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Easyriders

Entertainment for
Adult Bikers

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Cover photo of Marilyn Chambers by Billy Tinney

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I wouldn't advise a scooter tramp tryin' it — but the Rhode Island Supreme Court has decided that you can yell four-letter words (shit, fuck, turd, etc.) at a cop. The court ruled that four-letter words have protection under the First Amendment and that people can't be prosecuted for shouting them at police. Not only that, but the state may not punish you for the use of obscene words that merely elicit indignation, disgust, or anger.

Where was I the last issue? First, don't ask. But if you must, all I can say is I zipped when I shoulda zagged — and I'm stickin' to that story. Fuck it, I've been known to party hearty — sometimes a wee bit more than others, dependin' on the quality of the mind-bender (forced upon me, ya understand).

Surprise! Surprise! A dude, spottin' a baby buffalo in a field, jumped the fence and started pettin' the small calf. Now get this. He failed to look behind him and 20 — count 'em, twenty — fully grown, humongous buffaloes came barreling at him from the rear. Needless to say, he was mangled and gored — eight times or more.

Everyone knows a narc dog is trained not to bite his master or any other cop in uniform. Well, seems a 90-pound dog was chasin' a man, but all of a sudden he pounced on another cop, sinkin' his fangs into him a couple of times. How'd the dog fuck up? The chase was at night and dogs can't see whether they've pounced on a uniform or not. So fuck it, he gnaws away until his keeper comes puffin' up to tell him that's a no-no.

Nice try dept.: He was busted for growin' pot on his farm. When the narcs came, he explained that he grew the marijuana for his five beef cattle. They hauled him and his crop off to the slammer.

Nurd of the month: He sticks up the bank, takin' a measly 137 bucks from the teller. You won't believe this — then he walks over to the manager and says he wants to open a savings account! While filling out the forms, you-know-who came and nabbed him.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Now here's a loyal baseball fan: When the umpire made (in the fan's opinion) a bad call against the local team, this dude whips out a knife and runs toward the ump to teach him the error of his ways. A baseball player pulls a gun, which fires and shoots off his own pants, which fall to his feet. Another player starts thumpin' heads with a baseball bat. The second baseman also pulls a gun. The result — a different ump dies via a stray bullet, the coach is in jail, and the final score is unknown.

Fun and games: This biker, wearin' a ski mask, pulls up next to women riding bicycles, reaches out, and slashes their asses. So far he has cut butts on eight women. All the police know about him is that he rides a dark motorcycle and has bright blue eyes and a pot belly. So all you blue-eyed muthas in Minneapolis had better suck in your guts when you pass a cop.

985 years for one robbery? He had previously set a field ablaze, set his sister on fire, and brought a glass of urine to a family member when asked for water. Even though he had done all these things, he was still found sane enough to be sentenced to jail for 985 years. The judge felt the dude's crime was so bizarre that he personally must approve any of the dude's parole petitions for the next 328 years. What did he do? He held up a mortuary while a funeral was in progress and robbed twenty mourners of all their possessions. Now I ask you — what's so bizarre about that?

Dipshit of the month: Do you think the grass is stronger in some areas than in others? For instance, this dude went into the bank, slipped the teller a note, ran out of the bank with the loot, and then raced home. When he got there, the FBI was waiting. What did he do wrong? He had written his demand note on the back of one of his personalized checks complete with name, address, and phone number. You figure it out.

While standin' around pickin' my nose at a recent T-Trace, I noticed a race team truck with "U.S. Army" painted all over it. Then I noticed a dude wearing red, white, and blue leathers with "U.S. Army" written up both legs and across his back. I wondered which Harley they were sponsoring — you can believe I got a bad case of the drizzles when I discovered that they were sponsoring a Honda! It's bad enough that some non-thinking turds forget about their fallen brothers in WWII — but they're doin' it with our tax dollars. Our army, our money sponsoring a foreign bike — it blew me out. How about you? ■



WORDMONGER

Promises, Promises

☐ I was going to send you dudes a joint, but I had to smoke it to get in the mood to write this letter.

Lonely George
Peoria, Ill.

Claybrook Crusade

☐ I'm pissed! Maddog II from Ames, Iowa, had a great idea — getting enough money together through **Easyriders** to present a positive commercial for bikers on prime time TV. But you dumb fucks want to call this movement "Crusade Against Claybrook" because this Claybrook was able to run a commercial calling for the preservation of the wild turkey. Maddog II was attempting to make a point — that is, we've got organizations like ABATE and sixteen states with helmet laws, yet do we see anything in the media supporting the biker cause? Hell, no. And you dumb fucks vent your hostilities and frustrations on a wildlife preservationist! Come on, get our act together.

Doober James
Baraboo, Wis.

■ See page 51 for the latest figures on the Claybrook Crusade. Obviously, you don't know what Claybrook is all about or you'd know why everyone is so hot about the witch.

Our Rights

☐ I do not choose to be a common man. It is my right to be uncommon, if I can. I seek opportunity, not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled and dulled by having the state look after me. I want to take the calculated risk, to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed. I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence, the thrill of fulfillment to the stale calm of utopia. I will not trade freedom for beneficence, nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and

unafraid, to think and act for myself, to enjoy the benefits of my creations, and to face the world boldly and say, "This I have done." All this is what it means to be an American.

Harley Fanatic
Hamburg, Pa.

Kansas Rat

☐ There was a bro who crashed on a bridge in Salina, Kansas. After he crashed, some straight citizen took his bike to go get help. Well, the ambulance showed but the bro's bike never did.

Mitch the Bitch
Waterville, Kan.

Occasional Ass-kickin'

☐ I am a biker's ol' lady and have been married to him for nine years. I love him, and I understand that sometimes an ass-kicking does do some good, and as he says, an ass-kickin' in time saves nine. He also says he's got a good woman, and there ain't no way he's sparinn' the whip because it spoils me — but I'd do anything for him.

Peanut and Blue
Indianapolis, Ind.

Bikers

☐ Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find the fascinating group of humanity called bikers.

They come in assorted hat sizes, shapes, weights, and stages of sobriety. They can be found anywhere — in cities, in towns, in the wilderness, in bars, in jails, on the road, and always in debt.

A biker is laziness with tattoos, bravery on two wheels, always covered with grease, and seldom without a case of beer.

He has the energy of a turtle (unless wired), the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a liar, the aspirations of a Casanova, and when he wants something, it's usually connected with women or scooters.

Some of his likes are: women, beer, girls, alcohol, females, booze, dames, firewater, the opposite sex, going on runs, and the smell of Harley oil.

Some of his dislikes are: answering phones, his boss, officers of the law, getting up on time, and being told to take his leathers off.

No one else can cram into one pocket a little black book, a photo of his favorite scooter, a pack of crushed cigarettes, a lighter, a quarter T, a comb, a knife, what's left of his paycheck, and 300 lbs. of nuts and bolts.

He likes to spend some of his money on girls, some on poker, some on beer, some for shooting pool, and the rest for drugs and gas.

A biker is a majestic creature. You can lock him out of your house but not out of your heart. You can scratch him out of your little black book but not out of your mind. You may feel like giving up on the bleary-eyed, good-for-nothing, long-away-from-home lover boy, but all your shattered dreams become insignificant when your man knocks on your door, looks at you with those bloodshot eyes, and says, "Hi, darlin'."

M.S. Swan
Sacramento, Calif.

Snivel, Snivel

☐ Two rich, blonde scooter ladies will travel anywhere in the U.S. to give the best head ever had! Now that we've got your attention, we've written five letters to "Wordmonger" and you've never yet printed one. We outlaw chicks deserve a chance, too, ya know.

Lola and Spunky
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Club Problems

☐ We have recently begun a club and have run into some slight problems. For one thing, we are in the military aboard the USS Midway, home ported in Yokosuka, Japan. We believe that we are being discriminated against just because we are a

motorcycle club — and not a gang as they seem to think.

There have been incidents such as having a club member forced to cut his colors off his jacket at the after bow while trying to get off the ship to go on liberty. Other club members have had their colors confiscated by the ship's master-at-arms, who was ordered by the executive officer of the Midway not to return them because they were a type of contraband. Also, every time there is a good fight over at the Enlisted Men's Club (Alliance Club), the first thing in their minds is that our club is to blame for anything and everything. Also, a surprising thing is that there are other types of clubs on board such as drinking clubs, another motorcycle club, and even a roller skating club whose members all fly some sort of colors (patches), but nothing is said about them. We would like to know if there are any legal steps that can be taken about this injustice. We would deeply appreciate any aid or advice you could give us.

Mack H. Parker
Lost Souls MC
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

■ Ask any long-time patch holder — you're just gettin' your first taste of club life.

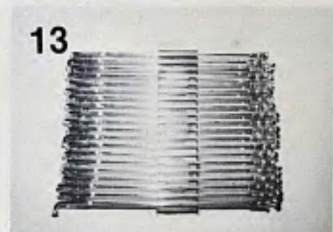
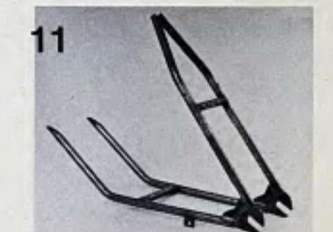
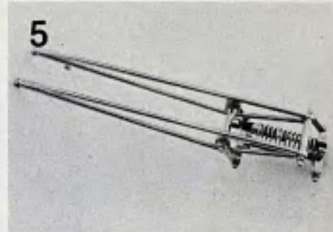
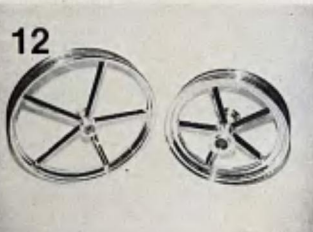
Digs Bob Seger

☐ Your article on Bob Seger is probably the greatest I have ever read, and I'm proud to see that a group of brothers who are criticized by fancy bookstores, red-necks, and the likes of that Claybrook chick can still sit down and relate to Seger's tunes.

I don't know what they gave him to sit on that riceburner on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, but he must've been busy and not thinking straight.

We may be one percenters, but as long as you keep your shit together and Seger keeps writing for us, the system will never be able to stop us and our lifestyle.

A Soldiering Biker
Fort Hood, Texas



1. 18" - 19" - 21" Front Five Spoke Disc Brake — \$357.95
Kit contains: Hurst Airheart hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • Five spoke show chromed heli-arc welded precision steel wheel • disc • tire • tube • bearings • mounting brackets • bolts • lines & fittings. Dual disc add \$80.00.
2. H-D 74 Fat Bob Frame — \$350.00
Complete with all Fat Bob mounts, made of 1020 milo steel 120 wall thickness and heli-arc welded in precision jigs. Specify mechanical, hydraulic or disc. All frames come with title & serial number.
3. 15" & 16" Rear Five Spoke Disc Brake — \$357.95
Kit contains: Hurst Airheart hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • five spoke show chromed heli-arc welded precision steel wheel • disc • sprocket • tire • tube • bearings • bolts • lines & fittings. For chromed master cylinder • caliper • sprocket & carrier, add \$40.00.
4. Springers — \$290.40
Made of high quality 1018 milo steel • heli-arc welded • show chrome plated • available from stock to 18" overstock lengths. For 1/4" axle kit, add \$30.00.
5. Girders — \$343.95
Made of high quality 1018 milo steel • heli-arc welded • show chrome plated • 5 way adjustable shock • available from stock to 18" overstock lengths. Axle Kit for Girder, add \$30.00.
6. Custom Rigid Frames — \$252.95
5" overstock length • 100% guaranteed • 1/2" or 1" rake. Available for all H-D 74's — All sportsters • Honda 350-360-450-500-550-750 • Triumph 650 & 750 2 cyl. 57-80 • BSA 71 & later • Yamaha 650 • Kawasaki 650-900-1000 • Norton Commando 69 & later 750 & 850. All frames come with serial #s & title.
7. 15" & 16" Rear Wheel Kits — \$55.00
Kit contains: heavy gauge show chrome plated rim in 36 or 40 hole • heavy gauge chrome plated spokes & nipples. Laces quickly & easily to your bikes hub or send \$25.00 and we'll lace & true it. Same day service! Kits to fit most bikes. For tire & tube, add \$35.00.
8. 15" & 16" Super Stopper Disc Brake — \$274.95
Kit contains: Hurst Airheart hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • hub • sprocket • disc • 15" or 16" x 3.5 hog rim • chrome spokes & nipples • tire • tube • nuts • bolts • lines & fittings • lace & true \$25.00. For chromed master cylinder & caliper, sprocket & carrier, add \$40.00.
9. Front Disc Brake 18" - 19" - 21" — \$274.95
Kit contains: Hurst hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • hub • disc • mounting brackets • chrome rim, spokes & nipples • bearings • spacers • tire • tube • lines & fittings • laced & trued. Dual Disc available, add \$80.00.
10. Hardheads — \$99.95
Give your bike that long, lean look & still keep your stock suspension. Made of 1020 milo steel and 120 wall thickness and heli-arc welded in precision jigs. Neck is machined to accept stock bearings & races. Comes with instructions.
11. Hardtails — \$69.95
4" overstock length • heli-arc welded • 100% guaranteed. Available for Honda 305-350-450-500-550-750 • Triumph 500-650-750 2 cyl. 55-79 • Yamaha 650 • Sportsters • BSA 63-70 650 • All H-D 74's (stock length).
12. 15" - 16" - 18" - 19" - 21" Stock Five Spokes — \$253.00
Custom five spoke wheels are precision steel wheels, heli-arc welded and show chrome plated. Five spoke wheels are built rugged and designed for years of trouble-free riding. Bolt on your stock factory brakes & bearings. Available for most bikes.
13. Spokes — \$25.00
Heavy Duty 6-8 gauge spokes & nipples, triple chrome plated. Available in 15" - 16" - 18" - 19" - 21" for all H-D's.
14. Front Wheel Kit — \$45.00
Give your bike the custom look and still use your stock hub & brakes. Kit contains: heavy gauge chrome plated spokes & nipples, chrome steel rim. Available in 18" - 19" - 21" for Sportsters, Superglides • H-D 74's • Honda 750 • Kawasaki 900 & 1000. For tire & tube, add \$30.00. Send hub and \$25.00 and we'll lace & true it for you!
15. 18" - 19" - 21" Front Drum Brake — \$229.95
Kit contains: stainless steel hub • chrome backing plate with heavy duty brake linings • chrome spokes & nipples • chrome rim • bearings • brake lever & cable • tire & tube • spacers • laced & trued.

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Rake — 1/2" or 1" • Springer-Girder Length _____

Tire & tube • Axle Kit



A Warm Riding Scarf

This warm riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than \$9.75, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Rollin' Roach Clip

The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They're show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only \$4.50 apiece, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



A Slender Chance



1927 Bike Art

This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing.

Send only \$3.00 for each poster, plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Checks take 3 weeks to clear. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California residents add 6% for The Man.

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)



Busted Knuckles

P.O. Box 4631 Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

7-11 and MD Drive

☐ Very interesting. On pages 8 and 10 of the August issue, we read of 7-11's approach to **Easyriders** — such as hiding it under the counter or not selling it at all. It seems 7-11 doesn't think **Easyriders** is righteous enough for their image.

However, on page 83 I read a half-page ad from the Bikers of America Against MD. Having worked with the MDA and the kids, I'm sure there are some very positive things we can do to remedy the situation. You see, guys, the 7-11 Corp. is one of the biggest contributors to MDA, so it seems rather inappropriate to reject a group of people who want to help "Jerry's kids."

I wonder if the readership of *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, *Oui*, *Playboy*, etc. are working for a similar cause.

You can write to the 7-11 Corp., or better yet, write to the MDA in Las Vegas, Nevada, c/o Jerry Lewis.

One of the ads says: "Come on out and join in the fight against MD. It's a good cause, a good way to do some positive public relations for motorcycling, and, by the way, a good way to have some fun."

Come on, 7-11, give us a break.

Delores "Du" Mehorg
Detroit, Mich.

More Work?

☐ I wish you published **Easyriders** and **Iron Horse** twice a month. That way I'd have a magazine a week to read. Right now I'm just waiting for the next issues. Oh well, such is life.

Lee McGoodur
Oklahoma City, Okla.

☒ We overworked slob don't think kindly of your idea — but thanks for the compliment.

Cheap Wine

☐ After reading all your recipes about cooking with pot, making beer, etc., I thought I'd lay on ya a formula for a cheap, easily made wine. You will need ten to fifteen lbs. of grapes, the cheaper the better, and one to two cups of sugar (optional).

Directions: Remove grapes from stems and mash with anything available in any suitable container with a cover to keep the bugs out. Add sugar (optional) and let the mess ferment for at least a week — two weeks is better, but a week is cool. Stir the mess at least once a day. After fermenting for as long as you can stand to wait, strain the skins and seeds through whatever is handy and pour the liquid into a bottle.

Cap tightly. Let stand until all the crap has settled to the bottom of the bottle. Carefully syphon the mess into another waiting bottle, making sure the sediment stays in the first bottle. Chill (optional) and serve. This shit is strong enough to mix with Kool-Aid or 7-Up without losing its taste, in case you are serving sissies.

Gib
Ukiah, Calif.

Calendar Goofs

☐ The dates of the holidays on your 1980 calendar suck. Under usual conditions, errors on calendars don't affect me at all, since I usually don't know what day it is anyway. However, the fact that you had Father's Day on June 17 instead of the 15th really fucked me up. We had a big party and I didn't sober up until the 14th, and the shit would have hit the Westinghouse if my dad did not get a damned card. Because of you, it cost me \$7.78 (express mail).

I'm not sure if you fucked up the dates just to bullshit folks or your holiday research staff takes too many ludes. If the latter is the case, I would suggest giving them acid, since LSD makes holidays appear much more significant than they really are, and this type of screw-up may not happen so often.

On the positive side, the biker photos and the Dave Mann artwork were great, so all was not lost.

If all else fails, take a coke enema.

High Roller
St. Petersburg, Fla.

☐ I got the total shaft from my ol' man because of you assholes. Your '80 **Easyriders** calendar says Father's Day is on June 17th, Tuesday. But come to find out that's a fuck-up — it was on Sunday, the 15th. Thanks a lot.

Crazy Lady
Costa Mesa, Calif.

☒ We cleaned up our act on our 1981 calendar.

Cleaning Up Image

☐ The time has come for us to become a visible and recognizable part of society. Being just the "dirty bikers" to the citizens is not enough. We must begin to be seen as people who not only care for their own but for other people also. We must be seen donating our time, efforts, and money to causes that we believe in and trust. Brothers across the land have donated their blood to the blood banks, and we received no national publicity. Brothers

across the land have donated toys to children who were worthy and in need, and what did this get us? Thrown out of Pasadena (left in lower case out of lack of respect for that burg) is what it got us. Why, you ask? Merely because we don't have the image that is needed to get us on the network news. The networks use us only when there is something sensational to report such as how we are killing each other in petty wars or when we go to trial, as in the case of the Angels in the Bay Area.

What we need to do is get in touch with the network affiliates in our cities and tell them what we are doing to improve our image. We must impress upon them that we don't feel it is fair that they show only the negative views of us. If they still don't seem very receptive to the idea of showing our good side and you have done something to brighten up our image, write a letter to the editor of your paper, naming the people at the station whom you talked to. Be sure you include your full name (don't use your nickname, because that will get your letter directed straight into the circular file), your street or mailing address, and a phone number where you can be reached. This still may not get anything accomplished, but if every brother in your city does the same thing, the odds are that something will happen. So next time you have a blood run, to run, or if you help with the "Bikers Against MD," tell your local television station that you would like some publicity. Remember, although you may not watch much television, the citizens of your city do, and they are influenced by what they see.

The Hobbit
Boise, Idaho

Dildoes Banned

☐ Thanks to Senator Trudy (Prudy) Camping, R-Phoenix, the sale of dildoes in Arizona is now banned. So get your spares before it goes into effect.

Karen Crabtree
Phoenix, Ariz.

Bizarre Request

☐ I'd like to see a nude layout on Spider.

Daisy
Garden City, Kan.

☒ That would gag a maggot.

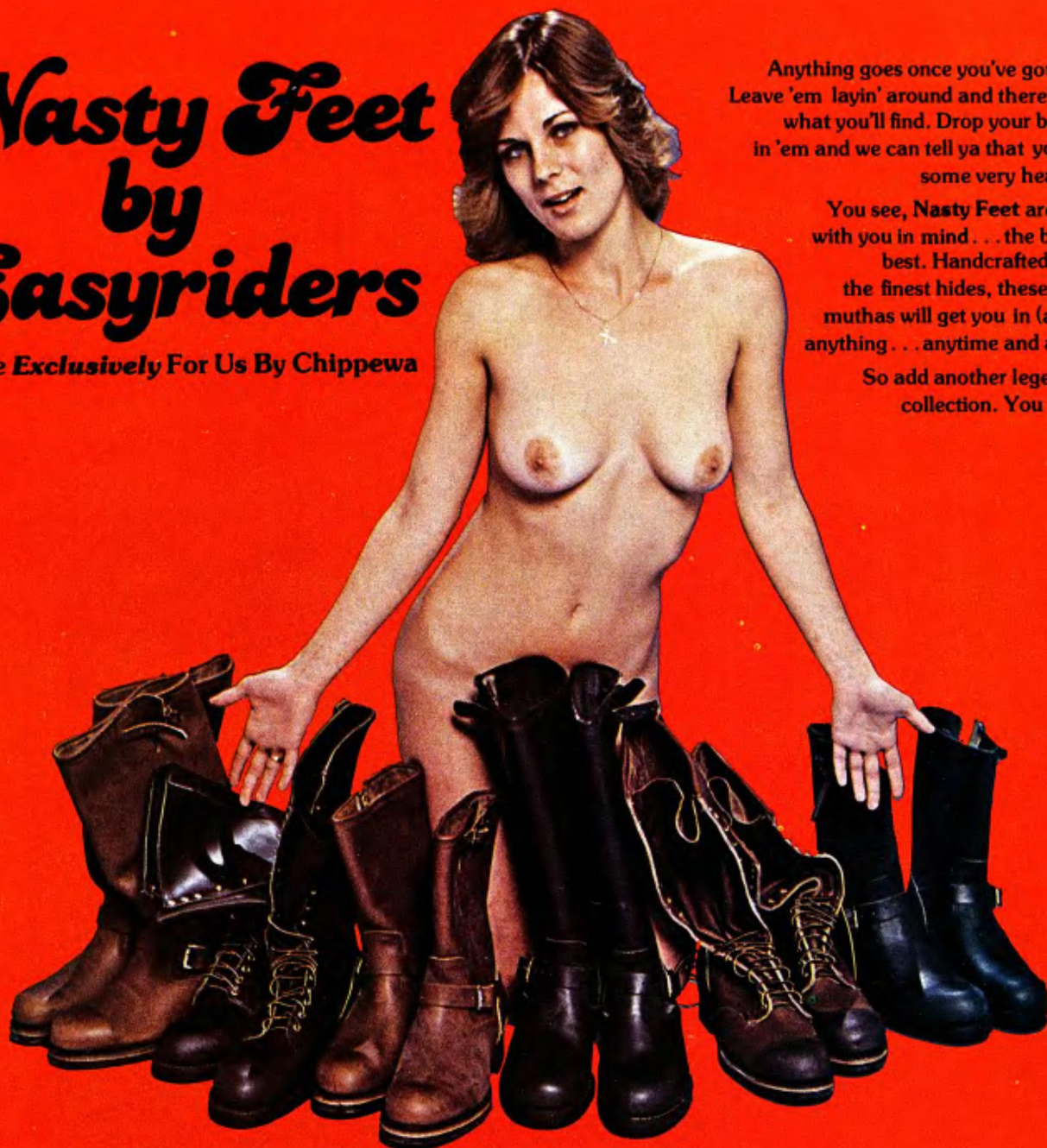
Tech Tip No. 1

☐ I want you all to know that I'm really pissed off, but I guess it's better than bein' pissed on, huh?

Yvette
Long Island, N.Y.

Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made Exclusively For Us By Chippewa



Anything goes once you've got our Feet. Leave 'em layin' around and there's no tellin' what you'll find. Drop your bottom end in 'em and we can tell ya that you're in for some very heavy times.

You see, Nasty Feet are designed with you in mind... the best for the best. Handcrafted from only the finest hides, these steel-toed muthas will get you in (and out) of anything... anytime and anywhere.

So add another legend to your collection. You deserve it!



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B	\$74.00	\$ 86.00
C	\$84.00	\$ 96.00
D	\$84.00	\$ 96.00
E	\$94.00	\$106.00
F	\$94.00	\$106.00

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____ Easyriders Logo* Yes ☐ No ☐
(*Logo not available on lace-up.)

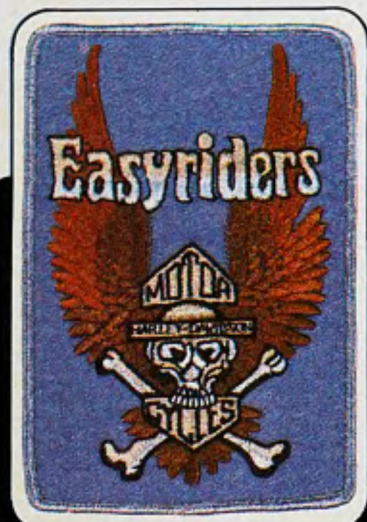
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Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear, California residents add 6%.
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead



Easyriders Patch

Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

**Large Enough
To Make Info
A Pants Pocket!**

California residents add 6% sales tax.
(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

He Understands

☐ In the obituary "Ken Stambaugh: In Memory Of Our First Downed Crew Member" (August issue), you say you're "pissed that Ken's death will add to the meaningless statistics they use to force new legislation down our throats." I know what yer talkin' about.

Ya see, about two years ago my cousin and I talked about rebuildin' his 1950 Hummer. Two weeks later he was dead at the scene of a wreck. He suffered head, severe internal, and back injuries. Severe — like his feet weren't facin' the same way he was lookin' and his insides weren't inside. He wore no helmet, and it would not have made a bit of difference if he had. Anyway, I took it on myself to rebuild the Hummer which, in Minnesota, requires a copy of the "Registered Certificate of Death" on file at the local courthouse before the purchase can be made. So I got one and as big as mom nature and all of her outdoors was the cause of death — "Head injuries, no helmet." Yeah, bros, I know what yer talkin' about. Take the enclosed buck in memory of my lost bro and add it to your Crusade Against Claybrook.

Poncho White
Worthington, Minn.

50-Weight Oil

☐ In the June issue we wrote a letter to you 'cause we were heading down south and thought we'd like to meet people on the way down and spend some time with them instead of riding straight through. Well, hell, we got more letters than we ever dreamt of on homegrown — and they're still coming in. We'd just like to thank *Easyriders* for making it possible and thank all the bros and ladies who wrote, offering a place for some partying and to crash. We can hardly wait to start off. Just goes to show that 50-weight is as thick as blood. Again, thanks to everyone. We'll see you soon.

Anxious and Ready
Canada

Wishes For Spider

☐ Here's a little something for Spider:
This, our gift to you as far as a wish will go.
We wish you all freedom as a natural high,
The foreverness of having your spirit to fly.
We wish you mountains of powder and hills of pills,
But most of all, Spider, we wish you a lot less bills.

Kathy and Kent Mathis
Pisgah Forest, N.C.

Ron Cobb, Where Are You?

☐ One quick question. There was a cartoonist I remember from the 60s named Ron Cobb. He was known for his political, black and white, ink drawings. Was there ever a book of his "greatest hits," so to speak? I hope the cat is still alive — he's talented. Thanks for your ear.

Joe LaTorre
APO New York, N.Y.

■ He worked for the L.A. Free Press. He was great. We too would like to contact him.

Honest Mag

☐ As an avid *Easyriders* reader and an "on-again, off-again" biker, I was greatly surprised to find an interview with David Duke in your July issue. My first reaction was, "Uh-oh, more bad press for the Klan." But I should have known better. I should have known *Easyriders* wouldn't stoop to loaded questions and antagonistic bullshit the way "establishment" media does when it comes to the Ku Klux Klan. Here's a toast to your honesty.

Michael Baker
Tarrant City, Ala.

Sir Walter Raleigh

☐ You heard that Sir Walter Raleigh threw his coat in the mud for a lady to walk on? A biker throws his ol' lady in the mud and walks across on her.

J.C.
Greenwood, S.C.

Soft core

☐ I saw your September '78 feature girl in a softcore fuck flick called "Auditions" the other day. I am glad that an association with *Easyriders* is no impediment to a girl's career. The chickie (who was not named in your mag) provided some of the better moments in an otherwise dull movie. The flick stimulated my voyeuristic tastes with some mild s-m, masturbation, and group sex.

Peeper
Missoula, Mont.

How Come?

☐ I have just been reading more accident reports. How come the cagers can "see bicyclists, winos, rabbits, and skunk shit on the nation's highways, but can't see a 500-lb. chrome and black chopper?"

Speedy
Arlington, Va.

■ Good fuckin' question.

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.



"That isn't what I meant when I told you to mount some tires!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Common-Sense Logic

It is a well-known fact among engine designers and builders that the cam is the heart of the engine, the keystone of overall engine performance characteristics. It is also known that nothing will kill tuned performance quicker than too "hot" a cam choice.

Unfortunately, this common-sense logic does not always carry over into rider thinking. Of' debil one-upsmanship gets us by the gonads and squeezes until we give in and go to the most up-on-everybody cam we can lay our greasy mitts on.

The one-up logic is simple: If a .380 lift is good, then a .480 lift must be better, and a .580 lift is like four humongous tits on Raquel Welch.

Lotsa dudes don't really give a shit if the .580 lift does anything or not. Just to be able to say they got the baddest-lift cam on the block is enough for them.

—Larry Kumferman
Supercycle

Harley Finishes Last

Although the Harley finishes in last place here, it is nevertheless the most likable H-D I've ever ridden. It's the first Harley which, for me anyway, isn't so uncomfortable, unmanageable or obtrusive that it overcomes my pleasure in riding a motorcycle. If I had a choice between riding a Tour Glide or not riding at all, I would happily take the Tour Glide. It's smooth. It handles with surprising agility; I found it easier to handle than the top-heavy Kawasaki. It also gets good gas mileage.

I'm not ready to buy a Harley now, but if they keep making the advances in areas like comfort and handling which they made with the Tour Glide, I may be ready in a few years.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

Take It To The Limit

Film maker Peter Starr, the man behind this new motion picture, rejects the word "documentary" as a reference to it. He has subtitled it "A Motorcycle Odyssey" and backs this idea with advertising art featuring a helmeted rider who has reflections on the visor across his face — both subtle references to Stanley Kubrick's science-fiction masterpiece, *2001*. But Starr is not Kubrick and *Take It To The Limit* is not a masterpiece. Starr's preferences not withstanding, *Limit* is a documentary; one dealing with the competitive aspects of motorcycling. Road riding gets ignored, but don't let that keep you away. *Limit* is the best thing of its kind to come along since *On Any Sunday* a decade ago. Although both *Sunday* and *Limit* deal with similar material, there is one big difference. In the now-classic *Sunday*, the audience mostly observes; in *Limit*, the audience frequently becomes a participant. For sedate touring types, this film will be about as close as they're ever going to get to going 180 miles per hour on a motorcycle.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

He Gave It Up

As he walked me to the front door, he said just what I knew he'd say: something like, "Oh, a motorcycle, huh? You like it?" And then the clincher: "You know, I used to have one, but I gave it up."

He gave it up. Like it was cigarettes, or something that's bad for you, something you give up after you settle down. But the thing about me and Ralph is that I understand perfectly what he means when he says he "gave it up." What he really means is he changed.

—George C. Larson
Cycle Guide

A 250 Single, Then

What I owned was one motorcycle, a humble dual-purpose 250 single. Because I didn't know any better, all the riding I did, I did on that bike. I rode it to work and back on the Interstate, I went cowtrailing, even rode a trials meet, and when the weekend came I lashed a duffel bag across the rear fender and rode as far as daylight would take me.

Then I started selling stories and wrangled myself onto the staff, and ever since it's been 50 new motorcycles to ride every year.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World



Emotionally Involved

He insists on the distinction and says cafe racers are real motorcyclists. I insist that motorcyclists is motorcyclists and, if you ask me, he's being a little bit snobbish. His distinctions come out of individual preferences which could be broken down endlessly, and besides, the differences ain't what is important; what's important is each rider's enthusiasm for cycling. I don't think I convinced him, but come the next "hold" I got to philosophizing about his remarks, too.

I don't suppose there is any pat definition of a "touring rider." At least, I can't come up with one. I know people who have had the ability to ride upon a cycle for years but they ain't really motorcyclists. Somehow they're not emotionally involved.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



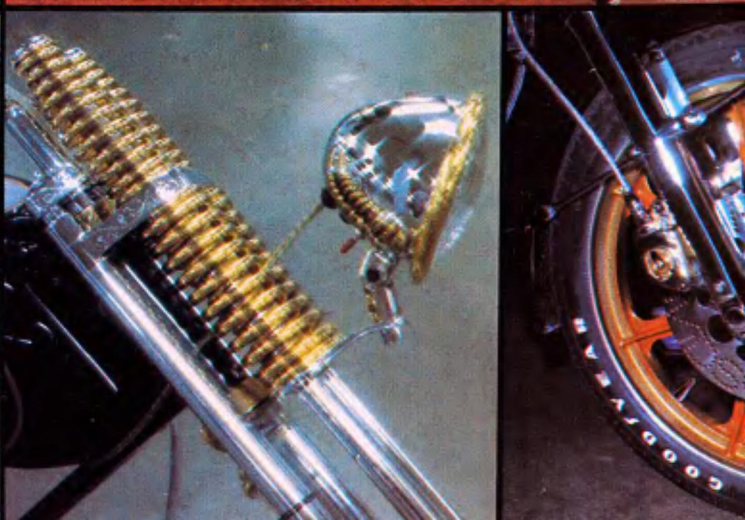
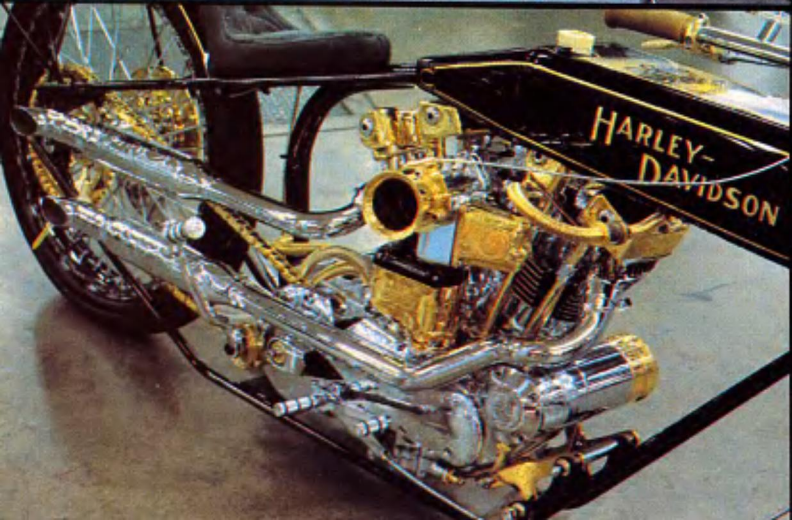
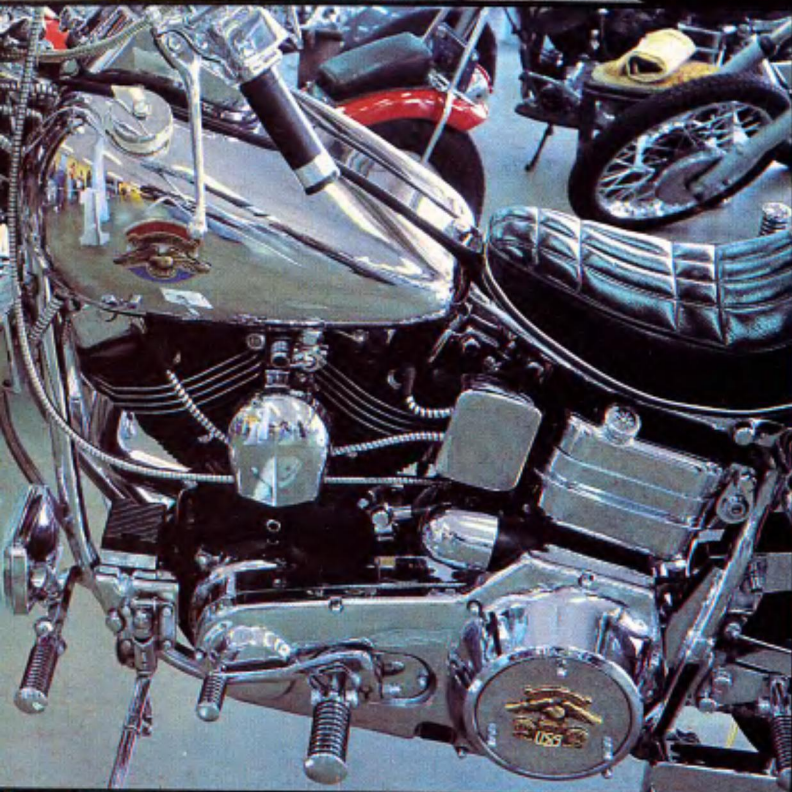
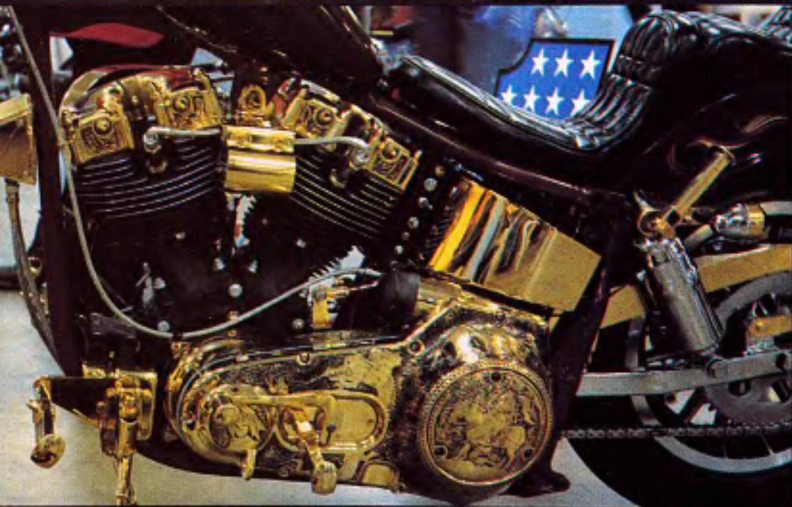
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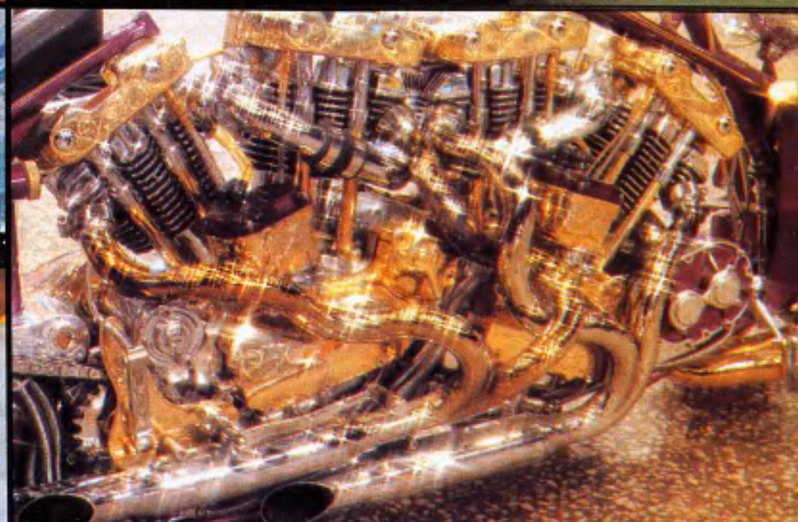
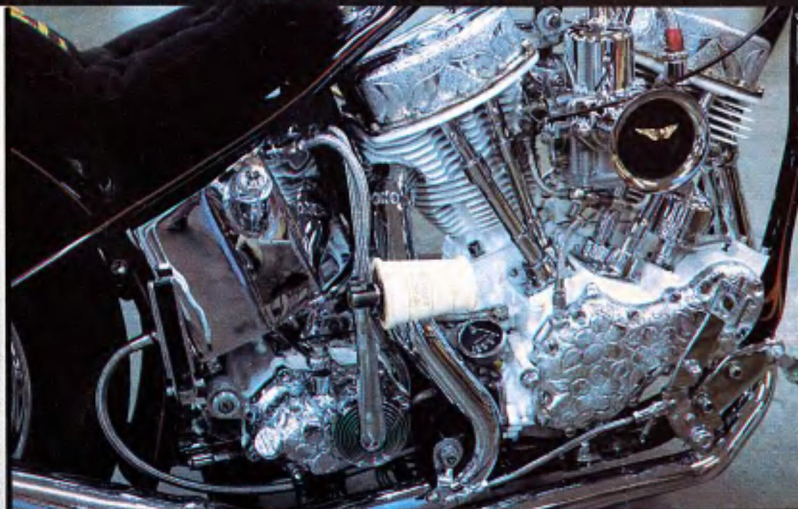
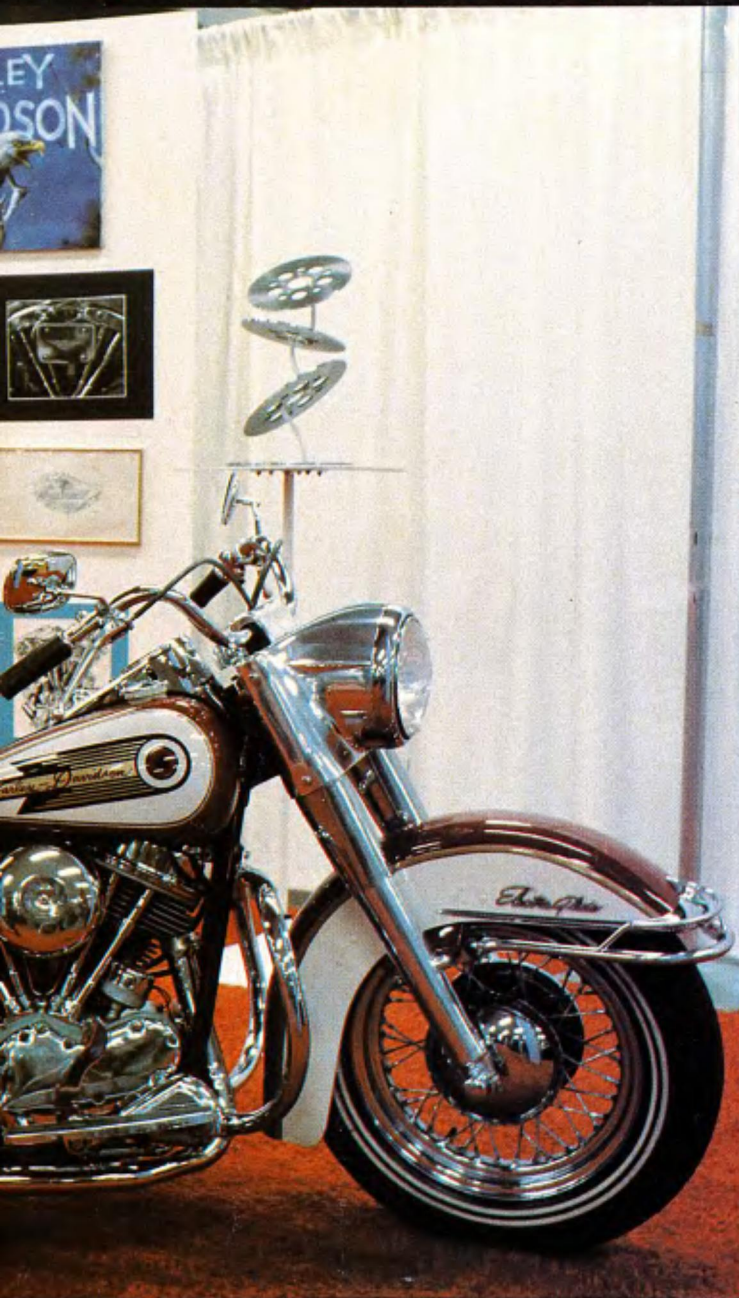
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ARTISTRY

