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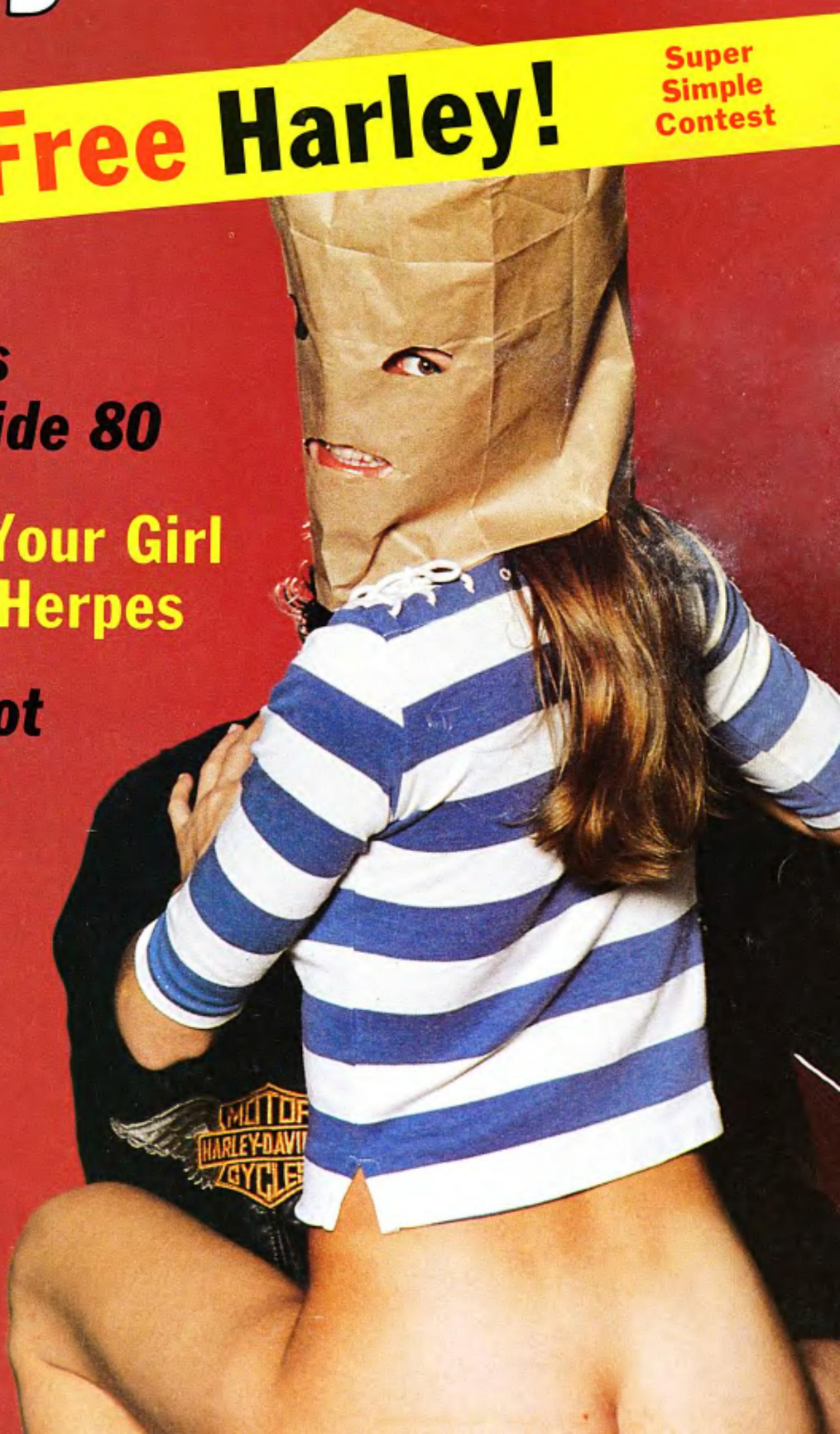
**Spider's
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Issue**

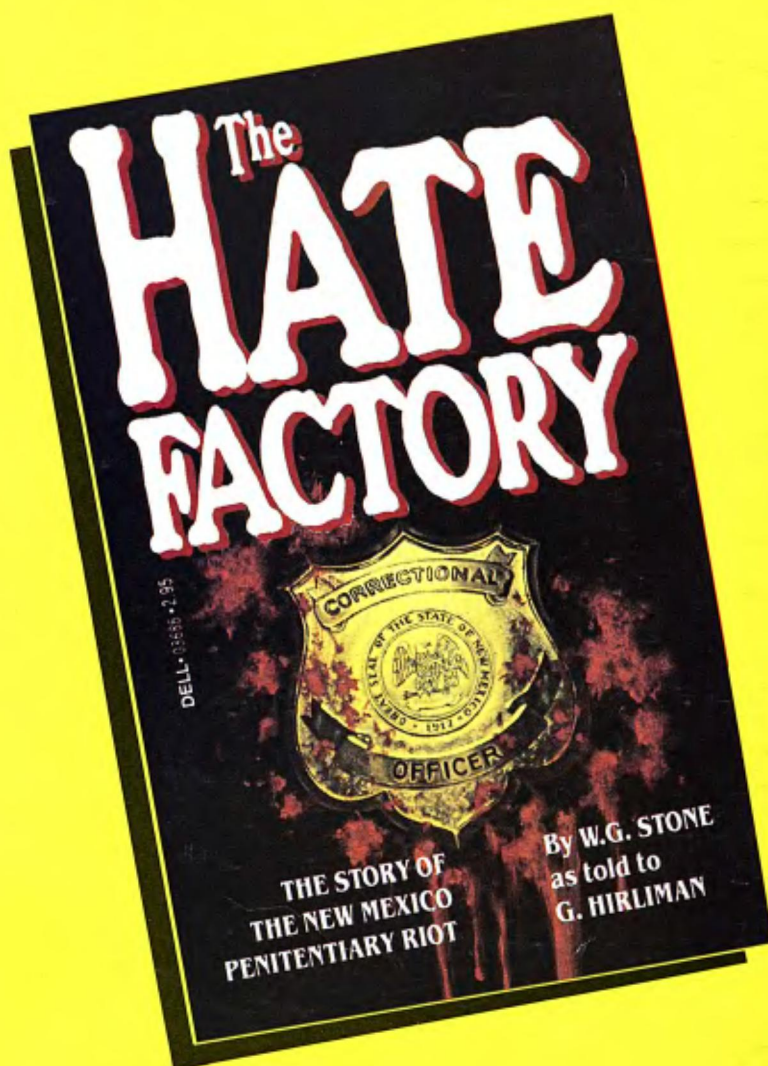


"Four executioners dragged James out of his cell, tied him spread-eagle to the bars, and cooked him slowly with the roaring flame of the acetyline torch, melting his three hundred pounds of flesh to the bone."

On February 2, 1980, the worst prison riot in U.S. history erupted at the New Mexico State Penitentiary. For thirty-six hours, hate, violence, and payback were the order of the day. When it was over, thirty-three people — all inmates killed by fellow inmates — were dead.

February 2, 1980 — it happened in New Mexico, but it could, some insist it will, happen again — any time, any place where men are jammed together in overcrowded cages and left to rot.

If you have a friend or loved one currently doing time, or if you have ever wondered why our prison system's rehabilitation record is so dismal, you owe it to yourself to read this eyewitness account of the New Mexico uprising.



W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

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A D E L L P A I S A N O B O O K

!oo7 lrtqA

"I'm a generous man," Spider said. "I gave 'em all last year to recover from our last real April Fools' Day issue, this year they're gonna pay." He stifled the chorus of groans with a look. "Not only are we gonna make them read the April issue backwards, but we're gonna fill it up with such weird shit that they won't be sure what they're smokin' by the time they're halfway through it." A loud snore, emanating from where Frank was sitting on the floor holding up the wall, punctuated Spider's pontificating. Spider walked over and used one of his steel-toed medical instruments to check for vital signs. "Yer an editor now," he growled, "an' editors never sleep; there's always too much goin' on." Frank momentarily stopped countin' his ribs (always good to know how many are still attached) and looked up: "I wasn't asleep," he muttered. "That snore was whatcha call an editorial comment. Ya spend too much

time back-dooring Mutha; makes ya wanta do everything else backwards, too." Buoyed by Frank's courage, others registered their opinions. "But, Spider, remember last time. Remember how long it took us to get it together. Remember the four days we didn't eat or sleep!" the art director sniveled. "Look, man," the mail mouse chimed in, "we had three truckloads of mail on that last backwards issue and none of it was good. They were sending dead insects, man, and some that weren't dead. I almost got bit by a tarantula while opening one of those letters. Have a heart." Spider quieted the room with a glower. "Fuck 'em," he said, "if they can't take a joke." So, discussion at an end, we all groaned and set about makin' a backwards magazine. And it wasn't easy. For one thing, even though April was still months away, Spider insisted on treating the whole thing as if putting the rag together was the April Fools' Day joke, instead of the finished product. I mean, how would you like to be trying to focus on photographing some chick with a bag on her head and suddenly notice that a large white dog had quietly come in and dropped a lit cherry bomb next to your feet?

For that matter, have you ever tasted raisin pie without raisins? That trick was choice. "Imagine," Spider said, after we were all gagging on a forkful of dry dough, "that you're eating raisins and nuts." Talk about "nuts." Anyway, despite the ol' whip-cracker's best efforts, and the sudden emptying of the evidence room, we've finally finished the issue. Now it's your turn to groan and try to read it. Despite Spider's wrong-end-of-the-telescope way of lookin' at things it is a great issue, filled with the usual boss bikes and titillating trashettes, plus some extra April Fools' Day goodies. Besides, if ya dig through it enough you'll find details on how you can win a 1983 prototype Hog, and that *ain't* no joke. So, why delay any longer? Roll up a joint, pour out a shot, pinch the ol' lady, give the dog a kick, turn to the back page and start reading!

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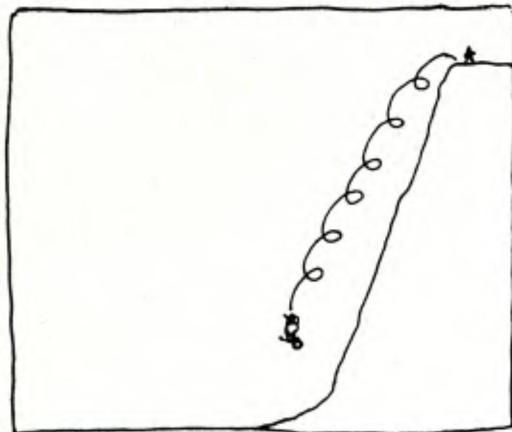
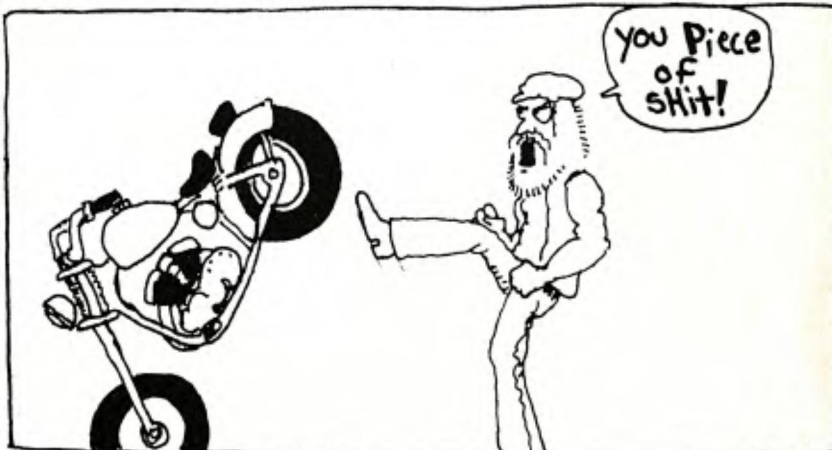
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Last month the Austin Animal was talking about someone doing a cover version of a previously released tune, and said that covers should either be better or completely different. Oh, boy — do we have a candidate here! Would ya believe someone with the guts to do a remake of "I Saw Her Standing There" by The Beatles? Done differently to the max. You can bet John Lennon would get a kick out of it. Harnessed down to near slow motion, the song is virtually unrecognizable. In fact, the cover artwork, a herd of dinosaurs lumbering down the track, symbolizes the movement of the tune.

"Knockin' On Heaven's Door" by Bob Dylan is the closing tune on the album. It's a bit plodding and not quite up to a live version we've heard, but interesting nonetheless.

Jerry's voice is better than ever, getting a little more raspy. He sings so softly, particularly on "Midnight Getaway," that it's hard to hear unless you really get down with the headphones. Mushrooms help, too.

At first you'd think he'd be out of his league with some of this material, especially Clyde McPhatter's "Without Love." It's a tune I can picture Frank Sinatra revving up his lungs on 'neath the lights of Vegas. Plenty of big band-style horns (arranged by Roger Neuman) provide the background as Jerry shreds his voice box hitting the high notes, rare for the usually laidback Garcia. Taking chances is nothing new to him. Who else would've been so balls to the wall as to put out the haunting "Spidergawd" ten years ago?

Despite the three remakes, the best stuff is the in-house material written by Robert Hunter and Garcia. With choices like the title cut, "Run For The Roses," "Leave The Little Girl Alone," and "Valerie," it's hard to pick the best. Those three and "Getaway," also written by Hunter, Garcia, and John Kahn, make the album a valuable commodity, one that adds a lot of beef to even the thickest record collection. These songs have a certain Dead air about them, and when we first heard "Roses" on the radio we thought we had a new Dead album on our hands. The organ, played magnificently by Melvin Seals, sounds a helluva lot like Brent Mydland's style.

