"Where's Dianne?" Tom blurted, his voice unsteady.

"Out gettin' us some beer—why?"

Josh answered, abruptly serious.

"Did she take your old Chevy?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well, I don't wanna scare you or nothin', but I passed a hairy fuckin' accident a while ago and . . . I ain't positive, but one of the cars looked a helluva lot like your Chevy, man."

There was dead silence as Tom continued.

"It may not be your car—I dunno, 'cause it was really smashed bad an' they were takin' somebody away as I drove by . . . a chick."

The room was frozen in silence; no one spoke or moved. A chill gripped Josh and his stomach knotted.

Christ, he thought, that *can't* be Dianne.

His knees were suddenly weak and he slumped into the armchair, paralyzed with apprehension.

Charley was the first to speak. "Wait a minute," he said with nervous excitement. "We don't know it's Dianne in that accident. Tom just said a car similar to your Chevy was involved. Nothing's for sure."

"Okay, now," Tom urged, "let's be sure. Charley, you hit the hospitals. Turk and HD, you guys call the precinct station and Harve and I will stay with Josh."

But much frantic searching produced no results. It was as if there never had been an accident. No one seemed to know anything about it. So the only thing to do was wait. If it was Dianne, the cops would locate her I.D. eventually and notify

Josh. The six of them sat and waited nervously.

Time dragged, each agonizing minute seeming like an hour. Josh's thoughts wandered back to Dianne and all the things she had done for him. He remembered the time he'd been pretty well broken up when he dropped his bike in a tight turn. Day after day, Dianne had sat beside him as he lay in a coma. His friends told him later that she never left him for more than a few minutes. And when he finally left the hospital, she'd slaved for him during his long convalescence at home. If it hadn't been for her, he damn well might be dead now.

His thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the phone.

"Oh, Jesus!" he said aloud.

He lifted the receiver. "Hello," he croaked. A brief moment of silence followed, then Josh shouted, suddenly enraged.

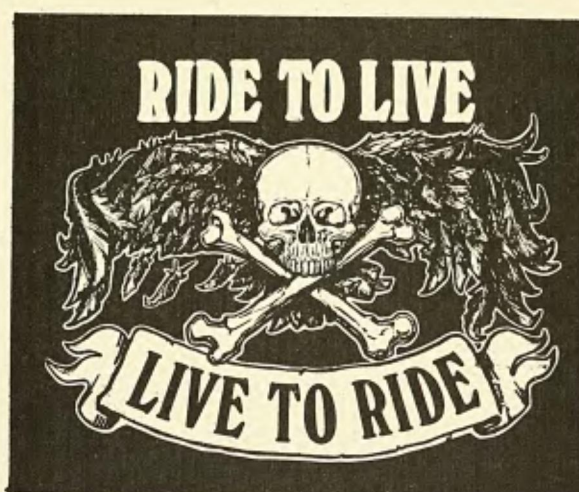
"No, cocksucker, this *ain't* the pizza joint!" he spat, slamming the receiver in its cradle and returning to his chair. Although he was temporarily relieved, his anxiety quickly returned, mingled with guilt-filled memories. Visions of Dianne bombarded his mind and every good thing she'd ever done for him was amplified now. And so was every inconsiderate, ungrateful thing he'd ever done to her.

He realized that he'd never taken the time to look at what Dianne really meant to him. He'd always told himself that his bike and his bros were the most important things in his life. Dianne was always secondary. But he now knew that she was the focus of his life. She was so good and loving and unselfish that she went unnoticed, taken for granted.

Josh bitterly regretted not realizing all this long ago and desperately wished for a second chance. Given



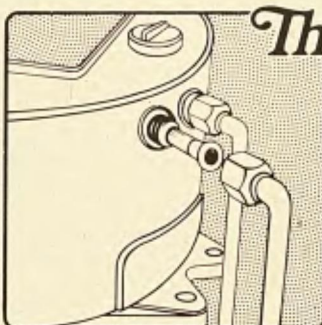
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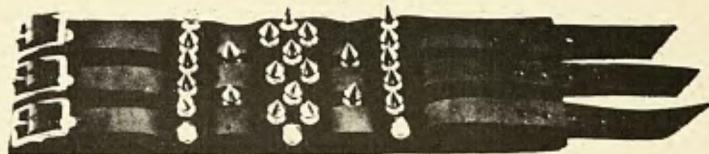
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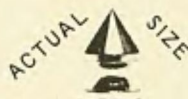
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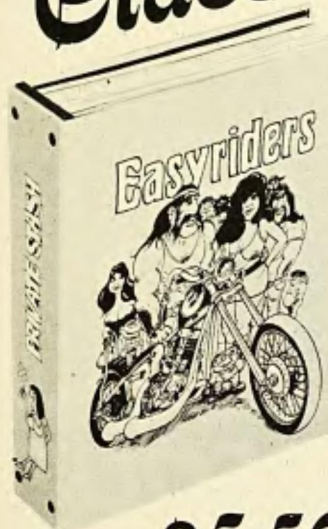


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the chance, he vowed, he'd never take her for granted again. And he'd try to make up for the times he was ill-tempered and took it out on her. He'd be more patient, more attentive to her. He understood now what her loss would mean to him and he painfully recalled every time he'd told her he didn't care if she split. If he could only have a second chance!

The dismal silence was abruptly shattered when the front door suddenly opened, banging against the wall. Dianne stumbled into the room, struggling with a heavy case of beer. She stepped into the midst of the stunned bikers, who stared dumbfounded. Before they could speak, she began an apology.

"Hey, I'm sorry I took so long, but I had a little trouble finding a cold case of your brand, honey. I didn't want you to be disappointed, so I had to go to three different stores to find a cold case. Then I got stuck in traffic for a long time—there was a bad wreck. I'm sorry—the beer's probably warm by now. I'll put some in the freezer for a couple of minutes."

She rattled off the breathless monologue before pausing to close the door. Josh stood slowly and looked into her eyes. Sensing something was wrong, she again apologized.

"I hope you're not too upset, babe, but it wasn't my fault—I couldn't help it."

Josh walked over and took the case of beer from her weary arms. He looked down at the girl who, he now realized, was his best friend. Relief, joy, and love welled up in him.

"That's all right, honey," he soothed. "I think you're worth giving a second chance."



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DAVID ALLAN COE

—Continued from page 46

well. They're doctors and lawyers. Most people who kill—man, it's just a spur-of-the-moment thing. You don't think, "Well, what state am I in? Do they have capital punishment or don't they?" Fuck, you just kill motherfuckers. You might think about it afterwards, but I don't think capital punishment is a deterrent for anything.

ER: What do you think the punishment should be—to stay in until you're rehabilitated, which leaves it up to someone to judge whether you are or not?

DAC: Life in prison is worse fuckin' punishment than death row ever could be. People should stop talkin' about rehabilitation. They should talk about *remotivation*. They should make the fuckin' punishment fit the crime, you know? If they say a life sentence, hell, twenty years is life—and if you outlive it, you should go free.

They never tell you about the 29 million motherfuckers who make good. They only tell you about the one that got out and killed somebody else. You never hear about the 50 million motherfuckers that got out and never had another arrest in their lives.

ER: A reporter from a national magazine came to interview you and left after only a few hours. Why did he leave?

DAC: The guy called up and wanted to do the interview, so he came with us, right? The first night on the road, the band gave him some Quaaludes and put a couple of groupies on his arm. They drank him into the ground that night, and when we woke up the next day, the motherfucker was gone. Then he just wrote the story—and where he got his fuckin' information, I don't have any idea.

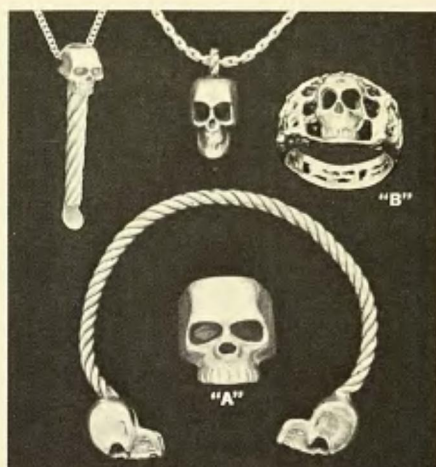
ER: A writer for *New Times* wrote that you challenged him and then, later, some Outlaws got him.