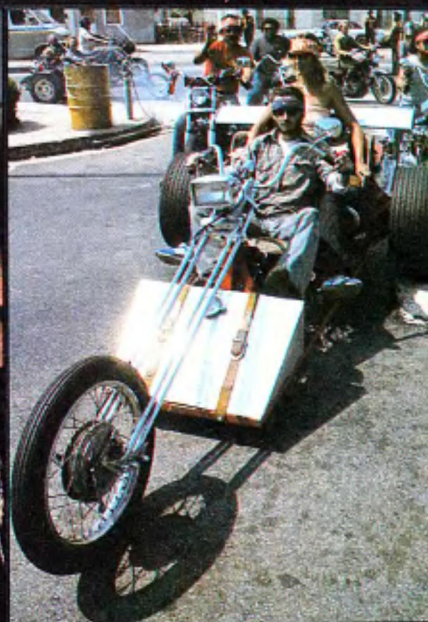
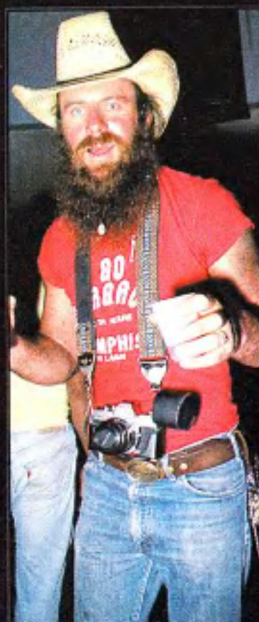


IN IRON





Photos by the H-D freaks of the state



ARTISTRY IN IRON

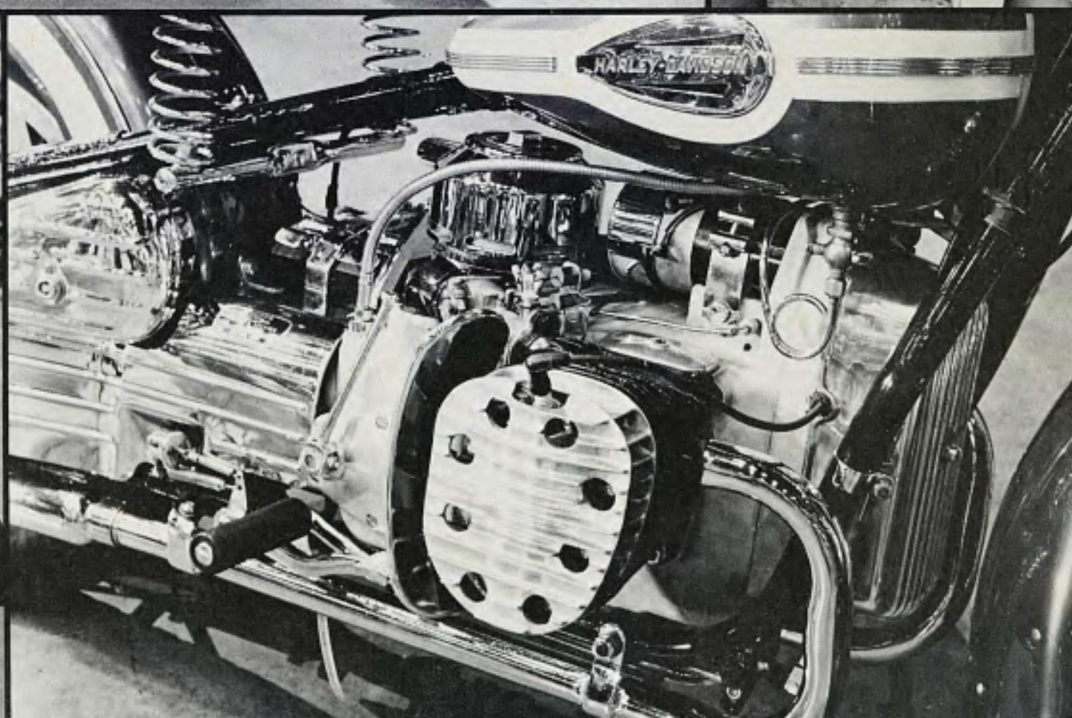
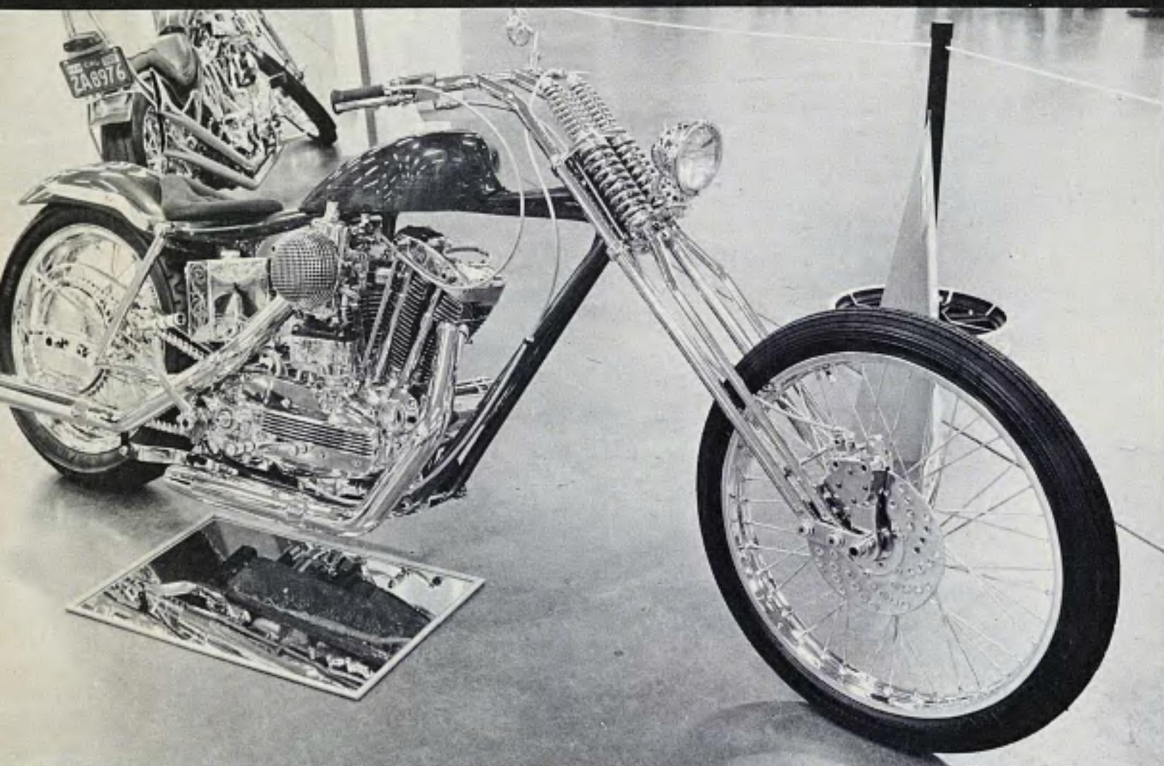
What a fuckin' hangover! Stolich and orange juice, never again, fuckin' Russian plot. Now what woke me up? Phone's ringin'. Fuck you, Ma Bell. . . "Yeah? Go 'way. . . Joker? What the fuck you want? . . . Bike show? Hey, man, my head's a dozen St. Helens. I'm cement, stayin' on restriction. . . wha. . . It's seven in the mornin'? What you say? . . . all-Harley custom and antique gig? . . . Free, to benefit kids with muscular dystrophy? Hey, I'll be wrapped in my rags in ten minutes. Come on over — we'll jam in from here."

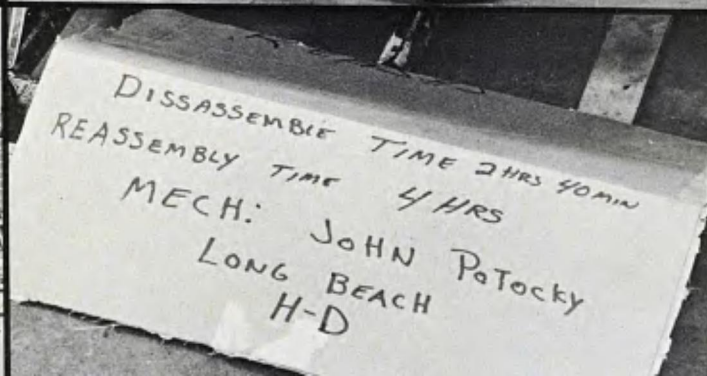
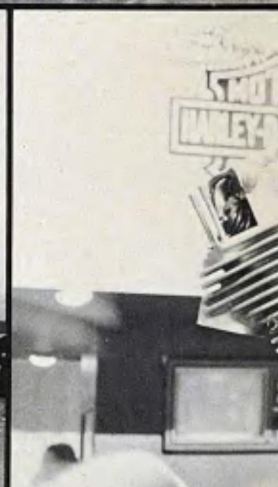
By the time Joker arrived, I'd splashed aqua in my face and brushed my vodka-soaked teeth. We smoked a couple of doobies, ate fourteen white crosses, two hits of old orange barrels, and drank sixteen cups of coffee.

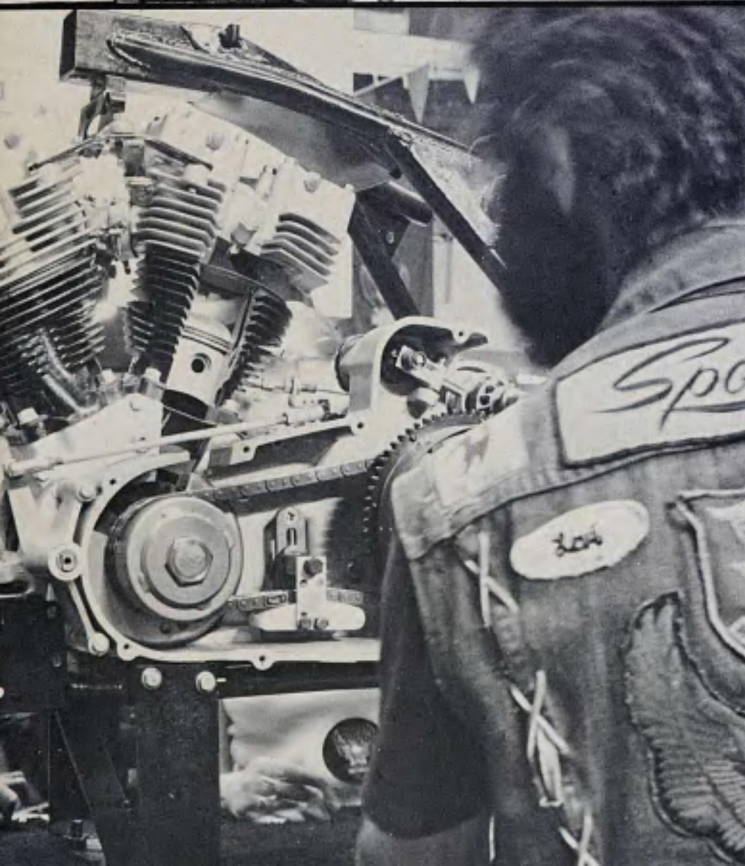
Then we sported it down the Pacific Coast Highway. Don't think my twenty-one ever touched the pavement. It was beginnin' to be a pretty good morning, cliffs, clouds, beaches, and bitches in bikinis — everything had a shine — the day, the dames, and even our destination, the Sports Arena, smack in the center of L.A.

The arena had guarded parking for bikes — outta-sight. No hassles at the door. Lots of righteous H-D freaks checkin' out the bikes and the pretty women. Lookin' around, it did my head good to see not a stomach pump in sight, nothin' here but American iron — Harleys.

Joker and I hit the beer stand, bought two brews each, agreed to meet later, and split up. Slurpin' suds, we went







ARTISTRY IN IRON

our separate ways to check out the show. Artistry In Iron was a right-on label. Restored knuckles, pans, Tidwell's classics, customs, racers, new bikes, antiques, and one super-rat, all Harley. And yet AMF wasn't cashin' in — the kids downed with muscular dystrophy would.

The White Crane was there, the wood carver who carved the **Easyriders** eagle. He had a wood-carvin' demonstration goin' on. Met some bros, into the spirit of the thing, polishin' their scoots for the show. Dave Mann's kid was workin' up blisters polishin' his ol' man's street custom. It was a rush gazin' at H-Ds and H-D people. Upped five bucks to have my pic taken with a *Playboy* bunny. Anything to fight MD. Ol' Long Beach H-D had a wrench there tearin' apart, then reassemblin', a Lowrider, just to show that it could be done in two days. I kept givin' the bro a hard time for takin' breaks.

The Harley-Davidson company's display was show center. Lots of Harleys and accessories. They had a girl punk rock group that got the audience goin' pretty good. Lotsa helpful Harley reps around to answer our questions, listen to beefs, or chew the fat about a late-night ride.

Couple o' cuties caught me at the door of a big fuckin' booth, sold me a raffle ticket for an original Dave Mann painting of the Muscular Dystrophy poster. Least I got a poster of it. The winning number was 22534. Then I spied this unreal sweetie signin' autographs and undulatin' in her chair. She was porno queen Marilyn Chambers, from the movie *Insatiable* — this was a party goin' on. I got a flick and made another donation.

Joker was waitin' for me at the end of Marilyn's line, and we compared autographs. Then this band forced everything in my feeble bloodstream to hit me at once. King Cotton and the Kingpins cranked up some old-time rock 'n' roll till my teeth rattled lead guitar in time with my jumpin'-bean boots. They had the audience by the balls. I even saw Weed gettin' with the program. He was in the **Easyriders** booth with some bros.

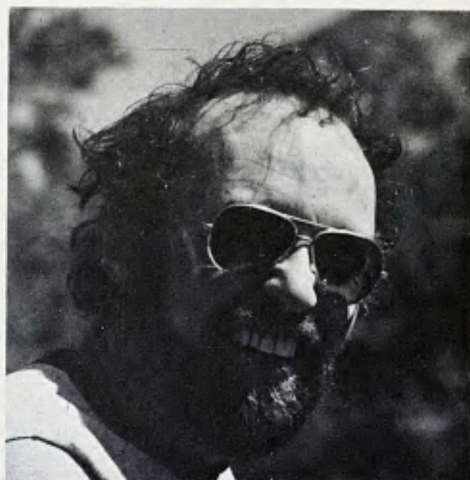
Joker and I compared notes: lotsa clubs attended; no problems; the event called for respect — and it got it. From the Victor McLaglen bunch of bizarre big-bike stunt nuts to the kick-start contest, it was a positive happening. All us tramps were givin' up what we could to help Jerry's kids. Joker had been habla-the-ol'-Espanol to a rider for five minutes before he discovered he was a Jap by the name of Rooky. The dude had seen Harleys at a bike show in Osaka, Japan, and flew his ass over here to the U.S. and bought one. When he finishes glidin' around the country, he's takin' it back to Japan.

We must have been around the arena 103 times, had 262 beers, looked at 1,892 Harleys, discussed every one of them, checked out every picture, poster, and sweet-lipped broad. Talked to 13,000 bros, and then before we were even seriously underway, they closed the fuckin' show. It was midnight.

It took us two weeks to find our scooters.

— Woody and Joker

An Interview With
The Trainer,
Manager, and
Ol' Man of
Marilyn Chambers
and, Formerly,
of Linda Lovelace



CHUCK TRAINED HER

When this biz with Marilyn and Chuck surfaced, a couple of the bros were curious as to how Marilyn Chambers and Linda Lovelace learned the oral art of deep throat. Ya see, Chuck was Linda's manager through the *Deep Throat* film. And Chuck and Marilyn have recently completed a new movie called *Insatiable*, much superior to most porno films of the past.

Chuck, bein' a heavy in the porno film business, also sparked the ignition of our interest. The only fact that remained to be determined was his motorcycle orientation. So we asked him a couple of questions about bikes and givin' head.

As it turns out, bein' a biker may have somethin' in common with broads, sex, and even the porno business — whatta ya know. — Keith Ball

ER: How long you been riding a Sportster?

Chuck: I've had that Sportster about a year, but I just came back from eight months in London and it just sat for eight months.

ER: You been riding motorcycles long?

Chuck: Yeah, since I was sixteen. I had a 500cc Indian Woodsman. Down in Florida that was the all-pros bike. Then I got a Clubman. Then I got the first BSA Spitfire that came out. I made a quarter-miler out of that. Back then the hottest bike in the quarter-mile was a Vincent. John Long was the infamous dealer down in Miami.

ER: Where you from?

Chuck: Florida, but I been down to Memphis courtesy of the government.

ER: The Federal government?

Chuck: Yeah, I thought I was gonna stay there for a while a couple of times.

ER: On pornography beefs?

Chuck: On the *Deep Throat* trial — Harry Reems's trial.

ER: Did that deal with the porno industry in general or just with that film?

Chuck: The trial was a *Deep Throat* pornography trial, and what the government does is they got areas — districts. Actually, the bust was in Washington, D.C., but Memphis is in the very corner of that district, and they knew damn well if they got everybody in front of a Memphis jury the prosecution would have a lot better chance, and that's what they did.

ER: So they went to the worst spot in their jurisdiction.

Chuck: Unbeknownst to a lot of people, the pressure is not only the FBI, but it's the IRS as well. You see, *Deep Throat* has made around sixty million bucks. The IRS is always in there trying to find out where the fuckin' money's going. There's as many IRS agents involved in those trials as anybody else.

ER: How long did the trial last?

Chuck: One of the cases down there involved something like a hundred and sixty-four witnesses for the prosecution. It was about a ten-month trial, that particular one. But they don't quit. They come up with another charge. See, the way the damn law works, any local district can charge. There are no federal guide-

lines about what you can put into a film, so any local can bust you or the film and the trial can be anywhere from a little tiny town in Kansas on up to a federal court. All they have to do is confiscate the film, take it in and show it to a judge, and have the judge declare it pornographic or obscene — no socially redeeming value. And the minute they do that they start issuing warrants as fast as they can write them, and they've got you.

ER: And so you beat it temporarily. You go down and you sort of beat that charge, and the next guy that doesn't like the film can attack it again. Then you start all over with the new charge.

Chuck: Every time you beat it, of course, it helps somewhat. Your defense attorney can say that in the past seventeen times this thing has been up this particular part was found not obscene, and they go at it that way. And that helps it somewhat. You're still in front of twelve men and women from that particular area, and when you get down around Memphis and Arkansas those twelve men and women are hard to talk to — hard to make them understand there's an-

—Continued on page 82



OLD~TIMERS' LAMENT

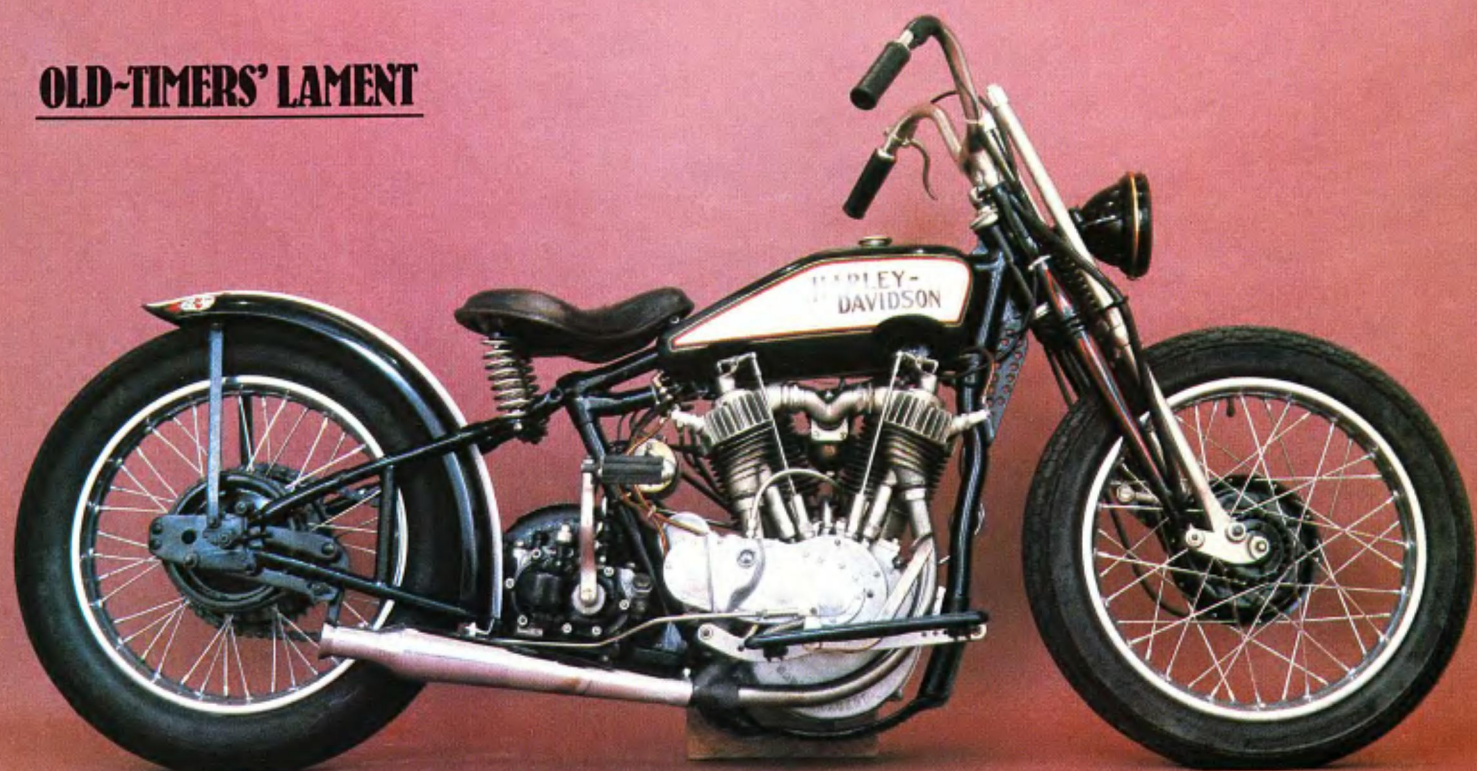
Used to take pride in their work





**HARLEY-
DAVIDSON**

OLD-TIMERS' LAMENT



We were rappin' with a couple of old-timers recently. Not only were they runnin' a taste above middle age, but they were into bikes from the twenties and thirties. Lance Tidwell owns this JD custom from 1916.

Well, the old Yucaipa bear got to lamentin' with those two craftsmen and came up with a lotta strange old tales. But before we laid 'em on the world, we hadda check 'em out with the old-timey old-timey, the buzzard of buzzards, the crusty fucker of shitbirds — Wilburn Roach.

After only fourteen operators, we reached him. "Hey, buzzard breath, ya old wrinkle collector, what's goin' on?"

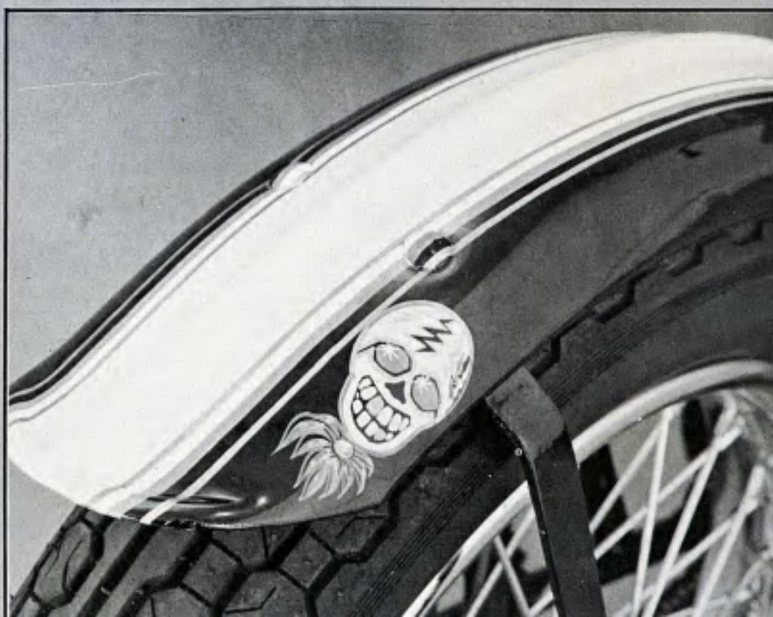
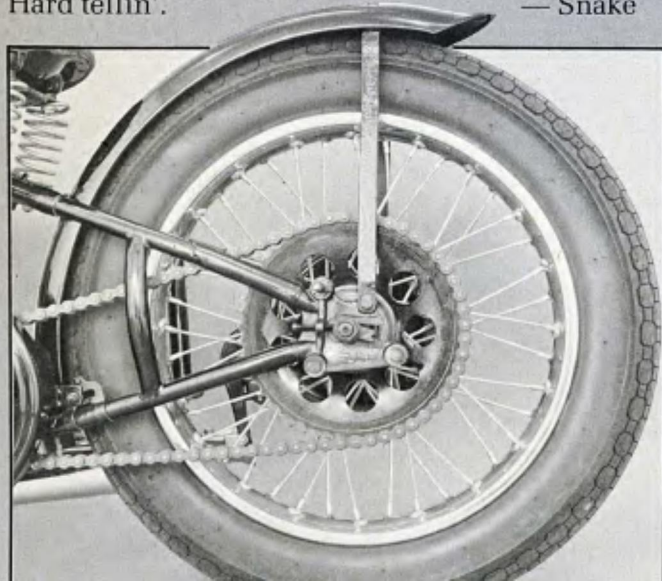
"Belch," boomed over the line. "Nuttin'."

"Let me know if this shit is for sure, the truf or not. Ya see, old Lance and his crony got to rappin' about the old days, the quality that went into the bikes an' all. They said that H-D in them-thar days used the best steel, even better than car manufacturers — it was tough shit. In dem past days the factory didn't have final inspections, 'cause each man in the plant was a craftsman. And old H-D was noted fer hirin' handicapped types 'cause they took a lotta pride in their work. In fact, blind dudes did the best job at mikin' bearings, with preset mikes, 'cause they had the feel for it and were not distracted visually. Another interestin' note Lance brought up was that Harley-Davidson calibrated their mikes with a Johansen block. This-here block always remained the same thickness and was used to calibrate mikes even before auto manufacturers got their shit together.

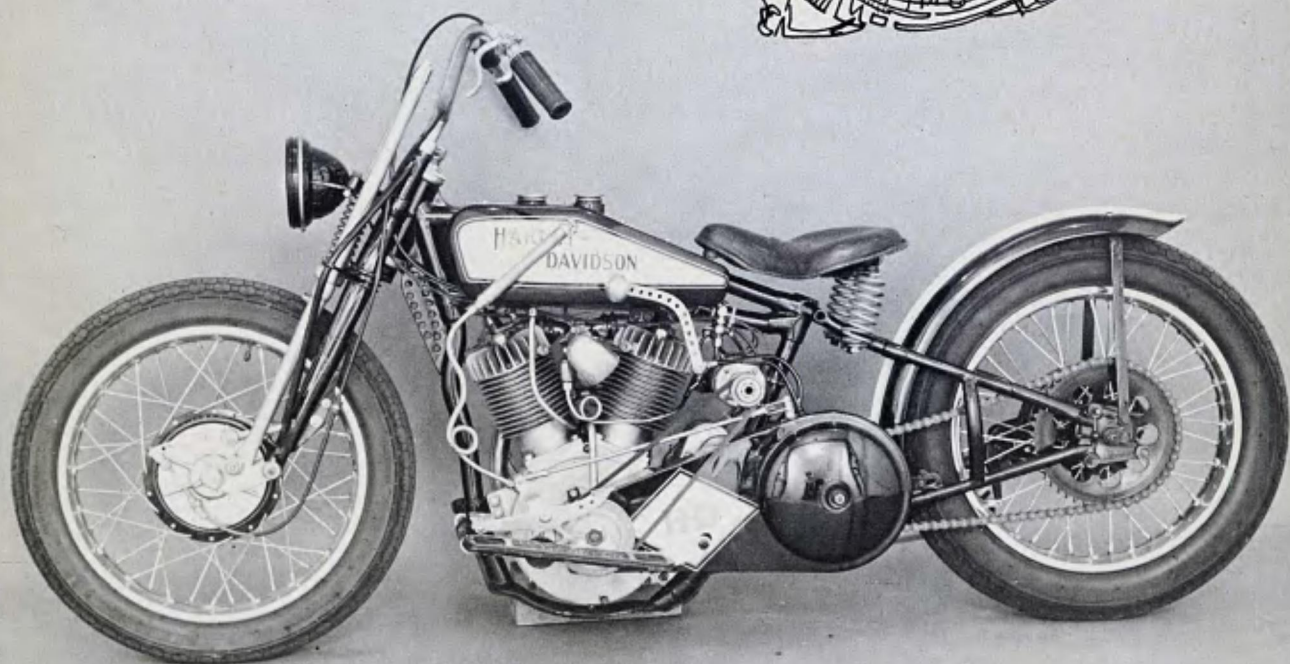
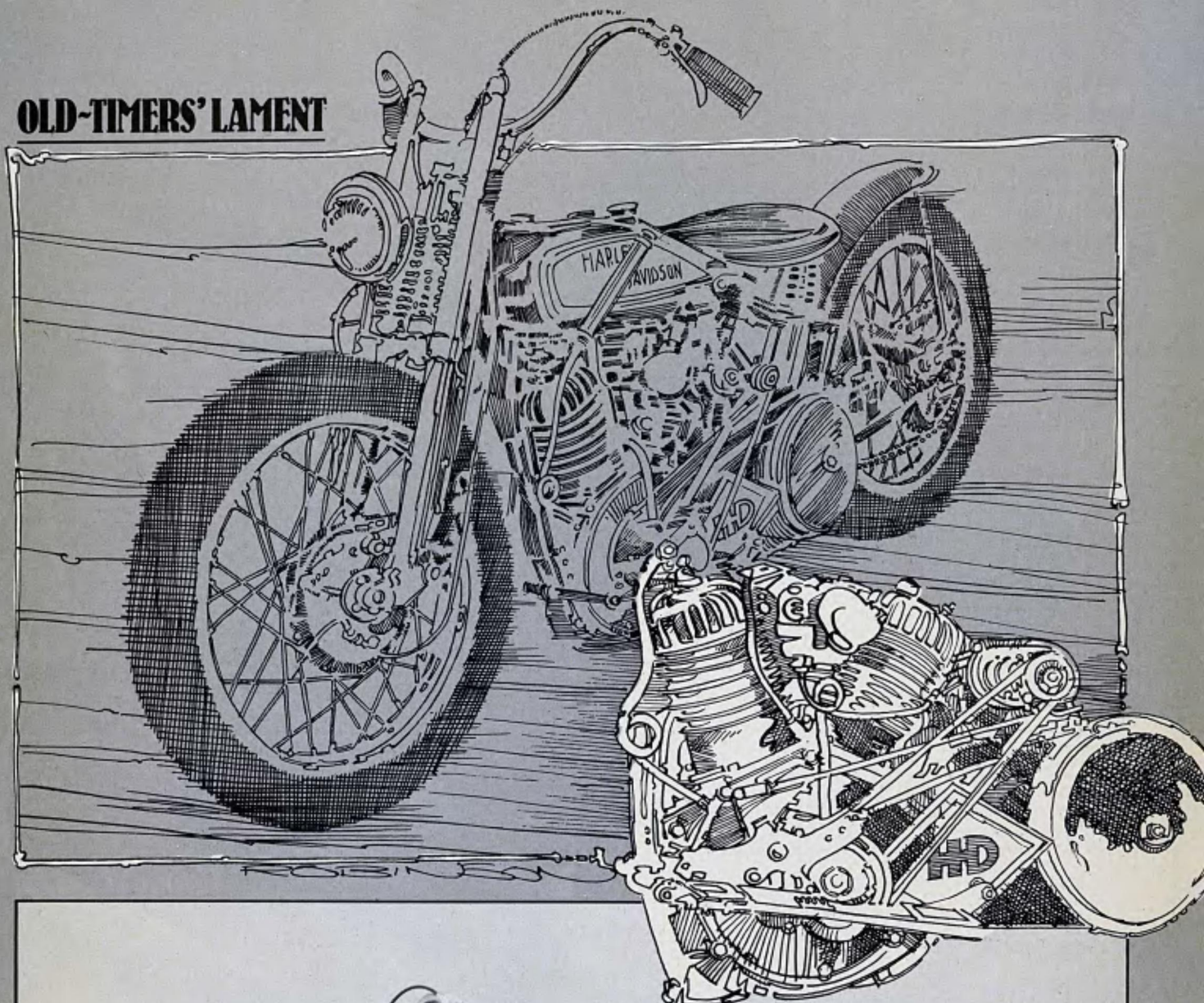
"Well, ya ol' burnt-out roach, what do ya think? Is this ramble square business or not?"

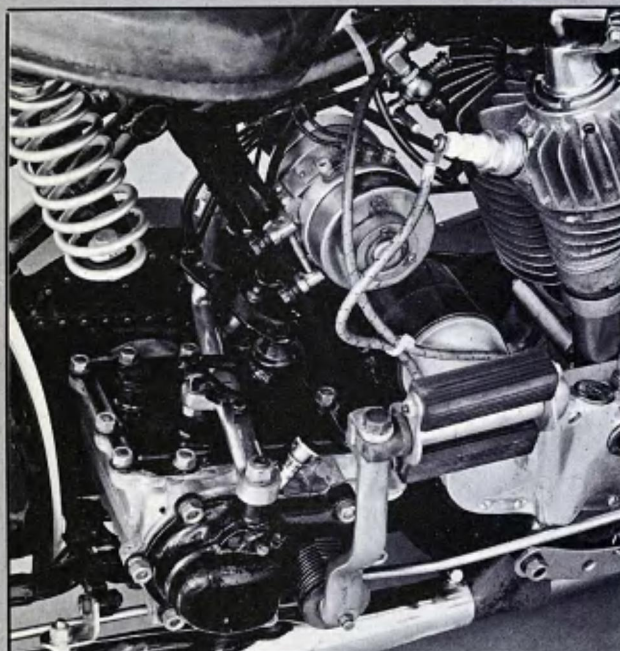
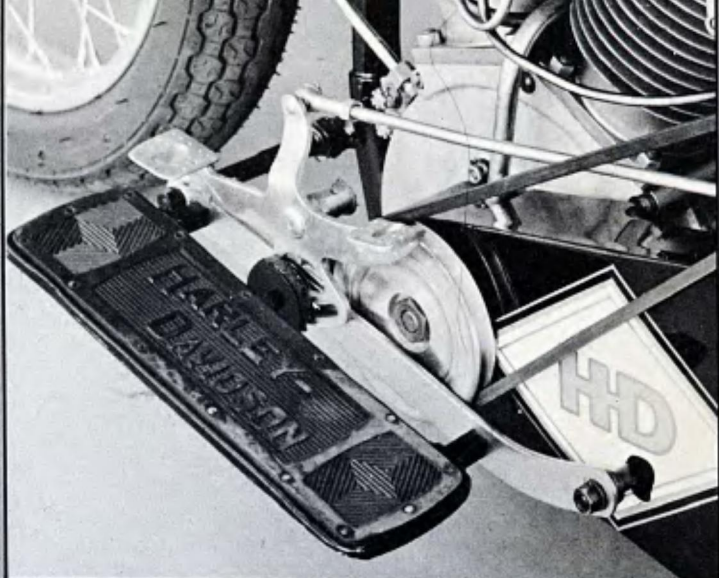
"Yep, 'tis right on. Send me a case of Jack Daniel's, will ya, kid?" Click, and the old coot was gone. Old Wilburn was really interested in the careful way Harley-Davidsons were built in the twenties and thirties — or was he interested in replenishin' his supply of Jack Daniel's? Hard tellin'.

— Snake



OLD-TIMERS' LAMENT





Owners: Lance Tidwell

City: Long Beach, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: late '20s through '30s

Year and make: 1916 H-D

Builder: owner

Model: JD

Type: Long Beach cut-down

Value: secret

Rake: standard

Assembly: owner

Stretch: 55 in., axle to axle

Time: 8 months

Other alterations: skid plate

Chroming by: nickel by Stay Bright

Accessories

Engine

Bars: 3 piece by owner

Year: 1916

Risers: JD

Model: factory racing 500

Fender(s): rib

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: S&M modified

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: gone

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Speedo: hope

Lower end: sprocket shaft roller bearings

Front pegs: genuine JD

Balancing: owner

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: cast iron dome, H-D

Electrics: ABC generator/governor

Cases: aluminum

Gas tank: cut down to frame

Heads: F model

Oil tank: in gas tank

Cam: factory racing

Oil system: total loss

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: owner

Carb(s): single Skelber

Seat: ol' Sportster

Air cleaner: horn

Sissybar: fender straps

Pipes: owner

Height: to fender

Muffler(s): Jap

Material: 3/8 in. strap

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none; standard 3-speed

Type: springer

Year: 1916

Extension: 1 1/2 in. shorter

Shifting: hand

Builder: owner and H-D

Engine sprocket: 17

Special features: military braces

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 44

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 18

Molding: none

Hub: JD

Hub: JD

Painter: owner

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Color: black and white

Tire: 350

Tire: 4.00

Type: Imron

Brake: JD

Brake: JD

Special paint: striping by Jim DeBlois

Other special modifications: Many, many.

Hair Affair #1

What's happening, you big-titted, leech-infested slut? How is that cavernous hole you call a pussy holding out? I'm sitting here in this prison doing time on a drug-selling charge. Really wish I had one of your cunt hairs to pass this time away, but I know you wouldn't send me one for free, would ya? But ya can sure send me a picture of that hairy crack you got anyway.

William E. Smith
Lebanon, Ohio

- With so many requests, my bush is bare. Would you settle for a titty hair?

Hair Affair #2

I really would like to own one of those babies to hang on this damn concrete wall they call my cell. Enclosed is a self-addressed envelope for ya to send it in. I've even sent a piece of tape for that pussy hair. Thanks a mil!

Bro Wild Bill
Columbus, Ohio

- Sorry — the tape wasn't big enough to hold it.

Dung Tongue

Doing two years in the county jail is fucked up. I just wish you could be the first woman I see on the outside. I'd suck your pussy till your head caved in. I'd shove my dick up your ass so far it'd touch your heart. I'd sit on your face and let you tongue my asshole and I'd shit all over your beautiful face. Then you'd put a ball in each jaw and blow hot air out of your nose on the head of my dick and I'd come like a stud horse in distress. I'd love to eat your pussy till your lips tighten up and squeeze my 7¼-inch tongue off. Please send me your address on the back of your picture, you scuzzy, dog-fuckin', dick-lickin' whore.

Daddy Long Prong
Fresno, Calif.

- You haven't been in long enough — whatta lightweight.