So Garcia has added stuff to his repertoire that has already become more new, crispy, live material for Dead shows. The man who can crack off notes in your brain like no one else means to continue down the road. On his own terms. As always. ■

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Downtime

Continued from page 68



Photo by Roger Resemeyer

one." Is he bitter? Nope — realistic.

Little wonder that Henley throws his hands up in disgust, "shaking our fists" in desperation during the

Irish calm of "Lilith." That leads into "The Unclouded Day," a song his mom used to sing in no less harsh, but dramatically less harried.

Besides Korchmar, Bob Seger and John David Souther also contribute some dandies. One, "Nobody's Business," gets a vote for best song on the record. It's a moving stomper about a victimless crime, something Henley knows from bitter first-person experience.

Some of the players deserve pats on the back, notably bassist Bob Glaub, Steve Lukather on guitar, Jeff Porcaro who steps in for Henley on drums occasionally, Ben Tench who used to play keyboards for Tom Petty, Joe Walsh, Russ Kunkel, Garth Hudson, Steve Porcaro, Andrew Gold, Timothy B. Schmidt, Lee Sklar, Waddy Wachtel, Warren Zevon — well, you get the idea — lots of help.

But they couldn't have pulled it off as successfully without Don Henley's unique voice.

Jerry Garcia/Run For The Roses: Garcia has always been a class act who won't let the media — or anyone else — dictate what he does, when he does it or who he does it with. Known internationally, in fact revered in some cases, as the catalyst and lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead for nearly two decades, he has another — his seventh "solo" excursion — out and on the streets. Some, like 1976's *Reflections*, feature members of the Dead. At other times he recruited a new cast, like Merle Saunders, Ron Tutt and John Kahn. Then under an assumed name, like *Legion of Mary* or *Reconstruction* or *The Jerry Garcia Band*, they'll hit the road. Playing is the name of the game for Garcia.

He's doing it again. Somehow managing to find time between Grateful Dead tours, benefits (which he does a lot of), and marathon recording sessions, he has given us *Run For The Roses*, seven songs that allow Jerry to expand his range, both vocally and instrumentally.

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just the way of nature. The only thing that stays the same is how everything passes with time. As for this here bike — well, it just got passed onto me sooner than you might have liked."

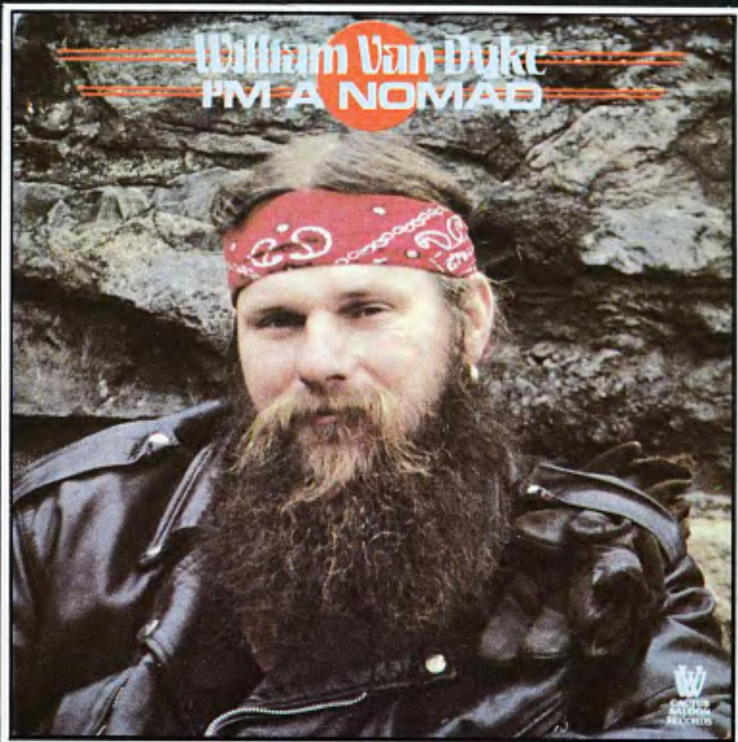
DWD wanted to grab the jabbering Geezeroo and shut him up, but a force like a strong hand gripped the bottom of his spine. He watched helplessly as the Geezeroo climbed over the fence in his crazy leathers. The old man inspected the bike carefully, making sure it was safe to ride. Then he turned to DWD and said, "I hope ya understand that I didn't have no choice but to do what I done. The laws of this world are cruel — I either had to trick some sucker into carin' fer the seeds, or wear out my boots and get flat feet trompin' all over Kansas. Now, with this fancy suit I conjured up, and this here bike ya grew, I finally got somethin' that I've always wanted — class!"

The Geezeroo clipped all the stems holding the bike. When it was free, he removed a flask of gasoline from his pocket and poured it into the tank. After helping himself to three cans of Doo Waa Diddy's oil, he cut a hole in the fence, kicked the bike into gear an' boogied on down the road.

DWD listened as the rumble from the bike disappeared in the distance. When the spell wore off, he fell to the ground and beat his fists into the dirt. His pain was so intense that he began to sob, rearing back and howling to the skies like a wounded animal. After one especially mournful cry, he opened his eyes — and suddenly he was staring bug-eyed at his ravaged garden. There, partially covered by a clump of dirt, was a fat, shiny object.

Scrambling to his feet, Doo Waa Diddy raced over to get a better look, afraid to trust his eyes. He carefully pushed the dirt away and there it was — a seed all puffed out and ready to sprout! A seed, a seed! And the old Geezeroo had missed it! There was no doubt in DWD's mind that this mystical, magical seed would germinate and grow him something more wondrous than a Greyhound bus, more fantastic than a helicopter, more bodacious than anyone could ever imagine. He was back into specialized farming again!

Only this time things would be different — he'd make sure of that. First, he'd build a big, thick wall around his entire farm, then he'd buy a pair of Dobies — no, make that an army of Dobies, then. . . ■



NOMAD BIKER AND A HELLUVA SINGER

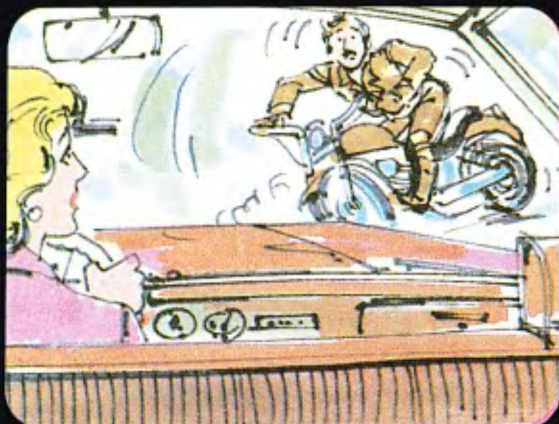
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was crushed flat in Doo Waa Diddy's huge hand as his anger bubbled over, like a volcano spewing up hate. When he couldn't stand it any longer, he threw the can at the fence and howled like a madman, "You'd better go, mister, 'cause there ain't no way in hell you're gonna ride off with my hard work and care!"

Then the Geezeroo did something strange. He bent his head like he was ashamed. When he looked up, his eyes were watery and his voice sounded like that of a sad child. "Ya got a right to be angry, Mr. Doo Wang Daddy. I shoulda cared for them seeds myself. Problem is, long as I've been me, I've been a wanderer — no home, no wife and no land. Them seeds woulda blown away in the desert, and ya can't tend no magical seeds in a movin' boxcar. So ya see, it's my particular unhappy fate to have to use somebody like you to get my magical seeds to work. I don't really enjoy trickin' people — it's just — it's — well, I guess it's sorta like you kids today call that Cremora — or karma. Yeah, that's it. It's my karma to hafta use others to get what I want."

For some reason, DWD found it extremely difficult not to listen to the Geezeroo. Every time he was about to interrupt, the Geezeroo's singsong voice smoothed over his thoughts. And as he listened, the Geezeroo's voice burrowed deeper and deeper into his mind. Finally DWD decided he'd have to kick the old man back to Kansas — the only problem was, he couldn't move! The Geezeroo's strange hypnosis had worked. He'd tricked DWD again!

The Geezeroo became bolder; he raised his finger like a teacher and continued, "Listen here, Mr. Doo Wang Daddy, ya shouldn't get yerself all upset just 'cause I'm takin' back what I gave ya. Even if the bike was yours to keep, ya couldn't hold onto it forever. Didn't ya ever realize that everything changes? Things get old and fall apart. A person dies and his stuff goes to somebody else. That's

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straight out of "Night Gallery"!

DWD told them straight out, "If you guys think yer gonna make a Doctor Frankenstein outta me fer a bunch of boob-tube addicts — yer fuckin' crazy!"

Doo Waa gave them a lotta chances to come up with something down-to-earth; he even submitted his own script. The greedy producers rejected it; they couldn't see the plants as anything but a million-dollar circus exhibit.

Pretty soon, DWD realized the truth of what he had always suspected — that television is nothing but a bunch of lies to make people buy things. He disconnected his phones and said goodbye to the big bucks. He made one statement that expressed his feelings about the TV people he'd talked to: "If they don't know how to treat a miracle with respect, they can forget it."

The only thing that still mattered to DWD was to see another spoke sprout, and to find somebody to buy the helicopter. Deep down inside he longed for the day when the bike would be street ripe, when he could cruise out onto the vast highways of America and be left alone.

By the seventeenth of August, his dream seemed about to come true. A museum had agreed to buy the helicopter and the bike was one day away from being street ripe. DWD was out watering and talking to the plants when he suddenly felt an eerie presence behind him. He turned, and there he was again — the Midwest Geezeroo. This time he looked different. He had on some ultra-bizarre, self-styled Geezeroo riding leathers. His jumpsuit was bright orange and adorned with red and yellow Navajo designs, and his knee-high red boots had intricate stitching that depicted the Battle of the Alamo! What's more, his ratty baseball cap was gone and his bald head glistened majestically in the morning sun.

DWD was amazed at the changes in the old man, but his amazement turned into anger when he saw how the Geezeroo's beady eyes lit up as he stared at the bike. DWD shook his head in furious disbelief as he thought to himself: That old fart tried to use me, tried to make a dildo outta me, so's he could ride off and be some kinda king in Kansas City! Without wasting time, DWD poked his finger into the old man's chest and said, "Listen, old man, if yer thinkin' what I know yer thinkin', the visit's over!"

The Geezeroo acted as though he hadn't heard and with a gambler's arrogant confidence, he said, "These ain't visitin' leathers, Mr. Doo Wang Daddy, if ya know what I mean."

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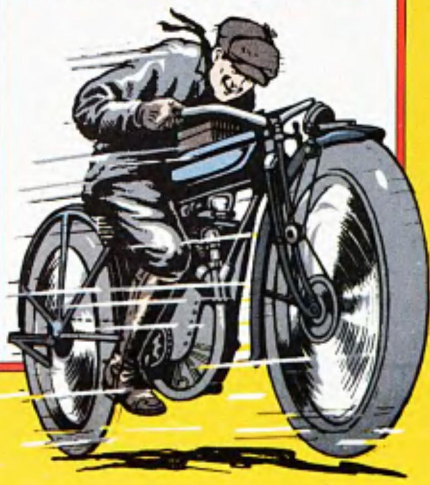


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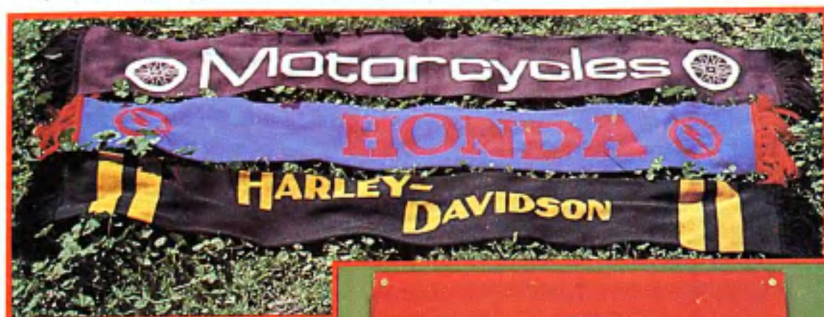
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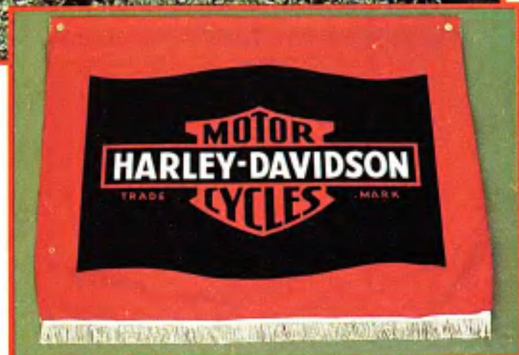
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his formula — a curious combination of ground steel mixed with expensive chrome shavings, plus a rusty old bolt or two for strong spokes and shiny chrome.

Under his expert care the crop was going well — until his closest neighbors worked themselves into a state of hysteria when they saw him talking to the two machines sprouting from the ground. For some reason, the sight filled their tiny minds with a deep and mysterious fear.

Shortly afterwards, a delegation of concerned busybodies knocked at the door to complain, but Doo Waa Diddy set them straight in his singular biker style. "Ya see, I'm a special engineer-type farmer who works for himself. These plants are my work and growin' 'em is what I do. If yer worried about the neighborhood, just count yer lucky stars that I didn't decide to grow tanks an' earthmovers this year." Case closed.