DAC: Oh, right. He said that a bunch of Outlaws were sittin' around the hotel room and that they threatened to throw him over the rail. He lied. He said that an Outlaw pulled a knife on him and said maybe he'd cut his nuts off. He just out-and-out lied, man.

He came there and got treated with respect. They gave him some dope, he got high, and he sat around and talked. After the interview, we went and did our gig. Then he came to the bus and tried to get on and the bodyguards wouldn't let him. See, when I come off the stage, I'm in the ozone, man—and I need me fifteen minutes to get my shit together. My own club brothers understand that, and they don't come out there and get on the bus. They give me my fifteen minutes before I come out. And man, if them fuckin' Outlaws can restrain themselves to do that, then them fuckin' citizens can, too. This fucker demanded to get on the bus and, well, he got punched out. When somebody says, "Fuck you, jerk—get outta the way," he's gonna get punched in the mouth. It's as simple as that.

ER: And unfortunately, people believe everything they read.

DAC: It's ridiculous, but people don't



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know no better, man. They believe every fuckin' thing they read. They've been taught since grammar school to believe everything out of the books they read. It doesn't matter what piece of shit they're reading it in. The fact that it's printed, it's black type on paper—that's gotta make it right.

Or they believe the "authorities." One police officer can tell them helmets are good for you and they'll believe that motherfucker over the nine thousand people who said they're not. The fuckin' government thinks it knows what's good for us better than we do ourselves. If the truth was known, half of them probably have stock in the fuckin' helmet racket. Some motherfucker bought an interest and then thought, "Gee, there's not very many people buying helmets. Let's pass a law and make it mandatory, make us a quick eighty million, and then we'll sell our interest." It all boils down to something behind the scenes that we don't know about.

ER: You made a statement once that you sing about what no other country-western singer does—that your music is honest. How does your music differ from theirs?

DAC: Well, I think I'm singin' about things they don't sing about. I stand up for what I believe in. If I say something in a record and the company says, "Well, man, you'll have to take that out," I tell them to get fucked. Just don't release the song. I tell 'em, "I ain't takin' it out and if you want the fuckin' song, it's gonna stay."

ER: Are you into anything new, musically?

DAC: I'm doin' a lot of things—like an ol' nigger out in the fields. You know, blues—some things with no music at all, just singin'. It's really challenging.

ER: Does the record industry try to put any other controls on you—beyond wanting to delete lyrics from your songs?

DAC: Well, if you sing a song about women, they want it to be positive, I-love-you type songs. They don't want anything negative—like a song that says I'm leavin' you, woman, and I don't care what you do. I'm not comin' back.

They say women buy the biggest percentage of the records, so you should write positive songs to women. I think



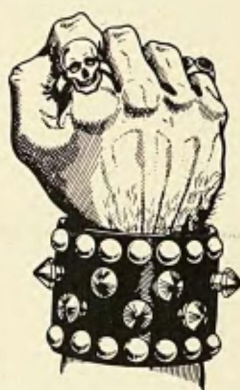
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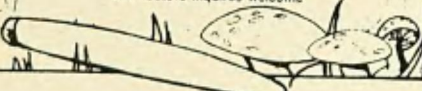
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that's bullshit, man, because that's not the way life is.

ER: Do you feel that you parody yourself and other country stars when you wear your rhinestone outfit?

DAC: Yeah. There's a lot of humor in the things I do on stage, but a lot of people don't identify with it, because it's prison humor, I guess.

I look at the humor of things—of the rhinestone suits and the way you stand in front of the microphone with your legs cocked at an angle. If you watch 85 percent of the country-western singers, they'll do these things. They'll hold their guitar in a certain way. It's comical, and I see the humor in the stardom trip and anybody thinking that someone is more than just a man or a woman. Everybody to me is just a person—even the President of the United States. I respect the fact that he's the President, but if he said something I didn't like, I'd probably tell him to get fucked.

ER: Is there any country-western singer who particularly influenced your style?

DAC: I never heard that much country music. In prison, most of the music was blues—black music. You wasn't hip if you listened to country music. But when I met Kristofferson, he turned my head around. I went on the road with Kris and found out that everything I believed until I met him was total bullshit. I thought a star was supposed to act a certain way and all that. Kris taught me how to get into myself and my music.

He taught me that it wasn't a sin to like country music and that stardom and that whole trip is just so much bullshit. The only thing that really counts is that you have your circle of friends and that you do what you say you'll do—which is your word, your honor. I think he was the biggest influence there ever could be on me.

I made a statement once that he had sold out, and at the time I thought he had, because of the stand he had taken. Now I realize I was being as selfish about him as a lot of people are being about me today. They want you to be the same thing all the time instead of growing. I respect the fact that Kris had to grow—and I have to grow too.

ER: Has the fact that Johnny Cash is identified with prisons influenced you at all?

DAC: Johnny Cash was probably the reason that I had the courage to come to Nashville in the first place. I never met the man, but he sang about prison—songs I could identify with. I assumed that he'd been to prison, but he hasn't. He was arrested once for some pills and he spent one night in the county jail. He's been in a lot of mental prisons that he made himself, but as far as being behind bars—no.

But for a man who hasn't done any time, I would say that he is probably one of the few people I've met that knows what it's like. John had an influence on me for sure, and after getting to know him, I wrote the liner notes for one of his gospel albums. Then he sang "Cocaine Carolina" with me—which is another first. I was the first male vocalist ever to sing a duet with Johnny Cash on record.

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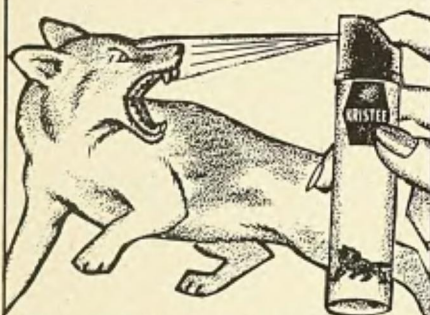
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be on the cover of the *New York Times* Magazine. If it had been Charlie Rich or anybody else, they'd have made a big thing outta it. I guess my record company has a philosophy that the less said about David Allan Coe the better—which really doesn't make any fuckin' sense to me. Isn't that good publicity—the cover of the *New York Times* Magazine? Isn't that positive?

ER: You may be too up front for them. We put out an honest magazine—knowing a lot of people are gonna get upset, and sure enough, they do.

DAC: Oh, I'm sure. You're probably listed somewhere as a subversive organization.

ER: We know that. Sometimes we feel like we're sittin' ducks because we're really too honest. You can't jump on various industries and get on politicians and stir up that kind of shit.

DAC: That's the main thing there—you can not be honest. You should learn something from *Hustler* magazine. There's a man who really put out an honest magazine. He told the truth and that's why he's been convicted. They'll try to break him because he told the truth. Man, will truth never be allowed to stand?

ER: Why do you wear a mask on stage?
DAC: In the '50s, a lot of people became stars because they were handsome. It had nothin' to do with their talent, you know. I want to know first of all that people are into me for my music and not because they like the way I comb my hair.

ER: You feel your music should be enough.

DAC: Everything else is bullshit. People who want to listen to David Allan Coe will buy his records. They'll go home, they'll smoke marijuana, take some Quaaludes or whatever the fuck they do to get right. Then they'll sit down and listen to that music. I don't think people pay money to hear the same fuckin' thing they can sit down at home and listen to on records. I think they want something different.

I'm not the kind of person who says well, I'm a songwriter and you should sit there and listen to me because I'm the heaviest motherfucker in the world. I'm sayin', come on out, man, and I'll make you laugh, and I might do a couple of serious songs—but I'm tryin' to entertain you. That's the reason behind the rhinestone suits, the flashy stuff.

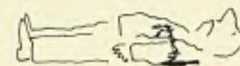
ER: What's the most outlandish thing you've done on stage—to blow people out?

DAC: Well, being a biker, that's what



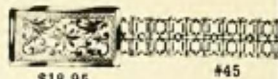
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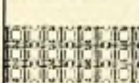
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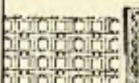
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ER: All right! What's the composition of your audience?