Perfect Description

I just took a look in the dictionary to see what your name means. It says: (1) Of the nature of a miracle; marvelous. (I bet your parents were surprised to hear that.) (2) Performed by or involving a supernatural power; as a miraculous cure. (So that's why you're called the eighth wonder of the world. They haven't smelled your twat, have they?) (3) Having power to work miracles; wonder-working; miraculous drugs. (Wow, with your smelly twat and miraculous drugs, I'll be high all the time. I'll marry you any time!) You don't have to run this letter as a put-down, 'cause I'm just a sweet-heart and in love with you. Later.

Midnight Creeper
San Diego, Calif.

- You really are a sweetheart.

Stooper

The other day I was stumblin' around the crib for some newspaper for my two mutts to piss on. Well, I didn't find the damn paper so I tore your page out of my *Easyriders* mag and put it on the floor. The mutts walked up, took one sniff of the picture of your ass, and ran for the back yard yelpin' like I had just kicked 'em or somethin'. Well, I'll stoop a little lower than my mutts do, so I was wonderin' — would you sit on my face?

Magilla
Huntington, Ind.

- When Spider gets off mine.

Party Down

Where were you when we had one helluva Christmas party with a three-day happy hangover? We thought you would come to Alaska where the dope is legal and the fucking wild. Or do you have to get ready for us bikers of all sizes and shapes?

Chucker
Wrangell, Alaska

- Born ready, always wild.

Rag Retriever Wanted

I can't train my ol' lady to go fetch my *Easyriders* for me. She's got her own bike (Honda) an' I've even offered to lend her one of my putts. I gave her the dough, asked her, told her, hit her, kicked her out, and even showed her how to fetch my rag. Funny thing is, though, she'll go fetch my brew for me and the newsstand is right next door. What can I do? Missin' you, Mutha!

Super
Slough, England

- Tell her to do it or you're gonna replace her with a dog. A Honda?

Sisterly Love

I have a friend who has always been like a sister to me and I have loved her like one. Well, my ol' lady gave me the fuckoff when I was sent to the joint. My friend (the one who is like a sister to me) writes me letters, sends me really nice cards, and always tells me she loves hell out of me. She has become more than a sister to me. I have fallen in love with her, and it's not a sister and bro love. I don't know how to tell her that I want her for my ol' lady. We really dig each other. She likes to putt with me, and she isn't good-lookin' but she is bitchin', to be with. I know she would be a good fuck and everything, but how can I go about telling her I think of her as more than a sister? I want her for my ol' lady. Tell me what to do.

The Cherokee
Phoenix, Ariz.

- You've said it all. Maybe she's listenin'.

An Ode To Mutha

Ol' Mutha, she was a city gal, Till she moved out West. Out thar she took up fuckin' 'Cause that's what she liked best. She spread the word for miles around

That no two men could fuck her down.

But up from the valley popped Piss-Pot Pete,

With thirty pounds of red-hot meat.

He slapped his dick upon the bar, And the damn thing stretched from hyar to thar.

They fucked and fucked and fucked for hours,

Tearing up trees and shrubs and flowers.

There are gulleys and valleys for miles around

Where Mutha's old ass had dug the ground.

In memory of this old whore, They hung her snatch on a shit-house door

But Pete didn't die from this great feat,

He actually died from beatin' his meat.

B. Luke
Canton, Ohio

- My snatch ain't on no shit-house door.

It's a Bitch

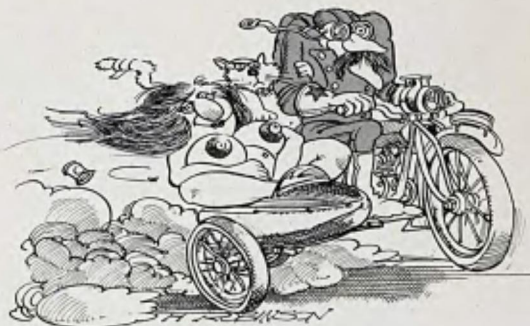
When me and my girlfriend got together about five months ago, she liked givin' head all the time. I didn't see nothin' wrong with that, except that's all she wanted to do. But when I got a chance to eat her pussy, she wanted me to put ice cream in her so I could eat it out. It tasted pretty good, so that's all I wanted to do. It didn't make much sense at first, but it was good. I don't want to stop eatin' her pussy so we can fuck. What can we do about it?

The Long Wolf
Chatham, Pa.

- Try a threesome. Eat one and fuck the other.

—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. ■

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All





Subscribe to Easyriders

And stay out of trouble

No shit, when there ain't nothin' entertainin' happenin', a bro might tend to create somethin' excitin'. That's how we sometimes end up spendin' a night in the county joint. And that's why we work out on this rag — so the damn pages are packed with plenty of brotherhood, broads, and bike-related blowouts to keep the ol' blood flowin'. If you subscribe, we'll send this entertainin' collection of pages directly to your pad.

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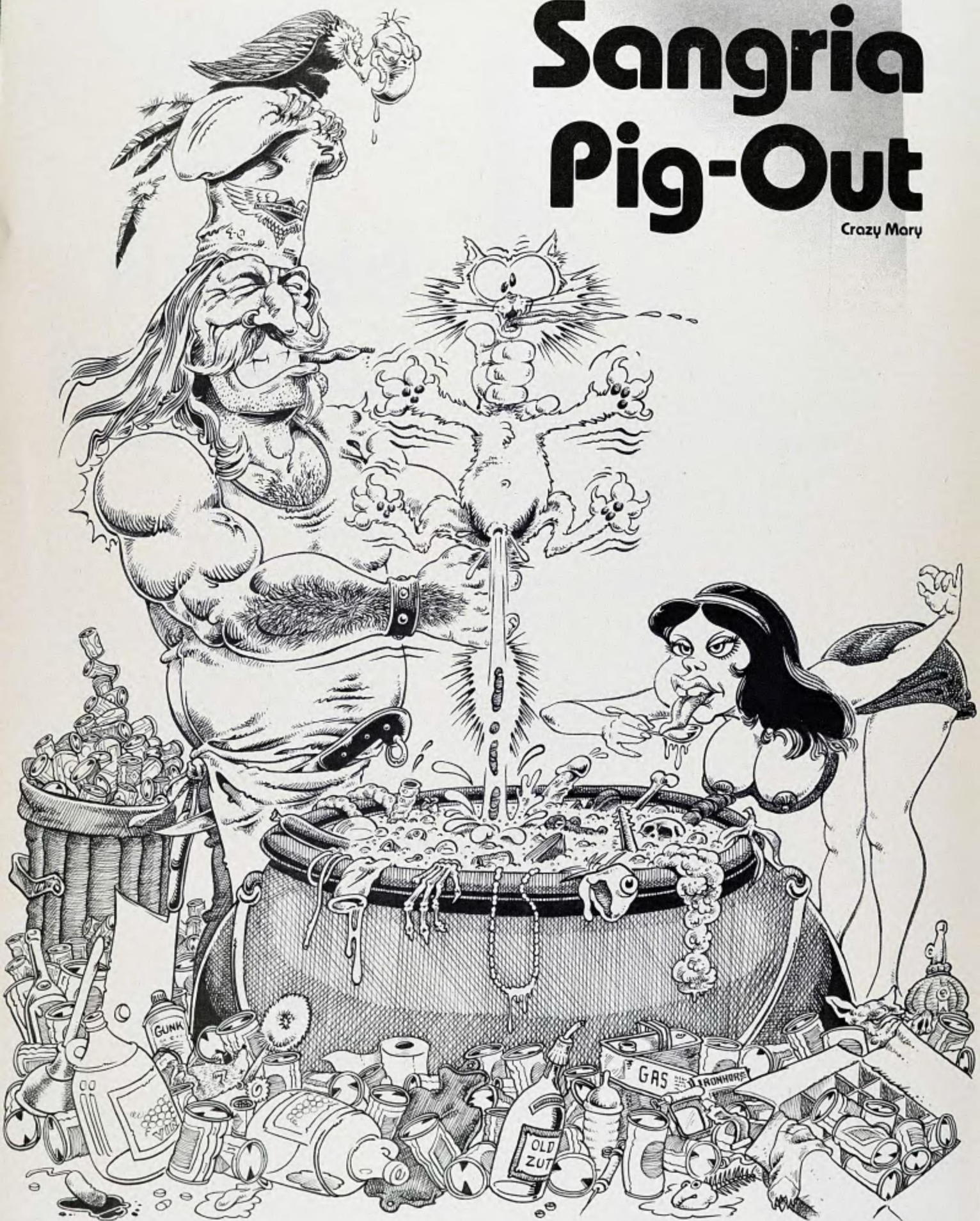
Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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

about **Easyriders** magazine? _____

Sangria Pig-Out

Crazy Mary



Okay, this time we're gonna discuss entertaining — like when ya invite folks over for dinner. A class operation, ya understand — none of that six-day chili an' a bottle of Ripple. This is gonna be stuff for a party with punch. No, dipshit, not that church social, lime sherbet crap — Sangria, punch in the Spanish style, guaranteed to turn any party into a blitzed fandango. It's easy to make ahead of time. (I often brew mine in a washtub with a block of ice to keep it cool.) And the recipe can be doubled or tripled to keep your guests mellow while the serious cooking is going on. Now there's Orange Sangria and Blonde Sangria — try 'em both and see if blondes **are** more fun! And after that, we'll go into the subject of stuffin' your face in the back yard.

Orange Sangria

- 2 fifths dry red wine, chilled
- 2 cups cold orange juice
- 1 quart 7-Up, chilled
- 1 lemon, sliced thin
- 3 oranges, sliced thin
- Extra fine sugar, to taste

Pour the wine, orange juice, and 7-Up in a large bowl or pitcher or whatever and stir well. Add the lemon and orange slices. Stir again. Add sugar to taste, if desired.

Blonde Sangria

- 2 fifths dry white wine, chilled
- 2 cans (6-oz.) frozen concentrated pineapple juice, undiluted
- 1 lemon & 1 lime, sliced thin
- 1 cup cold orange juice
- 2 quarts 7-Up, chilled
- Extra fine sugar, to taste

Mix wine well with pineapple juice. Add orange juice, lemon, and lime slices and stir until well mixed. Pour in both quarts of 7-Up slowly and stir again. Add sugar to taste, if desired.

Ladle up big glasses of this delightful brew for all the folks — an' then tell them that you're cookin' in the hole. C'mon, you perverts, cut me some slack, will ya? I mean a hole in the ground. Seriously, cooking food in a hole in the ground is as easy as fuckin' — once you get the hole prepared, nice and hot.

Start by finding a place where the ground is clear of grass (the kind ya mow) or clear it yourself, if ya dig hard work. In a safe place, dig a hole two feet deep and two feet across, making sure there's no rocks or tree roots in or near the hole. Get some soft wood and start a little fire in the hole. Keep it goin' steady by adding bark and twigs. Make a "teepee" of split hardwood, all the same size and length. Place it over the fire. The fire should burn for about two hours, but don't let it burn down all the way 'cause the hole has to be at least half full of live, burning coals when you are ready to cook.

While the male of the species is busy gettin' the hole ready, the female should be busy workin' on the meat.

No, bitch, ya don't beat it — ya wrap it. Take a ham, for instance. Or even buy one. Wet it all over with water. Get a

piece of muslin about three feet square and wet that, too. Wrap it around the ham. Now get a newspaper and wrap three sheets of it around the ham. Dunk the fuckin' thing in water again, wetting it thoroughly. Wrap it in three more sheets of paper and wet it again until it's soaked. Do this paper and water routine one more time. Finally, wrap the drippin' mess in one more piece of muslin and tie a piece of wire around it, making a loop handle at the top of the wrapped ham. Soak it in water one more time.

Pass the ham to your ol' man, who'll be outside tendin' to that big, hot hole and gettin' loaded. At this point, he'll probably look at that mess and ask, "Where am I supposed to put this soggy, leakin' mess, stupid?"

Don't tell him to shove it up his ass — ya don't want it all crapped up before ya cook it. Tell ol' shit-for-brains to shovel all the hot, live coals into a pile outside the hole, then put the ham in the middle at the bottom of the hole. Pack a bunch of unpeeled potatoes or yams around it. Shovel a layer of cool ashes over the top of the food, then add all the coals on top of that, and cover everything with a thick layer of dirt, making sure no steam can escape. Leave it this way for four hours, checking it every once in a while as you're sippin' that fine Sangria. Then you can dig up your supper and feast. (Just make sure all the coals are out so that ol' Smokey don't kick yer ass.)

If ya want to booze up the ham a bit after it's cooked, here's how to whip up some sauce to lay on it.

Burgundy Sauce for Ham or Chicken

- 1 can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 cup burgundy wine
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- Salt to taste

Put cranberry sauce and wine in a skillet. Heat to boiling over medium heat, stirring occasionally.

Blend cornstarch with 1/4 cup water in a small cup, mixing until smooth. Add to sauce gradually, still over medium heat, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Salt, if needed. Spoon over ham slices.

Chicken roasted in a hole is some mighty fine eatin', too. Just prepare the hole the same way as for the ham, then get yourself a good, fat roasting hen. Dust the hen with flour, and salt and pepper it inside and out. Put a piece of butter inside and under each wing. Put a couple pieces of bacon in the neck opening. Wrap the chicken in a brown-and-cook bag. Bundle that in a square of muslin and dunk the bird in cold water until it's completely soaked. Wrap it in three sheets of newspaper and soak it in water again. Go through the newspaper and water routine twice more.

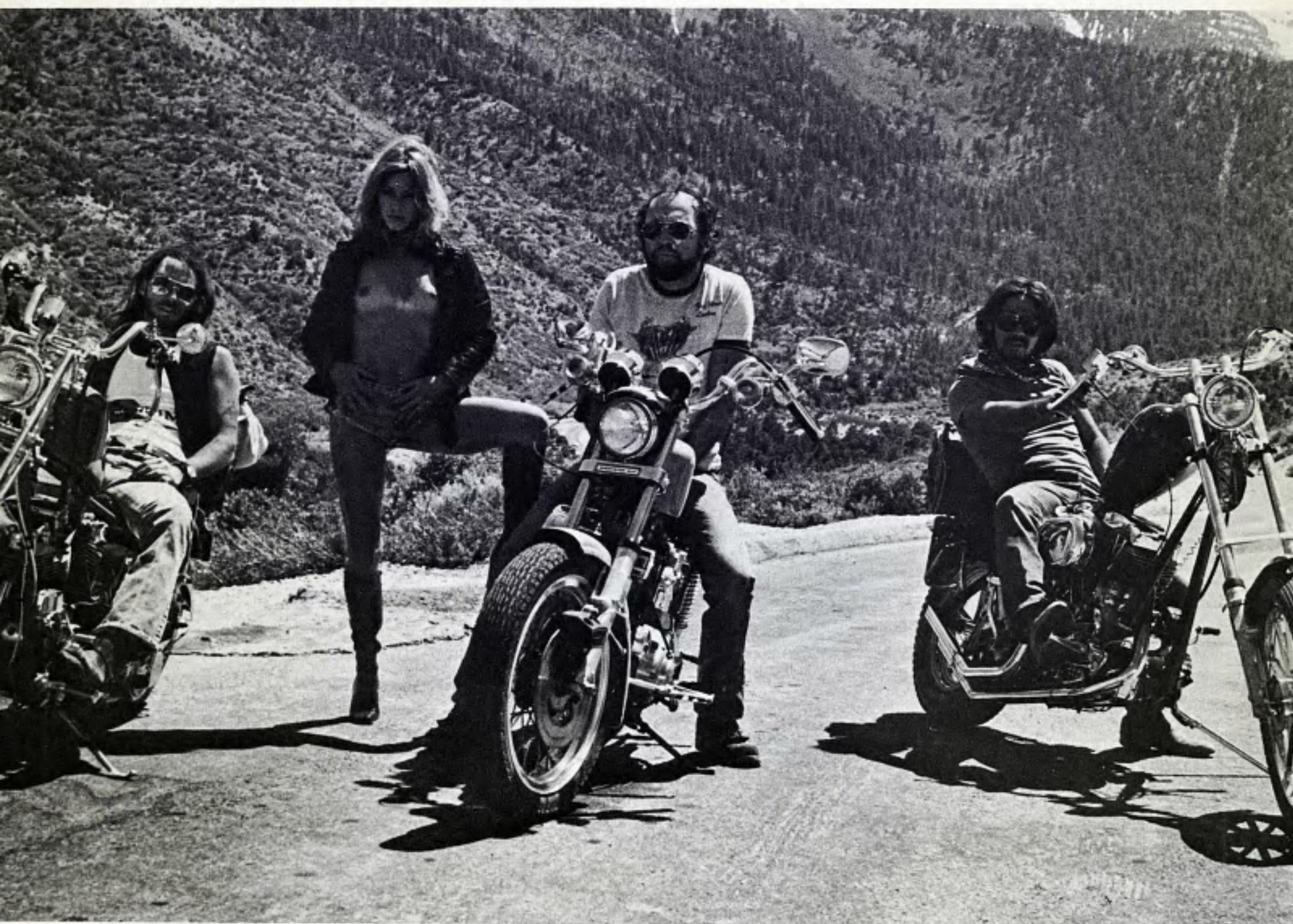
Then place the drippy ol' bird in the hole same as for the ham, covering it with ashes and dirt. The chicken should be ready in about an hour and a half. It also tastes great with cranberry-burgundy sauce.

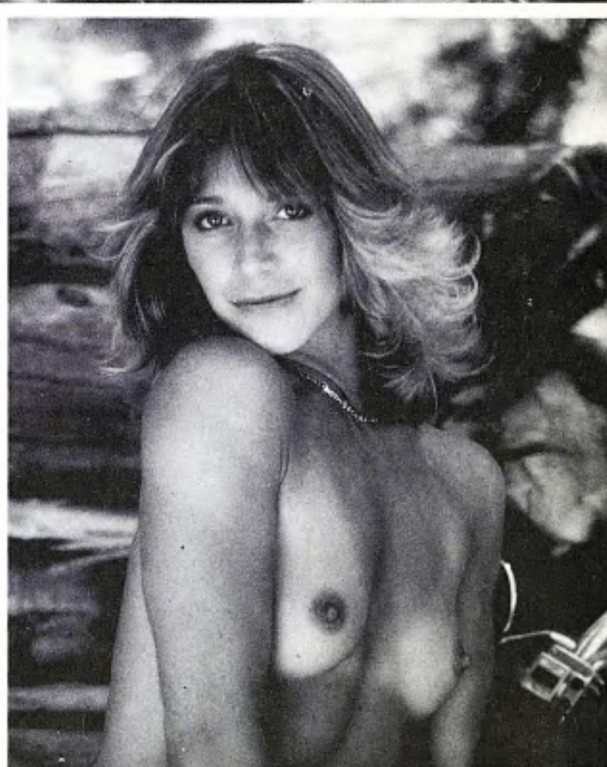
Now I ask you — how's that for some classy entertaining? Just be sure no loaded dumbass steps in the hole and breaks a leg. If one does, though, whatdafuck — you can always shoot him and cook him.

Marilyn Chambers



A Class Celebrity Whispers Into Our Rag



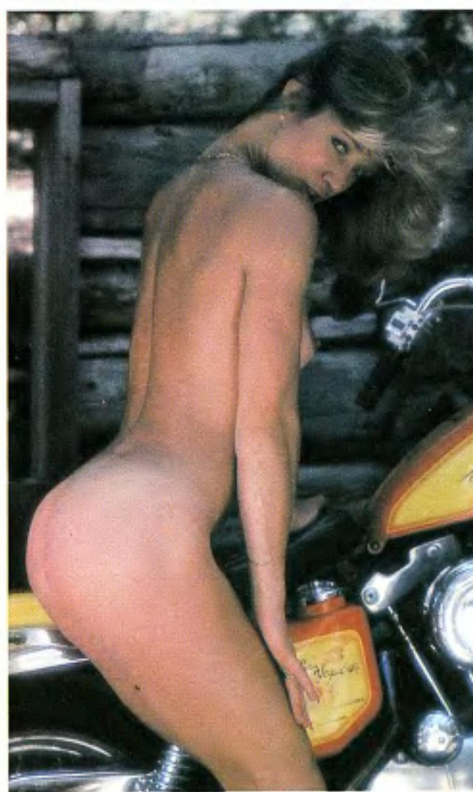
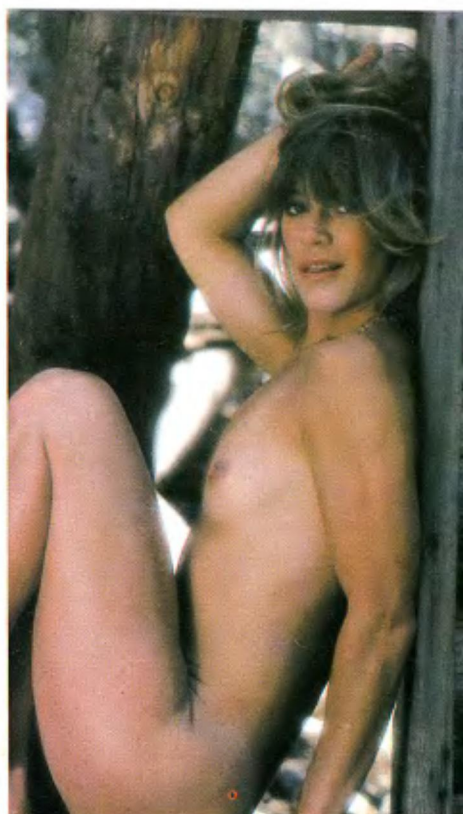


That's right, ya perverts. Chuck, her ol' man, dropped a dime our way a coupla months ago. Said somethin' about Marilyn and our magazine. Havin' recently found a 714 in my coke (or was it the other way around?) I started the conversation off all wrong after he told me about Marilyn bein' the porno queen of "Behind the Green Door" and several other films. "Well, does



*Marilyn
Chambers*





she ride a motorcycle?" I slurred my words all over the phone. He mentioned somethin' about her enjoyin' ridin' in a sorta special way — somethin' to do with vibrations. I retorted with somethin' sorta cordial like: "I'll check it out with my brothers. Talk to ya later." I've never been much into Hollywood, ya see. 'Cept fer rock 'n' roll, the only stars I see are in bar fights.

Marilyn Chambers

So I strolled over to the garage, pulled up a milk crate, and interrupted the progress of a joint bein' passed around Frank's new project putt, or was that the Cub's lower end sittin' in his frame without a top end (hint, hint)? Anyway, I dropped the conversation on 'em casual like, "I just rapped with Marilyn Chambers's ol' man." I had two coke spoons stuffed under my nose and a freshly rolled bomber stuck in my mouth before I could say "Her ol' man rides a Sportster." I about shit. They were all over me. I told 'em about her new movie, "Insatiable," and they started hittin' me up fer tickets, askin' questions on 'n shit, till Snake brought church to order: "We can't let this big turd handle this action; he's the tit man." Talk about seein' stars. We about tore the shop loose. These crazy perverts wanted Marilyn about as much as I want a rebuild and a two-month open stretch to ride across country.

I held my own till Bandit joined this rock group and we came to a decision — he'd handle it. Next time odds'd be with me.

Quite a few of us tagged along, though, and we met Marilyn in some fairly picturesque mountains in Nevada — I ain't coppin' to any more than the state. And we began to party with a woman who makes motorcycles vibrate and is good people to the bone. She literally gets off on the vibrations a Harley — and only a Harley — shoots up from that V-twin crank, through ported heads, along that shapely frame, padded only by a tender seat, and into the essence of her very tight bod. Chills my rigid frame to run my dirty mind back to that long day we spent melting under the clear mountain sun while her tanned, trained, and teasin' legs reflected the sun's rays, makin' them look as sweet as warm honey.

Marilyn was easygoing, like the first putt on a fresh motorcycle. Everything glistened, was in just the right



Photos by Billy Tinney with Woody, Col. Naylor, and Dangerous Doug

place, and moved just so. The feel was good, rhythmic. "Born to be Wild" rumbled up and down my spine while I intently watched her movements as if she were a new 74 waiting to be unleashed to test its strength.

She was as light-hearted as a second-gear wheelstand at a run party. And she had a body that matched its beautiful shape to every flowing movement of the Sportster she packed on. Marilyn is as responsive to the sexual stimulations of a scooter as a well-tuned engine is to a quick throttle. And her appearance lit up that reaction in the bros like twin halogens on a deserted road.

Marilyn had my ass thinkin' about them sleek and slender babes so intently that I plumb forgot big tits, but...

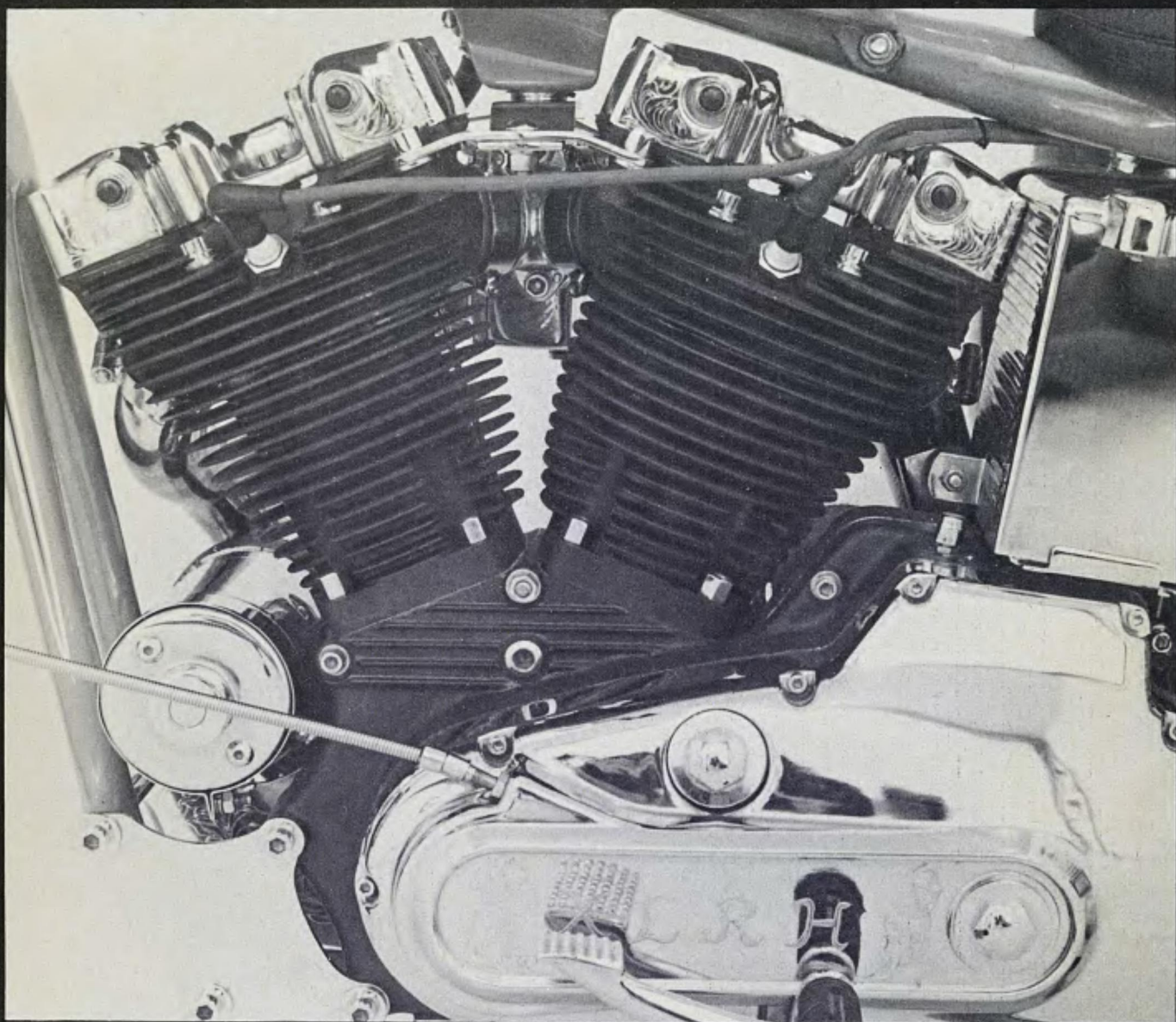
—Renegade





SPRINTIN' SPORTSTER



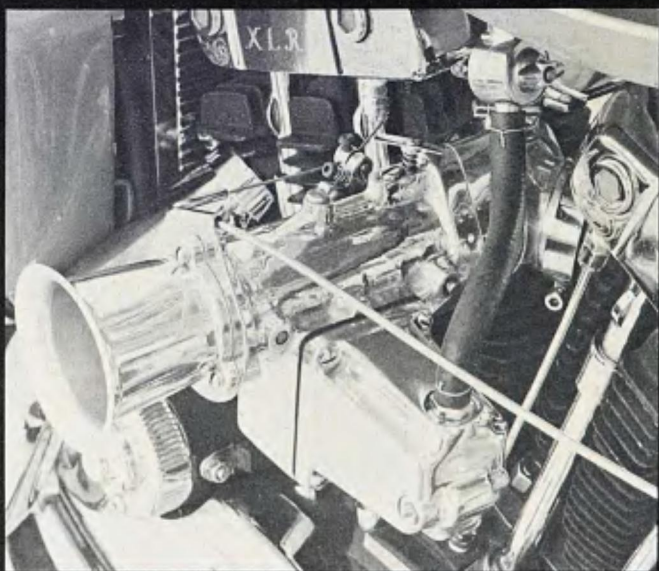


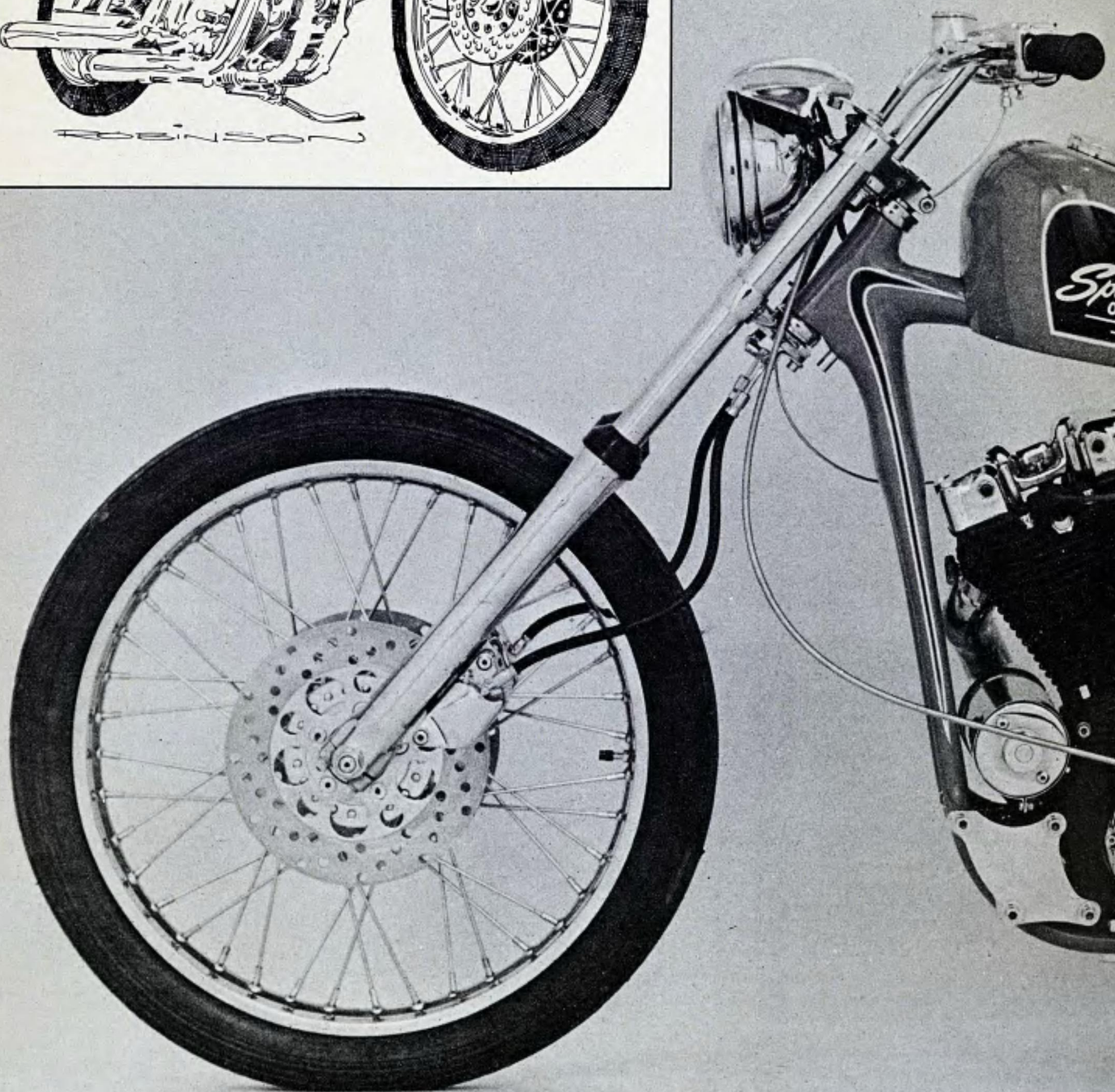
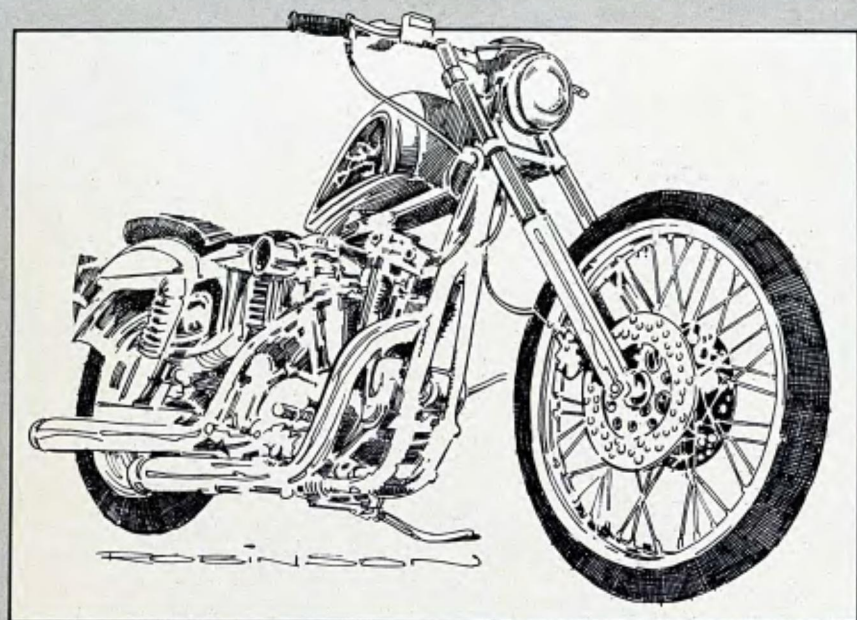
Somewhere on the concrete and asphalt streets in the city of San Jose, California, on every Saturday night, the chrome on a slicked-down Sportster glistens against the street lights. The motorcycle reflects the black of night and the spot of moon in the distant sky as it idles in vibrating stillness.

The exhaust rumbles against a store back as the bike sits like a cat in an alley, facing an uncongested city street. The rider, adorned with tailored black leathers and shades, sits waiting comfortably. Occasionally distracted by pretty women gawking at him and his ride as they cruise by, his attention is concentrated toward the rumble, at a faster pace than is now being emitted from his Sporty, that may come from any direction.

His ears perk as a deep sound bounces from building to building, coming closer. He determines that it's headed in his direction. As if two mountain cats at opposite ends of a valley were calling each other, he jerks his throttle and his pipes scream a searing melody through the canyons called city streets. The other Sportster retorts and creeps closer.

Peering along the endless asphalt, the rider spots the flicker of chrome spokes entering an intersection way off. Then he sees a mostly chrome chassis with just enough glistening hues to look like a flash of chrome and color smeared through the turn as it aligns itself with the street against the dull, drab office buildings. Once in a straight line, the





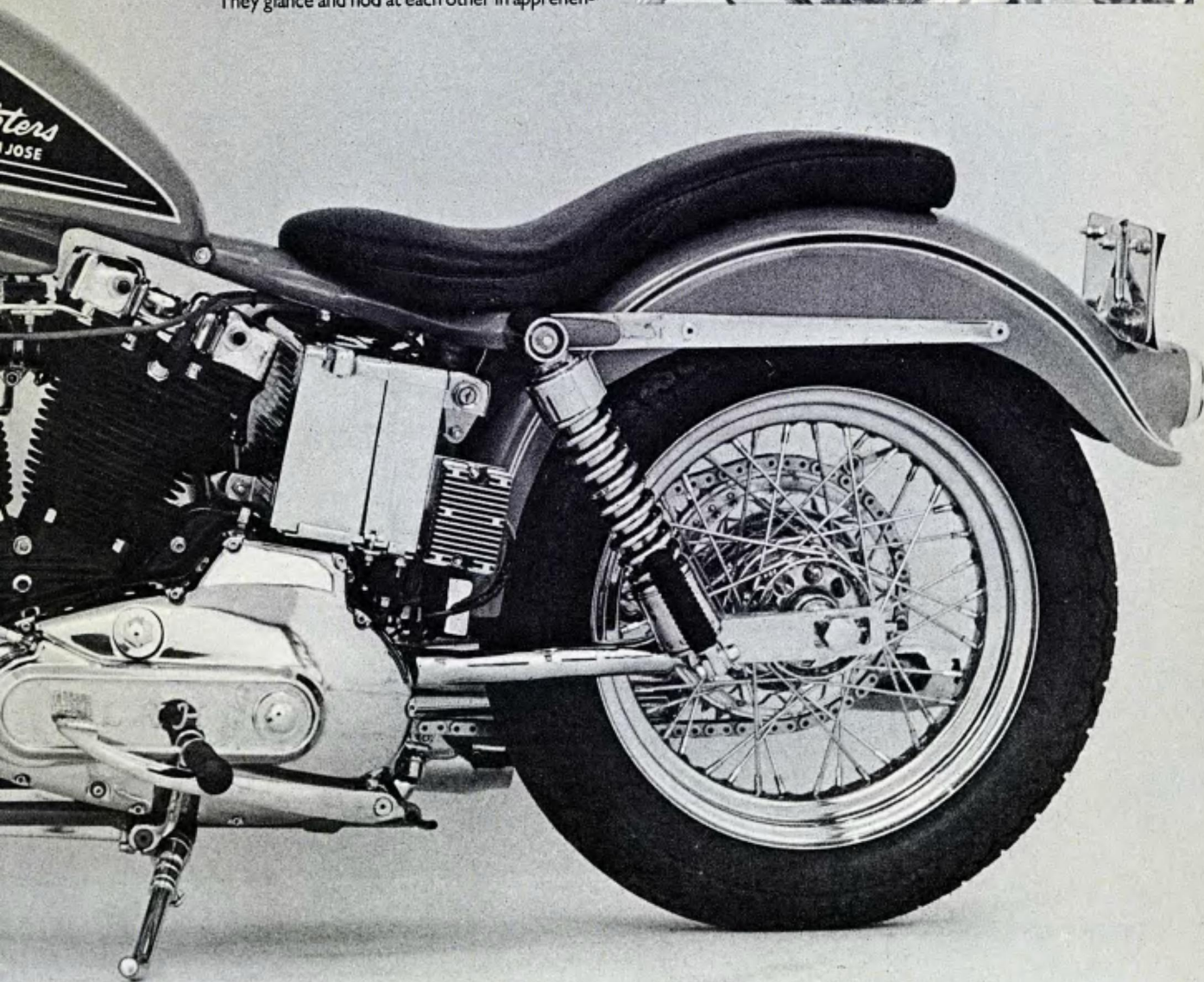
Sporty growls, then lurches and snaps, still in first gear. The rider in the alley tenses as the approaching biker raps his drag pipes once more and the bike leaps into a second gear wheelstand, the screaming sound vibrating the plate glass windows that line the sidewalks.

Now, the alley rider shifts in the vibrating seat and readies himself. His hands reach apprehensively for the short chrome bars as the approaching rider hits third and the rear tire chirps away from the asphalt.

Just as the red Sportster passes in front of the dark rider, he twists his sprung throttle open. The bike acts as though it has raised itself on its toes in a ready position — then he unleashes his clutch and the bike springs into the lane with the crimson Sportster, which gears down for a stoplight.

The dark, glimmering fire-breather then rests momentarily beside his opponent. As the two steeds rumble awesomely at the light, hues of color and chrome sparkling in the night, the riders wonder who will have the fastest Sportster tonight.

They glance and nod at each other in apprehen-

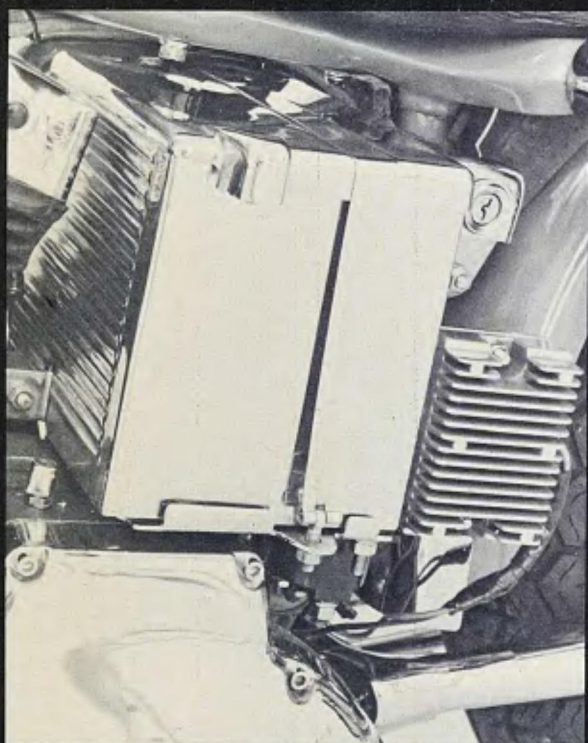


SPORTSTER

siye confidence, then turn to the impending match with powerful concentration.