The next problem that he faced was not as easily solved. By the middle of May, throngs of curiosity-seekers had stomped his crabgrass lawn into dust. After smacking a lot of hands and some nosy heads, DWD built a fence big enough to enclose the plants, himself, and a fridge of brew. But even with the fence, it became necessary for him to quit his job and play full-time policeman.

Problems, problems — there were lots of 'em, but one thing was certain — the fat biker whom society had rejected for his loud bike and beer guzzling had become a somebody with a whole lotta power! Suddenly, there were spectated businessmen making their cardboard faces smile as they flashed big bucks at him. DWD kept them busy wining and dining him all over town while some trusted bros watched his plants.

The men pretended to be interested in DWD's adventures and dirty jokes. Their real purpose was to amuse bored TV viewers; the talkative biker who ate too much was just a payoff on the way to their goal — or so they thought.

The more DWD listened to them, the clearer it all became. They wanted to present him and his plants as freaks! A guy from "Sixty Minutes" told him, "We want to put up a set that will show your lawn as a junkyard." Then (as if that wasn't bad enough) he showed DWD what he was supposed to wear: a funky pair of overalls with nuts and bolts printed all over 'em. The narrator's spooky dialogue was guaranteed to turn the entire show into a scene

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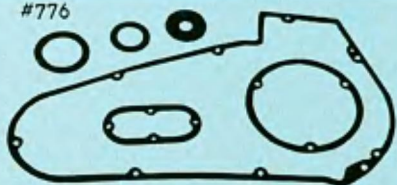
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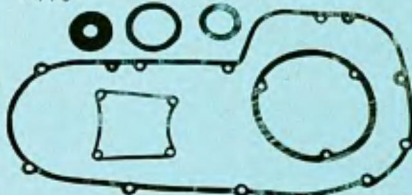
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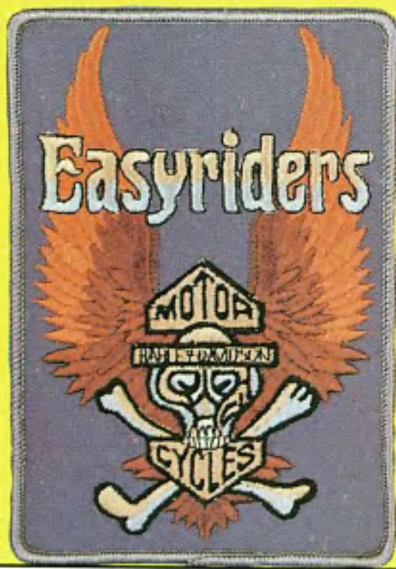


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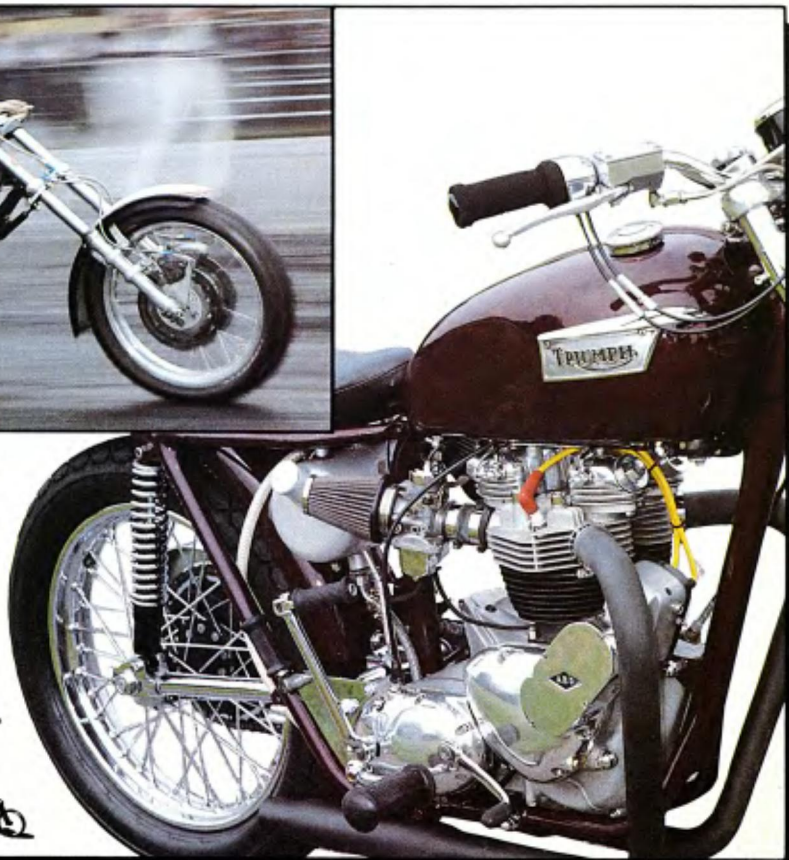
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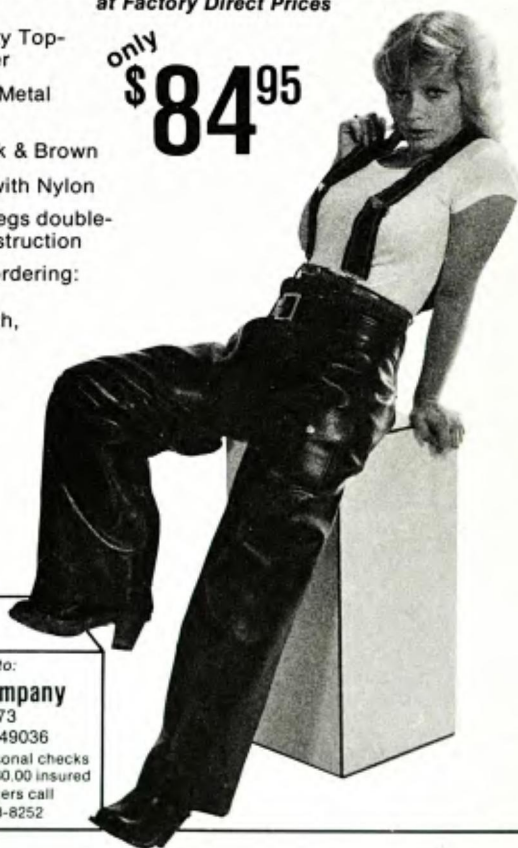
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Magie Seeds

Continued from page 40

The Geezeroo shook his head and whined like an angry child, "Well then, Mr. Doo Waa Daddy, why don't you just plant some seeds an' see fer yerself if they ain't magical?"

The biker didn't want to hurt the old man's feelings, even if he was crazy. The whole loco business seemed to mean a lot to the old guy, so Doo Waa Diddy decided to play along and let the Geezeroo think he was givin' somethin' to somebody. Doo Waa Diddy took the seeds, shook the old man's hand and said, "Thanks a million, Grandpa. I'm gonna plant these as soon as I get back home." The old man smiled and patted DWD on the head. Then, after finishing his beer, the Geezeroo walked out into the hypnotic sunshine of the Midwest.

Doo Waa Diddy planted the two large seeds, but only because he thought they might grow water-melons. Weeks later, he saw what appeared to be handlebars peeking out of the crabgrass! At first he didn't believe it, he just thought about the funny things that drink-in' three cases of beer a day can do to a dude.

Two weeks later, the handlebars had grown above the crabgrass and a gas tank was beginning to bud! The amazed biker warily extended a pudgy finger and felt it connect with cold steel. "That crazy old Geezeroo wasn't fartin' around," he whispered to himself. "The guy must be a wizard or somethin'."

The handlebars were covered with a green moss which protected the chrome and gave the machine an organic look. Doo Waa Diddy's heart was filled with awe and wonder. For the first time in his life, he had found what he'd been searching for — someone or something to love! There was only one thing wrong — he couldn't figure out what the other seed was growing. The ground where he had planted it was pushing up as though a huge windshield was about to sprout. This puzzled DWD, but when a Plexiglas dome began to emerge, the mystery was over. That night, he bought everybody in the bar free drinks and after eight shots he blurted out the reason for the celebration. "Hey, everybody, I'm growin' a helicopter! I'm a helicopter farmer now!"

Due to his natural bikin' genius, DWD sensed what the plants needed. He rose early every morning to water, oil, and fertilize them with

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adjusts the vibrator from a low single to a
powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber, it
yields to body contours, a full 8" long.
Only \$9.95. If you are not completely
satisfied your money will be refunded in
full.



Adam & Eve

Box 900, Dept. ER-53
Carboro, NC 27510



Please rush in a plain package under your money-back guarantee:

☐ #96 101 Sexual Positions	\$ 4.98
☐ #C6 Special Condoms	\$ 5.00
☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book (P&H Only)	\$ 2.00
☐ #7A Vibrator	\$ 9.95
☐ #RR1 Both Books	\$ 5.98
☐ #SSS All 4 Products	Only \$12.50

CANADIAN ORDERS ADD \$4.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Products Unconditionally Guaranteed

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 advertisement 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 15th 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.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog U.S.A. \$3; foreign \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12188 (119)

"Motorcyclists Handbook"—loaded with useful information about motorcycling and the industry. Includes maintenance tips, tools you need and how to get them, terms and definitions, after-market information, buying, selling, and much more. Send \$4.95 plus \$1.00 postage to Katran, Department E, P.O. Box 10, North Branch, Minn. 55056. (118)

Are you missing monthly white, patriotic, and Protestant news on the conspiracy? Hurry! \$5.00/6 months special offer. Rev. Moltis, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (120)

Kathi: Miss you, babe, love ya'. Snake, Long Island C.F. (118)

Lonely w/m from Canada. Newly divorced. Seeking honest, sincere lady, 18-25, willing to settle down. Send replies and pics to Ryan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Wanted: Ol' lady for w/m, 38, 5'7", 165 lbs. Have steady job, good bucks, non-rider. Will take care of right lady. Lady should be 20-30, good body, no heavies, big tits nice, but not a must. No kids now. Must like to party, be loyal and ready to settle down. Send pics and letter. Bob, Box 35081, Phoenix, Ariz. 85069. (118)

I am seeking a young woman, possibly blond, who, on a summer evening in 1974, was arrested for indecent exposure in Presque Isle, Maine, on Main Street near the Dunkin' Donut restaurant. U'most importance, Please contact Patrick Wilson, #80-A-663, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (118)

For sale: Lots in small towns, all have electricity, \$75 to \$600 each; some with houses, \$350 to \$450; also some small acreages. For complete pictures, maps, details on all property, send \$2.00 to "Owner", Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (121)

Doing time; another 4 1/2 years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and \$10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31954 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000 N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

"The Tattooists" hardcover book! Color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. Featured in Easyriders. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. \$36 plus tax. Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (119)

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight it. Join us now. S.S. Action Group, P.O. Box 503, Westland, Mich. 48185. (120)

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. (126)

Free Florida beach living. Do my housekeeping and answer my phone. Send recent photo and letter. No smokers, drinkers, or dopers. Tom, 404 1st St. No., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33555. (118)

Kat: Please come home—I didn't want you to leave. Call collect (304) 937-2471. Love always, Little John. (118)

K-9 attack dog training manual: Teach your dog to protect your bike, home, and body. Send \$12.96 to Killer Dog Publishing, Box 1015, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (118)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000-plus per year. Call 716-842-6000, ext. 268. (118)

#1 brothers: Waiting to see more Indian bikes for our new '83, I'll Italian. "Cynthia". (118)

Reno: Can you believe a ladybug with lots of spots that never flew, and a fish with eagle eyebrows that doesn't swim, might learn the magic together? Happy birthday, Darlin'. (118)

Happy 1st birthday, "Willie" Russell, born April 5, 1982. Your dad has your Harley ready and waiting. Love, Judie & Tim. (118)

Spinella: Miss you, Tony. Been a year but I'll never forget our times together. Keep in touch. (305) 747-6513. Love you always, Jewelle. (118)

W/m, 22, lost and lonely, down and out, in nowhere Texas. Could use some lines from foxy chicks to ease away some of this loneliness. All letters answered. Send letters/photos to Jeffrey Koscielak, #316348, Rt. 1, Box 1000, 10-C-1, Navasota, Tex. 77868. (118)

Free: World's largest singles' magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, Nev. 89513. (118)

Wanted: Raunchy, life-lovin' female to write white Harley rider, wrench. Writer wants to munch you by mail. Smut appreciated. Write now, ride later. All letters answered. John Tkacz, #15954, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701-0607. (118)

Barry Roberts, Albany, Georgia: Call me in Fergus Falls, Minn. Carole. (118)

Preacher: Our September reunion renewed my happiness. Here's lookin' at you, kid. Love, Dotty. (118)

4th Annual Winter Swap Meet sponsored by ABATE of Indiana, Region 9, Scott County. Held at National Guard Armory, Scottsburg, Indiana, on February 6, 1983. Doors open at 11 a.m. Call (812) 794-2723 or (812) 889-2083 for reservations or information. (118)

To all hoboes, bros and sisters who pulled together. God bless the most right-on people in the world. Ride free! (118)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, expert instructions. 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-F, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (118)

W/m, down on ten. Help out, ladies, send scribes and flicks. Will answer all. Joseph "Medicine Hat" Smith #301857, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (118)

29-year-old Harley dude, 5'10", 175 lbs., seeks good-looking, slim and sincere young lady, 22-27. Pictures, please. If things click, I'll return a flick. Southern Minnesota. Steve, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Leonard C.: Just to you, just from me. Hi, Patches. (118)

Rick: Happy Birthday to the best. Best wishes from Lucy (te amo) and Chamois. (118)

Attention, brother bikers: Downed bro in Wyoming is trying to keep it together by working leather. Chaps, saddlebags, patches of any size, belts, wallets, anything leather. I can custom-make your club colors on fine leather. Send one dollar (to cover postage) for price list and sample patch. All items are genuine leather and fully guaranteed. Henry Straub #12504, Box 400, Rawlins, Wyo. 82301. (118)