DAC: There's old people, young people, there's black people, there's Mexicans. I've had all kinds and all ages of people come to concerts—from all walks of life. There's no one stereotyped person who comes to see me.

ER: Why did you decide to dress like a Rhinestone Cowboy?

DAC: I always liked rhinestone suits—you know, Liberace's clothes, Elvis's clothes—so I just went to the guy who made their clothes and had some made for me.

ER: Did Glen Campbell have you in mind when he wrote "Rhinestone Cowboy"?

DAC: He didn't write "Rhinestone Cowboy." It was written by Larry Weiss, and Larry played the song for me just about the time the "Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy" album was coming out. I thought it was a good song, but I thought it would have been too egotistical for me to sing that song, so I passed on it. Then Larry used it on an album called "Rhinestone Cowboy." A few years later, Glen Campbell comes out with the song. After I made the Rhinestone Cowboy a very popular character, Glen Campbell just came along and took credit for everything. Him doin' the song didn't bother me at all—but it did bother me when he went to Nudie's and rented rhinestone suits to take pictures in. He doesn't even wear rhinestones on the stage. He's not a Rhinestone Cowboy. I worked hard to establish that character, then he comes along and gets the credit for it. It happens time and time again. Look at poor B. W. Stevenson. He had a song that was covered by Three Dog Night. His version got hung up in the charts and they had a hit. It's just somethin' that happens to lesser-known artists, I guess.

ER: I have a statement here that some members of the press felt you were the first real outlaw they could write about since Merle Haggard.

DAC: I would say that's probably true. A lot of 'em did write about me for that reason, and it seems very ironic that these same people now put me down for the very same reason.

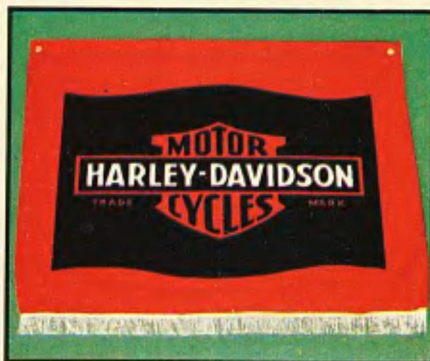
ER: Why do you suppose that is?

DAC: People have a tendency with musicians to think they are the only ones who know about them. It's sort of like turnin' your friends on to John Prine. They've never heard of him, so you play an album and they get excited and run out and buy John Prine albums. You sort of take it personally that you turned them on to John Prine.

Then, if John Prine becomes a Kris Kristofferson, his cult following turns against him the minute he has a hit record. So does the press. Now he's commercial—he's sold records. Well, what the fuck do they think you're in

—Continued on page 96

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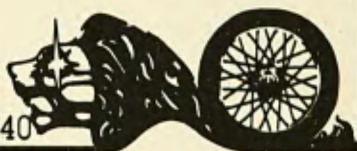
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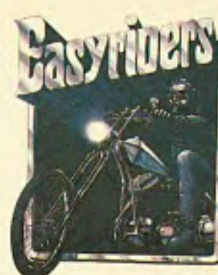
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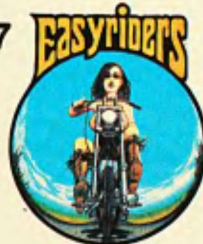
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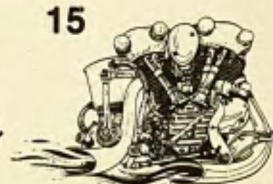
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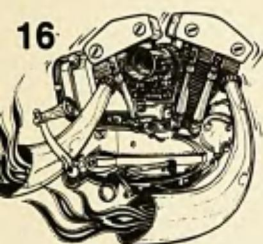
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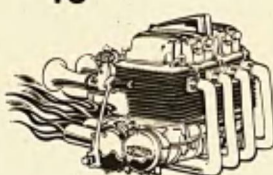
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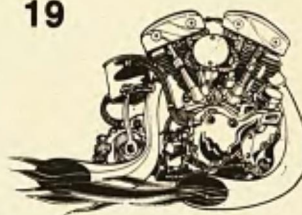
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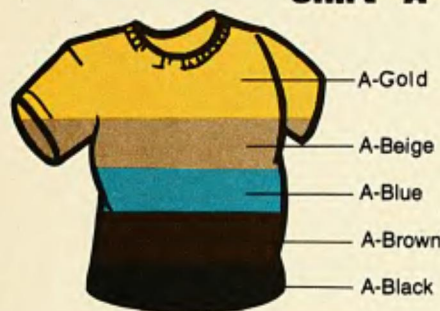
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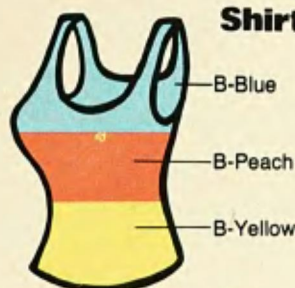


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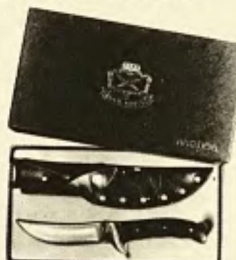


Famous for holding an edge

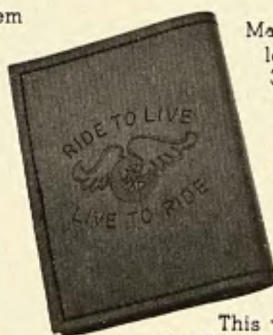
Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar

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DAVID ALLAN COE

—Continued from page 93

the music business for? People make records to sell them and make money. **ER:** Someone once wrote that you see yourself as a backwoods poet and musical prophet.

DAC: I'd say that's true. I don't know if I'm any kind of genius, but I do think I have a lot to say.

ER: Out of all your albums, which ones do you particularly like?

DAC: The next one I'm gonna do. By the time a record gets to the public, I'm thinkin' about something new.

ER: What are you thinking about doing next?

DAC: I really feel that movies are the way to go because nobody can stifle your energy. When you're on stage playing the guitar, you can have everybody right in the palm of your hand and one asshole can holler somethin' at you and destroy the whole mood of the crowd. When you're creating for a movie, there's you and that camera. There ain't nothin' there to distract you—nothin' to stop you from creatin' to your full ability. I see movies as a medium needed very much by my generation of musicians.

ER: Do any of your lyrics tie in with politics?

DAC: Not consciously. Maybe subconsciously they do. I don't really dissect my lyrics to see just what they are.

ER: You're not necessarily making a statement.

DAC: A lot of the time I'm making a statement—but it usually speaks for itself. There ain't no hidden statements—I'm not camouflaging anything.

And sometimes I write about people I've been close to. I've got one song that came out on the "Texas Moon" album called "Fuzzy Was An Outlaw." I wrote that about one of my brothers. He was my superior in the Outlaws Motorcycle Club. When him and Stitch found me, I was livin' in a log cabin in the woods, eatin' dog food, and sleepin' under my Harley. I had a Sportster—a '58. That's the only transportation I had, and my wife was pregnant. She wasn't my wife then, but she was pregnant, and they came out and stayed at my farm. I ended up getting evicted out of that part of the country because people saw them with their colors, and because I belonged to a bike club.

ER: You had a dresser that you sold recently. Any particular reason why you sold it?

DAC: I bought the dresser mainly because a fuckin' Harley dealer in Texas was a little shitty to some of us people. Like you'd go in there and they just didn't want to fuckin' wait on you. The minute they found out I was David Allan Coe—well, they was a little more respectful to me than they were to just some ol' scumbag that came along.

Anyway, I went out there with a couple of my brothers and it irritated me 'cause they took a long time to wait on us. When the guy came up and asked if he could help me, I said "Yeah. How much is that fuckin' motorcycle right there?" He said it was four thousand



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dollars, and I said, "Well, fuck it. I'll take it," and I started countin' out hundred dollar bills on the counter.

I bought it for that reason—just to prove a point to him. Never in my life had I owned a dresser, and I didn't know nothin' about the motherfucker. It's got this great big ol' gas tank, so I assumed it was like a double tank, and if you went a hundred miles on one side, then you went to the other tank. Consequently, I ran outta gas and had to push that big motherfucker for seven miles. When I got through pushin', I said fuck this.