They lean and grasp their controls with vise-grip tightness and with hair-splitting intensity, watching for the changing light as they slowly roll their throttles back and begin to engage their clutches. In a split second of grinding teeth, smoking rubber, and roaring thunder, another San Jose Sportster madman match is fought to see who has the fastest Sporty this Saturday night.

— Weed



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Jim "Shake & Bake" Miraglia **City:** San Jose, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1972 H-D

Model: XLRH

Value: \$6,000

Assembly: owner

Time: 1½ months

Chroming by: Valley Plating

Frame

Year: 1972

Builder: H-D

Type: swingarm

Rake: ½ in.

Stretch: none

Other alterations: molding

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1972

Model: XLRH

Rebuilder: Sportsters of San Jose

Ignition: electronic

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Lower end: S&S R wheels

Balancing: Sportsters of San Jose

Pistons: Manley

Cases: mini sump installed

Heads: XR Manley valves

Cam: XR factory

Lifters: rollers

Carb(s): S&S "L" series

Air cleaner: none

Pipes: by PipeLine, handmade 2 in.

Muffler(s): megaphones

Bars: handmade drag

Risers: 4 in.

Fender(s): 1-piece fiberglass

Headlight: stock

Tailight: glass

Speedo: none

Front pegs: handmade

Rear pegs: none

Electrics: 12-volt

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: XLH

Oil system: timeless oil pump

Primary cover: stock

Seat: Sportsters of San Jose

Sissybar: fender bars

Height: along fender

Material: stock

Transmission

Modifications: Barnett R clutches

Year: 1972 Andrews C ratio

Shifting: right side

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: Sportster

Extension: none

Builder: H-D

Special features: shaved legs

Wheels

Front:

Rear:

Size: 21

Size: 16

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 2¼ in.

Rim width: 3½ in.

Tire: Avon

Tire: Carlisle

Brake: disc

Brake: VelveTouch

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: Sportsters of San Jose

Color: Racer Red

Type: lacquer

Special paint: Motz

Other special modifications: rollerized by Roger Reed, Sportsters of San Jose





THE MALTESE CROSS

By Wayne Ladner

They came out of the west, with the setting sun at their backs, and a sound like distant thunder preceding them by a good half mile on the deserted highway. There were eleven motorcycles in all, riding two abreast in tight formation, with a single bike in the lead. The point bike was an apparition of gleaming midnight black and hand-polished chrome, splitting the wind like a thing alive, tires hissing on the wet asphalt, but inaudible beneath the growl of the Harley engine.

The kid on the black scooter sat easily in the saddle, his left hand resting in his lap, and his feet up on the twisted chrome pegs. His green shades were bug-spotted, and his long blond hair flew like a mane in the slipstream. He threw a fast glance over his shoulder, checking the position of his people, got a thumbs-up sign from The Beaver, and smiled to himself as he faced back into the wind.

The pack rode as one, inches separating the tips of their handlebars, and each man keeping one bike-length between his machine and the one ahead. The dying rays of the sun cast elongated shadows across the road and gleamed dully on studded belts, gold earrings, and sun-glass lenses.

Seven of the bikes packed double, and the girls leaned back lazily against the sissybars, their shirts open to the navel, breasts bouncing with the rhythm of the machines.

Some of them seemed to be dozing, young faces streaked with dirt from the long ride and reddened from the hot Florida sun. Most of the girls had re-

moved their jeans and rode in shirts and panties, enjoying the feel of the sun on their legs. The men had taken off their shirts and wore only the greasy Levi's cut-offs with their colors emblazoned on the back — a flaming wheel bracketed by daggers, and VIKINGS MC across the top rocker.

In the lead, Johnny Kane held their speed down to the legal limit. The last thing he wanted was trouble from some jackoff hick cop. They had been lucky so far, and careful. Johnny had kept to the back roads and secondary highways, routing them around the outskirts of Tampa and St. Pete, then heading south on state road 114. The country had grown steadily more wild as they traveled south, from thick pine forest to tangled swamp on both sides of the road, overgrown with cypress trees and hanging tendrils of Spanish moss. Hell, even the air was getting damp and heavy.

Johnny had checked the map twice before deciding to head east on this narrow secondary road. It had seemed the best bet to avoid going all the way into the goddam Everglades before turning toward the coast. Still, these crackers weren't very big on highway signs.

Beaver cranked on some speed, took the gravel shoulder to the right around the pack, and whipped it in beside Johnny, downshifting smoothly and settling in six inches off his right handlebar. His bearded face split in a wide grin, showing gold teeth.

"Hey, man, you got any friggin' idea where we are?" he shouted over the roar of the engines. "I ain't seen a goddam sign for umpteen miles, and it's gettin' darker."

Johnny jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "More rain on the way, too. Don't sweat it, man. There should be a little town up ahead about ten miles or so, according to this map I've been following. We'll pull in there for a while, get some food."

Beaver tapped his teardrop tank with a stubby finger. Johnny nodded, understanding. He was running low on gas, too. He grinned. "Okay, let's kick it in the ass a little. Maybe we can outrun the rain."

He raised his left hand and made a circular winding motion, then twisted the wick. The Harley responded with a deep-throated growl and leaped forward, only seconds ahead of the acceleration roar that passed through the pack like a breaking wave as each pair of riders jacked it on in unison. The girls came alert and shifted their weight to accommodate the increase in speed.

Kane flicked on his headlight, and the others followed suit. The sun had completely disappeared now, sinking below the trees behind them, and the column was silhouetted against the darkened sky, slashed with the reds and golds of a brilliant sunset.

The swamp came alive with the sounds of crickets and bullfrogs as darkness approached, and small night creatures scurried across the road, panicked by the shattering roar of the great steel beasts with glowing eyes.

* * *

Cal Baker came awake suddenly and sat bolt upright in the bed, shaking his head. It took him a

— Continued on page 78

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Next year I turn 40, rounding the final curve of youth and hitting the middle-age straightaway in top gear, the throttle wide open. Old folks, as we all know, are given to reflection — and I have been reflecting a bit on my youth. Looking back, it's clear that all my really big discoveries took place when I was a teenager in the fifties. You know, the big "firsts" — first piece of ass, first ride on a motorcycle, first hearing rhythm and blues. After each of these experiences, one thought crowded out all others — "More."

I first nailed some nookie in the front seat of a '53 Pontiac Catalina one summer night at a drive-in movie. I thereupon made the discovery all of us seem to make — that I was downright partial to pussy and wanted more. Around the same time, my older cousin was foolish enough to let me ride his wheezing '52 BSA, which I promptly ran into a ditch, breaking the front shocks. Later, digging the grease out of the cuts in my face, I could think only of doing it again — "More." And I first heard rhythm and blues in a beer joint my dad took me to long before I was of legal drinking age.

If you were born after 1955, you don't remember a time when rock wasn't a part of your heritage. But for the rest of us, few can forget the excitement of first hearing an entirely new kind of music — music that rattled the conventions of society right down to its clean underwear. This month's batch of discs offers three representatives of rockers still working in that earlier musical idiom.

Link Wray Live At The Paradiso/Link Wray: Back in 1958, Link Wray had a hit called "Rumble," and a smaller hit one year later called "Rawhide." Twenty-two years later, he's still playing live wire r&b and can trade guitar licks with anybody in the business. This is just liable to be the best live album released this year, so if you're lookin' to get your ears Dixie-fried by some of the fastest, butt-burning guitar work you'll ever hear, drop this one on the spindle and jump back out of the way.

Live At The Paradiso was recorded during two performances last year in Amsterdam — and Wray tears everybody there a new asshole. The band cooks like a stripped-for-speed 80-incher on an Interstate — just three musicians, but power to burn. Ably backed by Anton Fig on drums and Jimmy

Lowell on bass, Wray dishes up two fuel-injected sides of rock, r&b, and jump blues.

He shreds his way through a couple of oldies like "Money" and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," but the best stuff is his own homegrown. For example, check out "Run Chicken Run." This cut's brain-scraping chicken-scratch opening leads into lightning-fast rock and roll runs as old as the first Fender but presented with such drive and energy that the impact is new and fresh. The whole album is a showcase for Wray's stunning guitar breaks, a fact especially evident on "Ace of Spades," "Rumble," and "Rawhide." Each of these is an instrumental, and Wray cranks out howling, feedback-distortion-laced riffs that will tie your dork in knots.



There's only one slow cut on the album — "Subway Blues" — but it's a great change of pace and, in spite of its standard blues structure, is one of the more novel tracks of the bunch. Wray wails out his song of woe: *Don't you pull no subway, baby — I'd rather see you pull a train/Don't you pull no subway, baby — I'd rather see you pull a train/Don't you know I love you, baby — yeah, it's a cryin' shame.* Each band member gets a chance to solo on this one, and Wray's scat-singing duet with his guitar has to be heard to be believed.

What's The Word/The Fabulous Thunderbirds: What we've got here is simply the best beer-joint music you could hope to hear inside any low-ceilinged, smoke-filled, sweaty dive anywhere in these United States. If you heard last year's debut album, *The Fabulous Thunderbirds*, then you already know why these guys have helped trigger blues revivals in England and their home state of Texas. **What's**



The Word is a worthy follow-up effort and it, like the first, packs the bars and the beers, the rank air and the raw sex, in every note.

The first cut on the album is representative of these blues-rockers at their best — a rippin' version of Juke Boy Bonner's "Runnin' Shoes," with guitarist Jimmie Vaughan providing mesmerizing, gut-rock leads to Kim Wilson's mind-whipping harp and vocals. It's the old story — the dude is callin' for his runnin' shoes because he's about to be caught in bed where he doesn't belong: *Don't tell nobody as you see me passin' by/Don't tell nobody as you see me passin' by/She's got a bad ol' man/An' I'm too young to die.*

Vaughan displays more guitar influences than I'd care to count and Kim Wilson owes a substantial debt to Little Walter — but who cares? These guys are good, and Wilson blows the meanest harp I've heard in quite a while. This is unashamed white blues revitalization and the music stands on its own two feet and pops you right between the eyes. Some night when your head's right for it, drop the needle on this one and slug down a few cans of brew — it's the next best thing to sweatin' your drunk ass off at some skirts-of-town dive.

Hell of a Spell/Doug Sahm: This album, appropriately enough, is dedicated to the late Guitar Slim, to whose influence and impact of Sir Doug memorably pays tribute in a spoken intro to "The Things I Used To Do." This is one of Guitar Slim's best "bad woman blues" numbers, and Doug shouts and growls the lyrics with plenty of raw power: *I'm gonna send you back home to your mother, I'm goin' back to my family too/I'm gonna send you back to your mother, I'm goin' back to San Antonio too/I've tried to please you, baby, but I can't get along with you.*

Legendary San Antonio sax player Rocky Morales plays lead and contributes a down and dirty solo distinctively his own.

The album is a solid mixture of jump blues and slow blues, with a couple of rippin' rockers thrown in for good measure. Doug bounces the blues with tunes like "Ain't Into Lettin' You Go" and "Next Time You See Me," but the strongest cuts are slower numbers like "I Don't Mind At All" and "I'll Take Care of You." And check out Doug's rendition of "Can't Fake It," the story of a dude who's been through it all and has never fallen in love, but who just ran into something altogether new: *I'll knock on your window, I'll beat on your door/Don't know what's happenin', can't get around much anymore/Baby, I'm a hell of a man/But I can't fake it when it gets down to you.*

In the midst of this blues bonanza one cut, "Hangin' On By A Thread," reminds us again that over fifteen years ago the Sir Douglas Quintet with its strange Tex-Mex rhythms forged one of rock's truly distinctive sounds. The material on this cut is ideal Sir Doug stuff, and the sound is nearly right. But old fans of SDQ will miss one necessary ingredient — the loco organ work of Augie Meyers.

Hell of a Spell is one of the year's dark horse albums — blues fans, take note. ■





Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Scorpio

Scorpions are the fearsome fuckers of the zodiac who are known for their hunger for power, plus a reputation for being sex maniacs. (Aren't they?) They have a natural instinct to probe into everything. They are not inclined to fear death and often take dangerous chances.

Although a Scorpio is extremely secretive, it's best never to trust

one with any juicy secrets. Since Scorpio has a long memory and a short fuse, he can become a ballbuster when pissed off and will use your own gossip as a lethal weapon against you. Scorpions don't always fight fair, but they usually win. They make powerful friends and dangerous enemies who are strong survivors with a sting.

Scorpions tend to pig out when it comes to sex, booze, or drugs, especially the psychedelic type. They have a strong desire to indulge in new sensations—and if it feels good, they'll do it over and over again. They enjoy fucking and fight-

ing so much that they were probably the original gladiators. (Guess they still are, 'cause they're experts at oral sex.)

Scorpions are susceptible to sore throats, nose bleeds, and strain of the old gonads. Worse yet, they are prone to venereal disease. Luckily, they don't get sick too often and do have strong recuperative powers, thanks to their tremendous physical strength and endurance.

Some famous Scorpions: Grace Slick, Richard Burton, Jonathan Winters (huh?), The Fonz, Jaclyn Smith, Kate Jackson, and Charles Atlas, the body builder. Count

Dracula of the famous oral fixation was also a Scorpio.

Scorpions tend to be suspicious and skeptical and are not easy to get on close terms with. They aren't too diplomatic and can be quite blunt in expressing their feelings. So, if you ask a Scorpio his opinion, be ready for the truth, and don't be surprised if it hurts.

Even with all their faults, Scorpions are so sexy and magnetic that they have to practically beat off the admirers. They may have shitty tempers, but they're so good between the sheets that it just doesn't matter!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Avoid confrontations at the old homestead. Your relatives are flapping their jaws in your direction. Just let it whistle on through and go about your business. Don't let it get your balls in an uproar, 'cause this inconvenience won't last long, but it could fuck up your attitude on the job in the meantime. If there's one relative in particular (only one?) who really gives you a case of the shits, stay clear of 'im now.

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Lucky you! Your financial situation can come to a happy climax from a variety of unexpected sources. The hard part will be hanging on to it. Everyone has his hand out now. If you follow your head and not your hardon, you'll miss a few anxious moments over financial hassles. On the other hand, there's no need to be so tightfisted with your bucks. Go out and have a ball — you deserve it!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

One of your former fucks could make an unwelcome appearance in your life now. Think twice before working yourself into a case of jock itch over past problems. After being completely honest, set your foot in the troublemaker's ass and send 'im on his way. The gambling bug could put the bite on you again. You could really lose your shorts if they're not stuck to ya. Taking chances now should be done in small doses.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

Your Good Samaritan tendencies backfire on ya this month. Everything you do now could turn into a shitty mess. It'll take more than good aim to get you through the strain (or pain) of this one. Your patience is put to a test that would bust even the biggest balls. Most of your spare time will be spent redoing previous fuckups and straightening out disagreements with partners. Don't plead — give 'em weed!

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Stay clear of people (including partners) who try to involve your regal ass in any sort of secret deals. Some fairly outrageous offers can tempt you into taking a chance — and if you're not careful, you'll end up with your ass in the pokey. Situations around you now just aren't kosher — worse yet, they're designed to play on your ego, which is hard for any Leo to resist. Some good advice: reread this!

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

Ya can't exactly throw caution to the wind, but ya can sure release a helluva lot of air now. Don't be afraid to use that overflow of confidence on something daring or new. And as long as ya don't rock the boat, ya can go ahead and make some waves at work. Use your intuition along with your logic and you'll be amazed with the results. Your timing couldn't be better than now. Take time to poke fun at your ol' lady.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

After last month's birthday binge, it's time to cut loose from some of those leftover wet dreams and come back to reality. Abandoning some previous long-term plan could make your ass cheeks quiver, but it might be necessary now. Business dealings that don't take you far from home are favored during this period. In fact, you should avoid travel as much as possible. Wheel an' deal close to home base.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Happy birthday, horny! Your reputation for being hot to trot could be put to the test now — and you'll have to pace yourself to keep up with it. Since you're not one to let your meat loaf, don't work yourself into a whiplash! Don't let the flames from the horny honks singe your scrotum. Save some for a rainy day. Otherwise, next month will find you with the matched set of blue balls.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

Your charm and impulsiveness make for a winning combination this month. The only fly in the pie is that you may have to compete with a tight partner, which may not be easy for ya, but may be a necessity. The other person involved might not play fair, so don't expect this contest of wits to be a piece of cake. You could be surprised with some info you weren't aware of. Remember, you have the winning hand, so use it!

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

What the fuck ever happened to cheap thrills? You're too financially frustrated even to have fun. Right now you could be an unhappy cappy with a case of the meanies. Making the best of a fucked-up situation may not be easy, but you have no alternative. My advice is to forget the bills and boogie off for a few days. It'll give you time to get your head together again. Besides that, why fight what ya can't change?

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

A preoccupation with some recent good luck could begin to turn off others. Too much bragging is a real pisser now, so lighten up. After all, some of your bros could be down on their luck and in the mood to dot eyes! Unless you're willing to share, shut the fuck up! Don't take people for granted just because you've known them for a long time. You could easily hurt some feelings accidentally and bruise some egos.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Follow your own instincts, despite pressure from friends, and especially from relatives. Any major change in your lifestyle now can eventually bring ballbustin' results of the best kind. Long range goals will be rewarded with goodies later on. Just don't mix business with pleasure, and you'll skate through this one a winner. Don't get lazy, or you'll lose out on the rewards.

EASYNEWS

WET PAVEMENT FOUND TO MULTIPLY FATAL CRASH RISKS

U.S.A.: It has been commonly assumed that highway hazards increase to some extent when pavements are wet, but in the first nationwide effort to examine this increased danger, a federal agency has found that motorists are more than four times as likely to be involved in a fatal crash on wet — as opposed to dry — pavement.

The National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) has reported the results of a detailed computer study of crash and precipitation data. Finding that precipitation occurs only about 3.0 to 3.5 percent of the time across the nation, the NTSB discovered that 13.5 percent of fatal crashes — and an even higher percentage of the total crashes — occur on wet pavement.

The study produced a "wet fatal accident index" (WFAI) that compares the percentage of fatal crashes on wet pavement with the percentage of the time that the pavements were wet. The highest index figures — indicating a disproportionately large number of fatal crashes for the amount of time the roads were wet — were found for Utah, Texas, Illinois, Arizona, and Missouri. The lowest were for Alaska, New Hampshire, Nevada, the District of Columbia, and Pennsylvania.

"Since fatal accidents on wet pavement nationwide occur 3.9 to 4.5 times more often than might be expected, the Safety Board concludes that the wet-pavement problem should be of major concern to all states and that more resources should be allocated for correcting the sources of the problem," the report said. "In the past, some 'drier' states indicated that they



probably did not have a problem; the statistical analysis does not support this claim. In some 'drier' states the WFAIs are low, while in other 'drier' states the WFAIs are high."

Illustrating this point, the report said that while Utah had the highest WFAI at 6.2, neighboring states ranged from 2.2 to 4.9. "If an average WFAI was calculated for this homogenous climatological region," the NTSB pointed out, "it would show that some states appear to have a more serious problem than other states."

The NTSB studied a variety of possible causes for the wet-weather crash hazards. Among them were human factors, possible vehicle differences, and variations in highway design. The board concluded that there are indications that the materials of the surface mix of a highway may be related to the performance of the road when wet. Among the problems identified as requiring further study were the availability of a good grade of aggregate for the pavement mix, and the "void ratios" — the relative volume of air

pockets in asphalt pavement mix.

The NTSB found some correlation between low void ratios and a high crash record. "The two states that have in the past designed pavements with air voids of less than 2 percent had the highest WFAIs," the board reported. The agency noted that the Asphalt Institute has recommended a minimum void ratio of 3 percent.

Similar questions were posed on the type of aggregates used for paving. Aggregates — the larger particles in a pavement mix — vary in that they may be sharp, durable, and resistant to polishing or so constituted that they become very slippery when wet or tend to disintegrate when used in the surface layer of a highway. The NTSB asked a number of materials specialists to name the states with poor aggregates available, and those with good aggregates. Of the fourteen states determined to have poor aggregates, twelve had higher than average WFAIs.

The board recommended that the public be made aware of the wet-weather hazards, that the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration be called on by the Federal Highway Administration to provide weather data for further studies, and that states test the use of the WFAI as an aid in evaluating state programs for reducing wet-weather crashes.

Single copies of the NTSB "Special Study — Fatal Highway Accidents on Wet Pavement, the Magnitude, Location, and Characteristics" are available without charge from Publications Branch, National Transportation Safety Board, Washington, D.C. 20594. Multiple copies may be purchased from the National Technical Information Service, U.S. Department of Commerce, Springfield, Va. 22151.

The Federal Highway Ad-

ministration (FHWA) has announced it intends to establish guidelines and criteria for "adequate" skid resistance on wet pavement. Yet, in its proposed final rule, the agency made no attempt to define what "adequate" skid-resistance levels would be.

In a notice of proposed rulemaking, FHWA said its proposal would encourage the use of skid-resistant surfaces on all highways. Not only did the agency neglect to define what it meant by adequate skid resistance levels, it did not set criteria for performance that would set permissible levels of deterioration of skid resistance on road surfaces depending on age, traffic volume, and travel speeds, all factors that greatly affect a pavement's ability to provide skid-resistant characteristics in wet weather.

Although FHWA referred to an American Association of State Highway Transportation Officials set of guidelines for skid-resistant pavement design to be used for evaluating skid resistance, that publication also does not carry specific guidelines and criteria for performance levels.

Countries that have adopted detailed specifications setting minimum skid-resistance guarantees by road builders include Great Britain, West Germany, France, and Japan.

FHWA said that funding for improving skid resistance on both new and existing federal-aid highways will be made available through the agency's federal-aid interstate, primary, urban, and secondary programs already in place. Additional funds will be made available through FHWA's hazard-elimination program and its sater-off-system roads program to correct slippery pavement at crash sites, the agency said.

Comments on FHWA's proposed rulemaking should be

"IF IT'S FOR THE BETTERMENT OF BIKERS, WE'LL PRINT IT."

addressed to Docket No. 77-16, Notice 2, Skid Resistant Pavement Surface Design, FHWA Room 4265, HCC-10, 400 Seventh St. S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590. — from IIHS Report ■

VICTORY AFTER TEN YEARS

South Carolina: All right! The bros in South Carolina have finally shot down that state's helmet law. And they did one helluva job. After having the state government stifle freedom for ten years, after suffering ten disheartening disappointments, they got the big rush when Governor Dick Riley signed the bill into law on June 16, 1980. Governor Riley, being a firm believer in individual rights and not wanting to waste any more time, signed the helmet repeal bill as soon as it hit his desk. Now any motorcycle rider in South Carolina, twenty-one years of age or older, has the right to choose whether or not he or she will wear a helmet.



All the bros who worked so hard and for so long to have the helmet law repealed deserve a pat on the back from every freedom-thinking resident of the state of South Carolina. They stood up for bikers' rights till they were sure that business was taken care of — and by doing that, they also stood up for the rights of every individual.

They received word that the helmet repeal had been signed, but they refused to leave the capitol steps until they had eyewitnessed the signature. The governor complied and brought the bills outside so the bros could see for themselves. Then he got a taste of bikers celebrating — to the max. ■

HEAVY COLORADO STATS

Since The Colorado Medical Society and the Colorado Safety Association have continued with their efforts to put the helmet law issue on the November ballot, even though they have lost the support of the Division of Highway Safety. I feel it is time to break silence and counter the unsubstantiated rhetoric of the helmet law proponents.

They support their views with selective comparison of the statistics. They constantly use the year 1976, since that was the lowest death rate year of the helmet law era. When all the statistics are viewed, it is impossible to support any mandatory helmet law.

The death rate (deaths per 10,000 registered motorcycles) for the eight years of the helmet law era varied from 8.6 to 3.5. The average death rate of these helmet law years is 5.2. In 12 years preceding the helmet law the death rate varied from 8.7 to 1.9. The average death rate for these years is a very comparable 5.4. The death rate for the post-repeal years is 5.6 for 1977 and 5.5 for 1978.



Three- or four-tenths of a point rise in the death rate is hardly cause for a constitutional amendment, and is probably due to the increased usage of motorcycles as transportation because of high gasoline prices.

It is interesting to note that the lowest death rate is 1.9, which occurred in 1959, long before any helmet law, and a period when helmets were not at all popular.

Anyone interested in obtaining a statistic sheet may do so by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Colorado Motorcycle Safety Association, P.O. Box 1004, Adams County Station, Commerce City, Colo. 80022.

Wild claims have been made as to the amount of money injured motorcyclists cost the state each year. No doubt some money is expended picking up dead and assisting the injured, but no more money than is expended helping victims of

automobile crashes.

About the same portion of automobile and motorcycle fatalities result from head injuries. Perhaps we should have a helmet law for occupants of automobiles. Will a new helmet law bring a reduction of these expenditures? That's doubtful. I didn't notice any lowering of my taxes or insurance premiums during the eight years the helmet law was in force. — from Ivan Billingsley, vice president, Colorado Motorcycle Safety Association. ■

FEDS WANT MORE LOOT

The Nation: The U.S. Treasury Department is asking Congress to pass a law requiring fifteen percent of the interest earned by any savings account to be withheld and passed along to the government. Now, some of us are not too worried, because our savings accounts never pass the twenty-buck mark. But it would be an altogether different story for those folks who put aside a little at a time in order to make a run, or buy new sled parts, or increase the party stash. Suddenly, their accounts wouldn't be paying off the way the banks said they would. And old coots on fixed incomes would be hardest hit of all because they often rely on the interest from their savings to augment their pensions and Social Security. Less interest remaining in the account would mean less to compound and a smaller yield, hence less grub, thinner kids, and less chrome on the scoots.

The Treasury Department says it will develop an exemption plan for some taxpayers, but, as usual, the burden would fall on those taxpayers. If eligible, they would be required to file an exemption form with each savings and loan or bank, and with all other sources of interest and dividend in-

come — and, of course, keep all that paperwork up to date, too.

Speak up now. Write to your senators and representatives and tell them how you feel about this proposed law. Don't sit back and let the government take an even bigger bite out of your income.

ABATE OF OHIO/ OHIO ABATE

Ohio: We have been getting a lot of letters from bros wanting to know what the deal is on ABATE of Ohio. So we checked into what's happening in Ohio and found out that there is an ABATE chapter there — at least there's one on paper. We talked to one of the founding members of ABATE in Ohio and he told us that the paperwork has been



taken care of. In the meantime, this original member has moved to another state and is involved with the ABATE chapter there.

It seems to us that the brothers in Ohio are not up on the situation, so here's what we suggest. If there are any brothers in Ohio who want to put the ABATE chapter in Ohio back on its feet and help the bikers in their state, they can write to Easynews and we will forward their letters to the original member. He, in turn, can provide them with the low-down on how to go about

putting some life back into ABATE of Ohio. This original member wishes to maintain privacy in his new home, so any inquiries directed to him must come through Easynews.

LACONIA

New Hampshire: We received a copy of this letter from Mr. Roscoe, who addressed the original to everybody who is supposed to be somebody in Laconia and to the Wiers in New Hampshire. It seems the police might have overreacted a bit.

"We wish to congratulate you on your ability to entertain a crowd of motorcyclists. To get them to the Wiers you enticed them with a profit-making deal of a tent of show cycles, I guess. (Nobody went for your \$2 fee.) Our group of six parked our cycles on Rt. 3 near the entrance to the Wiers and walked in and out through a crowd I would have been proud to help my 80-year-old mother through. No rough stuff — no wacky tobacco (I can detect that a mile away now). Did see two people drinking a beer, also some children drinking soda. The places of business were taking in money from this crowd like there was no tomorrow. The police patrol was very courteous and helpful to us when we asked where the tent was located.

"We had been to the entrance of the tent and back to our cycles and home to our motel when the decision was made to tear-gas this group. Congratulations to the one who came up with this answer to how to handle a large crowd! He should live in infamy. Thank God you stopped with tear gas and not grenades this time. You were very considerate. I'm sure that the innocent people who got their eyes full of your hospitality will have nothing but love for you and your leaders.

"It would be amusing to see the same size group of congressmen, public officials, and policemen having a similar

weekend convention.

"Have enjoyed the Gypsy Tour for thirty years and will be back next year. Not looking for your type of hospitality that could mark some innocent child for life, but the kind we enjoyed at Otter Brook Camp Ground entrance on Rt. 9 east of Keene. A small church group with nine cyclists in the congregation hailed us off the road on the way up and back. They gave us a snack, praised our cycles, and would not take a donation. Take a ride down there next year on Friday before the race and get a handshake you won't forget — then take what you have learned back to the Wiers with you. Maybe it would do something for your greed for our money and your violence."

— from Hubert H. Roscoe, Troy, N.Y.

BRITISH BROS

Great Britain: The bros in the British Isles are putting up a good effort to have unjust laws stricken



from the books, but still more support is needed. Obviously, those who attend helmet protests are doing far more for the cause than those who sit back and watch the protests on the tube or read about them in the papers. The most positive thing to do would be to contact the nearest representative of the Motorcycle Action Group. They are organizing at least one protest run a month. Check with the MAG rep in your area for run dates — and be there when it happens. — from Mike Whalley, MAG, Bryntirion, Minford, Penrhynedeudraeth, Gwynedd, LL48 6HG, Britain. ■

LATEST MSF TACTICS

Maryland: A lot of excitement has been generated by the number of helmet law repeals across the country. But what many bros are unaware of is that the Motorcycle Safety Foundation is dropping \$200,000 in a campaign to reinstate helmet use. This new program that MSF has instituted is for the Voluntary Use of Helmets. They want to cause the general riding public to accept helmets of their own accord. Then, when they have the majority of the public believing that helmets are beneficial, they will have paved the way for more helmet use legislation.

The first state to feel pressure from this new campaign is Maryland, home state of MSF — a good area for a trial shot. Following is a quick outline of the tactics MSF has used in Maryland to launch their Voluntary Use Program.

Dealer kits with information on the voluntary helmet campaign had been mailed in April to over 7000 dealers throughout the United States. With the assistance of the Maryland Motorcycle Dealers Association, letters were sent to 70 dealers in the state urging their use of the kit materials distributed in April. Their help in promoting the voluntary use of helmets was requested.

Other activities in the Maryland campaign

included:

— Sending a letter to the editorial directors of over 60 radio and television stations and nearly 50 newspaper editors urging them to do editorials promoting helmet use.

— Delivering public service announcements on voluntary helmet use to Baltimore and Washington, D.C., television and rock radio stations.

— Distributing brochures on helmet use through the Maryland State Police and through the licensing stations of the Maryland Motor Vehicle Administration.

— Arranging with the State Police for the distribution of a photo showing Motorcycle Safety Foundation staff in proper and improper riding gear to over 125 Maryland newspapers along with a news release urging voluntary helmet use after July 1, 1979.

— Offering helmet brochures to local police departments in the state for their distribution.

— Sending over 150 letters to members of Maryland business organizations offering the brochures for distribution to their company employees.

— Arranging television interviews for MSF staff. Radio programs sponsored by the Maryland State Police and the Maryland Department of Transportation featured shows on the voluntary helmet campaign.

— Offering the student services directors of nearly 30 universities and community colleges in Maryland helmet brochures and posters for distribution to their students.

As you can see, the MSF is going all out to make Maryland an example for the rest of the country. All you brothers and sisters in Maryland, take a few minutes and write to your representatives in Annapolis. Tell them that those who want to wear helmets have been doing so all along, but you don't want any threat of that old law infringing on your constitutional rights. While you're armed with pen and paper, write to the MSF and tell them to put

that \$200,000 to some good use, like rider education or driver awareness programs. A few minutes, a few stamps — and you'll have made yourself heard. ■

MOTORCYCLING DOCTORS SHOW SUPPORT

Ohio: Dr. Randal Mackenzie says he is fed up with doctors criticizing something that he knows very well, and they know little about.

"The medical profession has been bad-mouthing motorcycling," said Mackenzie, who founded an organization of doctors supporting motorcycling. "And I believe many physicians were shooting from the hip on various aspects of motorcycling without having any practical experience," said Mackenzie of New York, who has been riding motorcycles for 23 years.

The American Motorcyclist Association, based in Westerville, figures about ten percent of the nation's doctors and dentists ride motorcycles. — from Tracy Spiegel, Tarpon Springs, Fla. ■



BUCK KNIVES

California: As you may recall, the Superior Court of Solano County recently ruled that the model 110, manufactured by Buck Company, was unlawful in that the knife was prohibited within the meaning of 653k of the California Penal Code. Some of us have been in contact with the Buck Company and their attorney, who has informed us that the Buck Company has come out with a new model 110 correcting the mechanism that made it possible to flip open the 110 Buck knife, which was prohibited.

The new Buck knife 110 will be identified by the following designation, which will be observed on the blade of the knife near the hinge as follows:

BUCK

(Note dot) .110. (Note dot)

Of course, your officers will not be able to distinguish the "forbidden" 110 knives from the new 110 model without personal inspection. However, it is generally believed that possession of the new **unmodified** 110 model will not be unlawful within the meaning of the aforementioned Penal Code.

— from Citizen Mike ■

REP. GETS OFF EASY

Connecticut: Hartford County State's Attorney John Bailey is reviewing the decision of local Prosecutor Patrick McGinley not to press charges against state Rep Andrew Grande for his part in a fatal accident.

Bailey said he was instructed to review the file by Chief State's Attorney Austin J. McGuigan. He said his office is currently reviewing the file.

Thomas Swingle, 24, was killed Jan. 26 when his motorcycle struck Grande's car. Grande was exiting from Roberge Dairy and his car was eight feet out into Middle Street.

Bailey said, "Knowing Pat McGinley as I do, I don't think there is going to be any problem, because he is one of the finest prosecutors in the state." He said he did not know when the review will be completed.

Some witnesses told police that Swingle was traveling at a high rate of speed before the accident. The police report, however, says there was no physical evidence to indicate excessive speed. — from Ruthie Land, Groton, Conn. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



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 motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

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.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

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

-----Thanks for not giving up—We never will.-----

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 90265.

In memory of **Cliff Boese and Cindy Iding**, Harley riders to the end and our friends forever. We'll never forget ya, Tom and Sue Jacobs, Oshkosh, Wis.

In memory of **Roger "R.D." Wright**. We will never forget you, Ride on, brother, I'll see ya soon. Cap'n Jack, Wichita, Kan.

In memory of **Jimbo Shunk**, 18. You were the best ol' man I ever had and ever will have. Miss you much, love ya always. Lacy, Lakeside, Calif.

In memory of **John Desmond "Shannon"**. One of the best, he died riding the best. Sadly missed by his bros, Donna, and Penny.

In memory of **Brian Bready**. You were a good bro. Ride on in Harley Heaven. You'll never be forgotten, bro. Felix the Cat.

In memory of **Joe Edd Mackle**. Gone but not forgotten. From all the bros and sisters in Pampa.

In memory of **Egor**. No hopes are better than false hopes. Your bros, Grim Reapers MC, Des Moines, Iowa.

In memory, **Dusty, Tom, Sarge, and Jimmy**, IHMC. Lived in the fast lane, died, and will be remembered forever. Iron Horsemen, Maine.

In memory of **Dave Johnson**. He loved to ride. I know that if there's a Harley Heaven, he's there. "Only the good die young." A lady who loves him dearly.

To **Sach (Barry)**, who rode straight to heaven but will always ride in my heart. I'll never forget you. Darlene, Inwood, New York.

In memory of **Leonard Stauber**, a true bro, gone but not forgotten, and loved by us all. We know you'll ride on in Harley Heaven! We'll meet again. Dawn and all your bros, Green Bay, Wis.

It'll be a year in June, but still the memory of **Chester T.M.** remains. I'll never forget you and neither will your bros. With all our love and devotion, V.P., Punkin, your bros, and their ol' ladies from BRMC.

Sleazy, we love you. Our love is riding always at our brother's side. Sweetpea and brothers, Phoenixians MC.

In loving memory of my bro **Calvin Troy Hedges**, who rode fast and died young. We shall never forget. Love forever and always. His sister, Teresa Rose, Louisville, Ky.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** 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 \$10.50 for twelve issues. (\$10.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call**. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Down awhile. Lookin' for some lines from a few foxes and dogs. Ron Holowaychuk, Box 1497, Bismarck, N.D. 58501.

Down tramp hunting righteous, 100% tramp-oriented female. If you ain't don't write. Steve Klemz, Box B96954, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Downed biker, doin' ten years, would like to hear from some good people. George Simmons #96697, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

"Larse" from Chicago doin' five in Wisconsin. Bob and Mike, send me a kite. Bros in Illinois, pass the word. Lawrence A. Davis, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I'm one lonely dude. Sam Ross (Bandit) #P-4565, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Down bro would like to write a fine lady in the Phoenix area. Danny Webb, Box B-39591, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Down in Indiana. Want to hear from ladies in Southern Calif. Billy (from Venice) Woolverson #16986, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Ladies out there, write! My lady luck is on the run and no one writes. Frank "Bozo" King #16990, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Down in '80 out in '81. Need women or hussies to write me and ride with me. Terry Alsbaugh #13722-2, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

White, 21, and lonely as sin. Write to me and you're sure to win. Grant Wm. Blair #15574, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

6' 5", 200-lb. bro could really use some sweet letters. Drac B. Adair #A-862116, Mail #063, DCI, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I am a downed biker in need of an ol' lady with style. Will answer all letters. Send picture and letters to Okie, 619 Wiseman, Hansen, Idaho 83334.

Couple of good-lookin' bros down with a pinch of time to do. Would dig lines from good-hearted ladies with interest in a serious relationship. Send photos. Chuck Goodman #C01160-K331 or Mike Correll #B98785-K342, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

21-year-old in need of some sexy ladies to write to. Roy Veteto #71-756, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Down for a dime, doin' hard time. Need letters from all you ladies out there who care. Mark Fitzgerald #16094, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I'm a brother 6 ft, 1 in, tall, weighing 195, and will answer all letters sincerely. Joe Marshall #02419-235, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

I'm a 24-yr.-old Cancer, and I miss riding in the country as much as riding you babes. Hey, I'm lonely now. Ken Griffy #14669, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

28-yr.-old wishes to correspond with warm-hearted, mature females over 20. Sincerity desired. James McCartney, Box C-09799, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Babies: I'm down and I need an overhaul to get me back on the road! Keith Goodman #17108, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

A romantic Southerner loves kids, poetry, and French. You ladies write and I'll tell you all about myself. Rowan Welch #42498, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Together we will never be lonely. All you have to do is write and send a photo. Robert Tobarro, Box 791, Safford, Ariz. 85546.

Texas heartbreaker in jail for bogus beef. Need some sweet poot-tang to shoot me a kite from time to time. Rich Miller #C-73073, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

Young ladies! Are you just wastin' away? Welcome to the club! Write Big Joe Laich #10294, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Lonely and need some air from the outside. Got two more to do. Cecil Emory, 4443 Broad River Rd., Kirkland Dorm 4-A12, Columbia, S.C. 29210.

18-year-old blond, blue eyes, 5'9", 140 lbs. Gals, could you drop me a line or two and send photos? Harlen Imm Jr., Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I'm 23, doin' time, and could sure use mail and photos from ladies 18-40. Gregory Akers #79A4177, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

We're two guys who want to hear from some of you ladies. No stipulations. Richard Thorsines #2445-57-B-9 and Ramon Valdez #266046-H-4, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

18-yr.-old needs someone to pick up a pencil and paper and write. Brian Hamlin #268643-A-5, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Two bros locked down, lookin' for letters from any foxy bitch out there. Will answer all. James W. Walker #285685 or Dickie Sherman #270415, Rt. 1, Box 150 Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Will answer all letters from single girls 17-30. Don Enke #30586, Box 7-2-D-571, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely prisoner in a Calif. state prison, down for three years. Would like young ladies to write to. Dennis Knight #C-12261, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

C/W fiddle player, age 52, would enjoy sharing letters and photos with ladies 30-60. All letters welcome. Willie A. Donaghey #262792, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I am 30 yrs. old, lonely, and will answer all letters. Frank Hale #73316, Turney Center, Only, Tenn. 37140.

Would like to hear from ladies 8-80, crippled, lame, or crazy. Greg Spears #91237, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712.

Down at LSP and need some letters. Please! Richard Hunsucker #91120, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712.

Ladies, I need you! Wilfred Anthony #82508, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712.

It'd just take a few minutes to make this dude real happy. Charles Bertrand #86964, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712.

Appreciate a line or two. Nolan Schouest #85529, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712.

Young man looking for a sincere marriage-minded lady 30-40. Photo answered first. Ricardo Black #148-137, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

We're wild and woolly, hard to please. They call us the wonder boys, so all you bitches write to us. Arthur Broughman #114559 and Mike Ayers #119052, BCC, Rt. 2, Bland, Va. 24315.

Lonely peckerwood with a size-ten boot, looking for a sincere lady. C. W. Taylor #C-08866, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Good-lookin' "dude, 6'2". Good-natured and seeking out that one special lady, so send pix. Robert A. Baker, Box C-13423, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Please write! Frank L. DeWitt #122347, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

37-year-old would like to hear from any women who desire to write. I will answer all. Albert Allen Lewis, 1473 Darwin St., Seaside, Calif. 93955.