Wanted: Legal 1947 FL knuckle motor. No other year, no EL. Send details, numbers in first letter. Don't waste my time with hot motors. R. C., Box 2095, Pueblo, Colo. 81005. (118)

Tattoos by Lou's, in Fayetteville, North Carolina. The South's finest tattoos—my work speaks for itself. Hours: noon to midnight, Monday-Saturday. 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. Downtown location. (919) 483-1222. (118)

Down, looking for an ol' lady interested in lasting relationship. I'm white, 26, black hair, brown eyes. Send pictures, will answer all. Gene Hauley, Box 805, Carthage, N.C. 28237. (118)

Wanted: W/m, Christian biker for marriage-minded w/f. 35, 5'8", 155 lbs., who's into bikes, riding, work, sex, straight living, fun, good health, theology, kids, animals and natural highs. Bikes and bikers are few and far between here where I'm living. I don't want to settle for less than the best. Photo, please. Nancy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Good-looking, rugged white male. Honest businessman. Looking for exceptionally good-looking, trim biker gal. Area of 45-years-old, 115 lbs. or less. Must not have any dependents, assets or money. Small bag of luggage and come to Denver. Send photo to Sven Larson, 18 South Broadway, Denver, Colo. 80209. (118)

Michael: I still love you. When can I come home? Wanda. (118)

Christopher: Just want to let you know how proud I am to be your ol' lady, and that keeping you happy and satisfied is my #1 priority in life! I'll be an extremely lucky lady if I'm able to please you as much as you have pleased me. Forever yours, Valerie. (118)

Guy in prison wants to hear from good people. Will answer all letters. Steven Meyers, Box 14, Concord, N.H. 03301. (118)

Lonely, incarcerated, handsome w/m, 29, 5'7", 160 lbs. Seeking mature, sincere, considerate, financially secure woman for correspondence, visits, and marriage! Will answer all serious replies. Dan Patterson, B-70730, Box A #1390, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (118)

Donna and Carole: To the best ol' lady and daughter an ol' man could ever ask for. Happy 25th, babe, 3-6-82. Only nine months to my sweet baby's arms. Miss ya! Love ya forever! Tom in Vacaville. (118)

For sale: Motorcycle frame manufacturing co. Includes jigs, machinery and all equipment necessary to produce high-quality Harley frames of any design. Excellent opportunity for hard-working person(s). Write to Opportunity, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

All Harley hussies, beware! Watch out for a bro from Ennis, Texas. He's going by different names and using different games. His story sounds good—too good to be true. This is one of his paybacks. His ad is in the December Easyriders from a "pretty lady" in Phoenix who found out! (118)

For sale: Oldest established tattoo shop in Portland, Ore. Low overhead, downtown, live-in potential, will teach, yellow-page-advertising for 10 years. (503) 248-0345, 117 N.W. 6th St., 97209. (118)

Dana: Happy b'day, 2-19-59. We couldn't spend it together last year but one out of eight ain't bad. You'll have a good one and many more. Your ol' lady, Cathy. (118)

Gypsy: Happy birthday, babe, 3/18. I've always loved you and always will. I miss you, Mrs. Gypsy (Sugar Thighs). (118)

To L&C Custom Cycle: Les or Smuggs, get in touch with me—urgent! Sgt. James M. Kristan, 049-54-0261, 535th Engr. Co. (cse), APO, New York, N.Y. 09114. (118)

Tricky Ricky: Come Daytona '83, it will be our first Run for Fun together. We have been through a lot this past year, but it was worth it. I'm still waiting for you to get your shit together (?). Love, Sugar Britches. P.S.: No handcuffs this year! (118)

Libra, 20, honest, sincere, one-woman man. I'm tired of going to jail and it's time to change. I need a lady, 19-22, marriage-minded and able to relocate to help me start over and be as true and honest as I am. Answer all/ photos, Michael Sims #16752, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607. (118)

Teresa Ann T.: Happy birthday to you, babe, 4/4/82. You make the best cheese sandwiches. Your lover, Tom. (118)

Woman wanted: One fine lady is all I need, if there are any out there who are still without someone. I am looking for an ol' lady for a lasting relationship, not a fast fuck, or a part-time shack-up. I don't care about your past and I am not looking for a virgin, just a damn good biker chick who knows how to take care of her ol' man. I might not be the best around, but I'll sure as hell try to be the best ol' man you ever had. Want one-man woman, for a one-woman man. To share lots of love and affection together, not just sex. I don't, and won't, share you with other dudes; you're my "ol' lady", not someone else's play toy or part-time fun. If you have to go from bag to bag, bed to bed, or bike to bike, I don't want you. No hard or heavy smokers, drinkers, or drug-users. No middle users at all. Want a woman who knows how to work, not lay around on her ass all day. Must like motorcycles—can ride your own or I'll pack you on mine. No fats, no blacks, no bullshit, no game players. Serious only. 5'8" or less, 135 lbs. or less; as height goes down, so must weight. If you want an ol' man who wants to be with you, and you're looking for a lasting relationship with love, not hassles, write and see if we have the same wants. I ride an H-D. I am 5'10" Aries, 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and beard. Bill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Good-looking, hard-working decent biker, 38, attractive, tall, dark hair and eyes. Looking for a decent Harley girl for a serious relationship. Must be slim, attractive, non-smoker, with long red, blond or dark hair, and no dependents; approximate age, mid-20s. Send pic and letter to Tony "L", 112 Yale Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07304. (118)

You: Bro who rides and smells the wind along the way, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Full of fire in this business of life. Are you dedicated and sincere? Want it returned? Whatcha waiting on? David Sidener #17175, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (119)

Rocky Mountains biker, w/m, 21, 6'2", 180 lbs. Need one sincere, sexy lady, 18-25, who's into the biker lifestyle (no fat chicks). Call (303) 944-2609 or write Bob Lasater, Box 523, Lake City, Colo. 81235. (118)

W/m, 44 (looks 30), full salt and pepper hair, gray/green eyes, 5'7", muscular build. Been down 2 years and very lonesome. Desperately need to hear from a seriously minded, lovely and lonely young lady, 30 to 40-plus, for lasting relationship. Kids okay. Needful of correspondence now to cultivate friendship and love, and get rid of the blues. I'll be out in 8 months. Send photo if possible. Please write to Norman Brunette, C-29397, D-24 B-06, Box 3535, Norco, Calif. 91760. I need you. (118)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send \$21.00 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (118)

Wanted: Address of my kids, Grace, 7 yrs. (Slick), Joseph, 5 yrs. (Elwood), Daniel, 4 yrs. (Terrible), Hayden, 2 yrs. (Horrible). Last name is Guess. Scooter tramps, beware! Cunt set this tramp up. Now don't down time. Last seen Grants Pass, Ore. Funky Frank, 4981 Maureen Lane, Moorpark, Calif. 93021. (118)

Complete collection of Easyriders for sale. Take best offer received by March 1, 1983. (503) 747-3432.

Meet sexy girls in your area for dates, Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (118)

45 flathead (1942) with solo trans & servi trans, plus a 1942 bar & 45 frame set-up for servi. Make offer. (507) 225-3494. Don Zook, 2021 1st Ave., Ketchikan, Alaska 99901.

Kentucky w/m, 29, would like to correspond with sincere women. Send photo and I will. Donnie Adams, #85999, Dorm 7, Kentucky State Reformatory, La Grange, Kentucky, 40031. (118)

Down bro, 31, looking for a lady with heart and class. Write Buddy Spencer #110634, P.C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160. (118)

I am 30 years old, muscularly built, with lovely smile, beautiful personality, and very, very romantic. I'm currently in bondage but not at all a criminal! Soon to redeem freedom and seeking that one-in-a-lifetime relationship—hopefully, with you. Sincerely only. Please write; I will answer all. Ernest Riley #62990, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434. (118)

Shannon: Remember me—"I'm not tough"? I'm not getting any tougher. Won't you call me collect at (707) 823-2038 or write me at Box 230, Graton, Calif. 95444. Sandy.

One-legged lady wanted for movie about bikers. If you have only one leg and want to model/act, write R. Gresham, Amelotatist Forum, P.O. Box 40988, Garland, Tex. 75040. (118)

Complete collection: Easyriders/Iron Horse, \$250.00. R. Lowry, 5460 Fern, Toledo, Ohio 43613. (419) 474-8066. (118)

Stubs: Happy anniversary, baby. I'll love you forever and ever. You give me the best head and have the tastiest pussy. All my love, Renegade. (118)

"Welcome home", my dear husband. I'm so happy you're finally home! Stay with me always! Love forever, 2/28/83, your wife, Marian. (118)

Wanted: Basket H-D mill, '49-'67; prefer knuck or panhead, w/papers. Will answer all. Only serious people need reply. Rick Harrier, D. Co. 1/503, Ft. Campbell, Ky. 42223. (118)

Happy birthday, Rhonda, 3/18, 'cause I'll always love ya. Bucko.

47 years young, horny w/m Canadian loner, Harley rider. Going south for good time. Money is no object. Looking for a nice petite, well-built lady. Must love the outdoors, know how to please with good cooking and love. No kids, please. Driver's license an advantage. Mike Beck, P.O. Box 159, Forest Grove, B.C. Canada, VOK-1MO. (118)

Wanted: Foxy-type female, 18-30 years old, blond or brown hair. No overweights. Great lover, nice tits and ass. Must like mountains, camping, leather, guns, grass, and plenty of good riding. Rugrats okay. I am 27, 6', 155 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Own newer Sportster. Serious-minded relationship only. Send pics to Bill Sparling, Box 153, Drake, Colo. 80515-0153.

Ugly ol' scooter tramp looking for a decent-looking chick to get to know and see what happens. Any area is fine. Write me a letter so maybe we can get something started. One-on-one with no bullshit. Return letter guaranteed. Pictures appreciated. W/m, 26, Sporty, 5'7", 160 lbs., non-smoker/doper, likes to travel. Write to Harry c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Good-hearted Harley woman wants to travel, beginning in April. Looking for scooter tramp to pack with. If you'd like a decidedly different, true one-percent woman behind and beside you on the road, then write Tera, 404 E. Lyle, Apt. 3, Milford, Ill. 60953. (118)

Joel: I love you and miss you. New family will arrive last week of March '83. Love you always, your wife, Margarette. (118)

Swap meet: February 20, Oklahoma State fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, Okla. Indoors, heated, beer sales. Set-up: 7 a.m.-11 a.m.; meet: 11 a.m.-5 p.m. (118)

Swap meet: March 13, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C. Mo. Indoors, heated, beer sales. Set-up, 6 a.m.-11 a.m.; Meet: 11 a.m.-5 p.m. (118)

Cinda Lou: Happy birthday, babe, 5/5/58. I'm coming out this month. Do I have something for you. Love, your ol' man, Hopeless #12571, El Reno, Okla. (118)

Attention: Girl wearing "Iron Horse Productions" T-shirt, page 82, "In The Wind" #10, if you don't consider yourself "hard-core" and aren't hung up on anyone, write me. Costs only twenty cents, and we just might make each other happy. Bill, Box 15980, Austin, Tex. 78761. (118)

Ladies: Ten bros in need of ladies to write to, and eventually parole to in mid-1983. Write and send picture to K. Cummins #262634, and K. Carrier #275984, Evergreen, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584. (118)

Memorial Day get-together at Novichy's Hideout. Full camping facilities, showers, pool, store, rec. hall, laundry. For further info or reservations, call Shirley, (314) 365-2890. Or write Box 166, R#2, Eldon, Mo. 65026. (118)

Free information on low-cost tattooing outfits. Instruction manuals. Tattooers earn up to \$300 a day! Wonderful opportunity! Artist, Box 242-F, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (118)

I need to hear from Sir "Ace," bro Lynn Lease, Laurie Renfro, Janet L. Gamble, Bill Gandy, any of my old friends. Any serious new ladies, send pics to W. D. Waldo #317282, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861. The leather shop is open. (118)

Likable 25-year-old Latin Lothario needs female pen pals. Angel Rivera #70493, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (118)

W/m, 26, 5'10", 230 lbs., black hair, is lonely in Fairfield County, Conn. Looking for special lady, 18-30, with nice body to party with and ride behind me on my Harley. Send photo and letter to Tony, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

Bob Prime: Get in contact with Matt and Marco. It's about the cases. Prove it's you. M & M, 163-395, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (118)

\$100 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's popular dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, ext. 7141. (118)

Patti: I have given it some thought the last couple of days. I think we can make it now. Love and loved forever. Easy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (118)

W/m, 29, 5'10", 165 lbs., good personality, good-looking. Financially secure. Looking for pretty woman with pleasant personality to ride with forever. Please send letter/pic to Jess, 3015 Main St., Mayville, Wis. 53050. (118)

Susan V.: Please contact me! Kelly (K.K.), North Carolina.

Yogi: Happy birthday, 1/28/83. I love you. All my love. Amanda.

Cap: Happy birthday, sweetie, 2/26, Linda, Izzy and Aloysis.

Wolf: Call or write me. Common.

Good-looking male, 23 earth years, temporarily jailed, wishes to correspond with attractive young ladies, Everoy R. Mulholland III, Box 160, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada, S6V-5R6. (118)

Attention! Attention! To the best woman in the whole world—our day is soon and will be here before you know it. Love you, Micki, Michael. (118)

Mexican-American ladies for dating, friendship. Photos, details, write: Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (118)

Lonely single male, 22, 5'9", 157 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, good-looking. Seeks financially secure lady, any age, Roger Hardin, Box 43, Hardshell, Ky. 41348. (118)

Mama, darlin' Eve, in Germany: On time or late, want to wish you the best of birthdays, 31 March '83. You have been my wife, friend, lover and reason for being here. Hope to get our faces in the wind again this summer. Love your saddle, love you, as always, Lee.