I called up Boswell's in Nashville. I really like dealin' with ol' Gabby up there because he's been honest with me and with all my people in that part of the country. He lost a son in a motorcycle wreck. So I called him up and I told him I hated the sonofabitch dresser and wanted a Superglide. He said to bring it up and he'd trade me, so I traded even up with him for a Superglide—the one that's on the cover of the "David Allan Coe Rides Again" album. After I did that album cover, I gave the 'Glide to my brother Jac Coe in Dallas.

ER: How long ago did you drop out and start living on your boat?

DAC: When did I drop out of the concert music business? The end of March or April, 1977.

ER: How much longer do you plan to take off?

DAC: I don't know. I mean, tomorrow I'm liable to wake up and put a band together and go on tour. I can't say.

ER: Are you associated with a record company at the moment?

DAC: Yeah. I've got a deal with Columbia. It has nothin' to do with personal appearances—just makin' records.

ER: Since you became known as a recording artist, you've had a lot of hassles. You probably have a pretty good body-guard force.

DAC: I got my dogs and my bros and stuff like that. I'm not sayin' that I've got a fortress around me and I couldn't be killed. There's a lot of moments when there's just me and my family—but I always look for the worst, man. I always protect myself when I'm on stage.

You just have to be that way. I mean, that's the way we live. I can't change my way of life—I can't drop my guard. My ol' lady sometimes feels I should slack off, but although we might go for five years and never have an incident, something could happen at any time. When an incident does come down, and



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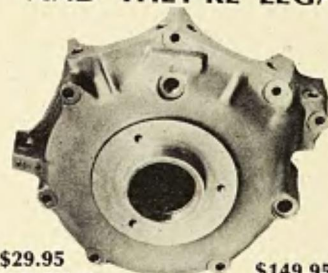
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ER-7

I say "Let's go." I don't want some cunt standin' there sayin', "What's wrong, dear?" So my ol' ladies know what to do in a situation.

I might pick up some groupie or some little ol' jive cunt that's been hangin' around with us for two or three days and shit like that, but I don't put no faith in that cunt, man. My ol' ladies have got to know what to do when the shit comes down. I insist on it. Whether or not they do it, that's up to them. So far, they've never failed me.

ER: Were most of the troubles caused by rednecks?

DAC: No, I think most of 'em were biker clubs—you know, other clubs.

ER: Do you wear a bulletproof vest?

DAC: Sometimes. I heard about this new vest from one of my brothers. It's almost like a T-shirt—real lightweight—but why should I have to wear a fuckin' vest in the first place? I'd rather just quit and not make public appearances if I have to worry about my life bein' in danger. Who the fuck needs it, man? I make enough money writin' songs. I don't need to go out there and put my life in danger for no three hundred dollars. That's my philosophy—that's why I quit entertainin'. There ain't no-body forced me to quit.

Some people are sayin' it was the bomb in the bus that did it, but it wasn't. It was the realization that I was responsible for a lot of innocent people who work for me who are not bikers. They don't have no fuckin' inkling of what the biker world is all about, so how can I justify their deaths because of something another motorcycle club is tryin' to do to me because I'm an Outlaw?

I just didn't feel it was right, so I disbanded and quit—not because I was afraid for myself. As an Outlaw, I know how to deal with that shit. As a musician, I don't know how to deal with it. If I had been there as an Outlaw in the first place, there wouldn't have been any fuckin' bomb, because I'd have known what to do as an Outlaw.

Sometimes it's a hassle being an Outlaw or a biker and tryin' to be a musician. I was told by someone of great importance in another one per-center club that I couldn't have both—and maybe he's right. Maybe I can't be both, but I don't see why I can't.

ER: Our editorial policy is to try to get all clubs to put the warring behind them. There are enough common enemies without them fighting each other. In short, the name of the game is brotherhood.



"Okay, cunt—I'm puttin' a penny in!"

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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Jimmy Hinds and Jan: Call Florida. Ron—(813) 774-7148. Write Box 611, Goodland, Florida 33933. (59)

Jewett: Happy 1st year, babe. Keep scootin' and lovin' me. Love ya like a rock. Your lady, Carolyn. (59)

For sale: Custom motorcycle and salvage shop. Tons of new and used parts for Harleys and Triumphs. \$49,500. Write or call John's Custom Bikes, 4555 East Belmont, Fresno, Calif. 93702. Phone: (209) 252-2562. (60)

Be in a class by yourself! All those eggheads and smartasses will be blown away when they check out your Harley University T-shirt or sweatshirt and your righteous Harley U. diploma! Black, long-sleeve sweat-shirt reads "Property of Harley U." on front. "Hogs on back"—only \$9.95. T-shirt carries Harley wings and reads "Harley University"—only \$6.95. Specify sm. med. lg. x-lg. Large Harley U. diploma, personalized with your name or a friend's—only \$2.50. Send check or m.o. to Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. (61)

Fantastic! Photo I.D. card made to your specifications for any state. Polaroid, sealed in plastic. Send \$5.00 (cash or money order) with name, address, hair color, eye color, height, weight, and date of birth. Send color photo with face image 1 1/4"x1 1/4" (photo booth picture O.K.) to Terry Weber, P.O. Box 205, Paramount, California 90723. (66)

Eric: No matter where you are or what you are doing, I am here waiting. Me and my sweet tits need you! I love you. Red. (59)

Doc: You're still the one. I love you and I'll always care. Panacea (59)

Don't die without a will! Blank will form protects your brother. Only \$3—guaranteed! Order today! Longhorn Products, 716 Kellogg S.E., Dept. W2, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49503. (59)

Giant black & white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, car, bike, favorite nude—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—anything! All you have to do is send us your snapshot. Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. We will ship all orders within four weeks. (66)

Dago Bitch: I'm gonna love you till the last hair falls out of your bush—which, with that mop of yours, means approximately forever. And I can't think of a nicer way to spend forever than clambered between your gorgeous guinea gams or hung in your oily mouth. Cock like a horse, cunt like a mare, we truly are the perfect pair. Just as perfect as that pair of puppies on your chest. Your old man. Boxcars. (59)

Bro Bart: Looking for you since June '77, ODR22A. Important! Contact us. Mark and Hutch, 6705 Fairway #27, Houston, Tx. 77087. (59)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley Rider: "Harley Is Best. Fuck The Rest"; "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy"; "Harley Riders Get More Head"; "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head." And some new ones for the ol' lady: "I'm His Because He Gives Good Face"; "I Love To Putt, Fuck and Fuck"; "This Love For Face"; "Harley Riders Wanted—Inquire Within." \$7.50 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

Hoes 'n' Monica Freeman: Would dig hearing from you. Moose 'n' Ol' Lady Pirmasens, Germany. Write Moose, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (59)

Larc M19-A BB Submachine Gun for real excitement! You saw this gun in the August 1977 issue of Easyriders. Now you can have it for your own. Zero in on a target and watch a stream of BBs literally rip it apart! A revolutionary concept in shooting fun, our M19-A is the first and only fully automatic weapon to be legally offered to the public. Specifications: length, 22.875" o.a.; height, 9.0"; width, 1.750"; weight loaded, 5.5 lbs.; maximum effective range, 50 yds. Shipped prepaid and insured. Send money order for \$33 to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. All orders must include signed testimony showing age to be over 18 years. Offer void where prohibited. (66)

Racial Purity is America's Security. Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (60)

Attention Knight Riders: The Denver chapter would like to see all Knights at the 2nd annual motorcycle festival on April 28, 29, and 30, at the Colorado National Speedway, Erie, Colorado. Send inquiries to Dragon, P.O. Box 235, Dupont, Colorado 80024. (59)

Anybody know where Larry Eyer of Dayton, Ohio, is? Lost my darling. Heart has been lost since October. Please find him right away and also let me know. Write to Debbie Elaine Wilson, #7 Lehman Court, Cannelton, Indiana 47520. (59)

Biker with steady job, looking for one sincere, level-headed woman 18-25 to live with in mid-Michigan. To share riding and partying. Please enclose photo. Write Gaba, Box 133, Laingsburg, Michigan 48848. (59)

STP silicone brake fluid. Dot 5, will not damage paint. 12 oz. can \$3 postpaid. B.T. Products, 8 Mt. Etna Pl., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10805. (59)