Hey, write to me! Phillip Turner #056980, Box 1072, Mail #578, DeSoto Correctional Inst., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I need bad—and good. Troy Stone #027789, Box 1072, Mail #57, DeSoto Correctional Inst., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

White convict would like to correspond with sincere lady. Joseph Mora, Box A-51735, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Colorado mountain man, 24, would like to hear from foxy ladies. Spiderwebs in the mailbox get lonely. Robert Reed, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

21-yr.-old, 5'3", brown hair and blue eyes. Need letters from foxy ladies. Please write and send photos. Rick Sanner #R4349, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Down scooter tramp would like to hear from together ladies. Send pictures; will answer all. Dave Aker #15686, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Help! I've forgotten the flavor an' scent of a woman. Sincere and warm. Even swap—no swindle. Daniel "Timekeeper II" Lee, Box 217, Yanceyville, N.C. 27379.

I'm 25, 6 ft., 185 lbs., lonely and in need of mail from ladies. Victor McMichael #069372, F235, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

22-yr.-old looking to hear from sincere women from all over. Will answer all. Barry Green #788-458, Drawer B, Stormville, New York 12582.

Crusade Update

We've had it! It's time to put an end to the rotten publicity that bikers get, the stupid TV portrayals, the legislation and proposed legislation that would ultimately remove every last one of us from the face of this earth. It's time the entire country knew who and what bikers really are — the real story told by our people. Our good bro Maddog II, from Iowa, came up with one helluva suggestion — make a *true* biker TV commercial. That was back in our August, 1980 "Wordmonger" column.

Maddog said: "All those who would like to see a commercial of their very own on TV should send one measly dollar to a suitable holder such as **Easyriders** with the purpose of getting their commercial. What better way to present our cause to the people?"

We said: "Okay, Maddog, we'll match every dollar anyone sends in. Let's call it the Crusade Against Claybrook.' A buck march against repressive motorcycle legislation and bum publicity. We'll kick in a buck for every buck

we get. Each issue will show how much we've collected. When we get enough bucks, we'll make a commercial, buy some TV prime time, and shove it down their throats."

You readers spoke: Your voices came out loud and clear right from the start, 'cause like everyone knows, money talks loudest of all. As of this date (July 18, 1980), you've sent in 1,200 green ones. Add our matching bucks and you've got one helluva fine start toward makin' that commercial. But it's just a start an' it's gonna take lots more dough before we can produce a first-rate commercial an' get it on prime time TV. There's no time to stop an' boast

about our good start — we need to get behind this one hundred percent and ramrod it through to the finish. The sooner we do that, the sooner we'll really be able to brag, 'cause we'll have zapped the viewers with our bikers' commercial — made by bikers for bikers. Do it, brothers and sisters! Keep those bucks rollin' in to the Crusade Against Claybrook, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. ■





Miniature Scooter Stash

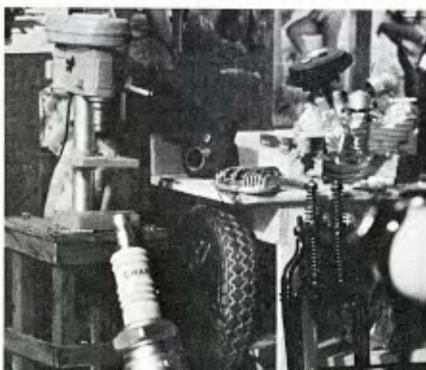
A lot of bros are into building miniature bikes. They are made out of wood blocks, matchsticks, nuts, bolts, coat hangers, old spokes, or just about anything that happens to fall on the floor. Most of the time these small sleds are welded or brazed together — whatever's quickest to keep from throwing away a completely trashed-out part. There is a little packrat in all of us that makes an appearance about the time the garage has to be shoveled out simply to put the kickstand down at night. I have spent hours trying to decide whether

to eighty-six a coffee can full of 45 rod bearings or to braze them into a drain pan for my big twin.

A hot tip would be to have a hydraulic garage floor that would tilt toward the door at the press of a button. When you wanted to clear

out the old homestead, you'd hit a button and all the loose parts would pile up at the door. The hardest thing now is to decide what to keep and what to send to that big dumpster in the sky.

Well, Tim has come up with a garage that's self-cleaning. Of course, it may be a little hard to park even a hummer in it, but who worries about details? Tim has been into miniature scoots, along with the real thing, for a few years now. So what the hell — if ya got pint-size sleds, ya got to have a pint-size garage to rest them in. At the start, Tim was build-





Photos by Frank

ing plastic models, cars and bikes that come in boxes. But plastic models lost their challenge kind of quick, so he moved into carving bikes out of wood. On top of making models, he keeps up a '59 pan and a electric start trike, both of which he built in his apartment. In fact, this miniature garage looks a little like the kitchen corner in his pad. The motorcycle parts and the drill press are from a plastic model kit. Everything else was made from scratch. The shelves, workbench, crates, and toolbox are all made from balsa wood. Those drawers on the toolbox open and close.

The posters on the wall were taken from the cover of a recent issue of *Playboy*, and the Dave Mann posters were taken from an ad that appears somewhere in *Easyriders*. All the hand tools on the bench and in the tool box were cut out of balsa wood



by hand and were painted silver. Tanks for the torch were made from wooden dowels, and the regulators were cut from some flat balsa stock.

The detail on this unit is fuckin' amazin'. There are small metal chips around the drill press and stains on the wooden floor where a 74 must have stopped. The whole shop is no bigger than a square foot. This whole model trip blows my mind. The detail is unreal and, as Wilburn Roach said after checking out the photos, "This sure ain't your spot! It's too damn clean!"

— The Wizard

VET VOICE

Vines stabbed my shoulder as I forced my way through the brush. The jungle smelled like shit; I smelled like shit. No water for three hours; so thirsty I would drink piss. Goddam, what a fucked-up place.

Finally, out of the undergrowth, and now out into the strangest place I've ever seen — not a tree, not even a blade of grass; nothing but grey, dead dirt. What the hell had happened here? Who cared: I was thirsty, and there was a shell-hole with water in it. It smelled terrible, but it was wet. Fuck, water is water no matter where you find it. Looking around, I saw a square mile of surrealistic moon-escape. Where the hell was I?

Ten years later, I found out. This moonscape, this piece of dead earth, was caused by Agent Orange, used by the U.S. military in Nam to destroy crops and kill jungles so Mr. Charlie would have no food or places to hide. Agent Orange contained dioxin, one of the most deadly substances known to man.

Many people exposed to this chemical are now experiencing long-term mental and physical dysfunctions. If you were in Nam from 1961 to 1972 and maybe came in contact with this shit, you just might be fucked-up. This crap has been tested by the Environmental Protection Agency, and five independent studies by them prove Agent Orange causes cancer. Also, they noted that it may cause birth defects, numbness, skin rashes, liver dysfunction, and loss of sex drive (no more pussy). What the fuck is this? Why weren't we told about it long ago?

The VA will vaguely acknowledge that Agent Orange may have caused a skin rash called chloracne — but, brothers, that's all they will admit. They will give you a checkup and put your name on a list so they can run a survey to see who drops dead from it. But they will not help you.

Two representatives, Thomas Daschle of South Dakota and David Bonior of Michigan, say the VA is directly contradicted by EPA studies, and they even accuse the VA of having this policy only to keep Vietnam from suing the U.S. for poisoning its people. They also seem to be afraid of being sued by Australians who served in Nam and who have had over 400 deformed children born with such defects

as missing limbs, club feet, and cleft palates.

The National Center for Disease Control is studying birth defects in children born to Vietnam vets in Atlanta, Georgia, but the VA will not even examine children of VEVs born with defects.

If you are concerned about your health or your children's health, there are people who do care. The Vietnam Veterans of America has set up a free national hot line for people who have been exposed to Agent Orange. This toll-free number is 1-800-424-5402.

Call it if you think you may have been exposed to this shit Agent Orange. You can also write to me at Vet Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265, or any of the people listed here will help.

Organizations

Agent Orange Victims International
42 West 13 Street
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 242-0442
Frank McCarthy, president

CAVEAT (Concerned American
Veterans Against Toxins)
P.O. Box 3324
Country Fair Station
Campaign, Ill. 61802
(217) 356-7842
Ron DeYoung

Coordinating Committee on Pesticides
1507 Solano Avenue, #106
Albany, Calif. 94706
(415) 526-7141
Mary Haan Shinoff, chairman

Jeff Burkhardt, Editor
Veterans Grapevine
Monterey Peninsula College
980 Fremont
Monterey, Calif. 93940
(408) 649-1150, ext. 234

National Veterans' Task Force
on Agent Orange
P.O. Box B
Glen Carbon, Ill. 62034
(314) 428-6534
Jon Furst/Lanna Skadden,
co-conveners

University Veterans Association
Suite 3, Erb Memorial Union
University of Oregon
Eugene, Ore. 97401
(503) 686-4098
Julian Camp or Russ Linebarger

Vetline-Hotline, Inc.
1195 Oxford Court
Highland Park, Ill. 60035
(312) 433-3721

Winter Soldier Archives
2000 Center Street, Box 1251
Berkeley, Calif. 94704
(415) 549-0541, ext. 1251
Clark Smith, director

React now! — Doc ER Vet ■

**God, Guns, and Guts
Made America Free;
At Any Cost,
Keep All Three.**



tech tip

Don't Be Shocked

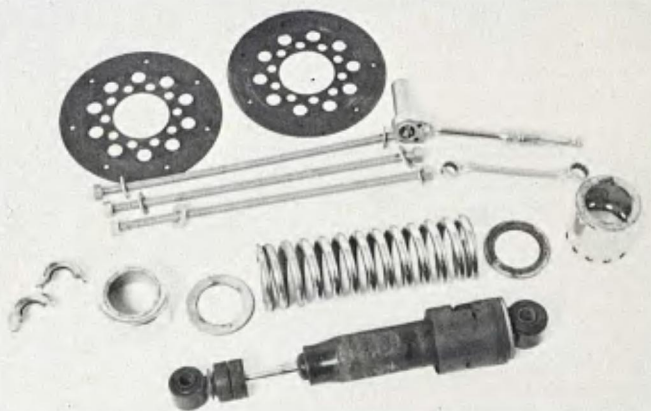
One of our bros, James Dudley, sent this here tech tip in. It was so damn simple it made me forget where I was — and before I knew what was happening, my grip relaxed on the only roach still left from last night. Weed snuck up on me, snapped it out of my hand, and sucked it down until it was just another blister on his lip. He's been after me to dismantle the shocks on this new swingarm frame that found its way into his garage. Now, I don't mind helping a bro out, but inhaling the last roach in existence is as bad as guzzlin' the last brew. To top it off, I'm not that crazy about having a spring retainer embedded in my front teeth. But after one look at this tip, which was carefully hidden under twelve manuals and forty back issues, I looked at Weed and said, "Hey, man, no problem. I'll take your shocks apart, but it'll cost you a couple of doobies." I could see his grin coming. He thought my fondness for herb had overruled what was left of my common sense. He'll be hot when he sees this tech tip. It makes dismantlin' shocks a breeze.

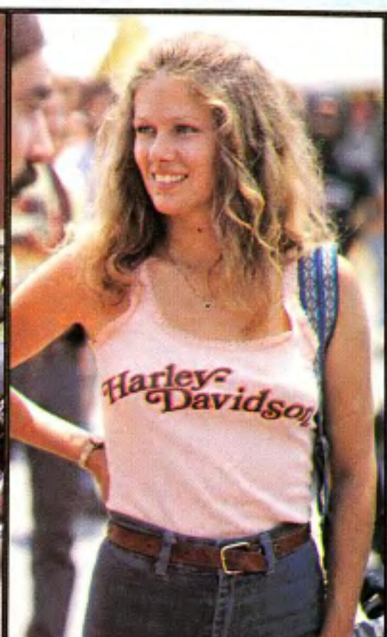
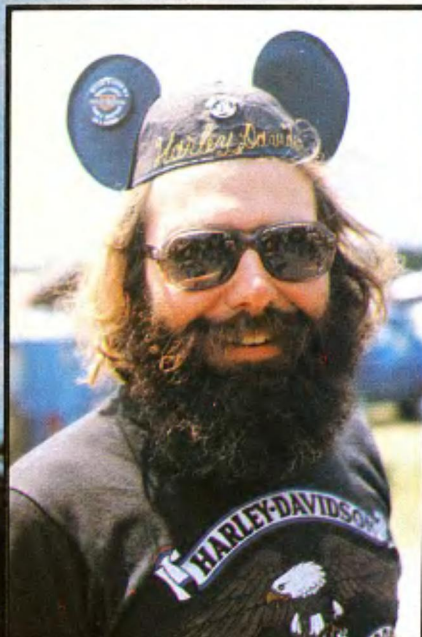
This homemade shock disassembly tool is half done after you find those old H-D clutch plates in the bottom of your junk box. Then find (or cop at a hardware store) three pieces of $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. threaded bar about thirteen inches long, and six nuts and washers. Place the shock in the middle of one clutch plate; then slip the three pieces of threaded stock in the plate, keeping the threads spaced evenly around the shock. Put a washer and nut on the bottom of the threaded bar just so the nut is flush with the bottom of the rod. Now take the other clutch plate and place it on the top of the shock, centering the top spring retainer in the middle of the hole and making sure the studs come through the same holes as they went through in the bottom clutch plates. Slip on the top washers and nuts; then tighten the nuts down evenly until you have compressed the spring past the spring retainers. After removing the spring retainers, back the top nuts off evenly until there is no tension on the spring. Shit, there wasn't nothin' to it, right? Just remember when you put this mess back together that the spring retainer fits completely in the top of the spring cover.

Now, where's Weed with the weed?

— Wrench

Photos by Pete Chiodo





IN THE WIND AT A



RENDEZVOUS

Not too big, not too small, with plenty to do. That's what we discovered when Rip, the Cub, Billy T., and I cruised into the fairgrounds outside Schuylerville in upstate New York. First shot at New York for many of us. Been to a lotta runs? Many runs consist of the only campsite afforded bikers in the state and maybe a couple of kegs of beer to get it started. Events consist of a few bike games and a wet-T-shirt contest — and a lotta brothers tie it all together. But this was different — different in the way a great new strange piece of ass is — different in a good way. Even the fuckin' weather was fuckin' beautiful.

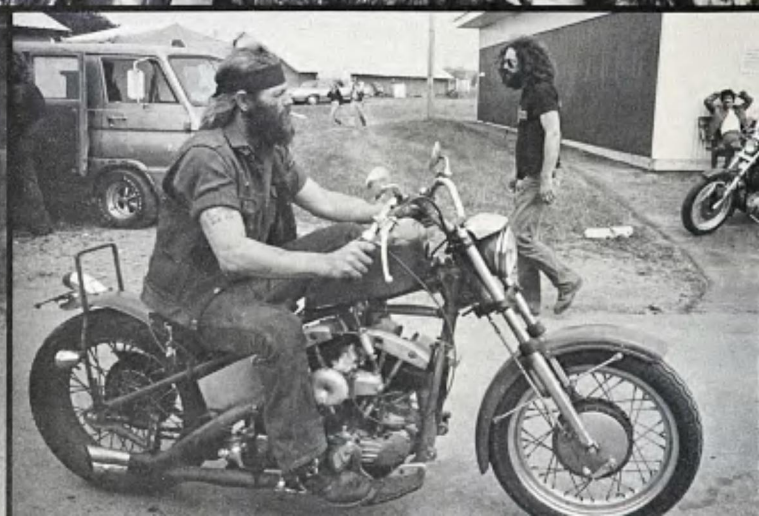
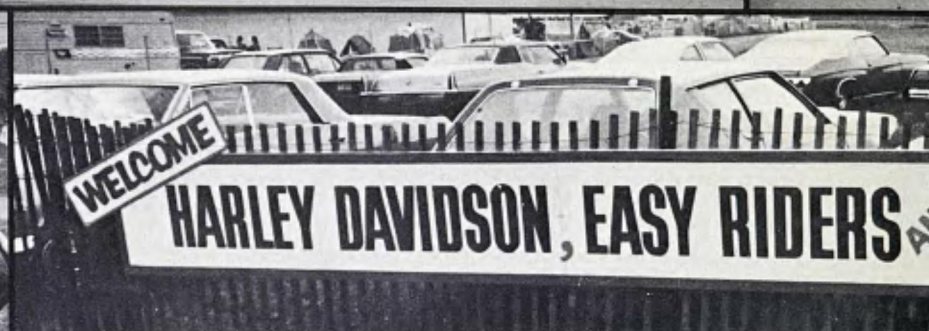
Now picture this. Ya just got through ridin' 400 miles to a run ya never heard of before. When ya skid in the dust surroundin' the gate, a friendly-lookin' tramp approaches ya fer a slight fee



of twenty bucks a head. Ya about croak as you and yer ol' lady scrounge fer the heavy change to get in. But the brother at the gate assures ya that ya won't have to leave fer nothin' or ride fifty miles to get a beer or take a shit.

Yawnin', ya hand him the precious cash and pocket enough to party, chow, and get home on.

Photos by Kim Peterson and Billy Tinney



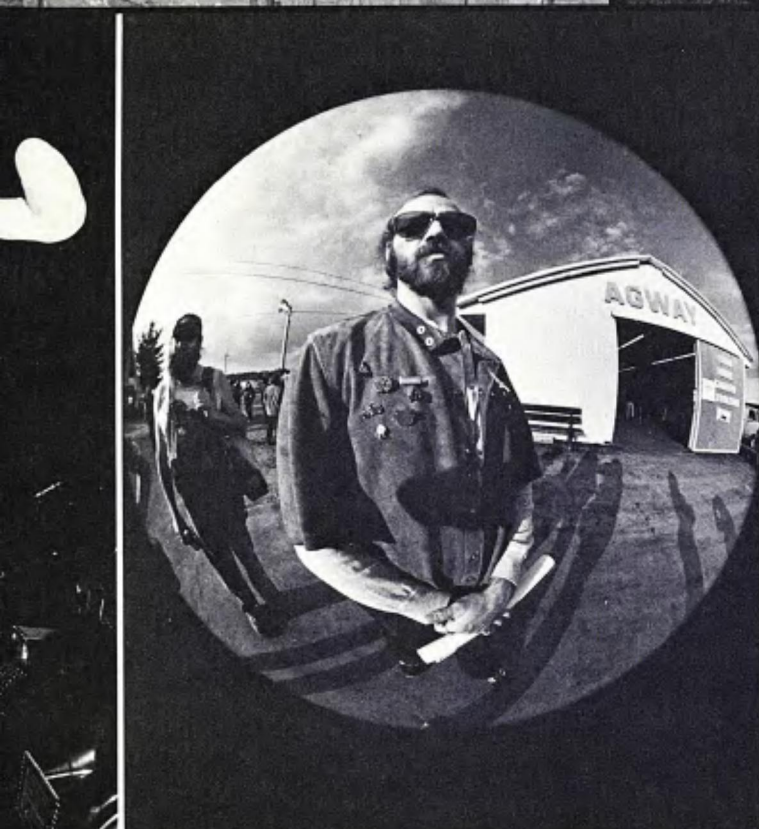


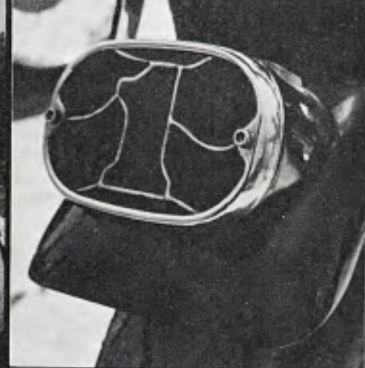


Once inside ya begin to understand the tramp's rap at the gate. There's an acre or two of swap meet goin' on all fuckin' day and night. There just happened to be a barn dedicated to Dave Mann art, another barn dedicated to antique Hogs, and one fer only Indians. Pizza stands and hamburger joints were open round the clock. And one enormous red barn was a beer bar and dance hall (also the tinglin' site fer the titty competition). It, too, cranked all night long, although there were no restrictions on drinkin' what ya brought where and when ya felt like it. The place was cookin' with shit to do an' chicks to gaze at—all surrounded by lush, green, rolling hills, sparkling rivers, uncongested country roads (except for The Man's one healthy roadblock), and deep green forests.

Rip shot a glance my way just







about the time I focused in his direction. We were both wondering if someone had dropped acid into our brews and we were in dreamland.

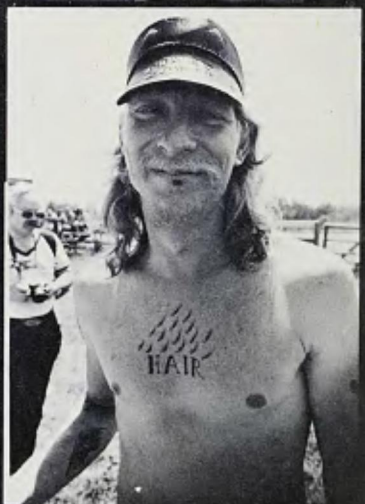
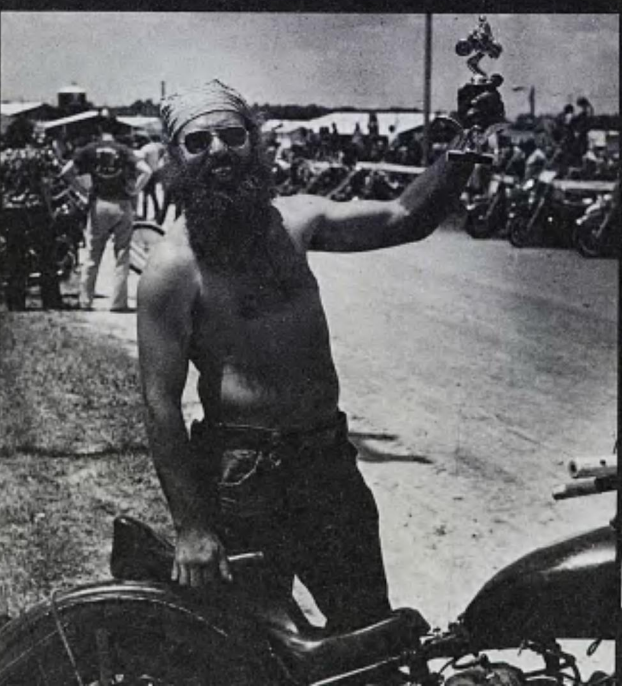
This party-packed, no cops allowed (hands-off security), event even had two camping areas—one just fer partyin' fools—at opposite ends of the fairgrounds. Ma could get some sleep. Shit, just when we thought we had the event scoped out, we stumbled around a corner to discover showers. That's right, fuckin' showers for us tramps to cleanse our partied-down butts.

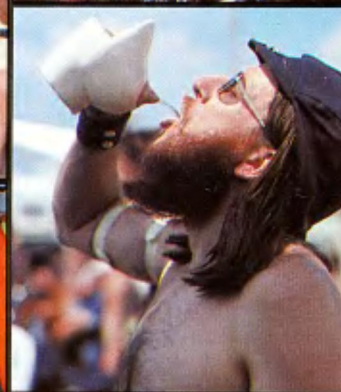
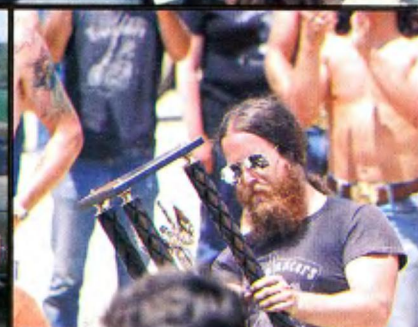
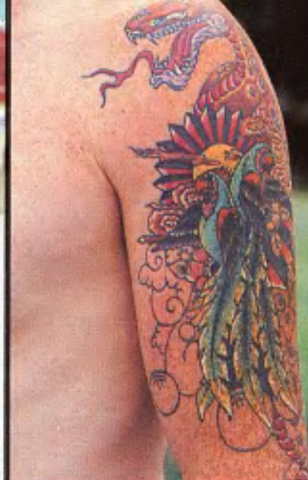
Gotta cop to it, we didn't ride in. But we're definitely workin' on a seventy-four that'll fit in a duffel bag. We were kickin' our asses all weekend. To ride my shovel in the green grass and soft dirt, dodgin' the sweeties, coppin' a beer from a brother, pullin' brodies and gettin' high, just feelin' the mutha and lettin' the rest of the world spin away

into the deep blue of the New York sky—that woulda been a motorcycle-only, turnpike-run over the Pacific Ocean.

The scooter people there made it that way. Nobody inside the fairgrounds wore helmets. We even stumbled across—hold yer wallet—a fifteen-buck lid. Events were run by a tramp who had recently high-sided and is paralyzed from the waist down. The events were handled in style. An arc welder was available—a biker was the stick man. Tattoo parlor and dyno set, one for the bod, one fer the scooter. Lotsa awards for lotsa clean-lookin' scooters and antiques. An' I might mention right here that there was definitely a lot of fuckin' brotherhood and a general respect among the fellow-road-fuckin'-ridin' maniacs that partied down to the fuckin' dust in ol' Saratoga that weekend in June.

—Bandit

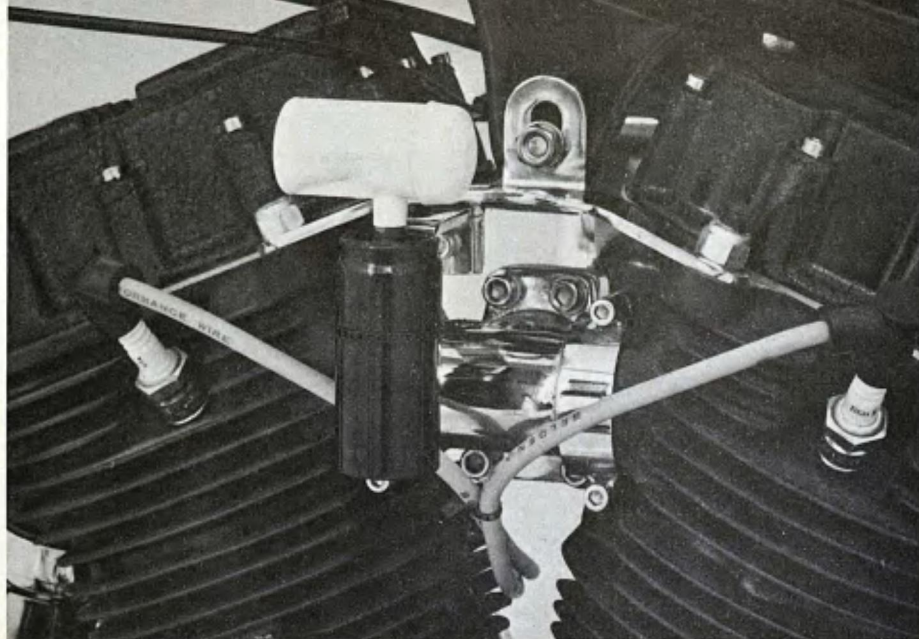






Hey, I'll Fix It!

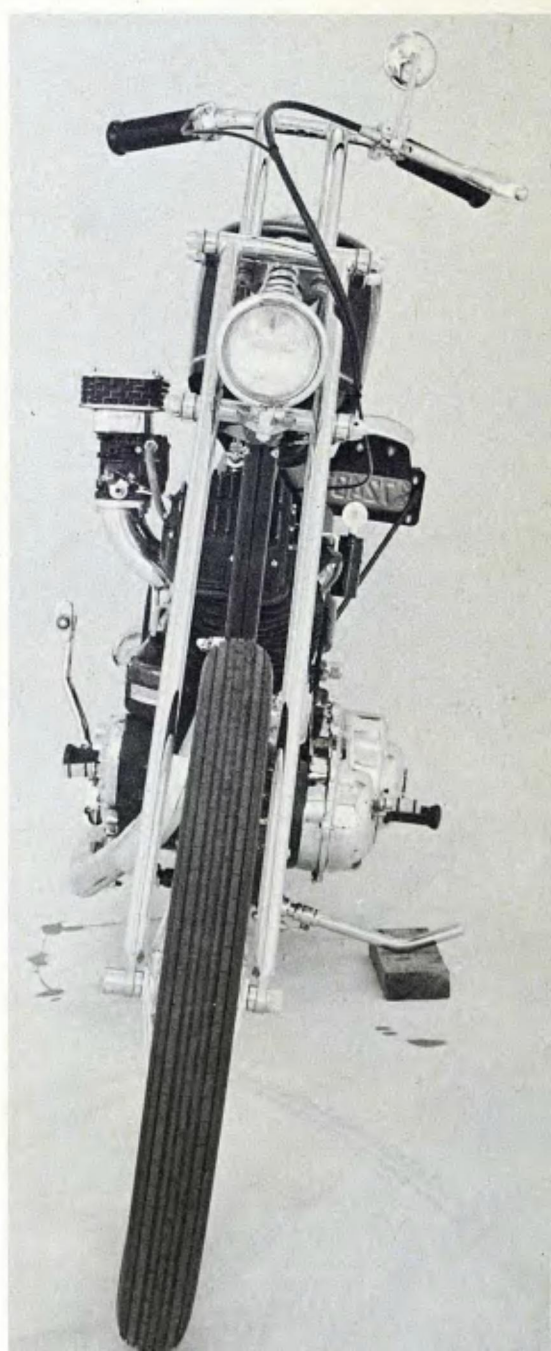
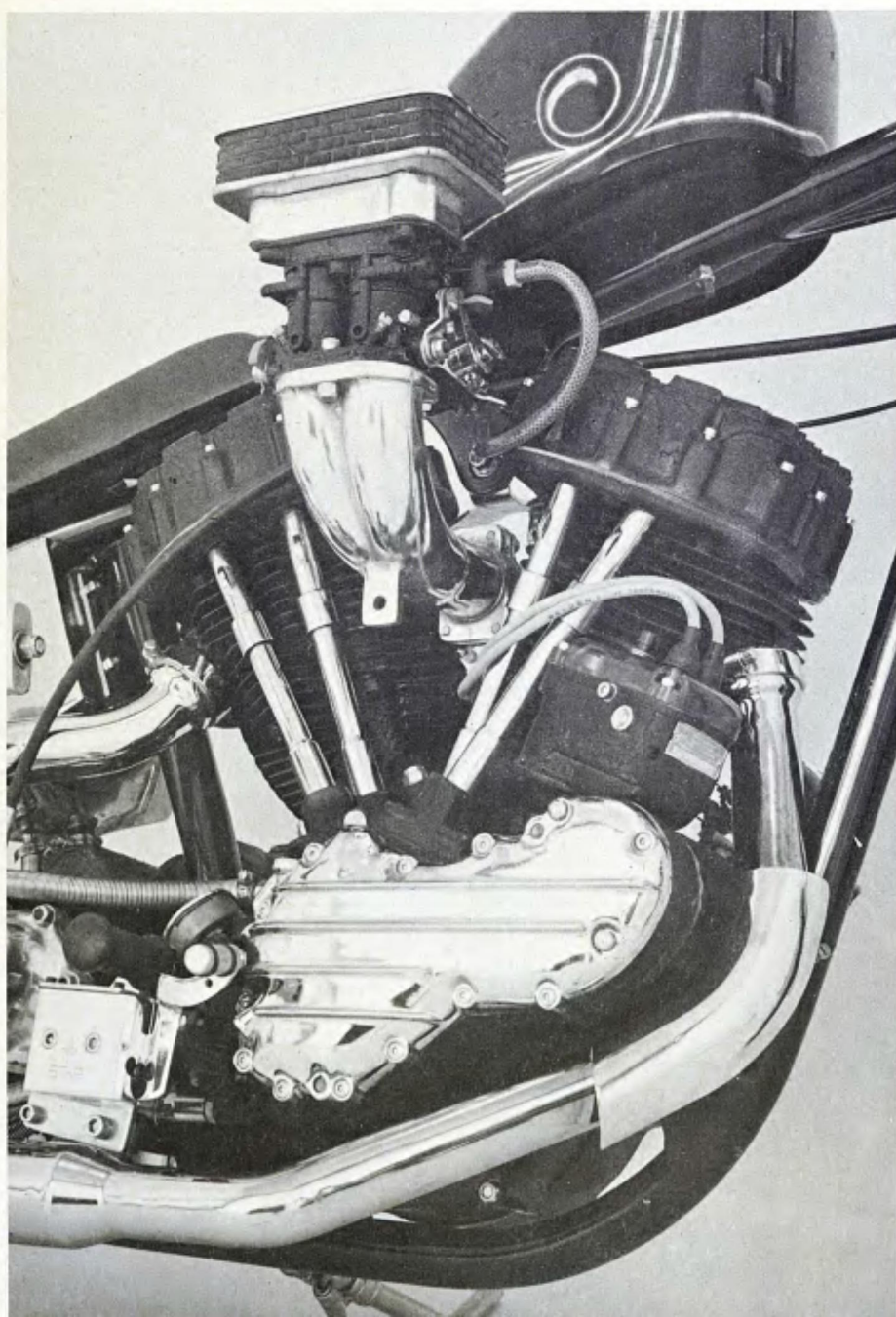




No, man, it's cool

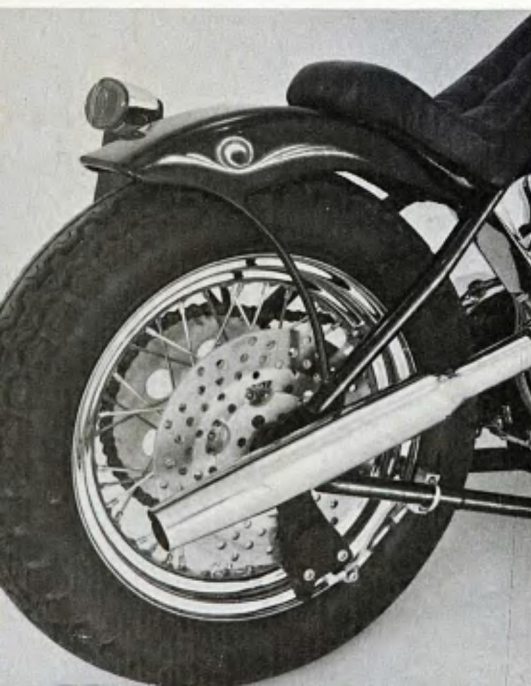
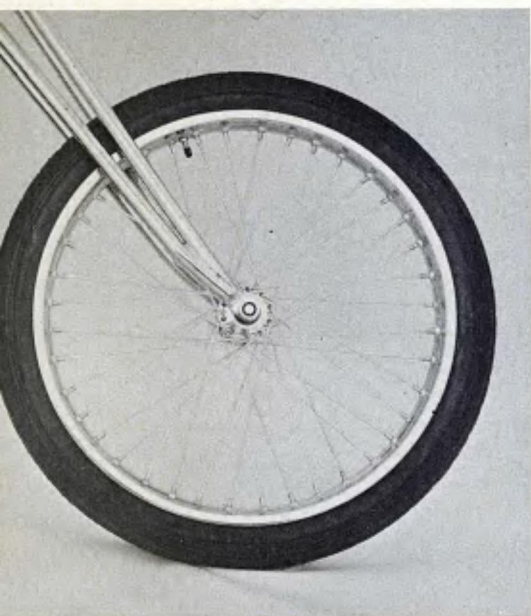
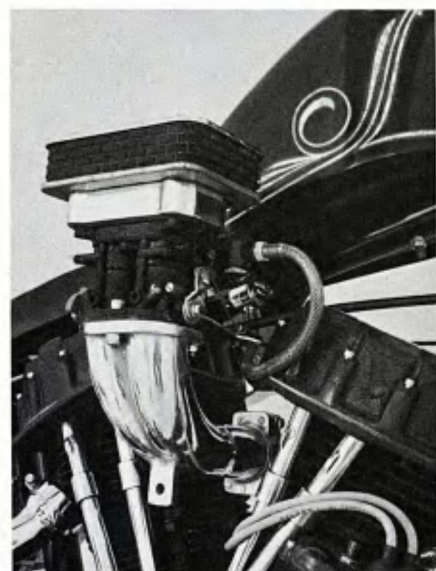
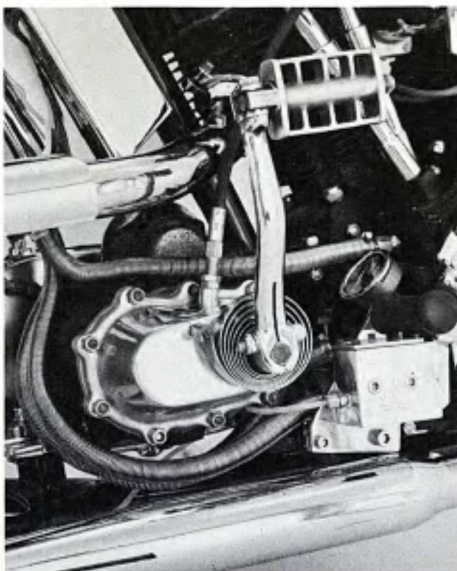
We run into scooter people all the time who've got their shit together. Then again, we sometimes run into bros, like Snake and Wilburn Roach, who're sorta scattered.

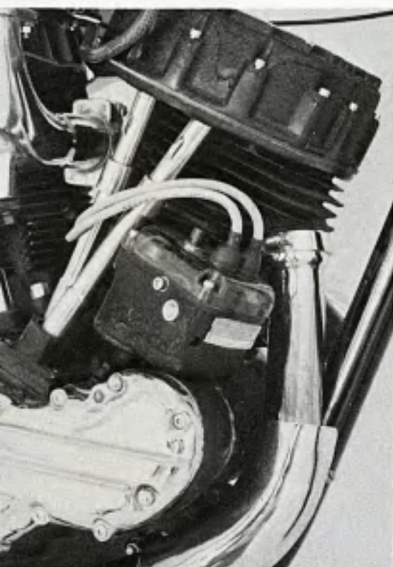
But rarely do we stumble into a character who'll admit that his shit is so scattered that even a whore-house fulla submissive sweeties



couldn't get his act together. This tramp is so tattered that everything he rebuilds on his own scooter is guaranteed to eat it. The last time he rebuilt his wheel bearings the fuckers seized, smoked, and locked up his rear wheel — and down his ass went to the heavy-grit asphalt below.

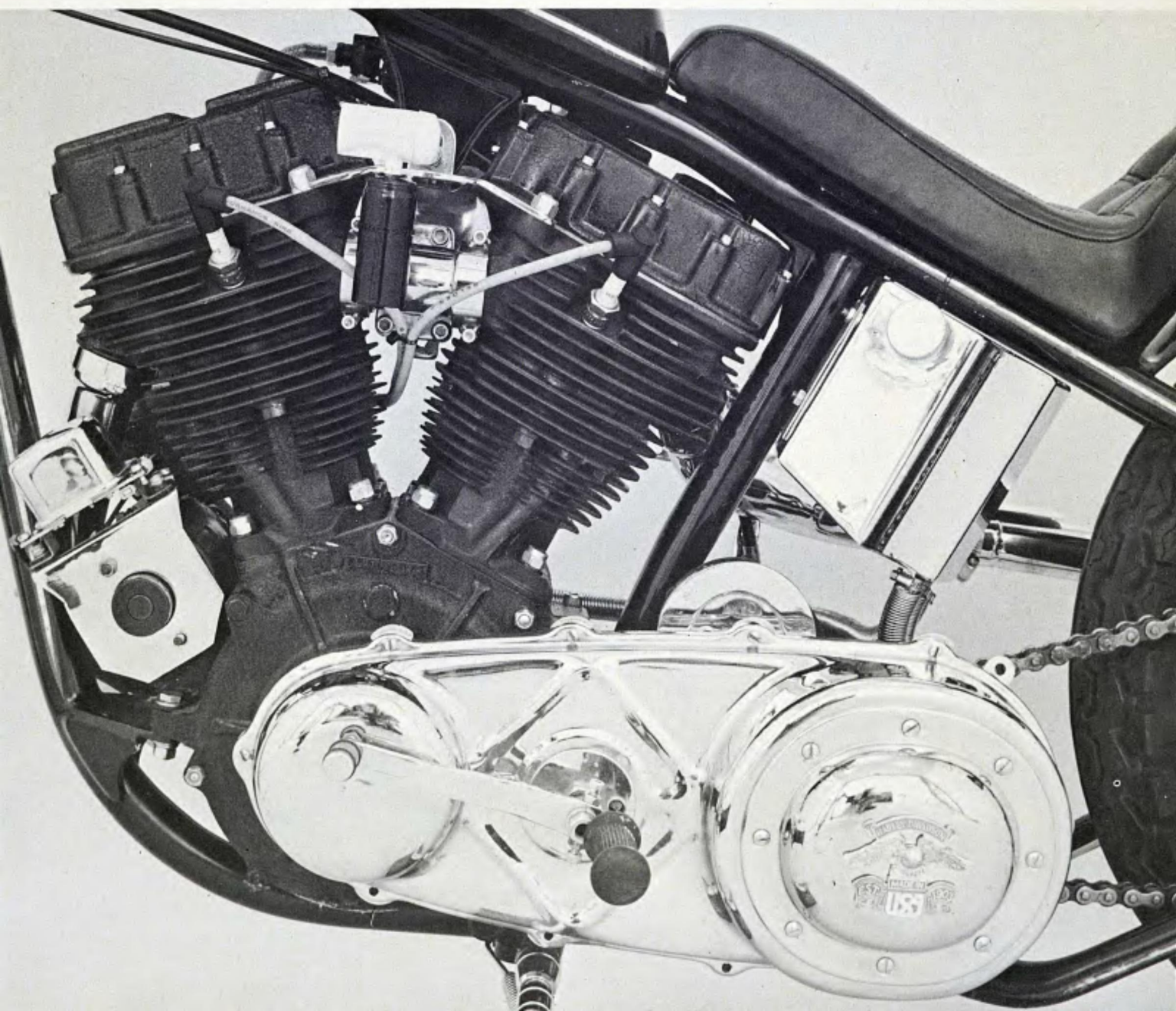
He hauled his sore ass home, shitcanned the hub, and went for a new, trick disc assembly. He carefully filed the directions for its mounting in his secure safe, just before he proceeded to install the unit. The job was a breeze and soon he was headed toward town. The sun was flickerin' through the Oregon pines as he descended the mountain and rounded the curve





into town. It soon became time to apply his new-fangled brake system. No shit, he even began to slow down some. But he hadn't bolted the anchor bar down, the bolt fell out, and the bar began to slide away from the mounting to follow the calipers around the disc. He stopped by the grace of his braided steel brake line just before his bike became an involuntary display in the local bike shop. He dismounted his pretty pan with white, like coke, knuckles and sweat poppin' outta his forehead like from a showerhead.