Armand: Happy birthday, honey, 4/7/46. You're the best. I'll love you forever. Jane. (118)

Indian: We lived through hard times. I copped out. I'll love you always. T. in Tonasket.

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2.00 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (118)

Easy, legal money: Start your own hassle-free business. Earn money for that special run. No envelope-stuffing, door to door, or any of that worn-out routine. Send for more info today. St. Cloud Enterprises, Suite 262/Dept. 2E, 7439 La Palma, Buena Park, Calif. 90620. (118)

Lonely Aryan outlaw, paroling this year, needs to hear from friends old and new. Richard Garrett #C-17058, Box D, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (118)

Someone who is down is looking for Christian sister who wants to meet a 32-year-old Christian brother. Steave H. Bell, Box 686, #C-25434, P.H.U. (2), Soledad, Calif. 93960. (118)

Wanted: Easyriders, issues: 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 17. Will pay top dollar for one or all ten issues. Ray, Weekends, (612) 722-4803.

Downed bro, age 22, good-looking and solid. Looking for that special lady for loving relationship. Is my "Sunshine" out there? Send flick for fast reply; will do the same. Donald "Bam-Bam" Boutte, C-38216, D.V.I., Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (118)

H-D out-of-print literature. Catalog \$1.00 (refundable with order). Evolution Enterprise, Box 11828, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211.

Super-sharp, good-looking, w/m, 5'7", 28, 140 lbs., educated, non-smoker, financially secure, businessman, sports car enthusiast, lover of the good life. Soon relocating to San Francisco, seeking w/f living in area for live-in/possible marriage. Must be 19-25, nice figure/bust, short hair preferred but not required, smoker okay; no rugrats, dopers or fannies. Must be free for a series of extended trips abroad, summer-fall '83. If you like the good life, fast cars, good wine and good (straight) sex, write/pics to JR, Box 31188, Cincinnati, Ohio 45231. (118)

Become an X-rated movie star! Natural fun, good money. Overweight, beards okay. Call Darlene Dawn to learn how. (312) 262-6900. (118)

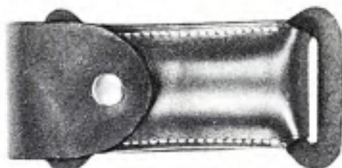
THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

1-3/4" WIDE

5/16" THICK

Take a tip from tough guys. . . start with somethin' that says somethin'. Thick belts, 5/16" thick, rough or smooth grain, black or brown, and each fitted with a big, bold brass buckle. Throw on our matching quick-draw sheath for your favorite blade (wear this one sideways or vertically) and the tough get tougher!

Remember, nothin's been spared on this combo! Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you for \$24.95 each, postpaid. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown are worn at \$15.95 each, postpaid. Canadian and foreign customers, please add an additional \$6 and make the full order payable in U.S. funds. Lay it on us. . . size, color, grain and the funds. . . we'll lay it on you!



Davis Leather
Box 446
Arcadia, Calif. 91006

Allow 4 weeks for Personal Checks to Clear.
Calif. Residents Add 6%
Dealer Inquiries On Your Letterhead Invited.

Lockdown

Continued from page 30

it's all the same, Mr. Travel Agent, sir, I'll pass. Just book me the Gray-line Tour of "swingin' Frisco" instead, if you'd be so kind. I've seen enough misery in this life already, dig, and really, I don't much care for it. I wouldn't be a pawn broker and I won't go slumming in a prison. And, 'scuse me for sayin' it, but piss on them that do.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

First Amendment Upheld

The federal court of appeals has struck down a county sheriff's policy barring all hardcover books and pictorial magazines from his jail. Under the policy, inmates at the Tippecanoe County Jail were forbidden to receive such magazines as *Sports Illustrated* because, the sheriff said, inmates would stick the pictures on the walls and damage the jail. Hardbound books were also banned because, according to the sheriff they could be used as "lethal propellants," and newspapers were not allowed because they could be used to start fires and jam toilets.

In ruling for the inmates, the court found the sheriff's concerns somewhat ridiculous, noting that inmates could just as easily jam toilets and start fires with the *Readers Digest* or a softcover edition of *The Bible*, both of which were allowed under the policy.

"Maintenance of security and discipline do not justify the wholesale prohibition of pictorial magazines, hardbound books or newspapers," the court noted. *Kincaid v. Rusk*, 670 F.2d 737 (7th Cir. 1982)

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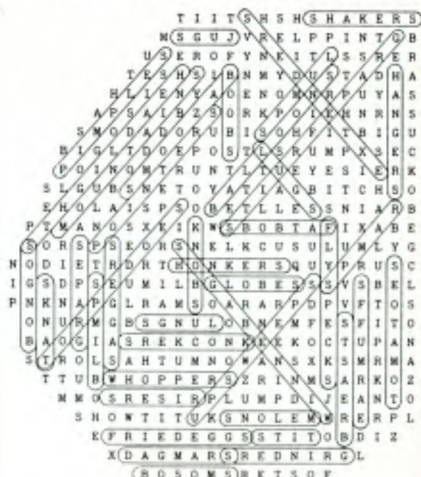
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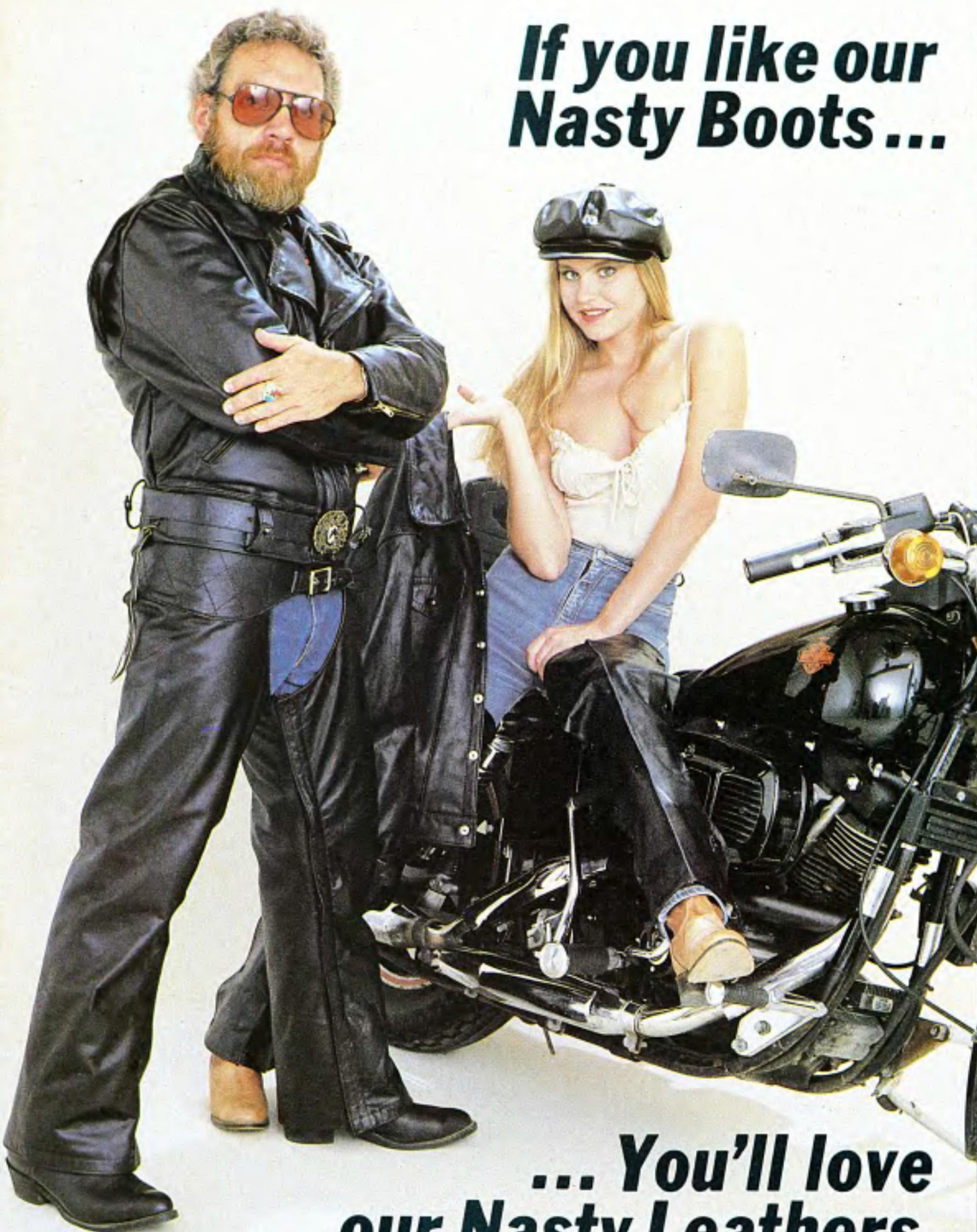
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Answer to puzzle found on page 42



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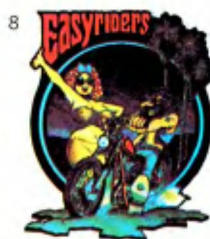
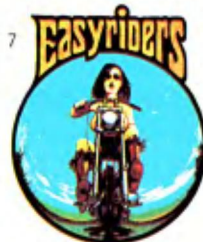
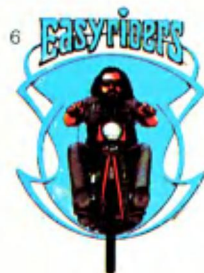
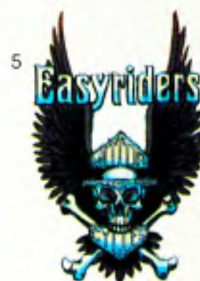
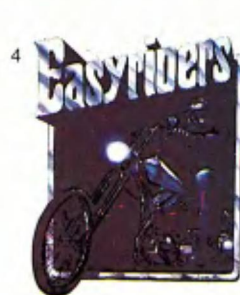
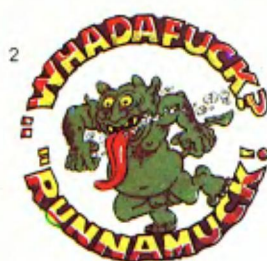
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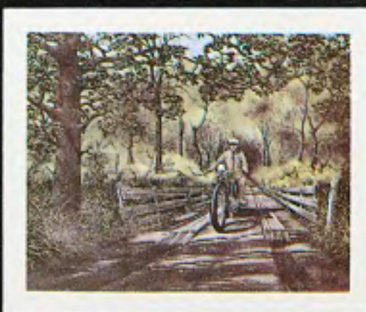
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its own weight down into the rocks of the earth, the oil eventually collected thousands of feet below in subterranean caverns made of seep-proof material that prevented it from seeping all the way down to the core of the planet itself. Not all seepage routes were obstructed by such caverns, however, and much of that oil is probably still working its way down into the earth's center.

Seasaur

As a final point, it should be mentioned that not all dinosaurs were land-dwelling; there were many seagoing dinosaur fish, and these also constituted what is today a large portion of our oil supplies. While they, unlike the land giants, were able to move freely about in a relatively weightless manner with only a small expenditure of physical motion, or simply drift from place to place in the currents, still their lives were a deeper and deeper submer-sion into the depths as their oil reserves increased and slowly drew them farther and farther down. Eventually the pressures would dis-engage their skins, leaking their owners, and the contents would sink even deeper and more deeply down. You can re-create this to some extent yourself by tossing a glassful of any kind of oil into a swimming pool and watching it gather itself together into a compact circle on the surface, and then gradually elongate itself slowly downward through the water, turn-ing into the shape of an extending straight pole, until all of it collects on the bottom, from where it can then be re-collected in the glass.

Rare Limited Sparse
Dwindling Precious Uncommon
Scant Meager Paucity Dearth

This then, briefly, is how a well-known but not often fully described phenomenon occurred, and is given here in the hope that some insight into the world around us will be provided by it. So the next time you see that cartoon dinosaur sticking his head out of a gas tank in that oil commercial, remember that the price you are paying for the sub-stance is for a very rare, very finite commodity, and, like the dinosaurs themselves, it is becoming quickly extinct. And that it is not merely some inanimate substance being spewed out by the earth in practi-cally unlimited quantities the way she spews out rocks and dirt and other solid substances. Oil is not a solid substance; it is a fluid, and the earth simply doesn't manufacture fluids in vast prodigious quantities, as a friend reminded me during a recent flight over the Pacific. ■

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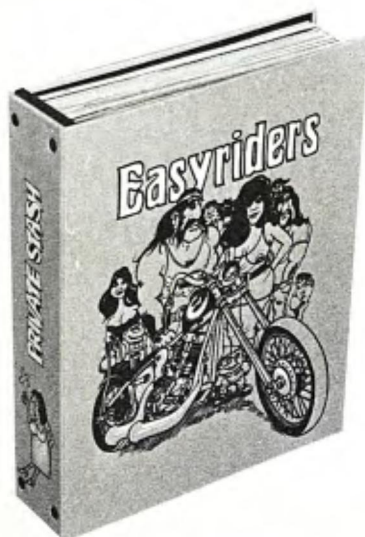
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top, stepping in the faces and stomachs of their fallen brethren on their way to a sloping oblivion.