\$1 puts your name in the hands of firms eager to send you offers, samples, and opportunities. Graig Scott, Box 122, Malden, Mass. 02148. (59)

Wanted: Chick who knows what's happenin' and wants to live together and help me work my bar. Moon, 1203 N. 15th Avenue, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (60)

Still want to putt! Paraplegic will trade 1973 ridged fatbob shovel for '74 trike. Write to Chris Morland, 1827 Virginia, Bakersfield, Calif. 93305. (60)

Guaranteed photo I.D. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Secret Process-EZ58, 5222-N Christiansburg, Chicago, Ill. 60625. (59)

Sell: Easyriders number 1 through present issues. Complete, none cut. Good to excellent condition. Best offer over \$250. K. Schuster, P.O. Box 873, Ocala, Florida 32670. (59)

Single, attractive, white female, 29, central California area. Loves Hogs, biker life, fishing, shooting, and pleasing her ol' man. Looking for single, white male who enjoys the above and has his head together. If you can handle this kind of action write to The Lioness, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (59)

Chris: Hi ya. Miss your face. Write sometime. Love ya, Doobie. (59)

2nd Annual Colorado Motorcycle Festival, April 28-29 & 30th at Colorado National Speedway, Erie, Colorado; 3-day swap meet, big bore, 1/4-mile flat track and motocross races, spectator events, movies, commercial booths, 1-day bike show, hands daredevil acts, and more. For information, write to Colorado Motorcycle Festival, P.O. Box 623, Commerce City, Colorado 80037. (59)

For Sale: Motorcycle Accessory Store, gross \$200,000 yearly. \$100,000 plus inventory, plus fixtures. Full service area—super-sound engine room. \$125,000. All replies to Resource Management Associates, 185 Cross Street, Port Lee, New Jersey 07424. (59)

Miniature chrome-plated chopper roach clips. Quality built. Joint-sized bikes. \$6. Trikes, \$7.50. Send stamped envelope for pictures. Dealers invited! Richard Gaff, 2760 1/2 Coburg Road, Eugene, Oregon 97401. (60)

California broads write to Chicago Shorty. Three yrs. done on a Florida dime and working on a west coast parole for mid-1978. G. M. Emerson #047189, Box 221, Ralston, Florida 32083. (59)

Female rider around 28 for run to Canada. Write Don, Box 6103, Charleston, South Carolina 29405. (59)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Run on two "AA" batteries. No electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks, or for fun. \$99 plus \$3 postage. Send money order for \$102 to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (62)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 698-1849. (64)

Join MMA: Become a Life Member for \$100, join the Family Plan for \$15, or become an Active Member for \$10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Orange County, California: Man 30; Flathead 29; Home 25; we need a down-to-earth lady to be complete. Send letter and photo to John, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (59)

Unusual Books: Weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, money-making opportunities, living free, all kinds good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog \$1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Michigan 48854. (60)

Two young biker chicks, short on cash, will send photos showing their bodies. Send \$1.00 for each photo wanted (cash only, please, guys). Kell, P.O. Box 261, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

I've got something for you....

And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.



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 _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%

Jammer Wheels

COMPLETE WHEEL WITH HUB

\$149.00
- MOST MAKES

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea—four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price—we know it's revolutionary!

So put your wheel problems to rest and read on about Jammer wheels.

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



Wheels

- All wheel sizes and patterns are interchangeable and will bolt up to any hub, front or rear
- Precision two piece steel stamping
- Rolled safety bead
- Rotationally welded under inert gas shield to assure minimum run-out and maximum strength
- Lighter in weight than most welded steel wheels

- No more spoke trueing hassles
- Easily balanced with tape-on weights
- Wheels are triple plated with Jammer's own high quality plating process
- Easy to clean
- Easily installed in minutes
- Simple instructions included

Hubs

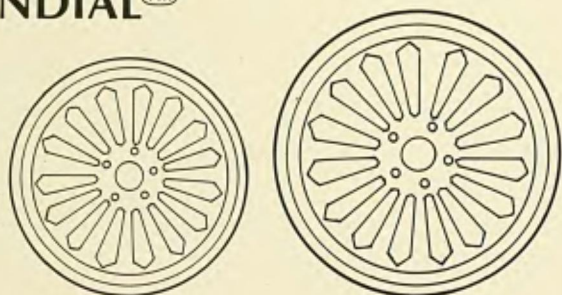
- Bolt-up hubs for most popular makes to your stock axles and spacers (special bearings and bolts provided where needed)
- Universal blank also available for other makes and custom brake set-ups (machining required)

- All hubs are made of aircraft quality aluminum
- All hubs are precision machined and polished to a high luster finish



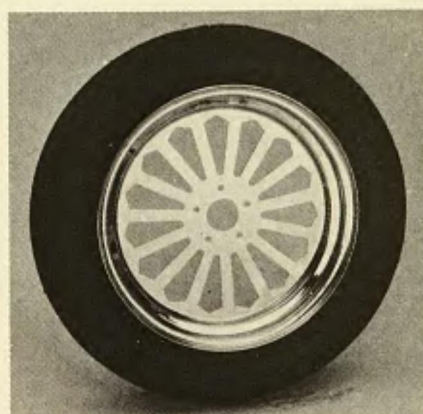
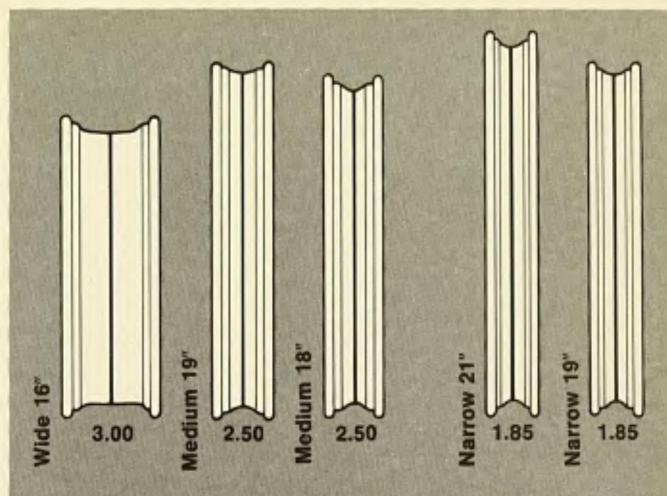
Jammer Wheels

SUNDIAL™

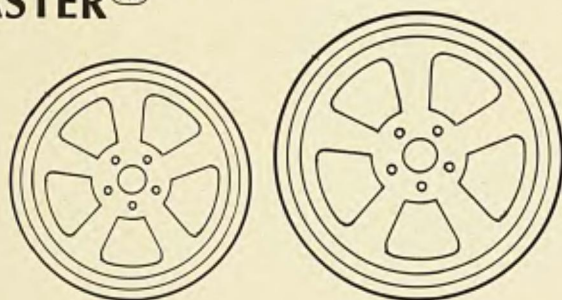


Part #	Description	Price
2011	16" Wide Sundial	79.50
2021	18" Medium Sundial	79.50
2031	19" Medium Sundial	79.50
2041	19" Narrow Sundial	79.50
2051	21" Narrow Sundial	79.50

All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used
Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits On Page 106.