And just the other day he was tryin' to get his clutch hub off the main shaft when — well, the dude just ain't got no finesse with tools



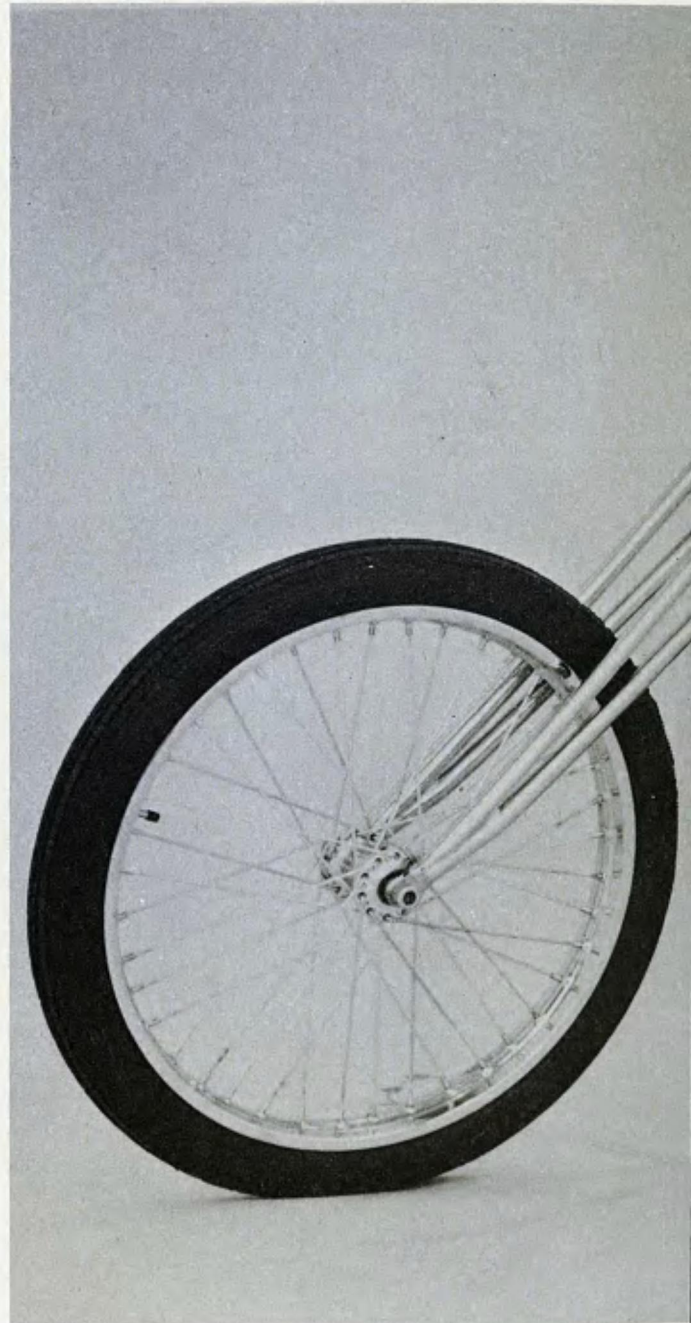
and he proceeded to beat the livin' shit outta the threaded main shaft while pryin' on the hub, which equals a stick of dynamite carefully placed between the inner primary and the tranny. Shit, when he got to us after only four wrong numbers, he couldn't figure out whether his fuckin' name was Dean or Fat Bob. He ended the rap by tellin' us to use whatever we wanted to. I don't have the slightest idea of how a bro who's as scattered as whoever he is managed to build such a pretty sled, and I don't think he knows either.

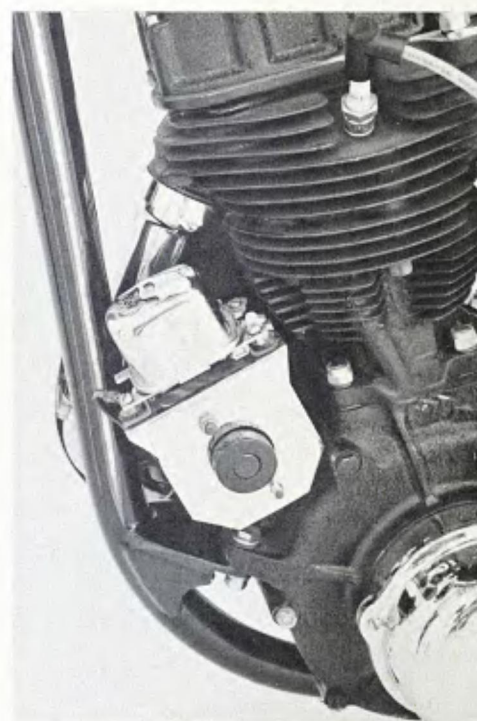
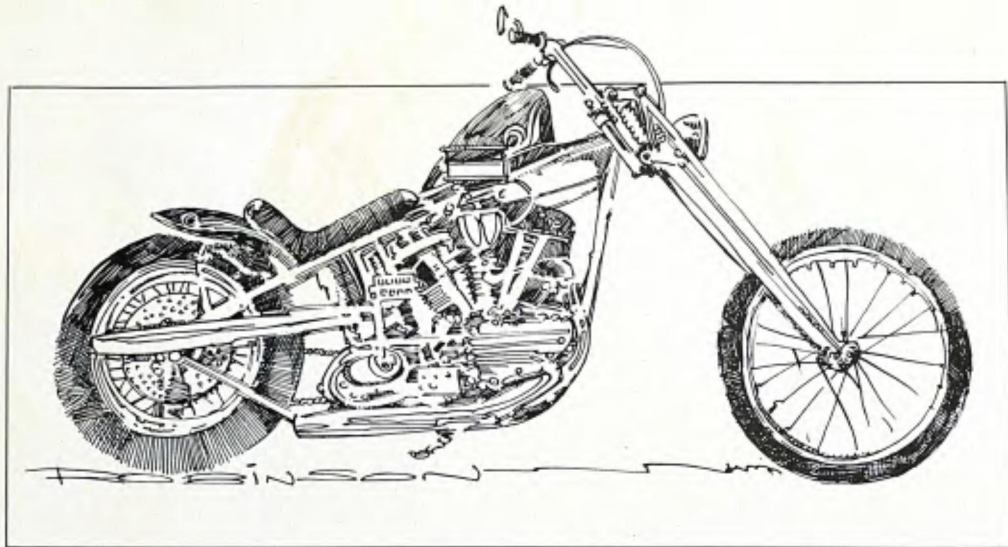
— Shotgun



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owners: "Fat Bob" Mason		City: Portland, Oregon
General		Frame
Fabrication by: Dean Bob		Year: good question
Year and make: 1955 H-D		Builder: Wayne Eng.
Model: FL		Type: rigid/single bar
Value: \$5,000		Rake: 38 degrees
Assembly: Dean Bob		Stretch: a couple inches
Time: the last 10 yrs. over & over		Other alterations: special brackets
Chroming by: Bill Rutner		Accessories
Engine		Bars: B.C. Choppers
Year: 1955		Risers: below the bars
Model: panhead		Fender(s): Arien Ness
Rebuilder: Baisley Hi-Pro.		Headlight: B.C. Choppers
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: catseye
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: what?
Lower end: Baisley Hi-Pro.		Front pegs: owner
Balancing: Baisley Hi-Pro.		Rear pegs: owner
Pistons: Forgedtrue		Electrics: 12-volt
Cases: stock		Gas tank: B.C. Choppers
Heads: ported & polished		Oil tank: Lundberg
Cam: Sifton		Oil system: flows
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco
Carb(s): B.C. Choppers, Weber		Seat: Drag Spec.
Air cleaner: B.C. Choppers		Sissybar: nope, fender strap
Pipes: B.C. Choppers		Height: to fender, natch
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: 1/2 in. round
Transmission		Forks
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: girder
Year: 1955		Extension: 6 in. over
Shifting: foot/Steve Allington		Builder: Cycle Shack
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: it works
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front:
Painting		Size: 21
Molding: Bob Vance		Hub: Gypo
Painter: Bob Vance		Rim width: WM 1
Color: black		Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer		Brake: no
Special paint: leaf & stripes by Spike		Brake: Sifton disc
Other special modifications: Everything strange.		





Ol' Lady Contest

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easyriders** Third Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours — so you must sign the form in their presence.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year for 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on this page must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned — all entries become the property of **Easyriders**. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is October 28. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #89 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Beer



Betsy



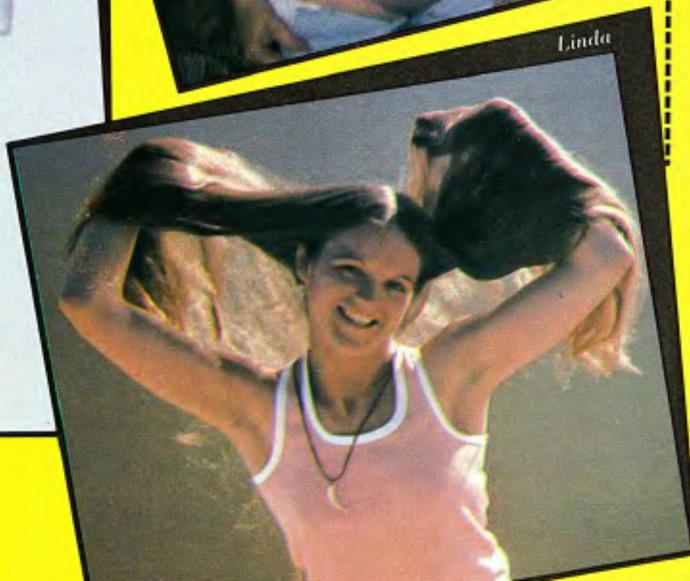
Little Bit



Teri



Here she is, folks — Terysa, the fifth winner in the 1980 Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Jet, Kinky #2, and Rachel.



I hereby give Easyriders Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age.
Witness to Signature _____
In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Ol' Lady Contest

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model's Name _____ Phone _____
Age _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



MOON BUZZARD

*And his two-
peckered dog*

By Ted Breedlove

Other dogs never got violent with Big Dog. A Doberman with one dick is aggressive enough, but a two-peckered Big Dog is something that only a female would tackle — and most did, as I discovered shortly after he came into my life. I had taken him to the vet, who happened to be both a notoriously promiscuous fox and a damn fine doctor. As she laid Big Dog, then just a pup, on the examination table, he cringed from the cold steel and his nuts shriveled. She explained that it was not uncommon for canines to be born with one testicle in the surface of the



stomach lining, but this dobie had both his testicles there, because there were two knots. Then she noticed that the pup also had a full sack o' nuts where they were supposed to be. By this time, the little guy was getting aroused by the vet's gentle exam and his pecker was coming out. Not much showed at first, but damned if another dog dick didn't come out of the same place as the first one had! And before I knew it, this lovely vet was trying to put both those peckers in her mouth at the same time. I immediately sensed that me and this two-peckered Big Dog were gonna have a helluva relationship — so I slid up this sweet vet's dress for an examination of my own.

Now me and Big Dog loved to ride, me on the shovel and Big Dog in the sidecar. Some mornings I would wake up to find him sitting in the sidecar ready to hit the road. He'd take a piss anywhere, and with two peckers his aim wasn't too good, but he never was disrespectful of our ride. When I would go in any place, I

—Continued on page 97

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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Don't be ripped off—put your valuables in a safe, secure *Stash Pouch*.

To protect your valuables send \$4.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

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Won't slide when jumping or running.



Won't open until you open it

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into a
heavy
neighborhood?*

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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.

"I don't think I'll ever come," said the frustrated wife on their wedding night.

"Sorry, dear, I seem to be all thumbs."

"See, I told you you were using the wrong finger!"

—Terry White
New Orleans, La.

"I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me to pet," exclaimed the sweet young thing to her date.

"Really?" said the date. "Then you're gonna die when you hear what I have in mind."

—Sugar
Tulsa, Okla.

"Darling," she whispered, "will you still love me after we're married?"

He considered this for a moment and then replied, "I think so. I've always been especially fond of married women."

—Willie Clark
Hamilton, Mo.

We know a fun-loving young woman who insists she won't even consider marriage until she's gotten some experience under her belt.

—Dave Lindgren
Seattle, Wash.

Then there was the airline stewardess who turned to prostitution but couldn't break the habit of greeting her customers with "Welcome aboard."

—Jake Johnson
Akron, Ohio

The Biker's Dictionary defines *man hater* as a girl who makes love with her eyes closed—because she can't stand to see a guy having a good time.

—Paul Senior
Darby, Conn.

Cartoons by Ted Robins



Easyriders

Ted Robins

"It was a clear case of provocation, or even entrapment, Your Honor," testified the biker charged with indecent exposure.

"Explain that statement," harumphed the judge.

"You see, this girl and I were drinking in a bar and got to talking, and compatibility in marriage came up and she asked me what I wanted most in a woman. So I showed her."

—Shorty Owens
Fairbanks, Alaska

"Doctor," squealed the lovely patient lying on her stomach. "You've got the thermometer in the wrong place!"

"It is not the wrong place," the doctor informed her. "And it's not the thermometer."

—C.B. Hollister
Westport, Conn.



Easyriders

"Would you eat somethin' that looks an' smells like that if it was growin' on a tree?"

A few days before being released from prison the biker wrote his ol' lady saying, "You can bet I'm gonna want to ride all night."

Thinking he was referring to her, the ol' lady went all out in her preparations to look sexy and was very much perturbed that upon his arrival home the first thing he did was jump on his bike and roar away.

Returning at dawn he was met by his ol' lady who yelled, "And just where the fuck have you been while I was lying in bed all night waiting?"

"Honey," said the biker as he shed his clothes, "I kinda figured the bike came first, 'cause I know it ain't been rode since I've been gone."

—John B. Vester
Tillery, N.C.

A quickie is a case of no sooner spread than done.

—Dusty Baker
Boise, Idaho

Using a rubber is like washing your foot with your sock on!

—Robert C. Ford
Soledad, Calif.

Two broads were fishing on opposite sides of a boat. One girl caught everything that moved, the other caught zilch.

"I don't understand," the unlucky one complained. "We're both fishing from virtually the same spot. What's your secret?"

"No secret," came the reply. "When I wake up in the morning I check my sleeping man's prick. If it's listing to starboard, I fish off the right side of the boat. If it's hanging to port, I fish off the left side."

"What do you do," Ms. Unlucky snickered, "if your old man's prick is standing straight up in the air?"

"That's easy, silly. I don't go fishing!"

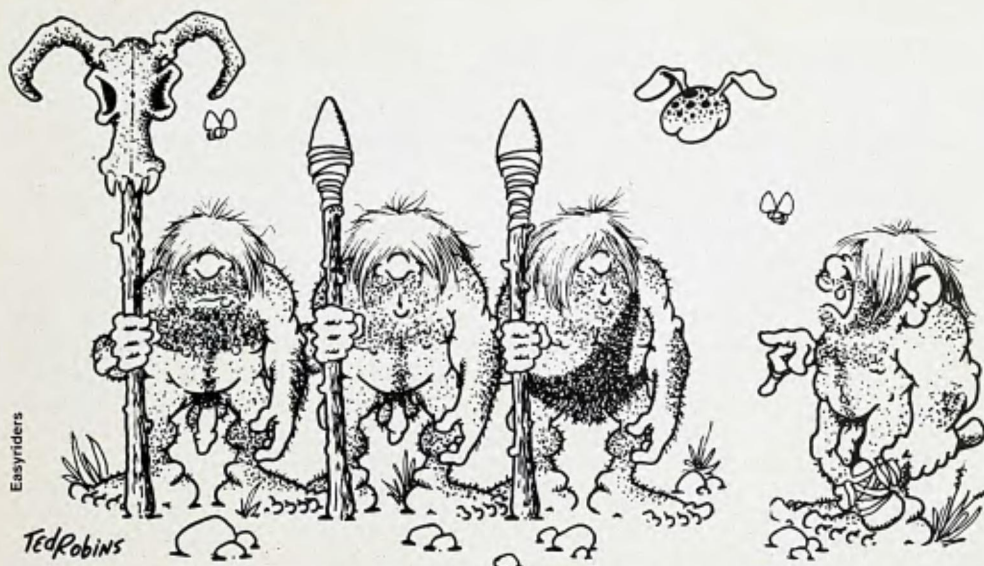
—John Swanson
Louisville, Ky.

Sometimes when two's company, three's the result.

—D.B.L.
Big Bear, Calif.

The easier a chick is to look at, the harder bikers will look.

—Gary Roberts
McAlester, Okla.



"Did ya hear me say that the uniform for this formation was class A?"

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



"It's just one fuckin' thing
after another."

The four biggest lies in America:
1. I'll love you for the rest of my life.
2. The check is in the mail.
3. I'm from the Government and I'm here to help you.
4. I promise that I won't come in your mouth.

—Lee Chasse
Bailey, Colo.

"I believe in love at first sight,"
confided the girl to her room-
mate. "The first time I saw one, I
just knew I'd love it."

—C.B. Livingston
Davenport, Iowa

A couple of modern young ladies
were overheard chatting in a
cocktail lounge. "Did you hear about
Joanne getting married again?"
asked the first.

"No!" exclaimed the other in sur-
prise. "I didn't even know she was
pregnant."

—Doug Carver
Miami, Florida

Some girls go out every Saturday
night and sow wild oats, then go
to church on Sunday and pray for a
crop failure.

—James Cardin
Lake Charles, La.



"Bless you."



"Tattoo my stripes on my dork, so I can pull my rank."

Not only is the cost of living
higher, but most of it is hardly
fit to drink.

—C.J. Bolling
Olympia, Wash.

What do you get when you have
a virgin on a waterbed? A
cherry float.

—S.T.R.
Tucson, Ariz.

A young boy was scolded by his
teacher for scratching his prick
in class. "I can't help it," the boy
said. "I was circumcised yesterday,
and it itches like hell."

"That's enough!" the teacher
said. "I want you to march down and
tell the principal exactly what you
told me."

The boy returned to class fifteen
minutes later with his dong sticking
proudly out of his fly. Before his
teacher could say a word, the boy
spoke: "I know what you're gonna
say, but the principal told me that if I
could stick it out without scratchin'
it the rest of the day, he'd forget the
whole thing."

—Thomas E. Oetzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

MALTESE CROSS

—Continued from page 43

few seconds to realize what had awakened him. It was the crack of thunder in the distance, repeated now in echo, and followed by a brilliant flash of lightning that briefly illuminated the darkened room.

Shit, he hadn't intended to fall asleep, for chrissake. He swung his feet off the bed, listening to the drumming of the rain on the windows and the low whistle of the wind. It was blowing up a real damn storm.

He looked across at the sleeping form of the girl. She was lying on her back, her dark hair a tangle against the white sheet. A light sheen of perspiration covered her naked body, and her breasts rose and fell gently with her breathing. Cal reached over and cupped one in his hand, stroking the nipple softly and feeling it stiffen at his touch.

The girl smiled and opened her eyes slowly. She rolled on her side, facing him, her hand moving to his thigh.

"Raining out, huh?" she murmured, her voice blurry with sleep.

"Yeah," Cal said, removing her hand from his leg and getting to his feet. "I got to go, honey. I been off the air for nearly an hour and a half, and Potter's going to be all over my ass."

He moved across the familiar room in the dark, reaching for his clothes on the chair. He pulled on the tan uniform pants and shirt, stuck his feet into the boots, and buckled the gunbelt around his waist, adjusting the weight of the heavy .357 magnum against his hip. He could feel the girl's eyes on him as he dressed, but she did not speak until he turned back toward her.

"If you're so damn worried about your job, why do you keep coming by, Cal? This makes five times in the past month. Want to know what I think?"

"Not particularly," he said, buttoning his cuffs.

"I think you're trying to get fired from this crummy job. I think you want to push Sam Potter to the point where he has to let you go,

and then you'll have an excuse to get out of this lousy town once and for all. You just don't have the guts to tell Potter to stuff it."

He took a step toward her, angered. "What I don't need is to be psychoanalyzed by the town punchboard." He was sorry for the remark even as he said it, but when he saw the look on her face, his anger evaporated and he came to her and took her in his arms. She went rigid against him, and her eyes shut tightly, fighting back tears.

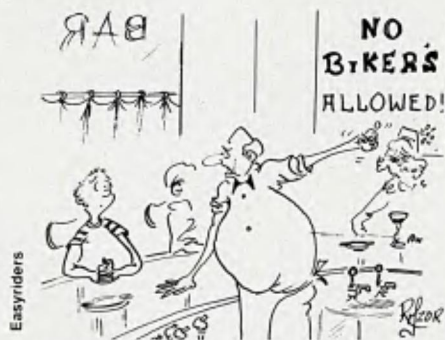
"I'm sorry, baby," he said, stroking her hair. "Maybe you're right. I know I'm sick of this damn town and everything in it. Five years of standing around watching the cars rust — it seems like a lifetime. If it hadn't been for you I think I'd have pulled out of here a year ago."

She put her arms around him then and buried her face in his neck. "Oh, Cal, let's get out. Both of us. You don't have to marry me or anything. Just take me with you."

"Be serious, Angela. Where the hell would we go, and on what? I've got eighty-four dollars in the bank, and a ten-year-old Ford pickup that I wouldn't trust as far as the county line. Just be a little patient, honey. I'm not going anywhere without you."

He kissed her hard, and felt her soft breasts pressing into his chest, her hands clutching at his back. With a visible effort, he pushed her away and got to his feet, straightening his uniform.

Angela took his hand, looking up at him in the dim light. He could see the tear streaks on her face, and the tremble in her full lower lip. He



"Yeah? Well, that goes for those damned ten-speed Schwinn's, too!"

bent and kissed her again, softly this time.

"I'll see you in the morning, honey. We'll talk then, I promise."

He turned and walked out into the rain without looking back. Outside, he dashed through the pouring rain to the patrol car he had left parked under a stand of trees at the side of the house, and he was soaked to the skin by the time he got the door unlocked and climbed behind the wheel. His ass had barely touched the seat when he heard his name called over the radio. It was Vinnie Wright, Chief Potter's newest deputy — and his newest son-in-law.

Cal hooked the mike off its clip. "Baker. Go ahead, Vinnie."

Wright's sarcastic drawl came back at him. "Well, shit, boy. I thought you done fell asleep or somethin' out there. Been tryin' to get you for twenty minutes."

"I was out on foot patrol. What you got?"

"I'm out near the Wilkins place," Wright said. "About four miles east. I just had a whole shitload of them long-haired motorcycle freaks go past me like a bat out of hell, headed right your way. Must be about a dozen bikes, and I rough-guessed them at about eighty per when they went by me."

Cal frowned. "Are you on them?" Wright cackled. "Like stink on shit. I'm hangin' back about a half mile, followin' 'em in. Maybe you should go by Sam's place and pick him up."

Baker smiled. Chickenshit bastard. Couldn't take a leak without Potter to hold his hand for him.

"No need to bother Sam. Hell, they're probably just passing through, heading for the coast. Just watch them for now, and don't pull them over for speeding. I imagine it's pretty damn wet for riding bikes tonight, and they probably want to get under cover somewhere. Just hang back and stay cool; I'm headed out your way right now."

As Baker spun the patrol car around and started for the highway, Johnny Kane and the Vikings pulled into the floodlit parking lot of the Union 76 truck stop on the edge of town. They wheeled the bikes

—Continued on page 100

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per ad-

vertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Note: closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Southwest Tattoo Emporium. 4390 S. Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60632. (312) 376-8119. (95)

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Over twenty years of reliability—that's why we're number one and king of the tattoo suppliers. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, everything for the tattooist. 76-page color catalog is yours for \$3. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (96)

Back issues: #21 to present, \$2 each. Dolowy, 12917 Muskegon, Chicago, Ill. 60633. (89)

Moorlock: Happy birthday on a full quarter century. Still want you to ride with me forever. Love, Moose. (89)

Hey, young ladies: 21 yrs. old and down. In need of mail. Also send photo. All answered. J. Chorney #13429, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701. (89)

Mature, mellow male, good income, seeks female housemate. Likes kids, animals, photography, reading, tattoos, cooking, biking. No heavy drugs. P.O. Box 371, Salem, Ore. 97308. (89)

Tony: I'll never forget our butt & putts. Happy September 29, '80. Love, Dee. (89)

Chris Pena: Call Jack in Phoenix. Let's try again. (602) 249-2695. (89)

Rawhide: It causes pain, it causes sorrow; always wondering what will happen tomorrow. Will it be hard, or will it be fine? Will it be whiskey, or will it be wine? Your absence creates an empty space, your presence provides a loving embrace. This thing called love, engraved in my heart, shall forever remain, if ever we part. I.L.Y. Easy. (89)

Artist biker wants slender lady who loves it. Must be ready to go to Calif. Younger the better. Bill Cywin, 701 Sanderson, Chesapeake, Va. 23322. (89)

For sale: Back issues of Easyriders. Have most issues. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for list. Mike, 631 Tenny, Apt. 1, Campbell, Ohio 44405. Tel: (216) 755-7074. (89)

28-yr.-old bro, 5'8", 170 lbs., has good job and new Harley. Seeking attractive female to ride with and build a future together. Must be sincere and 22 to 28. Please send picture with reply; will do likewise. Write Richard D. Heitt, P.O. Box 37, Telferner, Tex. 77988. (89)

New and different Harley T-shirts. Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16025. (89)

Wanted: Early panhead parts for my wrecked pan. Need engine tranny and chassis parts (frame). Will buy or trade. Send list and prices to Spot, Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (94)

Texas convict with 7 years in on life. Pumping for legal defense. Hand-tooled (not stamped) leather wallets (4 pockets and money bar clip with flap). Each one is individually handmade by me here in the joint. When you get yours, I'd appreciate your showing it around—I need your orders. Free world bro's handling mail exchange for me. Mail \$13 cash or money order to Leather Crafts, P.O. Box 210502, Dallas, Texas 75211. (89)

The perfect business for brothers. Make fuel alcohol, gasoline, diesel for big profits. Be your own boss. Send \$12.95 for work book to Fuels A, Box 234, El Paso, Ill. 61738. (89)

In loving memory of Judy Blue Eyes (6-26-80), our special little friend who will be deeply missed. Stay forever young. Panhead Chuck, Trans Am Sue, and all of your biker pals from Fairfield, Calif. (89)

Pharmaceuticals available wholesale to you in 17 variations of stimulants and 2 sleep aids. For free full-color brochure, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Mid-South Pharmaceuticals, Box 584, Hixson, Tenn. 37343. No prescription necessary. (89)

Chuck wants ol' lady for coal miner and 7-year-old boy. Write P.O. Box 1400, Meeker, Colo. 81641. (89)

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (89)

North Carolina: Charlotte CBA/ABATE fall bike show and swap meet. Sunday, November 9, 1980. Metrolina Fairgrounds. For further information, call (704) 536-8535 or (704) 399-8109. (89)

Dear Bashful and Brutal: Happy 33rd (Sept. 12). You've made it another great year for us. You're the best we could ask for and we love you. Your ol' ladies, C.Q. and Patoney. (89)

My little Prichard Hood: What we had was beautiful. Miss you, Nani Moon. (89)

George: You're the best ol' man ever. It's a good feeling to know we can lean on you when we're weak and you can help us to be strong again. We both love you. Cheryl and J.W. (89)

Ellen "Stubble" Collins: Please contact me. Randy Murff #147657, Rt. #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (89)

God Loves you. In these last days it's important that you have a close, daily relationship with Him. If you would like to develop a closeness with God, write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (89)

Not just another buckle: I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is fifteen bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (101)

Chokers from Greece for only \$5.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek chokers, of gold and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (101)

Need issue numbers 13, 14, 22, 25, 29. Have extra 7, 8, 43, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 57, 58, 59. Roger Gangwer, 5318 E. 28th St., Tucson, Ariz. 85711. (89)

Your own personal biker crest, in sled design. Specify name and race. Send \$10.95 plus \$2.50 postage to D. Atkins, P.O. Box 978, Las Vegas, N.M. 87701. Money orders only. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. (89)

Mordecaih. Just wanted to wish you a happy birthday and let you know how much I love you. Still waitin' and missin' you. Your lady, Calif. 91761. (89)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario Calif. 91761. (89)

T-shirts for the true Harley rider. Send sase for free catalog. Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (106)

Biker Tales: Quality motorcycle fiction in the hardcore Harley tradition. Send \$4 to Intuit, 905 16th Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii 96816. Allow 4 weeks delivery. (89)

Ralph: Let's fly together forever. Happy birthday (9-12-80). I love you, Dana. (89)

Amputee seeking other amputee bro's with prosthesis-equipped bikes for advice. Photos helpful. Write to Pegleg, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (89)

J.C., I'll be here when you're ready. Together we'll get us a "piece of the rock." Hurry, I need you! Mic. (89)

For you enchilada freaks: Bitchin' recipe for gourmet Mexican enchiladas, only \$2 and self-addressed stamped envelope. R.M., 202 E. Shamrock, Rialto, Calif. 92376. (89)

Unique catalog. Over 50 illustrated pages. Quality tools, military, weapons, camping, clothing, div. ing. more. Send \$2 (refundable). Axis Surplus Sales, Box 9933 D, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (89)

Motorcycle Mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC80, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (89)

Jerry: Happy 37th birthday and anniversary. Sure do love you, Susan. (89)

Ram Jam, happy 30th, October 5, 1980. Have a good one. Thanks for all the good times we've had and all the good times to come. I love you forever. Rooster. (89)

Rick, happy birthday 10/2/80. I love you. Thanks for being Billy Jo's daddy. Brenda and kids. (89)

"Murray" in Victoria, happy birthday, our Southern Comfort and apple juice friend. Take care. Cathi, Val, and Ruth. (89)

Important: Need to locate Fred Harrington who lived in Leb. late '50s, Bend, early '60s, and served in U.S. Navy '63. Stan, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (89)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages, \$16.95. Steele, Box 242-ER, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (89)

The great Grizzly: Happy birthday 11-17-80, wherever you are. Think of you often. Thanks, you taught me a lot. You'll always be the greatest. Love you, Judy. (89)

Wanted in northern California: Bike parts, basket cases, large or small quantities. Any types of motorcycles or parts. Must be very reasonable. Want to build up collection. Send info, along with phone no. to Joe, P.O. Box 1408, Oroville, Calif. 95965. (89)

Alaskan Mule: In your days of running, can't we run with you? Love can find a way; it's possible. Spend your birthday with someone who cares. Please come home soon. No one else can take your shit like me and still love you. Happy 29th (8-16). Missing you. Ruthann. (89)

If ya snooze, ya lose. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. World's only biker dating service. Send a buck and find out. (89)

Down and lonely. 6-ft., 200-lb. cowboy in need of letters and pics from any and all ladies. Bill Ruthenford #275320-A, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (89)

Attention, dudes without ol' ladies. Get a chick to lick your dick. It's easy and it's simple. Learn through hypnosis. Now you can achieve peace of mind and sexual fulfillment. Send \$5 cash or money order to Girls, P.O. Box 2, Manitowoc, Wis. 54220. Money will be refunded after 12 months, if not satisfied. (89)

Everyone: Look out for Mandy. She's a dyke. Welcome home, Denise! Bill. (89)

Kave: Happy birthday, babe, 11-22-52. I'll always love ya. Your ol' lady, Panther. (89)

T.H., this month marks the second anniversary of our unusual sort of friendship. All my words during these two years have been leading to this moment. Teresa, my cherished friend. Will you now say yes to being my special lady, my inseparable partner, forever, through eternity? Bob. (89)

Alissa: You're some sweet lady. I love you! Always, Barry. (89)

Johnboy: I still love you. I always will. Let's keep in touch, Bonnie-babe. (89)

Amphetamine: The last new treatise. A complete, comprehensive paper on over-the-counter amphetamines and real amphetamines. Authoritative coverage on synthesis, how it works, what it does, technical, and practical information. You don't know nothin' till you've read this. \$5 cash or m.o. to C. Connelly, P.O. Box 464, Belpre, Ohio 45714. (90)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (91)

Would you like to have an income that would maybe allow you to quit your job and start doing the things in life you want to do? You can, honestly and legally, if you do what I tell you. Many people do in U.S. and Canada. No bullshit. Send name, address, and \$1 to R. Beaulieu, R.R. 2, Waterloo, Quebec, Canada JOE 2N0. (89)

Mike: Happy 26th, babe. Waiting with open arms. All my heart, Cynthia. (89)

Lee "The Leprechaun" Williams. Get in touch. "Flux," c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (89)

27-year-old white male, mellow biker, looking for slim lady, 18-30, who loves H-De, tokin' and partyin'. Must be one-man woman and have her head on straight. Al Kath, 1222 King St., Janesville, Wis. 53545. (89)

Out of New Jersey, downed here in Texas, 24 years old, 5'11", 154 pounds, blue eyes and blond hair. All concerned ladies, please write and include photo. Jimmy James Marinella #289321, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478. (89)

Ghost Dancers: I'm coming out of retirement, hope you do the same. Roadrunner, Little Dave, Lawer, Black Panther, contact Yogi, Salt Lake City, Utah, c/o Shack, P.O. Box 11313, Salt Lake City, Utah. 84147. (89)

Hey Massebesic Maniacs! The wild west is the best. Wish you all were here and would appreciate hearing from ya. Patty Lepine, c/o Raymond, 1328 S. Edison #8, Salt Lake City, Utah. 84115. (89)

Lost and lonely, downed tramp from Baltimore, with a year to go in Virginia, could really use some scribes and photos. Thomas "Buzzard" Bussey #17438-037, P.O. Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803. (89)

Downed bro out in six months. Want a freaky ol' lady for when I hit the street. All answered; will exchange flicks. Danny Wing, Box C, Waupun, Wis 53963. (89)

Downed bro, w/m, 29 yrs. old, needs mail, pic, and hopefully visits from sincere lady. Norris Spradling #70577, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (89)

Tattooing outfits and instruction manuals for starting you in business or hobby. Artist, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (89)

Buy stimulants wholesale; 17 different types available! For dealer prices send \$1 to T & S Distributing, Box 2095, Madison, Wis. 53701. (89)

Tom: You've helped me be proud and laugh. I know things aren't forever. I'll smile with you for now. I can stand by myself; that's what makes being with you good. Mama Cats. (89)

Need a real biker lady, but only if she can love and putt forever. Dog Langis, W-675, Box 754, Pomona, Calif. 91769. (89)

Jim: Happy #34 on September 8. All my love—all ways. Your ol' lady, Betty. (89)

Teaser: I miss you and I'd like to be with you. Affectionately, Li'l Sportee. P.S. I have moved to Tustin. You can reach me at my work, or Sundays at Cook's. (89)

Easy to follow instructions for 31-day wine, \$1.25. Guaranteed. Stefan, P.O. Box 25, Kewadin, Mich. 49648. (89)

Lizard: Knuckleheads are almost as "number one" as you are to me. Happy anniversary. Your Butterfly. (89)

Tom: You are my love forever. Thanks for eight years of happiness. Nancy. (89)

I have the Polaroid you want of my body and sweet words to write. A donation of \$3 will help me make it through the night. Write Sheila Sanders, P.O. Box 11548, Tucson, Ariz. 85734. (89)

Mark (Youngblood) Mennefee, lived with you in Va. Beach. You went to Augusta, Ga. Butch Adams and Bobbi in Arizona. Get in touch, please. We miss you. 5304 N. 43 Ave., Glendale, Ariz. 85301. Ph. (620) 939-2391 (call collect). (89)

Attention! Muffin, Misty, Pam, Mary, Savage, and the rest of you ladies and bros who remember the Buzzard in Orlando, Baltimore, and elsewhere. The feds finally caught this ol' scooter tramp. Drop me a line. Thomas Bussey #17438-037, P.O. Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803. (89)

Ladies: 34-yr.-old biker, recently out of prison, needs ol' lady to help get started. Bob, Box 579, Santa Margarita, Calif. 93453. (89)

White male, 23, wants ladies with open minds and occult interests to write. Be adventurous! Shoot me some lovin' while I'm down. Thomas Hays #297924, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (89)

Phyllis, I'll always remember the time we spent together. You will be in my mind and heart forever. Love, Wayde. (89)

Chuck: Happy anniversary. I will always be your princess. I love you, Tarri. (89)

Mike and Pam, they finally ran me down. I lost your address; that's why I haven't been in touch. Contact me. Buzzard, Thomas Bussey #17438-037, P.O. Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 22803. (89)

Susie in Topeka: Happy 31 on 11-26. Love from your twin, Sally. (89)

Elden "Wolfman" Valasco, happy anniversary 10-4-80 to the greatest husband and dad ever! Till the wheels fall off! Wife, "Trouble," Heidi, and Harley. (89)

Motorcycle swap meet Oct. 26, 11 am-5pm. Wings Stadium, Kalamazoo, Mich. For information call (616) 668-2175. (90)

Lonely biker lady needs a man to talk to and ride with in Southern Calif. I'm 21, 5'6", blonde, green eyes. All letters answered. Pictures, please. Breezy, Box 272, Lakeview, Calif. 92353. (89)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, S3, Mollis, P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (92)

Hey! A 25-yr.-old woman doing a 4-8, would like to hear from someone! Wendy Muha, 199 W. Main St., Niantic, Conn. 06357. (89)

Attention ex-road capt. of original defunct Diablos Bandidos M.C., Hayward, Calif. Junior, if you didn't buy it at Danang A.B., Nam, contact your old '60s bro Bob Anderson, Phoenix area past, concerning contacts for trade or buying of suicide clutch flathead parts (urgent). P.O. Box 7292, Fredericksburg, Va 22401. (89)

Ex-schoolteacher will correspond with sincere biker. Am starting own "private" school. J.D., P.O. Box 26431, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73125. (90)

Sheriff, 12-25-80 is going to be even better than 12-25-79 for us. I love you more and more. Silver-tongue. (89)

Happy belated birthday to D.E.F., the best ol' man a woman could ever want. It's your character, Danny, and the strength of your convictions that make you the good, good man you are. You know when and how to step up. And yet your gentleness never ceases to amaze me. I love you for being you—the way you really are. Forever, Johna. (89)

Cowboy: Need your new location. 382-3825. J. Hicks. (89G)

Would like to hear from ladies from the U.S.A. R. King, 21 Winara Dr., Ingle Farm, Adelaide, S. Australia 5098. (89G)

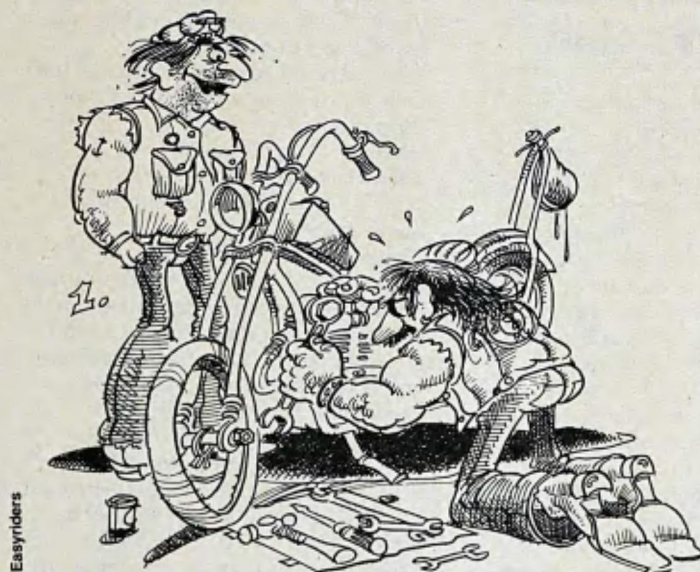
Tiny: I caught your joke in Easyriders, and your humor still sucks. I'm back in cell #4, but it's back to Menard this time. Don't forget the thing with the Long Chevrolet, kid. I'll meet you in Chi in a year. Take your time and don't let your time get you down. Later, bro, Easy. (89G)

Gail Mankinen: Remember 1975 in a 1-bedroom house with my brother Don? Bad times. Times are different now, and so am I. Write and let me know about yourself. Bill Massingham #C-04324, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (89G)

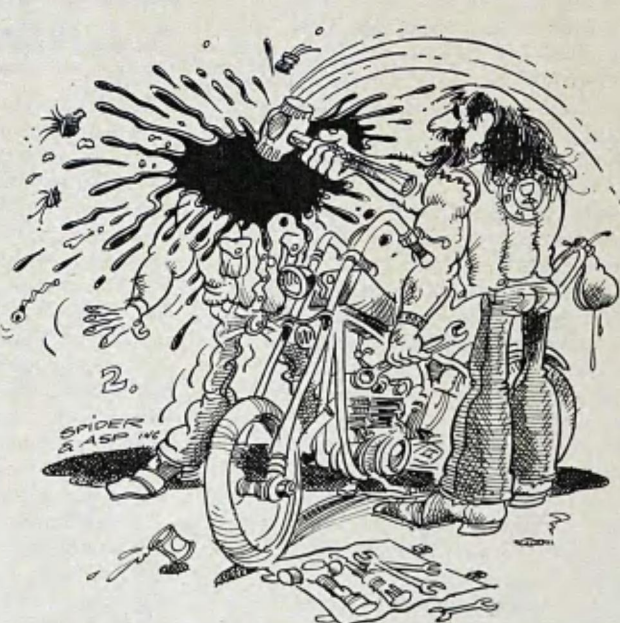
Attention DDFS members: Have taken a fall: need to hear from you. Reefer Seay, 99 Water St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702. (89G)

Sidewalk Eddy: I guess the sheep ate all the roses after all. Thanks for the time we had together. You gave me a taste of life in the fast lane. If you ever need a house mouse, I'm packed and ready. I'll always love you. Please stay in touch from time to time. Pup. (89G)

Lonely inmate, forgotten by family and friends, seeking chicks of any age to comfort the passing days with mail and pictures. John V. Ross #R-112-109, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (89G)



"Haw-Haw! Why don't ya get a bigger hammer?"