It was deep in the centers of these unhappy monuments that the transformations from dead body into oil took place. Heated and thinned by the weight of the corpses above, the oil would flow freely and in continuous streams out from the bottoms of the mounds and travel and drain into the already numerous oil lakes being constantly created by their larger kin.

Oil Pressure

One final means of oil production out of dinosaurs was terrestrial pressure, the kind that is most commonly referred to today in discussions of this matter.

Frequently, entire herds of dinosaurs would be swallowed up by the earth, as herds of wildebeest, elands, and domestic cattle often are today. Plunged swiftly and without benefit of slope straight downward through thousands of feet of subterranean space, they would strike the well areas with such slamming velocity that all the varieties, both gigantic and the mounding type, would be liquified immediately. Occasionally, too, adjacent mountain ranges would move closer together, trapping those herds between in an ever-deepening valley, and ultimately squeezing them to death; the ranges would then fuse and seal the oil underground in this manner. Sections of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada do this even today, every fifteen years or so, trapping thousands of elk between them in the process, and their screams as they are being crushed is a sound that once heard, is not soon to be forgotten.

Seeping

In time the dinosaurs had died out; fallen into lakes of crude; climbed to their deaths atop massive, squirming mausoleums; plummeted, kicking and howling, down through abysses in the earth to a whamming finale far below; or pressed like lunchmeats between the insensitive sides of congealing mountains. And for millions of years the earth sat restfully silent, with only its endless oil lakes to attest to the fact that the dinosaurs had ever been there.

There then began the slow, imperceptible transference of the surface oil into the subsurface wells, and this took place through the process of seeping.

Dripping and trickling, pulled by

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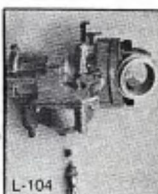
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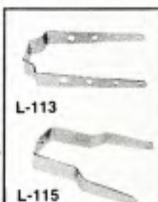
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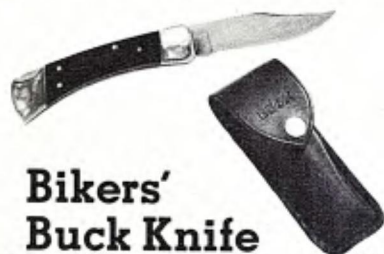


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The Making Of Oil

Continued from page 82

added to by the mounding dinosaurs earlier referred to, which we will now discuss.

Smaller Dinosaurs

These smaller dinosaurs, while comprising less oil than their larger cousins, still escaped the fate of animals today, which die on the plains from such things as evaporation, flies, leatherization by ant-hollowing, being devoured by dogs, mice, birds, otters, bears, opossums, wolves, rabid squirrels, snakes, enraged pigs, starved cats, deranged gibbons and vultures violently thrashing their heads around in maggot-widened holes. Or they're killed by anthrax-crazed cows, filthy hyenas tugging backward with all four legs out beyond their noses in a spraying yellow spitstorm of screams and foul exhalations to wrench a redwood-sized haunch in roaring greed and a mile-long swath of snagging uprooted bushes by all 97 visible bug-swarmed teeth to a solitary table halfway across the countryside, or even by other reptiles. This was because of the mounding phenomenon which took place at death.

Like elephants going to the burial grounds, the smaller dinosaurs died in piles, or mounds, of tremendous height and perimeter. New arrivals, approaching in ill health, old age, or mortally wounded, would step up onto the edge of the base of the dinosaur mound and begin the long, gradually rising trek to the apex, which was often situated many thousands of feet above the base. Since the ascent was so gradual, these bases would often cover several square miles, and if viewed from above would have revealed a scene of deep sadness, with solitary dinosaurs approaching the mound from everywhere and many others already plodding upward toward the



I didn't want to trade sis to the barbarian, but...

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"Walking the dog. Why?"

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of us a little. I remember going to the hot dog stand outside the concert area, and suddenly realizing I wasn't going to be able to make it back on my own steam. It turned out okay, though. I floated back in on the music.

Probably the hottest FM disc jockey in Hollywood happened to be sitting right next to us and we shared a toke or two with him. He got confidential and informed us that the Dead wouldn't dare play the much requested "Casey Jones" at this concert because the crowd was too big and might go crazy and jump through their assholes. He came up with a shitty little grin when the Dead swung into this beloved number and nobody went any crazier than they already were.

A girl behind us almost made us crazy by dancing inches away from the backs of our heads, with a small but hard purse swinging from her belt and banging our brains out from time to time. We asked her to sit down or stop or do something about the purse, but she looked at us as if in a dream and quite simply explained that she couldn't stop. We dug that and danced with her for the rest of the concert.

Looking back at all this, it seems the question of why the Dead is so special hasn't exactly been answered. We've explored the fact that they are righteous bros, and talked a lot about how good they make people feel, but still — why? Do they write and perform such good music because, as one reporter said (correctly?), they've all been in jail — or is it because they've had a lot of good dope, or are they plugged into some kind of cosmic circuit that they in turn plug us into?

Could be any or all of those reasons, or something else. There are so many facets to the Dead, there's something for everybody, and maybe that's what makes them the force they've become. They can be appreciated on so many different levels. As a Head, you can get into the consciousness rap. You can even think, as some people do, that music comes out of Jerry Garcia's head without his even opening his mouth, and that you can hear it if you're really tuned in. Or you can just dig 'em and get off on the good feelings and the good music.

However we want to receive them, they're there because after nearly twenty years the marathon is still going strong.

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Then they made the transition from
jug band to electric as The Warlocks
in '65, being joined by Bill Kreutz-
mann and Phil Lesh. Mickey Hart
became a part of the group, with
them all living in Haight-Ashbury in
1967. Keith Godchaux came along
in 1971, with Donna tuning in on
vocals in '73. They remained until
1979, when Brent Mydland took
over the keyboards. Among the
many, many important behind-the-
scene forces was, and still is, Bob
Hunter, their long-time lyricist.

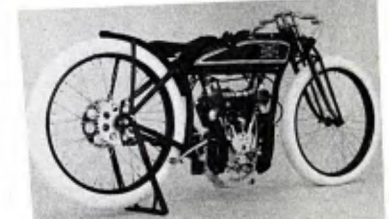
The Dead has been known to say
that at first their music was un-
recordable; but starting in 1966, the
albums began soaring out of them
and into us. They've never stopped
coming. The most recent is a solo
effort by Garcia called "Run For
The Roses." Released in October of
1982, the title song (backed with
"Leave The Little Girl Alone") also
came out as a single.

Whatever, their music was never
unlistenable. From the beginning,
the word was out. The group gave
great concert. In my conversations
with Deadheads, we remembered
our favorite Dead experiences, and
it was harder for them to pick one
than it was for me. I know I'll never
forget one magic day, at an outdoor
concert in Hollywood, that started at
2:30 p.m. and wound up, after a
dinner break, at 10:30 that night.

It was the usual Dead scene. Peo-
ple of all ages were wandering
around, laughing, dancing, getting
stoned or crooked or both, but never
getting ugly, just digging the scene.
The Dead, on stage, was as casual as
we were. Stage-left stood a gaggle of
ol' ladies complete with strollers and
babies; maybe fifteen rows from the
front, a beautiful chick stood up in
the aisle and began dancing. She
wore a bikini, with a bright, long-
fringed shawl partially wrapped
around her. As she danced, the
shawl dropped, and so did a multi-
tude of jaws, but the dancing was
more willowy and joyful than it was
suggestive. Slowly she moved closer
and closer to the bandstand, undu-
lating to the music, until finally she
was right at the stage. Two of the
guys who were onstage with the Dead
reached down for her, and she
seemed to float upwards until she
was on the stage and part of the
kaleidoscope. No one hooted. We just
smiled and grooved on the fact
that she was very probably never
going to forget this day any more
than we were.

It was a good time for strong pot,
and that can still space out the best

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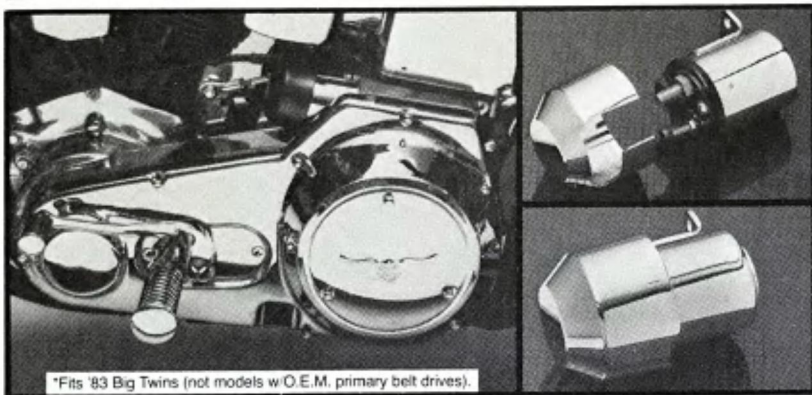
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Whatever the project is, it gets talked out and worked out and maybe the last thing it gets is done, but care and thought go into it and that means something. As one Head said: "The Dead is a persuasive force in an otherwise sleazy industry."

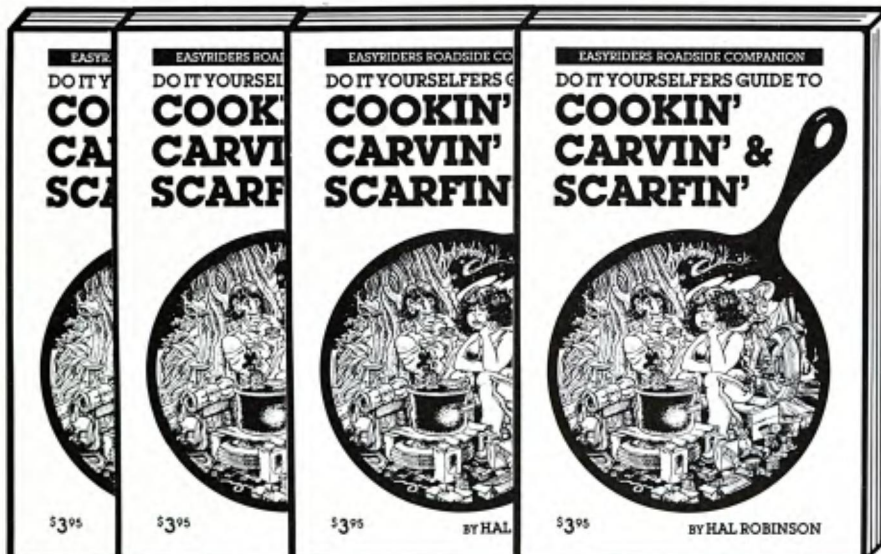
It couldn't be more true that the Dead is a *different* band. Their idea of promotion is putting out a great fucking album and letting it speak for itself.

It's impossible to say too much about the Dead's concern for the people they move with their music. In addition to everything else, they were the first group to build a really fantastic sound system for their concerts and spend megabucks to carry it around with them. And what group ever played gigs so long you had to bring a lunch? A lot of bands still don't do any sets over an hour, if that. For the Dead, that's just tuning-up time. No wonder they already have third-generation fans. It's not uncommon to see people who were teenagers in the early sixties, and are now parents of kids who have babies of their own, all showing up together at Dead concerts.

Of the stuff that has been written about the Dead, it's tough to tell just how accurate some of it is. In Tom Wolfe's book "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test" (which seems to me to be all down-the-nose observation and no participation), he credits the famous mind-altering Owsley with forming the Grateful Dead. And a recent book called "The Dead," written by Hank Harrison, is — to quote a Dead spokesperson — "unauthorized."

If you're hungry to bite into some reliable Dead facts, or just to read and recall them as you remember them, there's a good book called, *Garcla: Signpost To New Space*. Another one, published in March and called *Grateful Dead — Book Of The Deadheads*, was written by two bros, Paul and Jonas Grushkin, who've spent the last six years hanging out with the Dead and writing their history with the group's cooperation. If you can't find the book, you can inquire about it by writing Deadheads, P.O. Box 1973, San Rafael, California, 94915.

To correct any errors that may be in other books, such as the Owsley bit, the official group bio shows the band's formation happening this way. It started out with Jerry, Pig Pen and Bob Weir together in a coffeehouse band called Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions.



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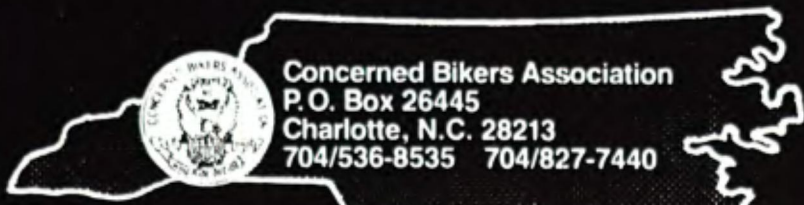
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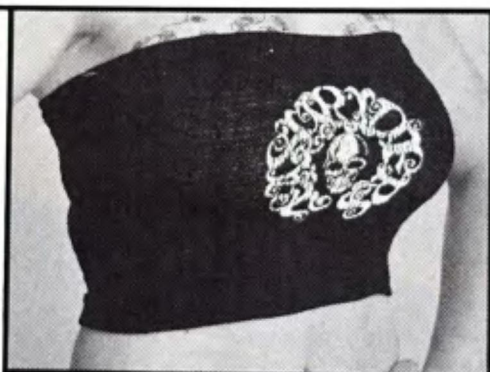
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your own personal concert," a Head said. "Other people need to be there because the people are so much a part of the whole experience, the communal joy that happens. It's like a reunion. There are very few places to get that feeling. When I leave a Dead concert, I feel very satisfied, like everything makes sense. That feeling carries you for a while; you're centered, at peace, tranquil. It's a harmonious, floating feeling."