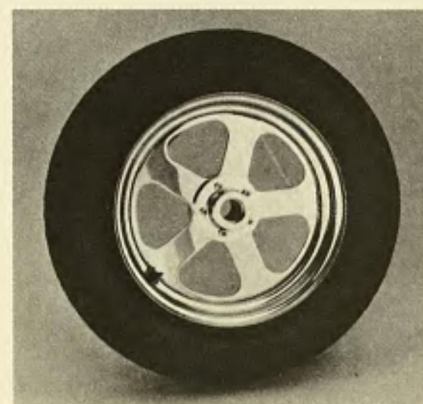
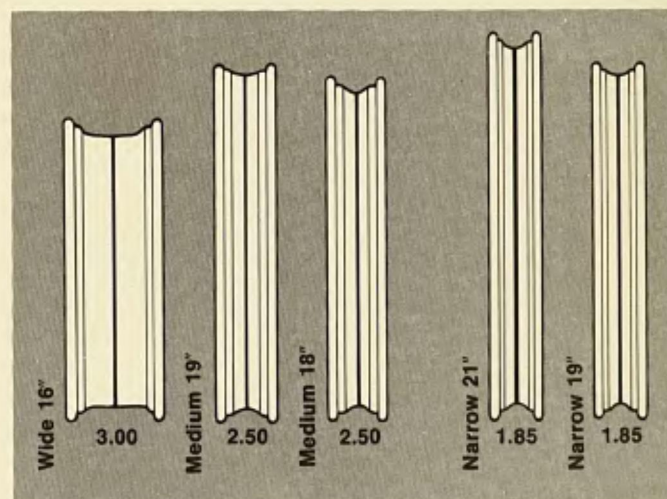


BLASTER™



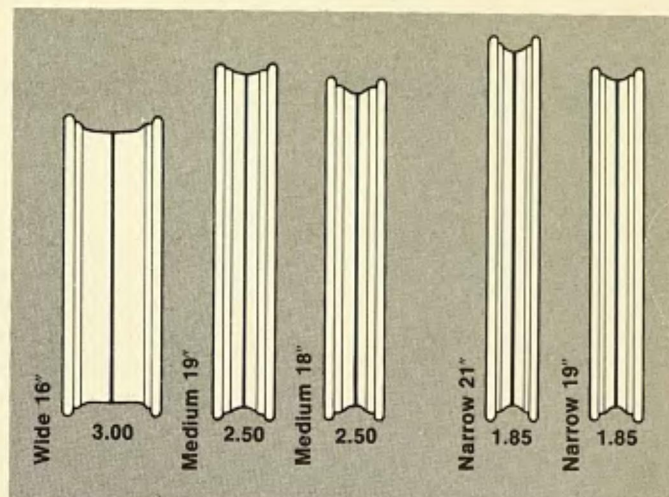
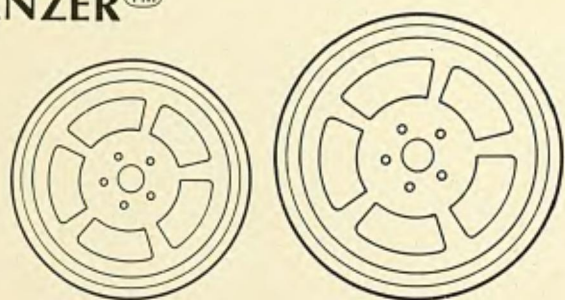
Part #	Description	Price
2012	16" Wide Blaster	79.50
2022	18" Medium Blaster	79.50
2032	19" Medium Blaster	79.50
2042	19" Narrow Blaster	79.50
2052	21" Narrow Blaster	79.50

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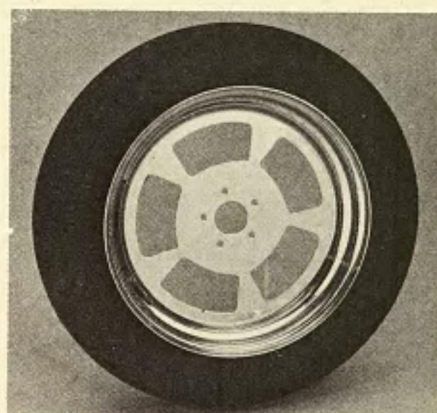
Jammer Wheels

PANZER™

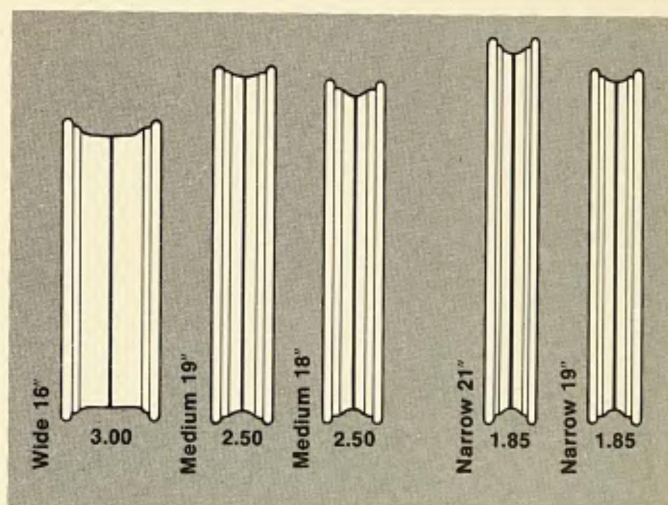
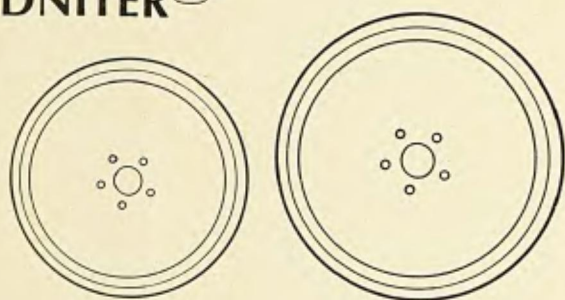


Part #	Description	Price
2013	16" Wide Panzer	79.50
2023	18" Medium Panzer	79.50
2033	19" Medium Panzer	79.50
2043	19" Narrow Panzer	79.50
2053	21" Narrow Panzer	79.50

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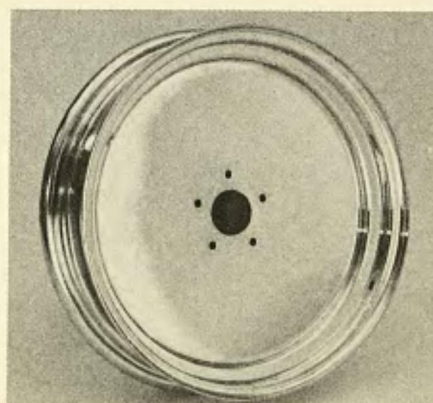


MIDNITER™

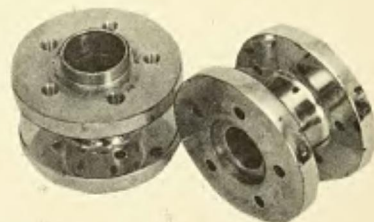
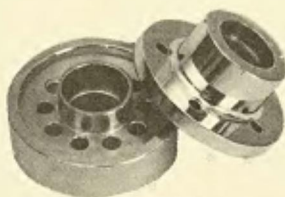
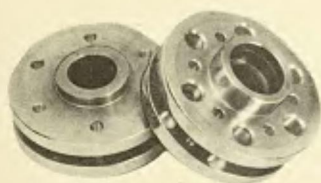


Part #	Description	Price
2014	16" Wide Midniter	79.50
2024	18" Medium Midniter	79.50
2034	19" Medium Midniter	79.50
2044	19" Narrow Midniter	79.50
2054	21" Narrow Midniter	79.50

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Hub Kits For Jammer Wheels

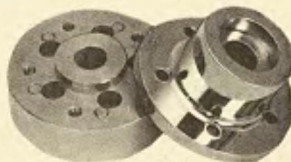
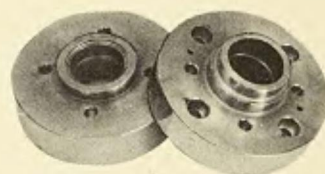


Part #	Description	Price
2101	Harley 1941-1966 FL's. Fits front or rear.	69.50
2102	Harley 1967-1972 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1971-1972 FX. Fits rear only.	69.50
2103	Harley 1973-1978 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1973-1978 FX. Fits rear only.	79.50

2104	Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2105	Harley 1978 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2106	Harley 1955-1978 Sportster. Fits rear only.	69.50
21051	Spool Hub. 3" wide, 5/8 bearing.	69.50

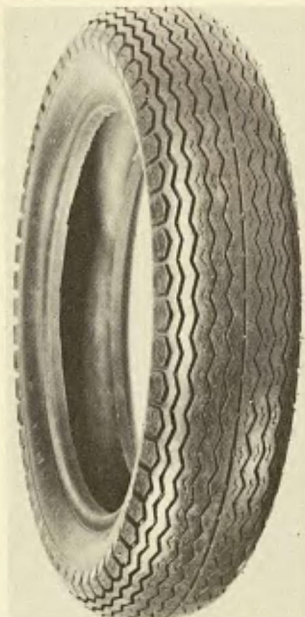
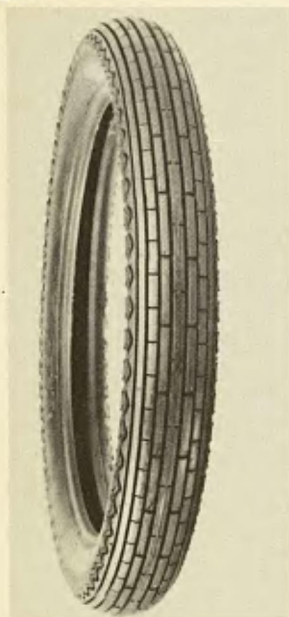
21052 Universal Blank Hub
For other makes and
custom brake setups
(machining required.) **69.50**

**Honda and Kawasaki hub kits
available soon**



Tires

Our selection of fine tires are all designed for performance, dependability and safety.