TRAINED HER

—Continued from page 18

other side of life. I tried to tell a couple jokes when I was on the stand — went over like a turd in a punch bowl.

ER: So how many court cases have you been through like that?

Chuck: I have been before six grand juries and in four individual trial cases.

ER: Is this Linda Lovelace problem going to create more of those?

Chuck: No, and I'll tell you why: because it's so fuckin' ridiculous. Ya see, the people who really believe that porno films are made with somebody holding a gun at somebody's head are her fans. They been believing for fifty years that that's the way those films are made and consequently the book had a ready-made market. But anybody with a head on his shoulders — I mean, even the feds know it's bullshit. Because she was in front of a grand jury, she was around federal marshals. At any time she could have said, hey, this fuckin' guy's holding me prisoner — or something. It's bullshit. Her thing is she failed trying to figure another way to get into the limelight. That's what it amounts to — naming people like Sammy, Hefner, and myself.

ER: That's all she wants to do — or has she got religion or something like that?

Chuck: I honestly believe it's just strictly getting in the light. I mean, why, if she is really so opposed to porn, does the book have a big "X" on it? Why is she still using the name Linda Lovelace? That's the name I invented. Why be so graphic in the book? It's for me, obviously. You know she's got that feminist Gloria Steinem with her now. She and Gloria Steinem are going around picketing the theatres.

ER: How long have you been involved in porn?

Chuck: My first movie was in 1958 and it was done at a nudist colony where everybody sat around and played volleyball and walked around with magazines in front of them. It was that kind of bullshit, you know. I started with still photography in 1960 or '61 and kind of been in and out of it ever since.

ER: You do the photography?

Chuck: I have, yeah. Actually, I studied cinematography at Dade County Junior College and I did a lot of underwater photography. I worked on the *Flipper* series, *PT-109*, I lost a finger in *Thunderball*. I've done a lot of still work and I

was a production manager on *Deep Throat*, and in the past five years, with Marilyn, I've been producing shows, mostly Vegas shows. We did a Broadway show with her, because she has the ability to do the really legitimate stuff. She's done Neil Simon, *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, she was in *The Owl and the Pussycat* with Barbra Streisand, and then she turns around and does an "X" film. That ability makes her what she is because her audience is everybody, ya know.

ER: You been involved with bikes a long time. Do you think that being a biker is like being a guy involved in porn — that it's a fight all the time, that you've got to fight your way through legislation and always be on the ball, always making safeguards?

Chuck: Yeah, it's a total defense. I mean, long before you do it you gotta



"They're gonna stamp out pornography right away and probably bikes too, if they could."

think of how you're gonna defend it, how you're gonna defend yourself. That goes for a bike or a film. Like this morning, we made some calls to the locals and told them what the hell we were doing up here with you people because if we hadn't I'm sure they would have been here by now.

ER: They would be up here harassing us. You say being a biker isn't gonna help your credibility about Linda's bad rap.

Chuck: No. This is the first anybody's ever seen of this side of us. Nobody knows about this place — people just assume you either live out on Long Island and wear a black shirt and a white suit with a carnation in it and ride around in the back of a limousine or that you're in Beverly Hills. It's really ridiculous. The biggest peo-

ple in the pornography business — the Mitchell Brothers for instance — are two guys in their early thirties who wear tennis shoes and jeans and are into dirt biking and fuckin' around — and nothing, no mafioso involved at all. But that's the thought — that anybody in the "X" film business is in the syndicate. It's that kind of a deal and it's a helluva ways from the truth. Most money behind porno movies is raised from groups like a bunch of attorneys or doctors. That's where the money really comes from — it's not underworld or hidden money. It's money that a group of investors — you know, straight guys — put up.

ER: This *Insatiable* — what's behind it?

Chuck: Well, Marilyn hadn't done a hardcore film in five years. Marilyn's done two "R" films. She's got *Rabid* out, which is a Canadian production that's done real well. We sat down and talked about what would make it, 'cause the business has been declining and we got the idea that the reason is the quality of the movies. You know, everybody says well, hell, since *Deep Throat* and *Green Door* and *Memories Within Miss Aggie*, none of them have been any good. But you see, probably ninety-five — no, more than that — probably ninety-eight percent of the films are made on an extremely low budget and the story's usually no good. But we thought that if we arranged a sizable budget from the movie and spent a little time, we could probably bring that market back. So that was the drive behind *Insatiable*.

ER: You think bikers would like *Insatiable*?

Chuck: Well, I hope so, though it's not as wild as it could be. You know, its got Ferraris and helicopters and a lot of it is shot in England.

ER: Are there certain areas of the country more open to pornography than others?

Chuck: Oh, sure.

ER: Like, are there certain sections that you'd just as soon stay away from?

Chuck: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

ER: There are areas of the country where we have to be careful about the content of the magazine just for the sake of prisoners so the authorities will let the magazine go into the prisons for the people there.

Chuck: Oh, yeah. We have the same problem. The issue of *Club* that had the *Insatiable* movie in it got banned in Canada. But across the United States, of course, the East Coast is pretty cool till you get down below Washington and the Carolinas. That's bad. Atlanta's good, but Atlan-

ta is like an island down there, you know. The South and the Southeast is pretty bad, and the Kansas belt. Through there we have a lot of problems. It does seem a little more liberal now than a few years ago.

But we get these damn local politicians with nothing else, no platform to run on, so what do they do? They're gonna stamp out pornography right away and probably bikes too, if they could. And it's only because they've got nothing else to talk about. But that's really when you get the heat. You know, you get a movie running someplace and, shit, it's been playing for a year and all of a sudden you get close to an election and *pow*. They tried to pop Marilyn down in Santa Ana. We were doing a promotion for *Inside Marilyn*, a film made up of outtakes from *Green Door* and *Resurrection of Eve*. She was doing some funny promotion for it, wearing a couple of T-shirts and nothing else. Then she'd take off the T-shirts, get up on the stage and give them to a couple of people. So she'd be nude on the stage. It was nothing, you know, but in Santa Ana they were gonna do a job. See, they thought nothing happens in Santa Ana, so we're gonna pop Marilyn Chambers. Well, you know, the gods were smiling and it was time to go to the theater. We were supposed to be there like at eight and the damn limousine was late. Shit, I thought I'd call the theater, and about two minutes after eight I called and told them we'd be there in ten minutes. A guy at the theater answered, and he's talking under his breath. He says there's a lot of people here, and I said oh, that's good. He says, no, they're all wearing uniforms — the fuckin' Santa Ana cops had come in there and busted the theater, trying to find Marilyn and the Mitchell Brothers. But the Mitchells, Marilyn, and I weren't there — we were still at the motel 'cause the damn limousine was late. So all they ended up with was a guy named Dish, a guy from Arkansas; he's the only person who was charged.

ER: Does Marilyn work out?

Chuck: Yeah. Well, she was a Junior Olympic gymnast and diver, and as part of her Vegas show she does an eight-minute adagio number with a lot of lifts, so she works out all the time.

ER: You might explain what an adagio is.

Chuck: It's a kind of a dance done by two people. Actually, Marilyn does it with two men and herself, with a lot of lifts and throws, that kind of dancing.

ER: Takes a lot of acrobatic skills?

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Chuck: Yeah, it's acrobatic dancing. She does a lot of water skiing and scuba diving. That's the one good thing about this business: when you're not actually working for a living you can fuck around a lot.

ER: I guess that's what's good about being a biker.

Chuck: Right.

ER: I heard that on the Tom Snyder Show Linda said that after she split you chased her around Hollywood with a gun.

Chuck: No. That's a bunch of shit. It's true I got pissed off, but people don't stop and look at the other side of the story. I mean, I took her from nothing in Miami and made her an international name. Then I had hired the guy she went off with as a choreographer. I paid the sonofabitch ten thousand bucks to teach her how to dance for a show. Then they ran off. Well, sure I got pissed off. If I could have found them we'd have gone to knuckle city. But I couldn't find them, so she blew the deal way out of proportion.

The funny thing is, I didn't procrastinate at all. Two days after Linda left, I called Marilyn and found out Linda had made up this big story I was running around hunting for her. I wasn't doing any of that — I was urging Marilyn to take over where Linda left off. She said a lot of misleading things in that book. She said her salary was only three percent of the gross. But she owned fifty percent of the company. Well, three percent of the gross is a pretty damn good salary when you own half the company. After that she tried to follow Marilyn into Vegas with a play, but she didn't have the talent or the ability so, of course, the play lasted four or five days. And then she got busted for coke and tried to blame that on me, said that I set her up. Hell, I didn't even know that they were around, you know. I'm at a disadvantage 'cause she's pregnant, got three kids, and all that shit. If I was a preacher or something I could defend myself, but I'm in the "X" film business, so no matter what I say, I'm gonna be the bad guy. When I was in London a guy called me from a Long Island newspaper; he was all ready to do this big expose. He asked if I'd read the book and I said, "No, I don't read fiction." He said, "Well, you heard about it?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "What do you have to say about it?" I said, "Well it's all true," and there was about a minute of silence. I said, "Yeah every bit of it's true." I added, "She left out some of the good parts." Then he hung up; that was the end. If you try to argue about it, you never get anywhere. He asked if I'd

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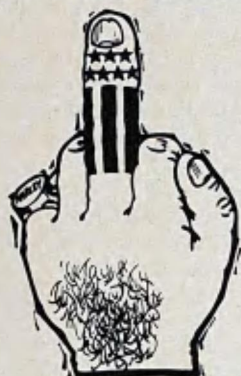
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ever hit her and I said, "Yeah, I
slapped her a couple times." Then
right away I'm a bad guy. They say,
"Would you have guns," and I say,
"Yeah, I got a few guns." It's one of
those situations — where do you
draw the fuckin' line? I figure, fuck it,
none of those guys pay my bills; why
should I defend myself to assholes? Of
course, on the other hand, a lot of
guys call me up — and a lot of chicks
too — and they say, "Hey, you sound
all right, we're gonna come up there
and introduce you to our ol' ladies."

ER: Some of the guys call you
Chuck Trained Her.

Chuck: Yep. Chuck Trained Her;
that's right.

ER: So, was there a training? Was
Linda trained?

Chuck: Yeah, she had to be taught.
I actually learned about deep throat-
ing in Kyoto, Japan. I was in the
Marine Corps there, had me a little
girl over there for a while. I'd never
heard of it, you know, and the first
time I saw her do it I thought it was
pretty good, but that's about it. The
movie wasn't made yet. See, I was
doing eight-millimeter movies at the
time Linda and I were first together
and I had her do it in one of them.
Then Jerry Damino, the guy who
directed *Deep Throat*, saw her, and he
said, "Goddam, you know what you
got here?" I said, "What?" And that's
how the movie came about. She
wasn't trained in order to do the
movie or anything; she was just taught
to do it socially.

ER: And then that became a movie.

Chuck: It's one of those things
where you can't see the fire for the
smoke or the smoke for the fire. After
the movie was released it was out
about five months before it ever be-
gan to take off. It was just beginning
to roll along, but then people
like Johnny Carson started joking
about it.

ER: What's the secret to the train-
ing? Is there a secret?

Chuck: Well, with Linda I used hyp-
nosis, but not like she says, 'cause you
can't hypnotize someone and make
them do something that they wouldn't
normally do. The trick is overcoming
an involuntary reflex — when some-
thing hits the back of your throat,
you'll choke. Well, of course they use
hypnosis working on your teeth and
for pregnancy and so forth. What I did
was — and I did it with Marilyn too —
hypnotize her and tell her that when
she felt something in the back of her
throat, rather than a bad feeling,
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be an extremely pleasant feeling, it
would really turn her on sexually
when something hits the back of her



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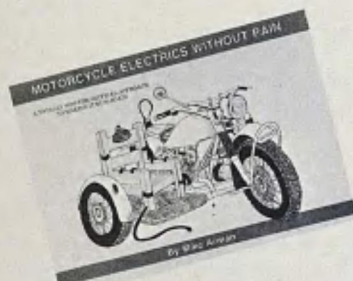
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throat. It's just simply a matter of changing an involuntary reaction. I got an honorary degree from the American Institute of Hypnosis because they were very interested, and I worked for six months with those guys in Nam who had stepped on a mine. You know normally your most sensitive area is your cock. Well, if a guy is paralyzed from the waist down. . . see, they were experimenting with the idea that if we could do it with Marilyn and Linda — you know, change that area — why couldn't you do it with a guy? Why couldn't you make another area of a guy as sensitive? You know, it's all from your brain. We worked about six months with it and they are still working with it. This was only about a year ago. We did a lot of tests with them and a lot of experimenting with it, but that's what the training involved: turning the gag reflex into a pleasant sensation. It's like a sword swallow — they use the same thing. A chick tips her head back and there's an inch-long sensitive area in the back of her throat. I mean, once she gets past that there's her whole esophagus, and John Holmes is no problem. It's just that one little part that will trigger the involuntary reflex. Once she learns to control that one reaction. . .

ER: It'll make her relax?

Chuck: Yep. And position helps. A lot of girls try it with their head bent and that won't work. The head has got to be back. The best way is to lay a girl on a pool table and hang her head over the edge. In *Insatiable*, Marilyn does it on a pool table, and when we shot that the first day, she got a burn on her ass and we had to shoot around that the whole rest of the film.

ER: Do you love what you do? Would you ever want to do anything else? Are you on your way to doing something else?

Chuck: No. I've got a funny background. I'm a commercial pilot. I got a commercial license when I was twenty-four years old. I crop-dusted for five years all down through the Southwestern United States and I liked that, but I got parathion poisoning. Fucked my lungs up. It burned the top of my lungs and they took my license away on a medical. That would be the only thing I'd like to do, 'cause I got my license back and I'd like to go out and rent a plane and fuck around. Other than that — it beats working for a living, you know, and you're producing films and shows, you put in long hours, but at the same time it's not a nine to five thing. You work eighteen hours a day for maybe two months then you're off

three or four months and you travel a lot, which is kind of nice.

ER: Do you have an attachment to it like the one I have toward motorcycles? Do you feel strongly about it? I mean, obviously you've been into it long enough and you fought for it and the legislature stuff. You must feel that it's more than just a way to make money, or a way to move from one place to another.

Chuck: I feel a very strong kinship to it.

ER: Would you like to pull porno together so that it could branch out more?

Chuck: Yeah. That's what we're trying to do with *Insatiable*. We were talking earlier about the film being a little lighter. Come shots in "X" films are called wet shots. The next hardcore project we do, we're gonna try to do it with no wet shots — for two reasons: one, we can break into a legitimate theatre then, and two, how many times when you're balling a chick do you pull your cock out and come on her ass? That's just for movies. We believe that we can get around that. If the film is good enough we can maybe cross that bridge.

Some of the major studios have had us down to talk about doing a hardcore film. They can't do one themselves for a couple of reasons. First of all, they can't create the atmosphere because of the unions — you got four hundred people standing around for the lights, and the minute a girl takes her clothes off they start to whistle. Well, you ain't gonna get the kind of heat Marilyn can create in that kind of a situation, so that's the first problem they're fighting, and the second is that they just don't believe you can make a movie for under twenty million dollars. They just can't fuckin' believe it. We made *Deep Throat* for twenty-eight thousand. *Insatiable* took half a million. *Deep Throat* was actually a twenty-thousand-buck film, and it made sixty million, but you know, you talk to those guys about it and they look at you like you're crazy. You're talking about a six-million-dollar budget, you're talking about a hundred-thousand-dollar budget. I mean, they throw so much money away, spend so much money they don't need to, that they'll never be able to do hardcore right. The hardcore people can do a legitimate film, but the legitimate people are never going to be able to do a hardcore film.

ER: Can we talk about bikes for a minute? Do you work on yours, for example? Do you work on motorcycles?

Chuck: Yeah. When I used to race dirt bikes I did, of course. I still do, but

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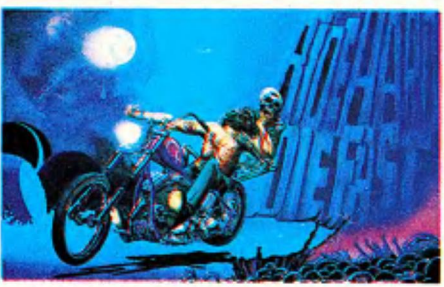
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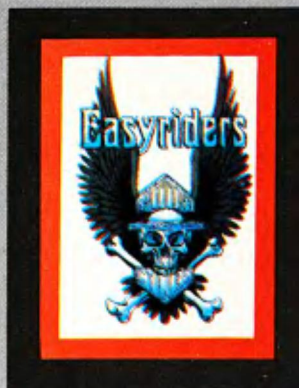
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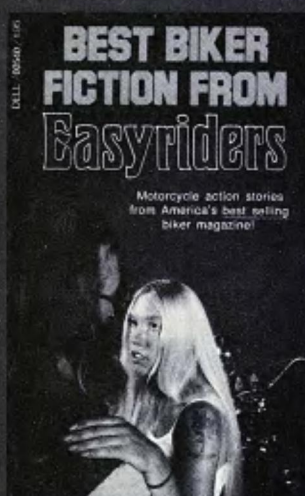


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not as much as I used to — mostly because of the isolation. When you start to work on them there's always something you forgot.

ER: Eight hundred miles into town.

Chuck: There's always a nut or bolt you forgot. Then you could kill yourself. Goddam.

ER: Do you relate motorcycles and sex? You know the old clichés about motorcycles and phallic symbols.

Chuck: Well, since sex is a business, subconsciously I probably do, but actually to me a motorcycle is sorta half-way getting away from the sex. I just kinda get on it and go up to Reno or something and out through the desert just to get away from everything else. I never really thought about it, but that's probably why I try to get away from sex once in a while.

ER: You're right. A motorcycle is a thing to get on by yourself and go do your thing. Okay, now back to your business. What got you into pornography? Is it just something you stumbled across?

Chuck: No. You know, I think I probably was normal until junior high school. You start reading books, you know. Well, one of *Playboy's* first models was a girl named Bunny Yeager. Bunny's a Miami photographer now and has been for a long time. She posed for *Playboy*. My father was in construction and I used to drive a dump truck. It just fell into place one day. They were loading a dump truck with a crane, and the oiler on the crane said, "Goddam, you know, if we climb up that boom we should see the fuckin' blonde over behind that fence in that house over there." So he and I climbed the crane and looked. This really sharp-looking blonde was lying over there and...

...well, I'm not one to let something go, you know, so I tried to think of a way to go around and knock on that door. What would be a good fuckin' excuse? So about six months later I had me a camera and I went up there and knocked on her door. Told her I was a photographer. I was seventeen years old, but I didn't tell her that. I wanted to shoot some pictures of her. It surprised the shit out of me when she said okay. So I shot my first pictures of a nude when I was like seventeen. One thing led to another. She was actually not modeling; she was shooting her own pictures then. And about six months later she hired me as her assistant. I was in high school, and I was Bunny Yeager's assistant, and that's how I kind of got into it. Then, gradually, I worked into art movies. Back then, for any nudity, you had to have the American Nudist Association sanction it. That was the only way

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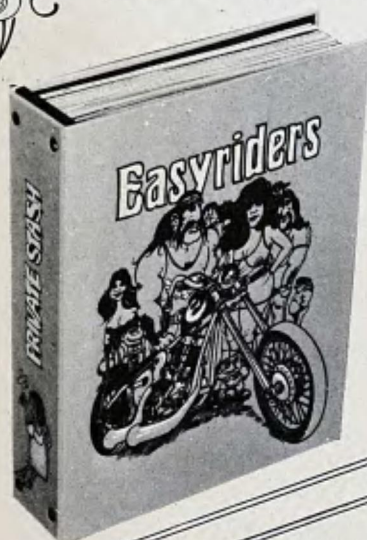
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you could keep from getting busted, because the law back then would not mess with the American Nudist Association 'cause it was too big an organization. So all the movies we made, which were porno back then, were done in nudist colonies and there was no story line.

ER: That was while you were in high school? Did you get into films in high school?

Chuck: No. I didn't get into films until I was about nineteen, I guess. Actually, I think when I was in high school, Bunny wasn't doing films.

ER: You were into the still photo business in high school?

Chuck: Yeah.

ER: Did you do stuff for publications?

Chuck: I didn't until she did. All of her stuff was published. I actually didn't do anything for publication until I was probably in my twenties.

Probably the first I did was like stills on a movie set just because I was the only guy there with a camera and their budgets were so cheap they couldn't hire a still photographer. So I said, "Well, I'll be the photographer."

ER: You were elected.

Chuck: I had the job one time of putting rouge on chicks' nipples when I was about eighteen years old.

ER: For films?

Chuck: Yeah, and for stills. Everybody else in high school was talking about sex, but I never did tell anybody what I did. Everybody was talking about what they did at the drive-in. If I'd ever told them what I did, they wouldn't have believed me.

ER: Goddam. That was in Florida?

Chuck: Yeah, in Florida.

ER: So what got you from the camera, from the still thing, into the films? Did Bunny get into that finally, or did you get contacts from her?

Chuck: I didn't really do anything till I was probably twenty-seven years old. Then I actually started producing, and those were eight-millimeter things. You know — you get two girls and a guy in a motel room someplace and make a movie.

ER: Did you sell them yourself?

Chuck: Yeah. I used to. I didn't sell them retail; I sold them wholesale. There were a couple of companies and they used to come to Florida to buy them. That way you didn't have to worry about interstate transportation or anything like that and I used to get about twenty of them and then call the guy and they'd come down.

ER: So, it was a black market.

Chuck: Yeah, all under-the-counter stuff. Use the same girl with three different wigs, you know.

ER: How does the press treat you guys? Sort of hands-offish? I was



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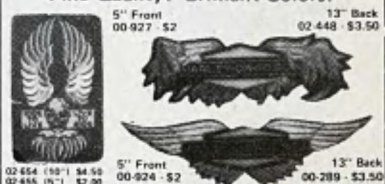
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really surprised to see Marilyn on TV news, and it was different. They showed me the tape of it, and I watched Jerry Dunphy start talking about it. You could tell they were all in a different mood all of a sudden.

Chuck: Yeah. Because of Marilyn's ability to cross back and forth across that line, you know.

ER: It's sort of along the same lines as bikers. For years nobody wanted to listen to them, but when this helmet thing came and the bikers started showing facts, then the news guys started listening and they said, "Hey, these people aren't just dummies!"

Chuck: That's right. That's what it takes, ya know. Nobody will listen; that's the problem. Of course, every once in a while I run into — and I know you do too — you know, the locked mind, no matter what you say, no matter what statistics you offer to them. The common thought is, pornography ruins your life, ya know, it ruins it. Well, that's bullshit. We just came back from England, and one of the main newspapers over there is the *Sun*. On the third page of the *Sun* every day is a new topless girl. It says "Good morning, Readers," ya know, and there's this topless chick. On television over there you see frontal nudity. And that's, you know, England. I mean, that's pretty raunchy — after all, the Queen runs the place. But it just shows they don't have the hangups we have, and the United States is supposed to be, ya know, liberal, free, free-thinking. Amsterdam, Scandinavia — I walked down the street and I didn't see people raping each other and all that shit. Pornography over there has been legal for years.

ER: What about Marilyn moving around? Does she ever get harassed?

Chuck: You mean by fans?

ER: By cops or malicious people.

Chuck: On rare occasions. Two or three times maybe in five years.

We've had minor harassment by religious groups. Surprisingly enough, most guys are disarmed by her. You know, it's funny. You'd think guys would come on to her really strong if they got a chance, but most guys, because of her personality, or because they figure she's been with the best, are a little apprehensive. They don't want to be compared, so it's kind of a funny situation. People always think, well, you know, they'll talk to me before they'll meet Marilyn and they'll say I'm gonna fuck the shit out of her as soon as I see her, but the minute they're confronted by her, even if they're by themselves, they say things like what high school did you go to? They're just like that; it's funny, but they're lightweights.

ER: If somebody wanted to get into

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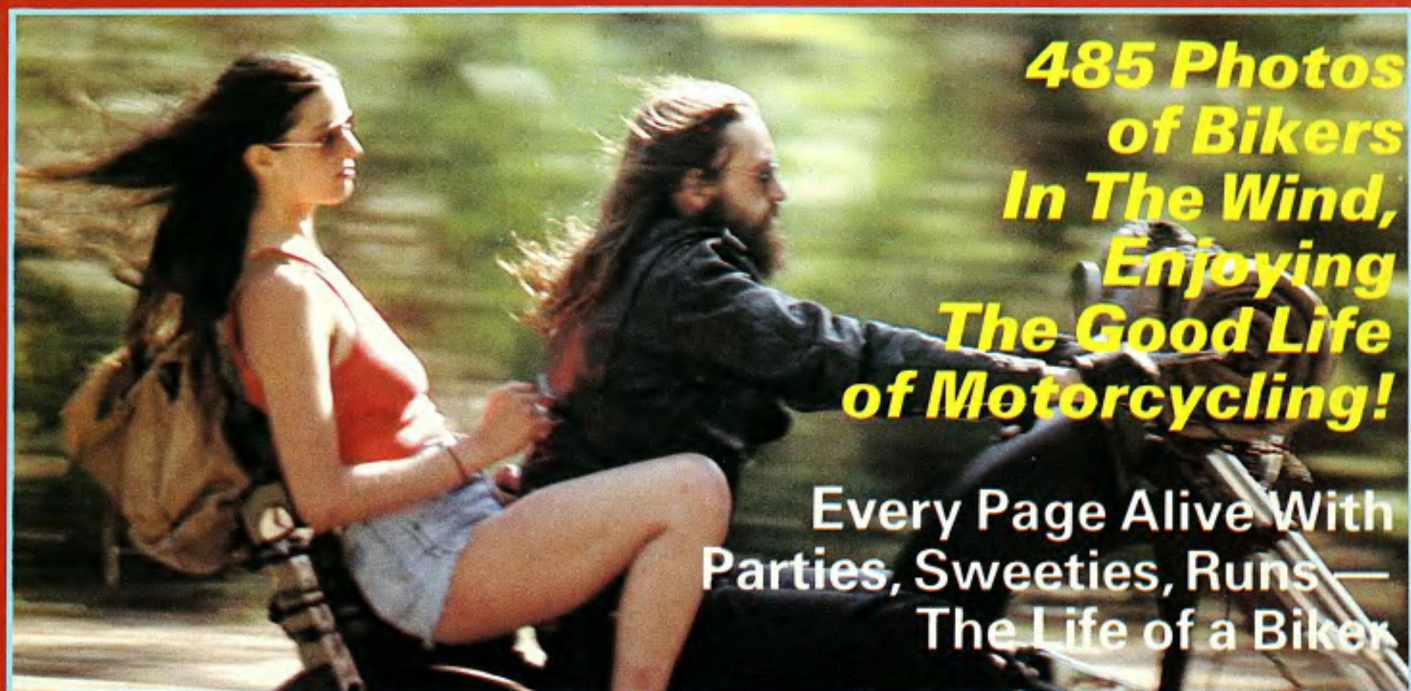
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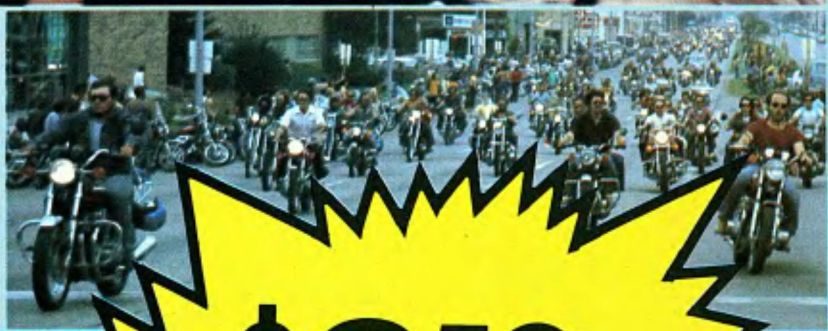
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pornography, would you help? I mean, would you offer guidelines if somebody wanted to get into the business?

Chuck: Oh, yeah. I welcome competition. Gail Palmer does quite a few films; we're very friendly with her and most everybody in the business. We often, if given the opportunity, will introduce somebody to the business. It's good — I mean, forewarned is forearmed. I always tell people what they gotta look out for, and it's really not the legal aspect of it. There are a lot of hustlers in the business. Out of maybe ten producers two or three would be legitimate as far as "X" films go. The other eight are bull-shit. You know, they're in there to rip ya off. That's probably one of the biggest problems in the business. It's a business that is so borderline that a lot of the people in it are dishonest to the business itself and dishonest to other people in the business. The video end of it is copied all the time; you know, films are copied illegally.

ER: So there are people involved in it that sort of give it a bad rep.

Chuck: Oh, yeah. Definitely. They don't give a shit about it. I mean, they're trying to make a quick buck. It's not a business or career for them like with Marilyn and me. They're just in it for a quick buck.

ER: Is there sort of a brotherhood of the guys who care about the business and try to keep it going in a positive direction?

Chuck: Yeah. Guys in the business will watch out for each other and offer each other guidelines if somebody is getting a little heat or something isn't working right. You're dealing with a totally separate element now, which is the theater. I mean, your product, once you do it and turn it over to a distributor, he turns it over to a theater owner. Now, there you get problems too. Probably fifty, sixty percent of the theater owners are very honest and give you a fair count, but there's a percentage of them that don't. I mean, they'll take your film and dupe it and show the print you rented them for two weeks in the theater and then send it back to you, and then they've got five or six other theaters in the country and they'll run the dupe in them.

ER: To change the subject again, what do you think about broads? What is your philosophy on 'em? Do you think you have a biker philosophy on 'em?

Chuck: Probably, yeah. I'm sort of a redneck, you know. Raised down south. I believe they have to be submissive. I don't believe in equal rights, but I'm probably not as abusive or as abrasive as Lovelace would make me out to be. I believe women have a place. I think beautiful

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women should be adorned and adored as long as they stay in their place and stay beautiful.

ER: Is Marilyn your only ol' lady?

Chuck: Yeah.

ER: Are you true blue? Is she conducive?

Chuck: We have an attitude; I mean, we separate physical pleasure from emotional togetherness. You could screw her and I wouldn't get mad, but if I caught you holding her hand I'd probably shoot at ya. That's my philosophy, and hers too. I mean, if you like somebody physically, fuck 'em. That's what it's there for. But I don't go for anybody whispering in her ear behind my back. That would piss me off.

ER: Have you ever been a pimp?

Chuck: Jim and Art Mitchell say I'm the world's biggest pimp, that I'm one of the best. From them it's a compliment, you know, because — I guess the definition of a pimp would involve the management and the ability to earn off a female, so I guess in a technical sense I am.

ER: Is there any kind of sex laws, pornography laws, that you agree with? Do you think there should be prostitution and things like that?

Chuck: Well, I honestly believe — you know, first of all, pornography is in the eyes of the beholder. No, I don't think there should be any laws against prostitution. I think it should be governed, possibly. As for laws on pornography — well, the snuff movies get out of bounds. But as long as everybody is consenting, I don't really see why other people have to be — I mean, if you make a movie for one person and he likes it but somebody else doesn't like it, why should he have the right to keep the guy that likes it from seeing it? That is sort of the way I feel. I know there are moral codes, and child pornography is against the law.

You know, a lot of things they push on I, of course, agree with, mainly because I have to. If everything was legal I surely would not object to it; if it was wide open I surely would not object.

ER: Are there any elements of sex that you feel are repulsive? Some people will say, I don't believe in this law, but I believe in that law. What I'm getting at is, is there an element of sex that you really don't believe in? Or do you believe that freedom's freedom and that's the way it should be?

Chuck: Yeah. I believe in freedom. Personally, guys don't turn me on. Two girls together I love. But I'm not against any particular element. No, I think freedom's freedom. When you start governing it, then it really doesn't mean anything anymore; it's not freedom, it's bullshit, it's hypocrisy — then that ain't freedom. ■



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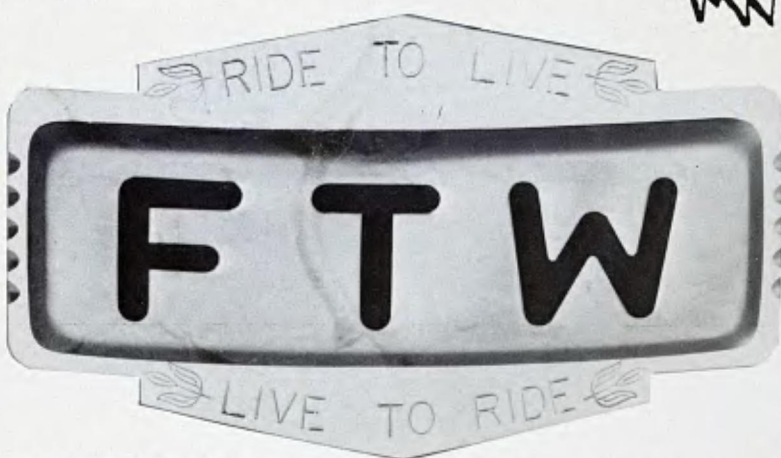
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MOON BUZZARD

—Continued from page 75

would chain Big Dog to the scooter and never have to worry about anything but horny women. They were always trying to steal him and leave the putt prey to any thief.

Once me and Big Dog went to a wet T-shirt contest at the beach. We were both feelin' right on Colt 45 and hemp — a feelin' all good partners should share. I knew I'd have to look out for the both of us 'cause Big Dog wasn't too responsible when he'd been drinking. He was overly affectionate, even threatening, to beauties who were on the rag. He had been known to attack them, which is precisely what he'd set about doing the minute we arrived. He had cornered this fine lady, knocked her to the ground and was nuzzling her thighs, digging into the bottom of her bikini with his wet, probing nose. He came out with the reddest crotch rag I had ever seen — and proceeded to swallow it in one gulp! He was drunk with delight and I was overcome with panic as I glimpsed the angry crowd headed for us, swearing loudly and making obscene gestures. I quickly dumped him into the sidecar and split that scene with nothing but self-preservation in mind. I looked at him with contempt in my heart. My partner just hung his head over the sidecar, looked at me through bleary eyes, barked incoherently, passed gas, and passed out. He was truly happy.

Times were tough and we realized we'd have to do something for an income right about the time we began fighting each other for the crud offa last week's dinner plates. Big Dog tried a coupla jobs, but he couldn't seem to hold them. The last was as a guard dog for a burglar alarm company. He got fired when they found him in a broom closet knotted up in two secretaries at the same time. Even though he tried dating other dogs, he liked the real thing — dominating women. Besides, he needed extra

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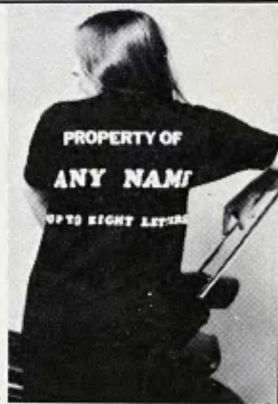
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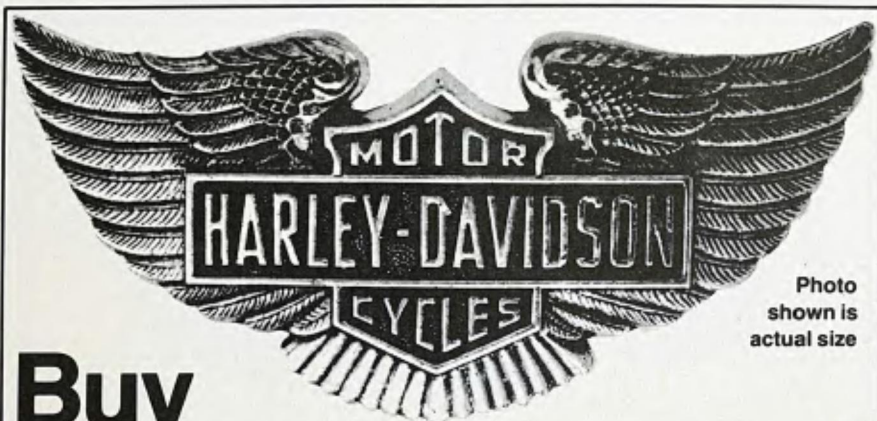


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29⁹⁵



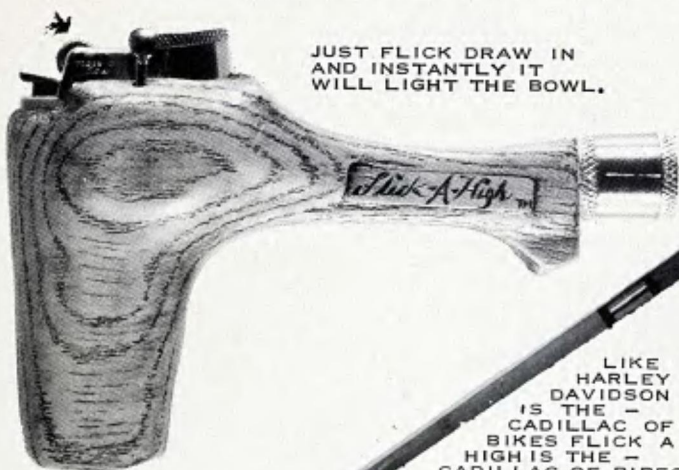
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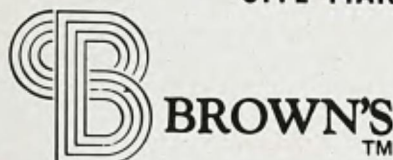
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MALTESE CROSS

—Continued from page 79

into line in front of the cafe and killed the engines. The rain was beginning to slack off.

Kane dismounted, looking around at his group. They were a scruffy, bedraggled bunch, mud-tracked and soaked through. Water dripped from tangled hair and beards, boots squished, and the women whined and bitched as they squirmed their way back into Levi's that were both skin-tight and wringing wet.

Stretching cramped muscles, and squeezing water out of their jackets and hair, they sloshed their way into the cafe. Only Johnny and Beaver, bringing up the rear, noticed the patrol car sitting with its lights out a hundred yards back up the highway.

"We're bein' eyeballed, man," Beaver said.

Kane sighed, combing his blond hair back with his fingers. "I see him. When we get inside, pass the word to the others to stay loose, keep it cool, and don't hassle the citizens. If the cop comes in, everybody back off and let me do the talking."

Beaver frowned. "I'm gettin' tired of backin' off, Johnny. We been roused a half-dozen times since we crossed the state line, man. Ain't you ever gonna get fed up with this shit?"

Johnny's eyes narrowed, and his voice took on a cutting edge as he poked a black-gloved finger into Beaver's chest. "Goddam right I'm sick of it, man. And I got more reason than most of you, remember? But as long as I run this



"You must admit, he has something to say and isn't afraid to use bold lines to say it."

bunch, what I say goes. And I still say we don't ask for any trouble."

Beaver threw up his hands, grinning. "Right, man. Shit, it's cool. No trouble."

As they walked inside, the patrol car began inching forward along the shoulder of the road, and Vinnie Wright raised the mike to within inches of his pockmarked face, his eyes glued to the front door of the diner.

"Cal? You read me, Cal? They're going inside. Cal? Where the hell are you?"

Even as he spoke, lights flashed in his rearview mirror, and Baker's voice said, "Right behind you, stupid. Stop the car." Vinnie stopped, and Cal walked up in the slow drizzle, his hat down low over his eyes.

"Nervous, Vinnie? Or is it raining inside your car?"

Wright wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead and upper lip, his face a rigid mask. "Very fuckin' funny, Baker. So, what do you say, Mister Senior Officer? Do we roust these slimy bastards or what? Remember Sam's policy on hippies and out-of-state trash."

Baker smiled. "Potter's policy is the same for anybody who was born more than ten miles from the city limits — or any time after World War Two, for that matter." He opened Wright's door. "Let's go in and talk to them, just for the record."

Johnny, slouched in a corner booth with his arm around a tiny Mexican girl, watched them come across the highway. A slow frown touched hard at the corners of his mouth, and he slid out of the booth as the two cops came in the door.

There were only three customers in the place, truckers drinking coffee at the counter. They made it a point not to look in the bikers' direction. The fat waitress busied herself wiping down a spotless sideboard, and she smiled quickly at the two policemen.

"Evenin', boys. Wet one out tonight."

Baker gave a perfunctory answer, but his attention was riveted on the tall blond kid walking toward him. His gaze took in the wet, greasy jeans, boots, and the cutoff jacket decorated with patches and metal studs. A Buck knife hung from the kid's belt. As he drew



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closer, Baker saw a gleaming silver cross on a heavy chain around his neck.

Johnny nodded curtly, his eyes on Baker's face. "Anything wrong, officer?"

"I hope not. You people just passing through town?"

Johnny smiled. "That's right. It never even entered our minds to settle down here."