After you've talked with Dead-heads they don't seem much different from other people. They come from all walks of life and don't look or sound alike. They just happen to dig the Dead equally as much as life itself, maybe more, and no one seems uptight or embarrassed about being a "fan." Like the biker-farmer said with a shrug: "Everybody's nuts about something."

It'd be tough to think of a more worthy band to get nuts over. This Mt. Rushmore of rock is just about the only American or internationally known band that can boast of staying together for nearly two decades. They lost Pig Pen and Keith Godchaux in the 70s, but they lost them to Rock and Roll Heaven, not another group. If that isn't loyalty, hanging in there, brotherhood, or whatever you decide to call it, what is?

The Dead is also the group that never, ever sold out. From the beginning, besides doing free concerts and fighting for free admission, the Dead has waged war with their record companies to keep album prices down. Lots of times the group's percentage bit the bullet because they wouldn't go for prices they felt were rip-offs.

In addition to doing more benefits than most other rock groups put together, the Dead donated money and desperately needed supplies to hot spots like Wounded Knee, and to people in terminal trouble like the Cambodians. The Dead practice what they preach at home, too. They started out as an extended family, and they've stayed that way, growing into a powerful organization as well, but one in which no one is dehumanized, or lower than anyone else. Not even the roadies eat shit when they work with the Dead.

They really are a family, working all over the world, living up on the North Coast where their roots are, and making group decisions where everything is done with everyone's approval — and some slowness because of the many people involved who must agree. But agree they do.

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Deadheads

Continued from page 56

Somehow they manage to get in, that loyal following, no matter the price (the Dead still battles to keep ducat prices as low as is rational) or the risk. When they do, they often get more than they bargained for. Anything's liable to happen at a Dead concert.

The Deadheads who reminisced with me remember lots of freaky times when the Dead's old buddy Ken Kesey (he and Garcia go back all the way) and his band of Merry Pranksters would come on stage and do just about anything.

"One time Kesey and the Pranksters came out on stage and just started rapping and making strange sounds on the instruments," recalled a Deadhead. "I thought it was weird, and then I realized they were communicating on another level, and I started understanding. Something in me clicked and it began flowing between us. Once there was a metal donut with Kesey inside it, and people beat on it like it was a giant steel drum during the drum solo. Another time, Bill Graham and Kesey did a stunt where Graham arrived at a concert in a plane guided by a cable (the plane landed on stage), and Kesey appeared out of the sky on a tight-rope. They threw balloons and roses. The whole place was 'bloomin' just like a red rose.'"

Drugs may not be essential to getting into the Dead frame of mind, but other people are. Of all the Deadheads I talked to, not one wanted to have his or her own private Dead concert.

"It wouldn't be any good to have



"Hello, Dr. Caldwell? Wilbur is displaying suicidal tendencies again."



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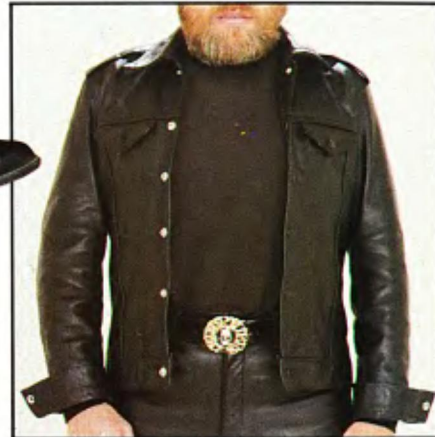
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 10

wise. You're the best! Now if the rest of you second-class dropouts can get this letter printed, I'll be happy! Keep it in the wind!

Billy the Kid
Soledad, Calif.

■ She's pretty good.

Reach Out

□ Ever get depressed over your apathy or ignorance? I can't help thinking that we all could have made a difference in Preacher's decision to cop out on life.

Man, we didn't even know he was in prison. Who didn't think we cared about the writers of *Easyriders*? I always thought they were very together, affluent, and even a little stuck-up. My ignorance makes me want to puke.

Preacher lightened up our days with his stories. Seems like we owed him and that we let him down. Do we cop ignorance since we didn't know a fine brother was hurting? I don't feel any better.

We lost one. The reality is

that other brothers are losing their grip on this life, and we owe them a hand.

Reach out to your brother.
Rusty Redfield
Corpus Christi, Tex.

■ We have many writers on the inside.

Spider Question

□ Does Spider have eight legs?

Insane Dwayne
Carlisle, Ohio

■ Some broads have said it feels like it.

Gave Away A Patch?

□ According to a report on the radio, a fan of John Cougar's threw his jacket with his club insignia onto the stage. After the concert, the fan was found. He told Cougar to keep the jacket, colors and all.

The patch-holder (?) went on to say he'd lost his job and wrecked his Harley. Cougar told him the jacket would be seen on his next album.

I don't understand how the patch-holder could part with his jacket. I've always felt a club's patch had the same sentimental value a knight's

coat of arms and was worn with honor.

A.N.D.Y.
Wichita, Kan.

■ There's all types of jackets, but no one lets go of their colors — real colors.

A Burn

□ Just a short line to make you all aware of a slick rip-off artist. After personally delivering a set of fatbobs and fenders for molding and painting, I had to move to a new location. After phoning in my new address and phone number, I made verbal arrangements to have the parts shipped UPS. Now, after two months of trying to reach him by phone and letter, I am told to fuck off. He didn't want to bother with packaging or shipping, so he sold my parts, and told me he wasn't concerned because I now live so far away.

Payback will be a bitch.

Mad Mike
Somerville, Mass.

Come Again?

□ For all you women and girls who have a hard time gettin' into swallowin' your man's jizz, here's a tip. Keep a

supply of candy bars (Snickers do well) on hand and have him eat one or two every day. Makes him taste sweet and delicious every time.

Also, if you have a hard time in the a.m., keep a box of Jell-O by the bed and sprinkle a little on. Before you know it, you'll start enjoying it so much you won't need sweets — only him.

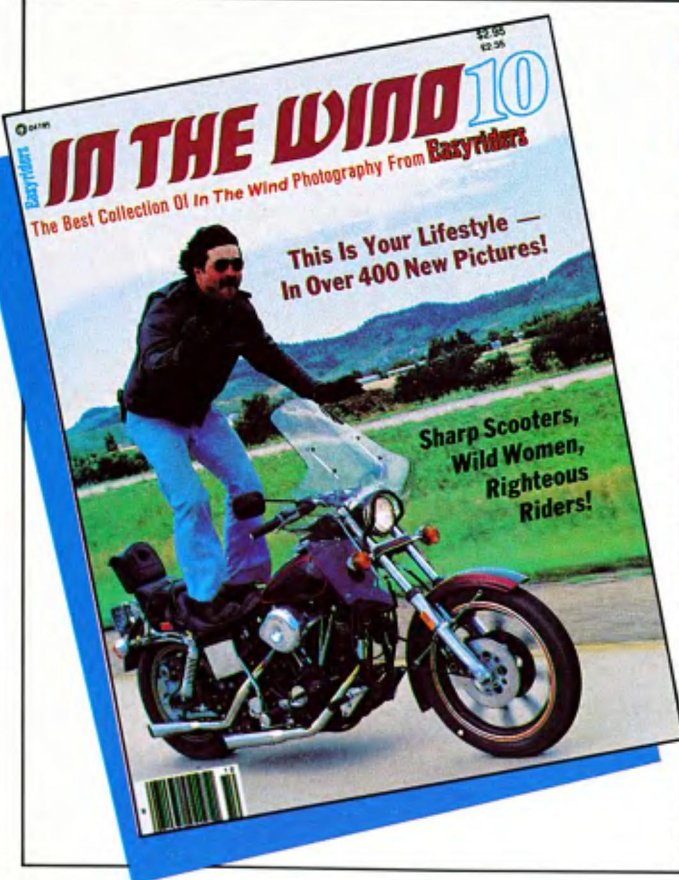
The Bitch
Phoenix, Ariz.

A Short Order

□ Was just sittin' here fryin' my brains when I thought of writin' you fuckers. It's gettin' pretty c-c-cold up here in beaver country, so how about one order of California sunshine to go?

Randy Venier
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its 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 90265-0052. ■



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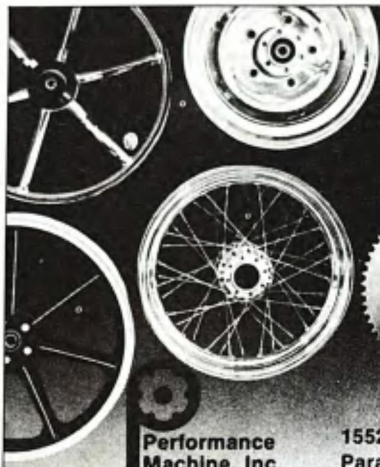
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Croaking

Continued from page 50

guarantee they would eventually check out permanently.

This tribe didn't let their dead king slip away that easily, either. His intestines were removed, washed in beer several times, and placed back in the body. The body was then squeezed and dried in the sun, with all the body fluids and embalming beer saved — to be drunk by his embalmers. Thus, in the end, the king got the squeeze put on him for the brew.

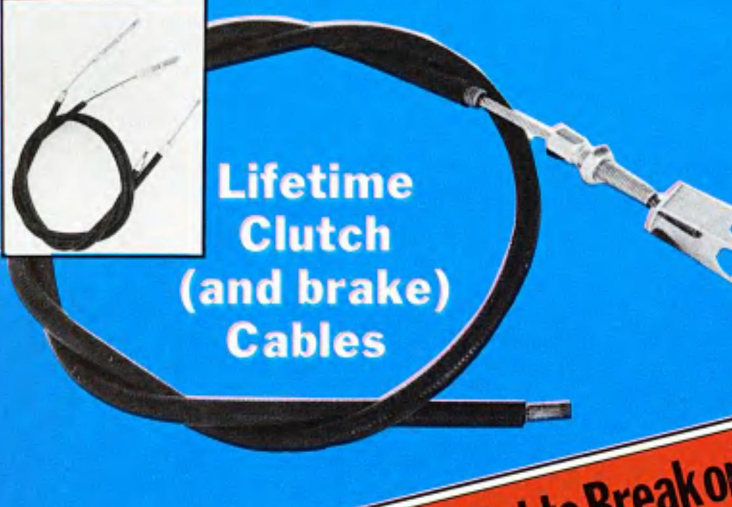
In India, the family of a dead Hindu has to perform a ten-day ritual. Each day of the rite stands for a different part of the dead man's body, and all ten days must be observed in order for the stiff to get a whole body in the afterworld. If any of the days are skipped (day one for a head, or maybe day six for the family jewels), the spirit wanders through eternity minus those parts. Missing a day can make for a pretty pissed-off (not to mention fucked-looking) spirit.

The Jivaro Indians in the East Andes won't let the dead go until after they've had a little fun. A board is placed across the dead Indian's stomach, and a burning ball of cotton is blown back and forth across the board. There aren't any winners in the game, but it's something to pass the time when you're stuck way up in the Andes with a bunch of dead Indians.

The people of Cayambe, Ecuador, believe that the soul of the deceased suffers if it's left any dirty clothes behind. The family and neighbors of the stiff get together the day after the funeral and wash all his duds.

Other folks who believe in cleanliness are the Zoroastrians of India. Any non-designated individual who accidentally touches a dead man's body must go through a nine-day ritual of cleansing, which includes bathing in cow piss.

The bottom line is where you get wasted. Maybe someday, when a foreign-looking dude nosedives off the barstool next to you and quits breathing, you'll be ready to help him out. After you empty his wallet and his pockets, shove a buck (or a yen) in his ear to pay for the ferryboat; strip him down and toss him outside for the vultures to gnaw on (take his duds to the laundry if it looks like they might fit); and try not to touch him too much, so that a week later his cousin doesn't show up and try to spray you down with cow piss.



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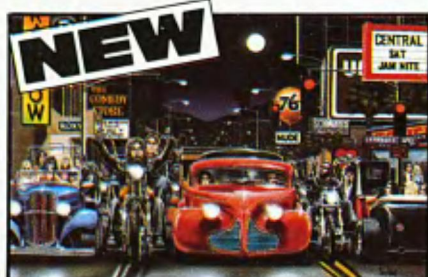
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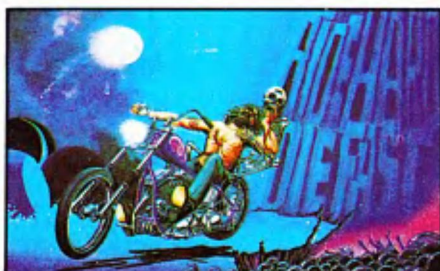
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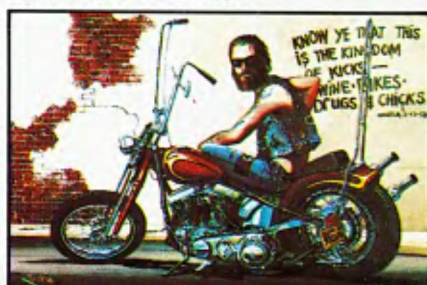
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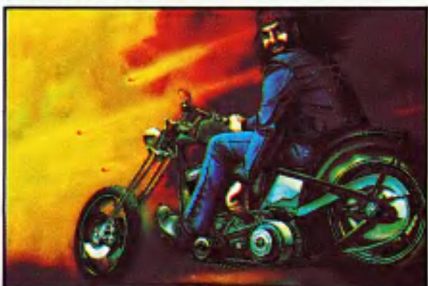
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A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

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Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

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PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301



1. There is a way you can make your ol' lady believe that you can sure as hell get herpes outside of rammin' it home away from home. All you have to do is make up a little "report" about any of the above-mentioned types of herpes, or come up with some of your own (*toilet-seat herpes* is good, *motorcycle-seat herpes* is better) and explain how doctors are working on curing these new strains. This plan will require a little cash outlay, but it can also make you some money. First you take the "report" to one of those el cheapo instant printing places and have them make up what looks like a xerox copy of a newspaper clipping. Then show this to your ol' lady as further proof that you're absolutely guiltless. (Damn right you are!) Most people will believe anything they see in print, which may account for the fact that this rag has stayed in business for eleven years. As for making money, have a bunch of copies made and sell them to other bros tryin' to get off the herpes hook!