Yokohama Rear Tire
73076 5.10 x 16 44.95

Arco Rear Tire
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Adran Front Rib Tires

7302	2.75 x 18	19.95
7303	3.00 x 18	22.95
7304	2.75 x 19	23.95
73070	3.25 x 19	30.95
73071	3.50 x 19	36.95
7307	3.00 x 21	27.95

Adran Rear Tires

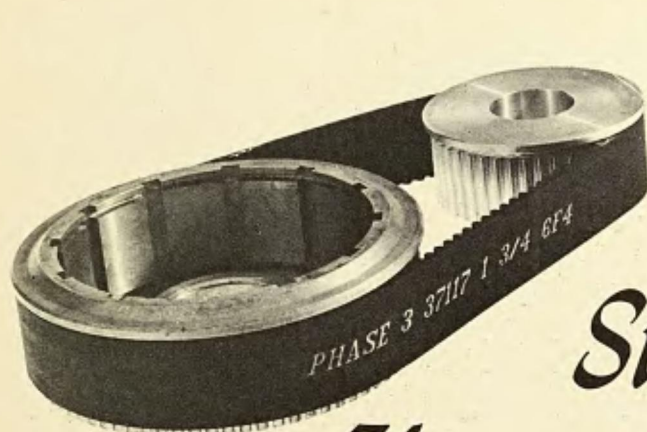
73077	5.00 x 16	42.95
73072	3.75 x 18	29.95
73073	4.20 x 18	34.95
73074	4.60 x 18	39.95
73075	5.20 x 18	43.95
73078	5.20 H x 18	47.95

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HARLEY HONDA KAWASAKI
FAST RIDE &
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New Easy Riding
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DAVE MAHIN
For Harley
100 MPH HARLEY

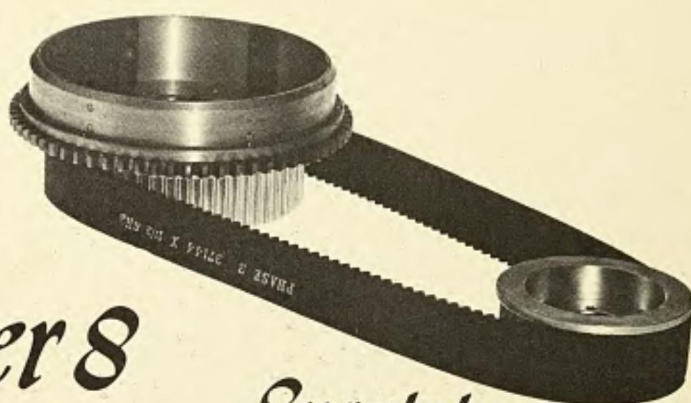
Phase 3 of America Belt Drives

Phase 3 and Uniroyal combine motorcycle and rubber technology for the finest belt drive available. The new high performance SUPER 8 belt is 60% stronger than previous timing belts. The pulleys are fully machined from billets (not castings) of high strength 6061-T6 aluminum alloy. A perfect mating is provided between the pulley and the belt. Engine shaft inserts are also precision machined from 4130 chromemoly—the ideal super combination for strength and light weight where it is most needed. The SUPER 8 is 60% lighter than the stock chain drive and will outlast a stock unit many times over.



74

Super 8



Sportster

In addition a SUPER 8:

- Needs no lubrication
- Reduces noise
- Eliminates drive train vibration by 75%
- Increases top speed
- Increases all around performance
- Provides a quicker horsepower transfer to the rear wheel
- Does not stretch due to wear
- Needs no break-in
- Bonneville and dragstrip proven

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74 Belt Drive Open Primary. This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown.

143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1937-1954. 195.00

143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1955-1978. 195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor.

143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1937-1954. 175.00

143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1955-1964. 175.00

143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1965-1978. 175.00

74 Belt Drive—Electric Start. An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower.

143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969. 200.00

143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1978. 200.00

Sportster Belt Drives These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available.

143067 Sportster Belt Drive. 1957-1968. 175.00

143068 Sportster Belt Drive. 1969-1970. 175.00

143069 Sportster Belt Drive. 1971-1976. 175.00

143070 Sportster Belt Drive. 1977-1978. 175.00

143071 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1967-1970. 200.00

143072 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1971-1976. 200.00

143073 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1977-1978. 200.00

Belts The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced.

143081 74 Belt, closed primary 22.00

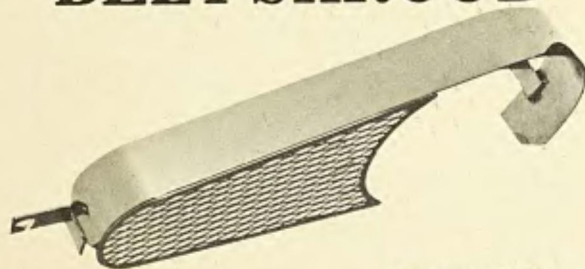
143082 74 Belt, open primary & electric start. 22.00

143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00



Belt Drive Accessories

BELT SHROUD

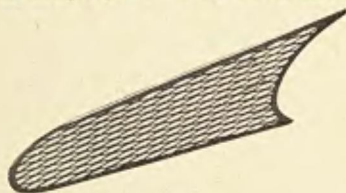


Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional at extra cost.

143074 Belt Shroud, 1937 to 1964. 34.95

143075 Belt Shroud, 1965 to 1978. 34.95

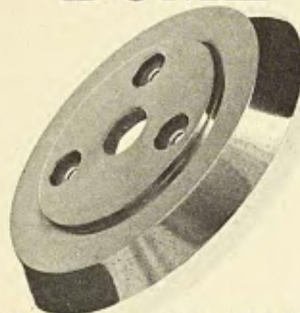
SIDE GUARD



The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.

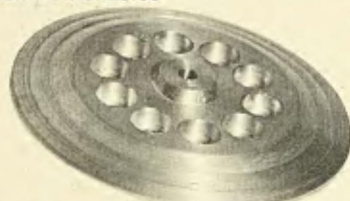
143077 Side Guard. 22.50

DOMES



Harley 74 clutch domes give the custom finished look to our A-unit for open installations. It eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch. The highly polished aluminum dome looks great whether the bike is at rest or flashing as it spins.

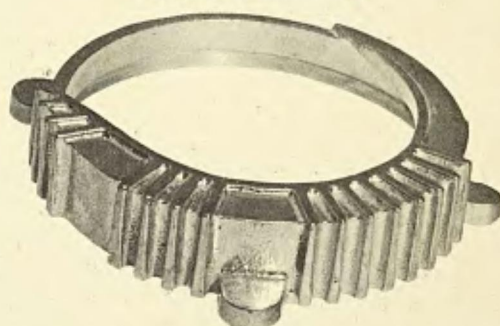
143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00



Pressure Plate. A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance and hard riding.

143021 Pressure Plate 29.95

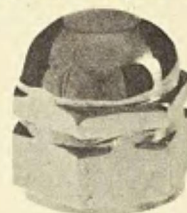
ALTERNATOR COVER



Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.

143076 Alternator cover. 28.00

ENGINE NUT



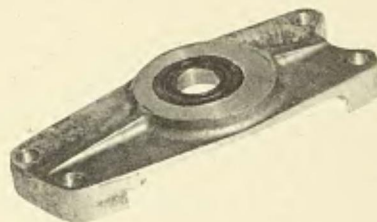
The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Lustrous show chrome.