Vinnie snapped, "Watch that mouth, sonny." He hooked his thumbs in his gunbelt, sucking in his gut. Johnny's glance flickered toward him for only a second, then dismissed him and went back to Baker.

Cal indicated the group with a wave of his hand. "Where you headed?"

"Miami. I routed us onto a short-cut south of St. Pete."

Wright snapped, "Where you people from?"

Johnny said, "We been up in Atlanta for a while."

"What for?"

"We were judgin' the fuckin' azalea festival."

Baker saw Vinnie start to react, and put a hand on his arm. "Easy."

A rustle of movement went through the bikers, a barely noticeable shifting of positions; intakes of breath; scraping of chair legs on the tile floor.

Johnny said, "Everybody stay cool." He did not turn his head. The shuffling stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and for a moment the cafe was graveyard quiet.

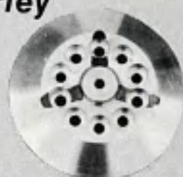
Johnny Kane's stare was fixed on Wright's face, cold and unflinching. The pale blue eyes held the cop like a cobra mesmerizing a



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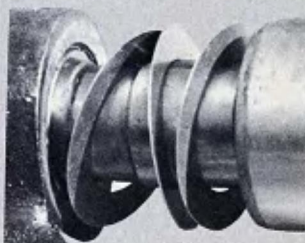


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rat. Vinnie felt a trickle of sweat sliding down from his hatband. It traced a path down the center of his forehead, ran down his nose, and hung there like a tiny icicle.

Cal's voice broke the tension. "Can I talk to you for a minute, outside?" He inclined his head toward the door.

Johnny said, "Sure, why not?"

As they went out the door, Cal said to Vinnie, "Go on back to the car. Let me talk to him alone." Wright nodded wordlessly and started back across the parking lot. He did not look back.

Johnny walked over and sat down on the saddle of the nearest scooter. The rain had stopped now, and a cool breeze drifted in from the west. Johnny turned his face into the wind, inhaling deeply.

Cal said, "There was no need to start jumping tough in there. Vinnie has a habit of getting a little badge-heavy, I know, but we aren't trying to hassle you. We're just doing a job."

Kane nodded slowly, staring out across the empty parking lot.

"Yeah, I know all about it, man. Just doin' your goddam job. You got any idea how many times I've heard that same old shit? What the hell is it with you guys, anyway? Why can't we even ride down the goddam street at twenty miles an hour without every friggin' cop in the state hanging on our ass?"

Baker shook his head. "Look, I don't want to get into a long sociological debate with you. And I don't want to have to run you in, either. I just want you and your bunch to finish your meal, gas up those bikes, and keep moving down the road. It's my job to tell you that. You are classified as an undesirable element in this town."

Johnny stood up, glaring. "This town? Do you know how often this scene goes down with us? It's the same goddam story everywhere we ride. We don't have to break any laws, rape any broads, kick any ass. We can be sittin' in church and some goddam pig will stroll up and tell us to keep movin', get our asses on down the road."

He took a step toward Baker, and the cross on his chest bounced light from the neon of the cafe sign. "Look, all we want is to be left

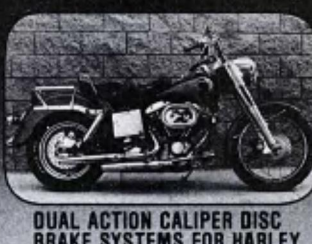
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alone. We don't want you to love us or invite us into your damn living rooms; just get off our backs. Quit pushin', man, or one of these days we're gonna start pushin' back."

Cal said, "Don't make threats you can't back up, kid. This little burg is full of some real mean, hardass crackers. These stump-jumpers would just as soon lynch you as look at you. So just call it a good piece of advice, all right? Just move along and don't cause any trouble"

Johnny took a deep breath and let it out slowly. What the hell was the use? He nodded. "Right, Boss. I got your message. On behalf of my friends, I'd like to thank you for your fantastic fuckin' backwoods hospitality. We'll be out of here as fast as we can get our scoots gassed and on the road."

Baker started to say something, thought better of it, then nodded and walked away. Johnny Kane watched him, shaking his head slowly. Then he went back inside to tell the others.

A little over an hour later, the last of the bikes pulled away from the gas pump, and the rider wheeled it into line behind the others. There was little talk.

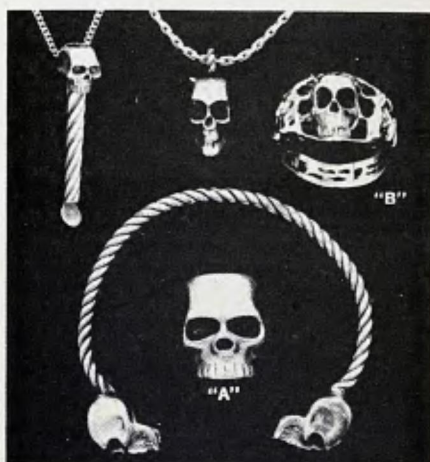
The two patrol cars were still parked across the highway when the assembled pack roared out of the truck stop.

The squad cars dropped in behind the pack, pacing them as they leaned into a long, sweeping curve. All eleven motorcycles seemed to hit third gear simultaneously, and the scream of the engines rose to a deafening crescendo. Flame belched from cut-down exhaust pipes.

What happened next was faster than the eye could follow. Just as



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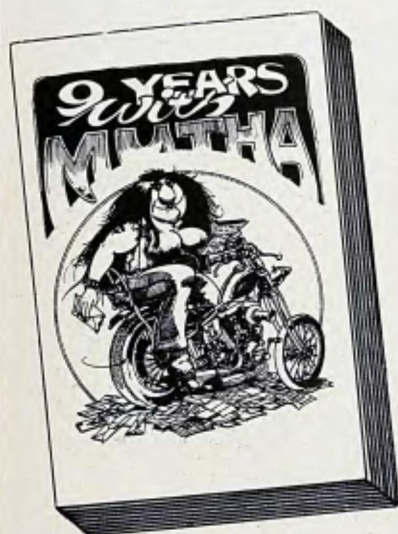
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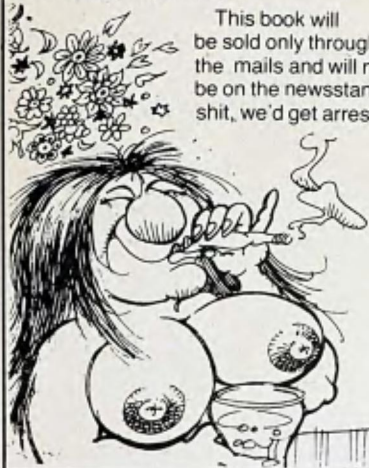
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Johnny came out of the curve, his rear wheel caught a patch of oil on the wet roadway. The Harley slued violently to the right as Kane shifted his weight in the direction of the skid. His bike slid directly in front of Beaver.

Beaver had no time to think, no time to downshift; a panic stop on the wet road was impossible, and if he went down here he would take half the pack with him. Automatic reaction took over. He veered to the right, hit the gravel shoulder, and plowed through the wooden guardrail. The Harley's engine gave a shuddering whine as the bike became airborne, turning front wheel up as it flew into the darkness of the swamp.

Johnny fought his big machine upright as the sound of the crash reached his ears. He braked slowly and took the shoulder, letting the pack go by. Then he dropped the bike and ran back, his heart racing.

Baker hit his reds, pulled over, and grabbed his five-cell flashlight as he bailed out of the car. He could hear the sound of the bikes gearing down as he ran across the gravel, and he reached the shattered guardrail at the same time Kane did. Neither man spoke for a moment, listening closely for a sound from the darkness.

They heard nothing but their own breathing. Wright's squad car reversed and fishtailed its way back to where they stood. As he drew alongside, Baker yelled, "Call for an ambulance, Vinnie." Then, to Kane: "Well, let's go find him."

They stepped through the guardrail and started down the slippery embankment. The mud was like axle grease under their boots, and they both fell and slid the last twenty feet to the bottom of the ditch. Baker's light illuminated the five-foot sawgrass and twisted mangrove roots of the swamp.

Cal swung his light to the left in a slow arc, and they saw Beaver. He had landed in the gnarled roots of a huge cypress tree, face down. As they sloshed their way toward him through the muddy water, Johnny could see that his right arm was twisted between the roots, and broken backward at the elbow. Shards of white bone protruded through the skin in two places.



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WIND

Number Two



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Johnny knelt beside Beaver, up to his chest in the water, and lifted his head. His nose was smashed flat, and blood matted his beard and hair, but he was breathing in ragged gasps. At Johnny's touched, he opened one eye, coughed, and wheezed: "My scoot! Where's my goddam scoot, man?"

Johnny glanced around, seeing nothing but dark water. "Shit, I guess it's under the friggin' water. Fuck the bike, man! We got to get your ass to a hospital."

Cal said, "Don't move him. Wait for the ambulance."

Beaver drifted back into unconsciousness, and Baker and Kane stayed with him until the ambulance arrived. Two young attendants shot him up with pain-killer, eased him onto a Stokes stretcher, and the four men struggled up to the highway, alternately carrying and dragging the load.

The Vikings drew protectively close as Beaver was loaded into the Fire Department rescue ambulance. Johnny sent two of the girls with Beaver, and, as the ambulance howled away toward town, he walked over to Baker's car. Cal was filling out his accident report in the glow of the dashboard light, and he glanced up as Johnny approached.

Kane said, "I just wanted to say thanks, man."

"Just doing my job, like I said before. I hope your buddy's going to be all right. Don't worry about him; we've got a couple of pretty good doctors in this jerkwater place. What are you all planning to do now?"

Johnny lit a cigarette. "First thing is to find a place to get some sleep tonight; then I guess we'll come back here after daylight and try to salvage Beaver's scoot out of that damn swamp."

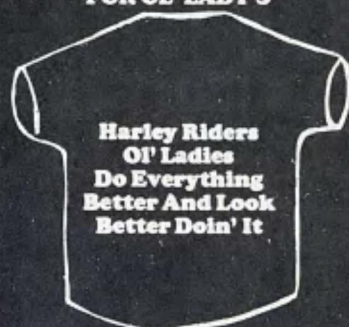
Baker said, "There's a campground about two miles down the road. Take the dirt track to your right. There's no shelter, but I think the rain is pretty much over now, anyway."

Kane gave a short laugh. "Never thought I'd do this." He stuck out his hand. Baker looked at it for a moment, then took it in a firm grip.

"Some of you pigs might be pretty close to human, after all."

—Continued on page 110

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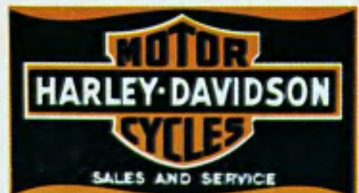
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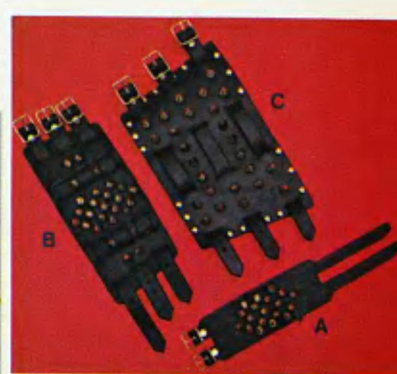
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MALTESE CROSS

—Continued from page 106

Baker said, "Don't let that get around." Then he closed the door, started the engine, and pulled away.

Johnny was halfway back to his bike when Vinnie Wright caught up with him. The cop blocked Kane's path, a toothpick dangling from the corner of his mouth, and a baton hanging loosely in his hand.

"I heard what Baker said to you, punk. If I was you, I wouldn't make any plans to stick around here after tomorrow morning. You get my drift? The folks around here don't much care for your type."

Johnny was tired, filthy, and in no mood for the cop's bullshit. He sneered, "Get out of my face, asshole."

Vinnie Wright was a natural coward, but for one split second his anger got the better of him. As Kane brushed past him, he swung the baton, and it caught the biker a hard shot in the ribs. Johnny gasped and doubled over, clutching at his side. A shout went up from the others, and they rushed forward.

Johnny held up a hand. "Hold it! You guys stay outta this." He sucked in a deep breath and straightened up, wincing at the stab of pain in his side.

Wright took a half-step forward, shifting the club for another swing, but Johnny didn't give him time for it. His left foot lashed out, and the heel of the heavy boot slammed into Wright's kneecap.

Vinnie screamed in pain and staggered backward. Kane stepped in and dug a savage left into his belly that folded him over



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and dropped him to his knees on the pavement. The baton clattered to the ground.

The Vikings were yelling now:
"Kill the bastard, Johnny. . .
Stomp his ass. . . Give me a piece
of him. . ."

Wright was on his knees, gagging and wheezing, but his hand was moving toward his gun. Johnny growled, "Fuckin' pig." He kicked the cop in the face as hard as he could, snapping his head upright in a spray of blood. Vinnie flopped backward onto the street, his teeth shattered and his nose reduced to pulp.

Johnny crouched beside the man and lifted his head, tangling his fingers in the lank, greasy hair. Blood bubbled from Wright's lips and dripped down onto his collar.

Kane snarled, "Listen to me good, pig. We are sick to our damn guts of bein' pushed around by a bunch of crackers and assholes. This is the end of it, man. One of our guys is in your hospital, busted all to shit, and we're gonna be around this town until he's able to travel. We don't leave anybody behind, dig?"

He jerked a thumb toward the bikers, who stood in a semicircle behind him. "If I let them have their way, they'd stomp your hill-billy ass into jelly, stuff you in the trunk of that patrol car, and leave you here to rot. Now, you just go away somewhere and let us the hell alone. Don't give us any more hassles. Tell your goddam redneck neighbors to stay out of our way, and we'll stay out of theirs." His eyes narrowed to slits, and his voice hissed through clenched teeth. "Hear what I'm sayin', man. Don't let me see your ass again."

Wright's bloody head fell back against the road when Kane let him go. Johnny pulled the cop's .357 from its holster, opened the cylinder, and emptied it into his hand. He tossed the gun onto the side of the road, and the cartridges into the swamp.

He turned, walked back to the others, and said, "Let's ride."

As the motorcycle taillights faded into the night, Vinnie Wright rolled slowly onto his belly, began to whimper softly to himself, and crawled back toward the patrol car, his guts afire with black rage. Tears mingled with the blood streaked on his face.

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It was an hour before sunrise, and Cal Baker still hadn't been to bed, though he had been off duty since midnight. He stood at the window, staring at the crowd in front of the Shamrock Bar across the street. He had lit two cigarettes in the last hour, only to leave them smoldering in the ashtray beside the bed.

Angela came out of the bathroom and quietly walked over to stand beside him.

"Come to bed, honey. I know you must be tired."

Cal seemed not to hear. He frowned at the scene in the street and let out a sigh. "Look at them," he said. "They've been out there for more than three hours now, sitting on the fenders of their damn trucks, passing bottles around. All the town garbage: The Tate brothers; Lou Snider; Brackett, that crazy sonofabitch that killed his cousin two years ago with a hammer. They're working their way up to it, honey. Believe me, I've seen it happen before. All they need is to get enough booze inside them to dull what little sense they've got."

Angela said, "Cal, those people — those motorcycle tramps — they did beat Vinnie Wright half to death. . ."

Cal snorted. "Yeah, a half-dozen of them. You don't really believe that shit, do you? Anyway, it seems that Vinnie has found a way to kill the pain. He's down there with them right now, playing the hero cop injured in the line of duty while trying to keep Crowley City safe from the long-haired Commie trash; sniveling around, parading his stitched-up face; taking an occasional belt with the boys. He's stirring them into the mood, baby."

Angela said, "Cal, I've known you long enough to have a



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pretty good idea of what you're thinking. Please don't get involved in this; you don't owe those people anything."

He took her roughly by the shoulders, his fingers digging in. "Hell, no, I don't owe them. That's not the point. But can I just sit here while that drunken trash goes after them in their sleeping bags with tire irons and baseball bats? Somebody could get killed, Angela. There are a hell of a lot of guns hanging in pickup trucks around here." He looked directly into her eyes. "There are four or five young girls out there, honey. What do you think those bastards will do to them?"

Angela nodded. "I know. But couldn't you just call somebody? The state police?"

Baker gave a short, bitter laugh. "Sure, baby. Ask them to send some men to protect a bunch of outlaw bikers from the taxpaying citizens. They'd really get a bang out of that, wouldn't they. They'd call Potter for verification, and he'd tell them the same thing he told me at the hospital while they were sewing up Vinnie's face. The bikers are camped outside the city limits, and it's entirely out of his hands. The fat sonofabitch couldn't care less. He's as much as given these jerks the go-ahead; can't you see that?"

He grabbed a jacket and started for the door. "I can't just ignore it, honey. I've got to go warn those bikers. They may not be my kind of people, but they're human beings."

She watched him from the window and tried to fight back the cold ball of fear that was growing in her stomach.

The camping area was about fifty yards off the highway, accessible only by a narrow dirt track through the pine forest that bordered the road. Cal drove slowly along the rough trail.

His mind raced in circles, and he found himself suddenly feeling foolish. What was he going to say to them? Would they just laugh and dismiss him as a jackoff paranoid? Worse, would they blame the messenger for the bad news?

He hoped they would recognize him in civilian clothes. He figured them to be an edgy bunch to begin with, and after the accident and the fight with Vinnie, they were even



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more likely to react violently to a
stranger invading their camp in
the dark.

He had turned off the pickup's
lights when he left the roadway.
Now he flicked them back on. The
headlights illuminated the camp-
ground and reflected off the
chrome of the bikes parked in a line
near the trees. There was a grassy
area about forty feet wide, a small,
rushing stream, then the main
campground and picnic tables.
The Vikings had stayed on
the near side of the stream.
They had built a fire and
arranged the sleeping bags in a
half-circle around it, out in the
open, about halfway between the
forest and the stream.

The chug of the truck's motor
and the bouncing headlight beams
awoke several of the bikers as Cal
pulled onto the grass. Johnny Kane
and two others, Wino and Rebel,
came up out of their bags at once
and started toward the truck,
shielding their eyes against the
glare of the lights. One of the
bikers reached to his boot and
came up with a hunting knife. He
held it low against his thigh, and
the blade reflected slivers of light
as he advanced.

Johnny said, "Kill those goddam
lights, man."

Cal shut off the lights, killed the
engine, and got out of the truck. He
walked toward the approaching
men with his hands raised to show
them empty. There was more
stirring around the fire now, peo-
ple muttering and rousing each
other. Hands groped for Buck
knives, chains, and brass knuckles.

Cal said, "It's me, Officer
Baker. I've got to talk to you.
It's important."

Kane squinted in the dim pre-
dawn light. "What the hell do you
want?"

"Just to talk to you for a min-
ute — alone."

Johnny waved the others back,
and he and Baker walked a few
feet away to the bank of the stream.
The sky was beginning to gray in
the first shades of morning.

Cal kept his voice low. "Look,
you've got to get your group out of
here, and I mean right now.
There's a bunch of half-stoned red-
necks back in town working their
courage up to come out here after
you. The cop you guys stomped on
is with them."

Kane shook his head slowly,



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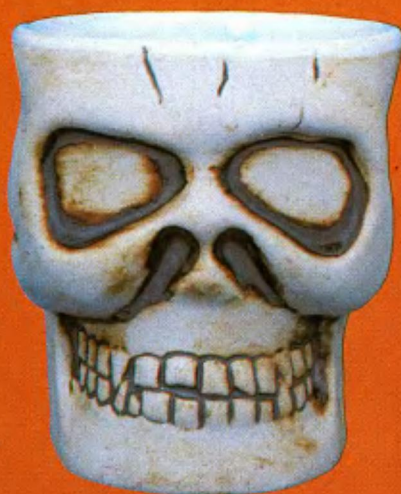


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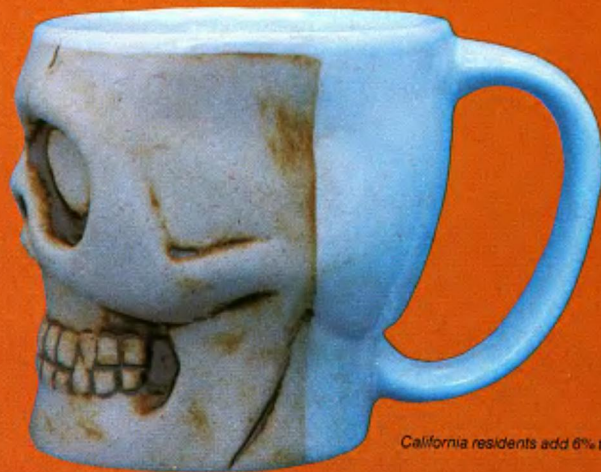
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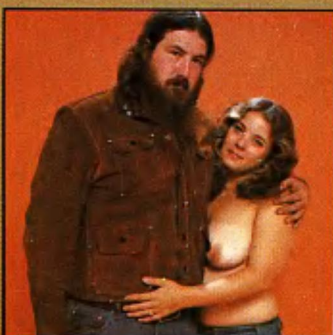
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looking out across the stream.

"Well, here we go again," he said. "You know something, man? I've been riding these goddam machines for more than ten years; since I was seventeen. I've had my bones broken and my blood splattered all over the road a half-dozen times; run off the friggin' road by your upstanding, law-abiding citizens. I spent two stinkin' years in Vietnam, man, and I hadn't been back for a month when I got busted for defending myself against a couple of hopped-up sailors in San Diego." He ran a hand through his hair. "Just what is it about guys who look like we do that makes people so goddam crazy? We don't start any of this shit, man. We just want to be left alone. Is that too damn much to ask?"

Baker could not answer. There were no answers. He stared down at his feet in embarrassed silence.

Kane let out a long breath, smiled thinly, and said: "Shit, man, it's not your fault. I appreciate you comin' out here. You didn't have to." He slapped Baker on the shoulder, turned to his left —

And the night erupted in gunfire from the trees at the edge of the camp.

The first bullet caught Kane in the upper right arm, and the limb exploded in a shower of blood and bone fragments. Kane's mouth flew open and he spun halfway around. His left arm shot out in blind reflex, shoving Baker backward into the stream.

Baker went down in the cold water, gasping in shock and horror, as a second slug tore through Kane's chest, knocking him sideways like a puppet on wires. He fell to his knees, his right arm dangling by shreds of meat, and with a hole in his back the size of a coffee cup.

Rifle and shotgun fire raked the area around the campfire, and the screams of the women split the night like the sound of animals in terror. One of the bikers started running toward Kane, but a bullet ripped through his thigh, knocking him rolling across the grass. He screamed in pain, throwing his hands up as if to ward off the slugs. A shotgun blast slammed into him, and he flopped over like a fish on the deck of a boat. —Continued page 26



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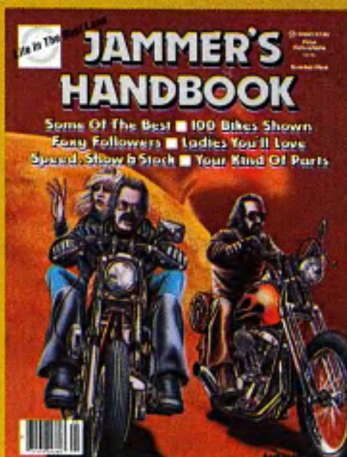
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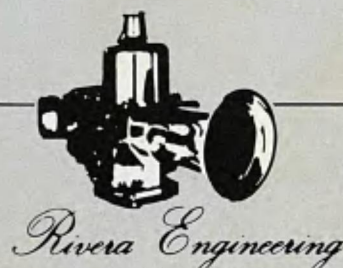
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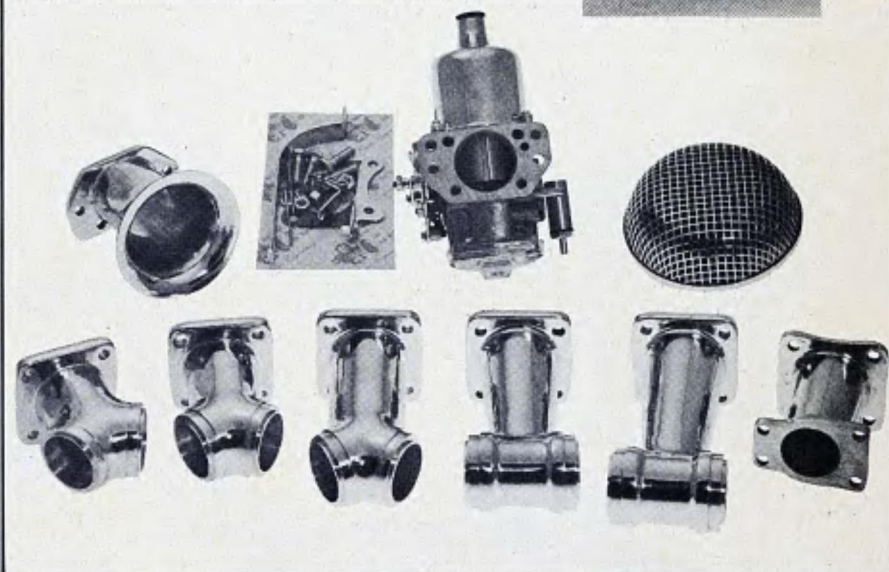
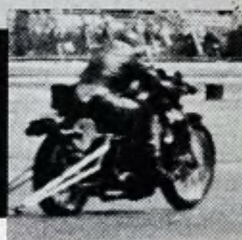
All Riviera SU kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stack. All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.

The hardware kit will include manifold gasket, all necessary nuts and bolts, leveling bracket, plus 2 separate cable mounting brackets. Any throttle cable may be used with the "Eliminator" SU, push or pull, front or rear. There will be no necessity of changing throttle cables. All Riviera kits have a special 3.5 mm Viton tipped needle with oversize brass seat for adequate fuel flow.

The primer pump, manufactured from brass, using an automotive type accelerator cup manufactured from Viton has been tested over 1,000,000 times with no wear factor. It is a press fit into the body, and will require no service. It will insure one kick starting for most machines that are in tune. Also featured is a choke system with an automatic kick down for easy cold weather starting.

Tuning instructions are included in each kit. We offer complete mounting and tuning information complete with pictures detailing most critical adjustments. Normal installation is less than one hour. Also included in the tuning instructions is a complete needle guide listing all needles available and their proper use.

Dave Mackie holds current national records in three different classes running SU carbs, besides being the national stock eliminator champ.
Get the choice of champs—SU



Choose the proper kit for your bike by first finding the appropriate manifold from the listing below. No manifolds are available for 5 gallon tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Short Manifold
For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Long Manifold
Designed for 3½ gallon fat bob tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

Panhead—Short Manifold
Designed for use on custom tanks. Will allow close to engine mounting on all high mounted fuel tanks. Makes for maximum leg clearance.

Knucklehead—Manifold Adaptor
One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.

"Eliminator" SU Harley Kits

With Air Cleaner

135031	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	229.95
135032	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	229.95
135033	Panhead	Short Manifold	239.95
135034	Panhead	Long Manifold	239.95
135035	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	229.95

With Velocity Stack

135036	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	229.95
135037	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	229.95
135038	Panhead	Short Manifold	239.95
135039	Panhead	Long Manifold	239.95
135040	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	229.95

213-843-1522

800-423-2633



High Performance Pistons & Rings

Harley Forged Pistons

Manley's Harley pistons are forged from special high silicon aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands while keeping the rings perpendicular in the bore for maximum seal and power.

The original dome shape promotes maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug as do most competitive pistons. The valve notches (properly located) will accommodate cam lifts up to .600 without additional fly-cutting.

Here is a true performance piston with unsurpassed durability that is equally appropriate for the most serious competitor as well as the street riding enthusiast. Pistons are shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings. Pin hole location is stock. Each part number supplies one complete piston.



Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
12606	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
12607	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
12608	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
12609	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
126011	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
126012	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
126013	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
126014	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
126016	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 57.90
126017	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 57.90
126018	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 57.90
126019	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 57.90

Special Note on Piston Sizes

Forged pistons require more clearance than cast pistons because a forging is more dense than a casting (and therefore stronger.) Manley pistons are to be measured at the level of the pin. This gives a more realistic picture of the actual clearance required by the piston. Set the Manley pistons at the recommended clearances and they will run quiet and skuff-proof. This desirable condition is achieved by our use of a high silicon aluminum material combined with a scientifically established cam grind and barrel shape to the skirt. We feel no other piston will perform as satisfactorily in your engine.

Harley Plasma Moly Piston Ring Sets

At last! Manley introduces piston rings for Harleys featuring up to date technology for significantly improved seal and horsepower. They are also the ideal match for Manley high performance pistons.

The top ring has a special plasma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important—and after neglected—intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings.

Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Plasma Moly Ring Sets

Price #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Set
126021	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126021	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126021	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126026	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 32.40
126027	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 32.40
126028	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 32.40
126029	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 32.40

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed above.



Piston Ring End Gapping Tool

This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031 End Gap Grinder 43.30
126032 Replacement Blade 10.80

Chrome Decorative Hardware

Acorn Screw & Nut Kits

ADVERTISEMENT

HARLEY KNUCKLEHEAD

Part #	Description	Price
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-77	9.00
12201	Oil Pump Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-67	8.00
122010	Rocker Box Bolt Kit—Knucklehead 1936-47	11.00
12202	Transmission Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-Up	10.00
122012	Generator Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-57	5.00
12203	Timing Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-70	15.00
12204	Circuit Breaker Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-57	6.50
12205	Lifter Base Screw Kit—OHV Big Twins 1936-75	10.50
12206	Motor Case Nut & Stud Kit—Big Twins 1936-Up	20.00
12207	Wheel Hub Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-66	6.50
12208	Head Bolt Kit—Knucklehead 1940-47	28.00
122081	Transmission Adjusting Screw & Mounting Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	13.00
122082	Transmission Oil Plug—Standard Size Big Twins 1940 & Up	5.50
122083	Transmission Oil Plug—Self Tapping Big Twins 1940 & Up	5.50
122085	Lower Motor Mount Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	12.00
122084	Top Motor Mount Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	7.75

PANHEAD-SHOVELHEAD

Part #	Description	Price
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-77	9.00
12201	Oil Pump Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-67	8.00
122017	Oil Pump Screw Kit—Big Twins 1968-Up	11.00
12202	Transmission Nut Kit—Big Twins 1936-Up	10.00
122030	Generator Screw Kit—Big Twins 1958-69	5.00
122012	Generator Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-57	5.00
12203	Timing Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-69	15.00
12204	Circuit Breaker Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-57	6.50
12205	Lifter Base Screw Kit—O.H.V.—Big Twins 1936-75	10.50
122032	Lifter Base Screw Kit—Big Twins 1976-Up	11.00
122023	Rocker Box Nut Kit—Big Twins 1966-Up	23.00
12206	Motor Case Nut & Stud Kit—Big Twins 1936-Up	20.00
122029	Rocker Shaft End Plug Kit—Big Twins 1971-Up	12.00
122028	Rocker Shaft End Plug Kit—Big Twins 1957-70	12.00
12207	Wheel Hub Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-66	6.50
122024	Head Bolt Kit—Big Twins 1948-Up	26.00
122050	Rear Fender Rail Mounting Kit—Sportster & Big Twins	10.00
122027	Primary Cover Screw Kit (Stamped Steel Only)	9.50
122025	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1965-70	15.50
122026	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1971-Up	18.00
122022	Timing Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1971-Up	9.75
122016	Primary Cover Screw Kit, Use on Stamped Steel Inner & Outer—Big Twins 1936-69	25.00
122081	Transmission Adjusting Screw & Mounting Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	13.00
122082	Transmission Oil Plug—Standard Size Big Twins 1940 & Up	5.50
122083	Transmission Oil Plug—Self Tapping Big Twins 1940 & Up	5.50
122085	Lower Motor Mount Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	12.00
122084	Top Motor Mount Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	7.75
122054	Primary Mounting Kit—Big Twins 1936-64	8.50
122096	Primary Mounting Kit—Big Twins 1955-69	10.00
122015	Panhead Rocker Arm Cover Screw Kit	26.00

HONDA 750

Part #	Description	Price
122055	Left Side Cover Screw Kit—Honda 750	24.00
122056	Right Side Cover Screw Kit—Honda 750	16.00
122057	Rocker Box Screw Kit—Honda 750	21.50
122059	Motor Mount Kit—Honda 750	13.00

SPORTSTER

Part #	Description	Price
122046	Cylinder Base Nut Kit—Sportster 1957-Up	8.00
122044	Sprocket Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-70	5.50
122045	Sprocket Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1971-76	5.00
122080	Sprocket Cover Screw & Nut Kit—Sportster 1977-Up	5.00
122034	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1970	15.50
122035	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-69	6.00
122033	Primary Cover Screw Kit (Stamped Steel Cover)—Sportster 1957-69	9.50
122036	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1971-76	14.50
122086	Primary Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1977-Up	15.50
122037	Cam Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-70	12.50
122038	Cam Cover Screw Kit—Sportster 1971-Up	12.00
122039	Generator Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-70	5.00
122040	Generator Screw Kit—Sportster 1971-Up	5.50
122041	Rocker Box Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-76	26.00
122051	Rocker Box Screw Kit—Sportster 1977-Up	26.00
122042	Lifter Base Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-Up	6.00
122043	Motor Mount Kit—Sportster 1957-Up	18.00
122029	Rocker Shaft End Plug Kit—Sportster 1971-Up	12.00
122028	Rocker Shaft End Plug Kit—Sportster 1957-70	12.00
122048	Head Bolt Kit—Sportster 1957-72	23.00
122049	Head Bolt Kit—Sportster 1973-Up	23.00
122050	Rear Fender Rail Mounting Kit—Sportster & Big Twins	10.00
122053	Ignition Switch Bracket Nut & Screw Kit—Sportster 1957-Up	7.00
122031	Rear Brake Reaction Bolt—Sportster 1973-77	6.00



Kromettes

Bullet-shaped fasteners. Complete with nut and washer. Beautifully chrome plated. (1/4 x 20).

10602 1.50 pr.



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(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Name _____ Address _____

(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____

(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Sub Total

6% Tax - California Residents Only

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed

Expr. Date

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

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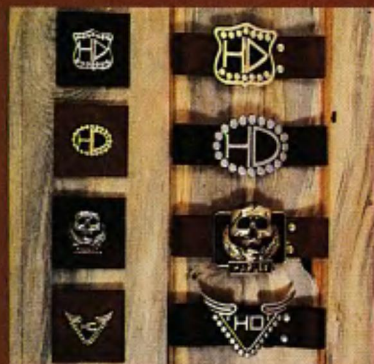
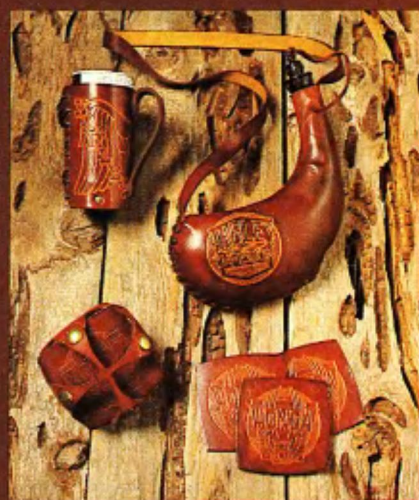


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MALTESE CROSS

—Continued from page 117

Baker's mind could not accept what he was seeing. Something inside him said he should be on his feet, screaming for them to stop, but he could not move.

Johnny Kane was still on his knees, gasping for air through torn lungs. He tried to raise his left hand, but a heavy-caliber bullet blasted most of his skull away and slammed him back to the ground.

Cal Baker closed his eyes and began to scream at the top of his lungs — and after a while the guns were quiet. . .

* * *

Two days later, at a few minutes after ten in the morning, Baker stood again at the edge of the stream, smoking a cigarette and staring off into the sunlit trees.

He felt somehow detached from reality, drifting in limbo on the outer perimeter of a lingering nightmare. The events of the past two days just would not jell in his head.

The four Vikings who had died had done so resisting arrest. Five others, including a seventeen-year-old girl, had been wounded. All of the survivors had been jailed on charges ranging from possession of illegal weapons to assaulting an officer. Even Beaver was charged with reckless driving and creating a public nuisance.

Baker's hysterical threats to call in the state's Attorney General had produced only laughter from Potter and Vinnie Wright. He had salvaged only the satisfaction of slamming his badge down on Potter's desk as he stormed out of his office. . .

He tossed the cigarette into the stream and turned to go, but a glimmer of metal caught his eye. He knelt and picked it up. It was the silver Maltese Cross that had hung on Johnny Kane's chest. The upper part of the cross was bent and mangled by the bullet that had torn through it. Baker felt liquid lead in his stomach. He dropped the metal in his pocket and started back to the truck. Angela was waiting, and they had a long way to go before nightfall.

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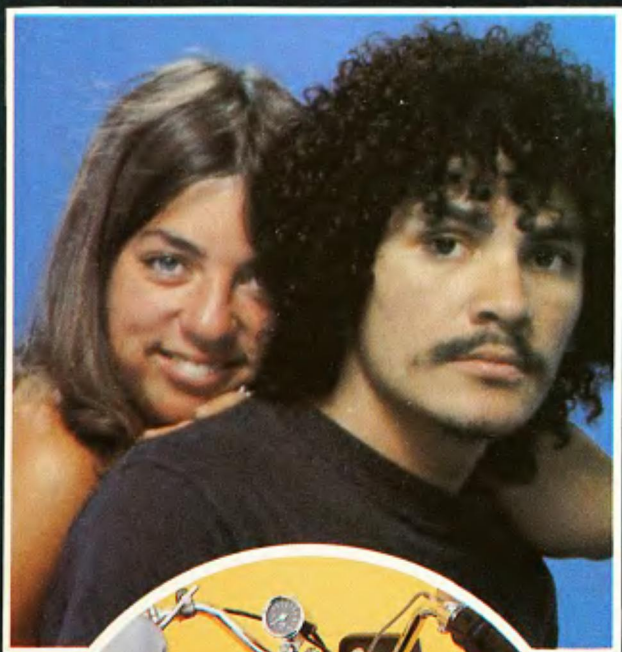


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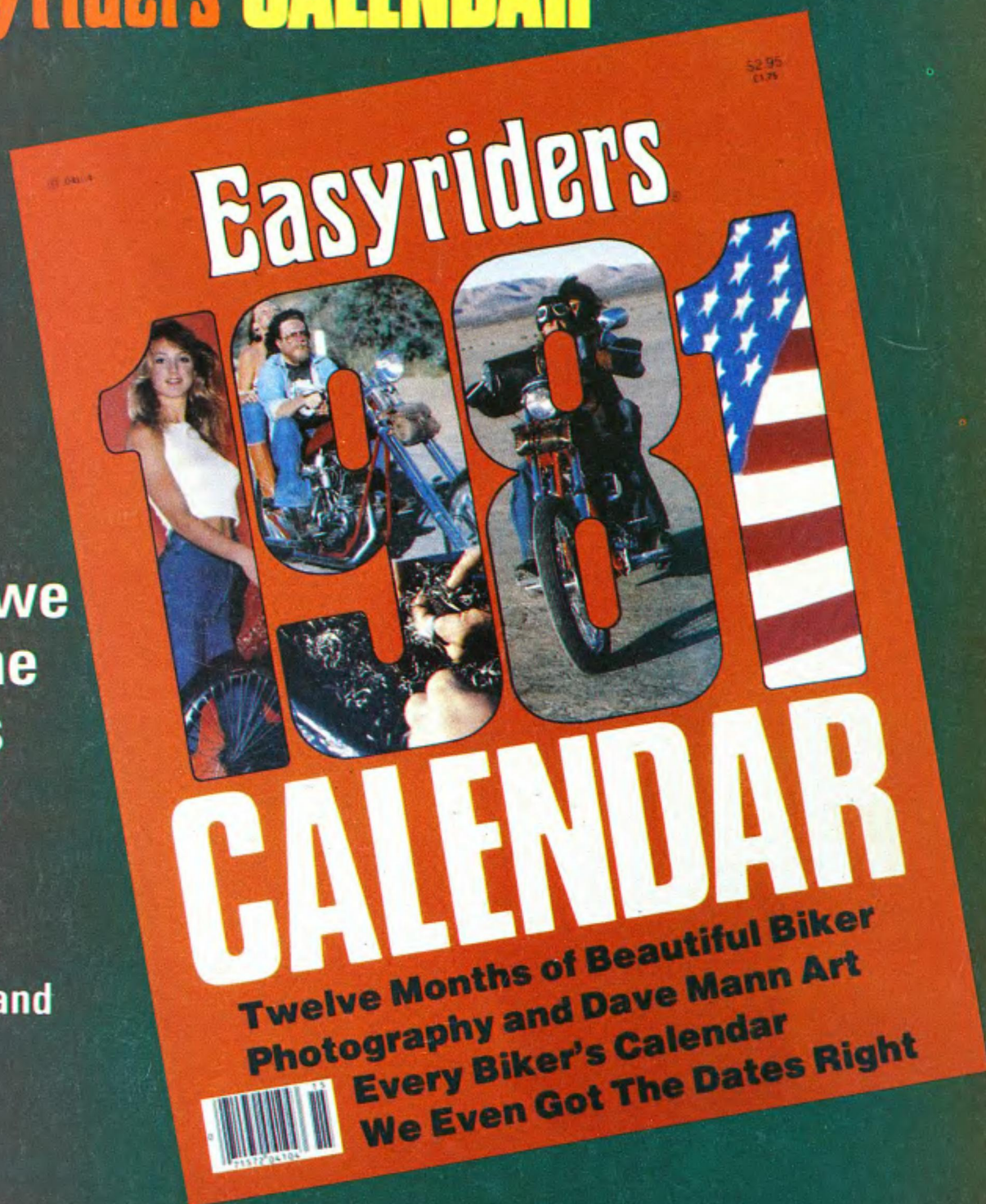
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