143078 74 Engine Nut, 1937 to 1954. 9.95

143079 74 Engine Nut, 1955 to 1976. 9.95

143080 Sportster Engine Nut, all years. 9.95

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)**



Bearing Support & Bearing. Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. This cast aluminum support bolts easily into place, providing all the support necessary. Order bearing and support separately.

10404 Bearing support 17.95

10405 Bearing 8.95

Chrome Things



ADVERTISING

We feel that we have filled your need for Decorative Fasteners with "Chrome Things". They are a line of top quality chrome plated nuts available in the full range of thread sizes along with the most popular styles. Order by part number.

American Threads (course and fine threads)

Part #	Description	Qty. per card	Price per card
12401	10-24 Acorn Nut	7	2.39
12501	10-24 Nugget Nut	7	2.39
12402	1/4-20 Acorn Nut	6	2.39
12502	1/4-20 Nugget Nut	6	2.39
12403	1/4-28 Acorn Nut	6	2.39
12503	1/4-28 Nugget Nut	6	2.39
12404	5/16-18 Acorn Nut	5	2.39
12504	5/16-18 Nugget Nut	5	2.39
12405	5/16-24 Acorn Nut	5	2.39
12505	5/16-24 Nugget Nut	5	2.39
12406	3/8-16 Acorn Nut	4	2.39
12506	3/8-16 Nugget Nut	4	2.39
12407	3/8-24 Acorn Nut	4	2.39
12507	3/8-24 Nugget Nut	4	2.39
12408	7/16-14 Acorn Nut	3	2.39
12508	7/16-14 Nugget Nut	3	2.39
12409	7/16-20 Acorn Nut	3	2.39
12509	7/16-20 Nugget Nut	3	2.39
124010	1/2-13 Acorn Nut	2	2.39
125010	1/2-13 Nugget Nut	2	2.39

124011	1/2-20 Acorn Nut	2	2.39
125011	1/2-20 Nugget Nut	2	2.39
124012	9/16-12 Acorn Nut	1	2.39
125012	9/16-12 Nugget Nut	1	2.39
124013	9/16-18 Acorn Nut	1	2.39
125013	9/16-18 Nugget Nut	1	2.39
124014	5/8-18 Acorn Nut	1	2.39
125014	5/8-18 Nugget Nut	1	2.39
124015	5/8-11 Acorn Nut	1	2.39
125015	5/8-11 Nugget Nut	1	2.39



Metric Threads

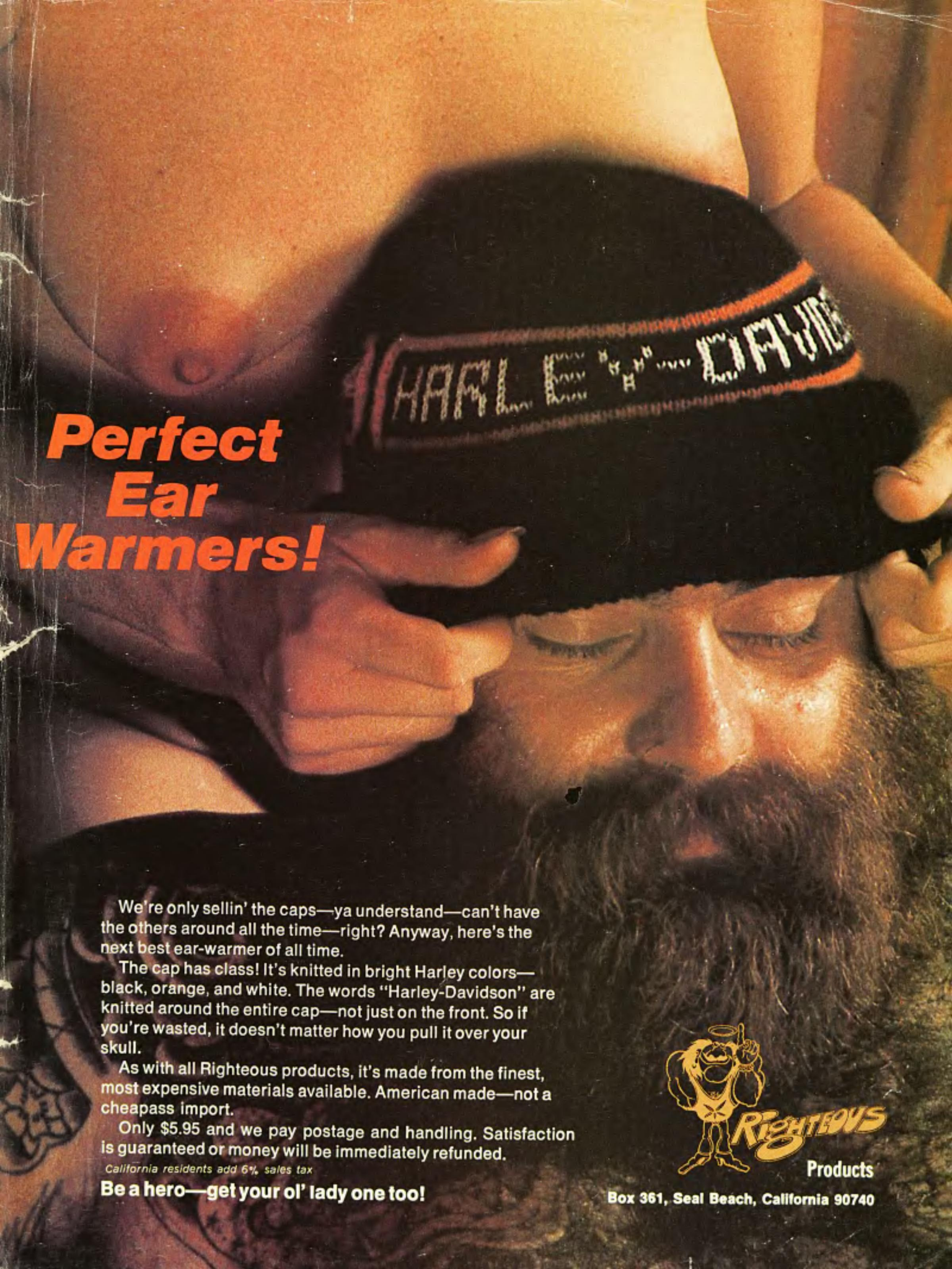
Part #	Description	Qty. Per card	Price Per card
124022	#6 Metric Acorn Nut	6	2.39
125022	#6 Metric Nugget Nut	4	2.39
124023	#8 Metric Acorn Nut	5	2.39
125023	#8 Metric Nugget Nut	3	2.39
124024	#10 Metric Acorn Nut	4	2.39
125024	#10 Metric Nugget Nut	2	2.39
124025	#12 Metric Acorn Nut	2	2.39
125025	#12 Metric Nugget Nut	1	2.39

British Witworth Threads - BSF

Part #	Description	Qty. Per Card	Price Per Card
124016	1/4-26 Acorn Nut	5	2.39
125016	1/4-26 Nugget Nut	4	2.39
124017	5/16-26 Acorn Nut	5	2.39
125017	5/16-26 Nugget Nut	3	2.39
124018	3/8-26 Acorn Nut	3	2.39
125018	3/8-26 Nugget Nut	2	2.39
124019	7/16-26 Acorn Nut	3	2.39
125019	7/16-26 Nugget Nut	1	2.39
124020	1/2-26 Acorn Nut	2	2.39
125020	1/2-26 Nugget Nut	1	2.39
124021	3/4-20 Acorn Nut	1	2.39
125021	3/4-20 Nugget Nut	1	2.39

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You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
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the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 110)



A close-up photograph of a man with a full, dark beard and closed eyes. He is wearing a black beanie with orange and white stripes and the words "HARLEY-DAVIDSON" knitted in white. His hands are visible, pulling the beanie over his head. The background is a warm, golden-brown color.

Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

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Well, bros, Spider 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 old fashions—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.

Earlyriders



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We are in: 1) 18-24 years, 2) 25-34 years, 3) 35-44 years, 4) 45-54 years, 5) 55-64 years, 6) 65-74 years, 7) 75-84 years, 8) 85-94 years, 9) 95-104 years. Check your age group.

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