2. Take your ol' lady out for the evening and get her good and fried on JD and loaded on whatever you can find. Bring her back to the pad and hump a lung out of her. That may sound like standard operating procedure, but there's more. After she passes out, call up your trusted best friend and tell him to get over to your place quick. The next a.m. when she starts moaning and groaning around, slide your trusted best friend into the sack with her and split! When she wakes up, she's in bed with him and you're long gone. After she quits freakin' out, your friend will explain that he came over about 5 a.m., drunk, and that's the last thing he can remember! That's the funny bit, because she won't remember anything either!

About then, you call her and ask if everything's okay — you had to go out on some business around 5 a.m., and you're just wondering how she feels after such a great night. That ought to really shake the crap-pola out of her. She may or may not confess to waking up with your bro, but that's beside the point. When she comes down with herpes, blame her for giving it to you! If your trusted best friend comes down with herpes, you're on your own.

If none of these plans, elaborate or otherwise, sound sensible to you, there's another way out. Don't tell your ol' lady you have herpes. Surprise her. Besides, the way things are going, the politicians will probably blow up the world before she gets around to catching them from ya, so whaddafuck!



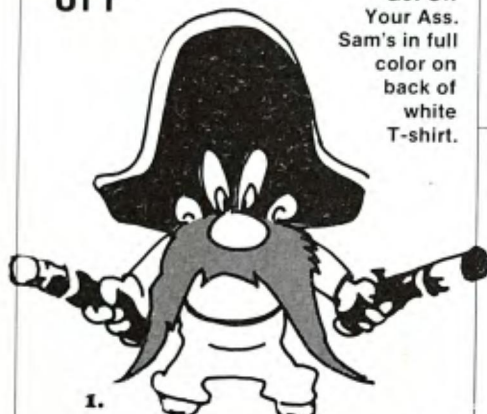
We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available only in biker black with a red logo; one size fits all. To order send \$4.95 to **EASYRIDERS PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.

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1.

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GENUINE



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



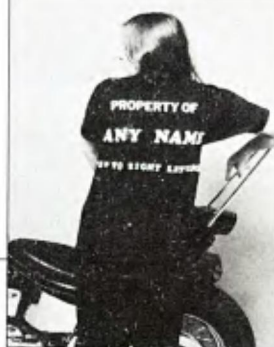
9.



10.



11.



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A.



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C.



D.



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F.



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H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



N.



O.



P.



Q.



R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke, AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are... I Once Was... Like I Am... You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs... ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It... Piss On It! Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only). Send Orders To: **Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.** Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear. Outside U.S.A., please send money orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

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Our expensive steel dies make possible a handsome buckle with the nitty-gritty detail that sets it apart from the cheapass copies of our original buckles. Ask the bro who owns one. Satisfaction guaranteed.

This is a huge, man-size buckle made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze- or silver-plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand-polished, and comes with 1 1/2"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

U.S. send \$17.00 for belt and buckle or \$9.00 for buckle only. Canadian orders send \$19.00 for belt and buckle or \$10.50 for buckle only. Foreign orders send \$25.00 for belt and buckle or \$15.50 for buckle only.

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C	Spare parts		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
D	45-Servicar		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$21.00		
E	K-Model		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
F	All five		\$70.00	\$80.00	\$100.00		

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Calif. Tax 6% \$
Total \$

Name _____
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really happened, years ago. Remember the run when nobody took their chicks and the herpes surfaced soon after? Well, while you were drunk and passed out, this guy sneaked into the camp and injected you with *payback herpes*. (A possible good variation on this theme: it was done by her ex-ol' man, tryin' to get her back by makin' you look bad.)

6. You've just come down with another of those brand-new strains called *pollution herpes*. It's a condition transmitted by air from a factory where they make feminine hygiene spray. Kind of like breathing asbestos, it can even get into your bloodstream if you spend too much time near the plant. Well, you broke down on the freeway right next to that Clean Crotch Co. building and now look at ya!

7. You were afraid something terrible was going to happen when you ran into all those hookers at the Rinse-o-Rama and had to use the same machine right after they finished doing the books (washing the towels). Now you've got *laundromat herpes* and you didn't even get to have any fun getting it! Of course, you also got a couple of layers of crud off your jeans.

8. You got them from your sister, but not the way she's thinkin'. You were over at the kid's place the other afternoon while she was at work, hungry as a gorilla and unable to find anything decent to eat. Finally you wound up snarling the only thing you could find, a fuckin' popsicle! How the hell were you supposed to know it was her dildo? She keeps it in the freezer so it won't overheat and get vapor lock just when things are gettin' interestin' — and don't kid yourself that you can't pick up those germs by mouth!

9. You were raped at gunpoint by Miraculous Mutha, who took great joy in cruelly forcing you to lick every single blister (gag!).

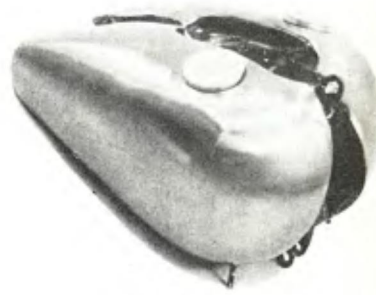
10. You don't have any problems, but you've decided to stop ballin' for at least thirty days. After all, your ol' lady is always saying that all ya think about is Harleys and pussy — and by God, you're gonna prove to her that that isn't all you see in her! This'll give you a month to come up with your own story if none of these work, and also to get over what might just be a false alarm.

If none of these ideas work, you'd either better get those two big guys to whomp some sense into your woman, or try one or both of the "last resort elaborate plans" we have so thoughtfully listed below.

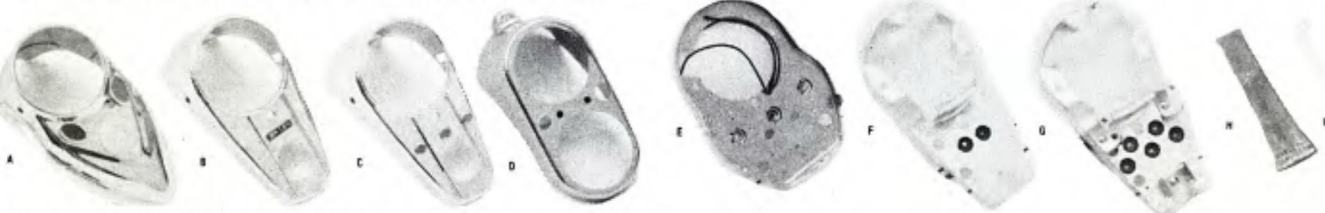
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Hogtank Emblems: Mount yer favorite fuckers on yer Fat Bobs & show some class; A) 1961. \$39.95. B) 1940-46. \$19.95. C) 1947-54. \$24.95. D) 1966 and up. \$34.95. E) 1955. \$39.95. **Fat Bob Gas Tank Mounting Kit:** This fuckin' kit allows ya to run Fat Bobs again. Restores original looks & value of Hog frames. \$39.95. **H-D Switches** Specify early or late. \$29.95. **Dash Mounting Bolt Kit:** \$6.95. **Fat Bob Speedo:** It's about damn time, an original reproduction (Transmission Drive) \$69.95.



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Takin' The Pain

Continued from page 24

come on! Have a little faith in us.

1. Admittedly, you have a raging case, but you're proud to be wearin' it. After all, you saved someone's life, and at times like that, a bro has to put himself last. Ya see, there was this terrible accident in which a chick was thrown off her bike and stopped breathing. You got a case of *CPR herpes* because, everything being such a bloody mess, you had a bit of trouble finding the right lips at first!

2. Okay, so you have the world's most talked about social disease, but it's one of many virulent new strains. This one is called *canine herpes*, and it's your own damn fault. Remember how your ol' lady kept telling you to quit letting your Dobie kiss on you, 'cause it's always slobbering over its dick, or fucking everything up to and including the landlady? Well, now just look at what's happened to you because you wouldn't listen to her advice!

3. You were over at a bro's pad the other day and decided to try out his ol' lady's dental apparatus. Ya know, the thing that shoots water into your mug so hard you almost lose your favorite snaggle right down the drain? Well, it felt kind of good until your bro started laughin' it up and told you his ol' lady's been using it on her snatch ever since she got herpes! That's where you got your case, through no fault of your own, and it just goes to prove that some friends are real douche bags.

4. You may be all herped up, but it's not because you've been fuckin' around on her! You've just discovered that you have *congenital herpes* (although *genetic herpes* might sound classier), which sometimes takes years to surface. Tell your ol' lady that your mother-type old lady used to have this weird problem off and on most of her life, and her dumbass doctor told her it was an allergy to pork rinds. Shit! Now you have the same symptoms.

5. You don't wanna scare her, but there's a bro who set you up over something that never even



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In The Wind #3	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$10.75			
In The Wind #4	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #5	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
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C	9-Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
						Sub Total	\$
						Calif. Tax. 6%	\$
						Total	\$

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AGOURA, CA 91301

Name _____
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City _____
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MUTHA PATCH

You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains — whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



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Herpes

Continued from page 24

gettin' infected, a sore or cluster of sores develops near or at the site of the viral invasion. Now ya know why kissin' that bunch of camp followers wasn't such a good idea. If you're a dude, the sores — which look like little blisters — pop up where you were kissed: on the dork, the balls, or the rim of that Vesuvius you call an asshole. If you're a chick, they develop just inside the snatch.

Sometimes the lymph glands swell up a bit. You'll notice lumps in your armpits or in the groin area. The sores are always painful an' they itch an' burn like hell — especially when ya take a piss. Sometimes there's a discharge along with all the other discomforts.

The sores last for two or three weeks, then they dry up an' go away, along with all the other symptoms. If they don't come back, which they don't in many cases, you can consider yourself one lucky sonuvabitch. The worst part of it is, if you have the disease, you'll *always* have it.

Now get this, 'cause I'm only gonna say it once (it's too fuckin' hard to say twice). In the case of oral, labial (lip) or facial herpes, the latent virus takes up residence in a nerve cluster called the *trigeminal ganglion*, located near the cheek bone. In the case of genital herpes, the virus lies dormant in the sacral region (lower back) located outside the spinal canal. Ya got that? The virus can lie there dormant for the rest of your life, or it can come bustin' out to make your life miserable whenever it feels like it.

When the sores appear, which could be every couple of weeks or every couple of years, don't touch the bastards. Wash your hands if you accidentally touch 'em. When you wake up in the mornin', wash your hands before touchin' your dork or your eyes. Especially your eyes! If you touch your eyes you may wind up with somethin' called *herpes keratitis*, or *ocular herpes*. An' you could wind up joinin' a Jose Feliciano look-alike contest.

The worst is yet to come. When you're sufferin' an outbreak of herpes, ya gotta lay off the kissin' an' fuckin' bit.

Phyllis Schlafly, for years the leadin' opponent of the ERA, says that gettin' herpes gives ya "the leper effect." It makes ya feel dirty an' dangerous, it's emotionally numbin', causes loneliness and depression

an' makes ya impotent. She says the only way to keep from gettin' herpes is to avoid sexual relations completely, remain a virgin until ya get married, an' then be faithful to your ol' man or ol' lady.

The prevention of herpes is based on one simple rule, whether ya like it or not. It's the only rule that works, unfortunately: *From the moment the sores first appear, until they've healed and gone away completely, no kissin', or fuckin'.* Definitely no head. If ya can't get by for more than a couple of days without nookie, go on a do-it-yourself program until you're healed up. When ya are, it's find 'em, fuck 'em, an' forget 'em time again. If ya feel the sores startin' on your lip, don't kiss *anyone* — not your ol' man/ol' lady, husband/wife, boss, kids, Miraculous Mutha, Spider or anyone ya happen to meet while lookin' through garbage cans.

If ya kiss someone accidentally, tell 'em to wash their lips with warm water an' soap. If ya don't know what soap is, send a hundred dollars to Doc Twat, care of this mag, an' I'll send ya a picture of a bar of soap. If ya give your ol' man head while ya got a sore on your lip, have him scrub down his dork with some of that brown soap an' a G.I. brush or you'll wind up with a different kind of sore on your lips.

There are a lotta dangers involved when ya get a case of herpes. *Ocular herpes*, or *herpes keratitis*, is probably the number-one bad way to go, 'cause it makes ya blind if it gets a good enough hold on ya. *Herpes encephalitis* is number two on the list. If you've got only genital herpes, ya don't hafta worry none about *herpes encephalitis* unless you've



got one smart cock. Cocks don't usually have no brains. If they did, they wouldn't go crawlin' into some of those wormy places where diseases hang out.

Herpes encephalitis can only be explained scientifically, so brace yourself. It occurs only neurogenically, when the virus moves from the *trigeminal ganglia* along nerve pathways leadin' to the brain. Ya got that? The virus goes along a little pathway from your lip to your think-tank an' gives ya a general case of the fuck-ups. It gives ya a fever, headaches, changes in personality, speech problems, perceptual difficulties, muscle aches an' general weakness.

If ya get *herpes encephalitis*, you're in deep shit. The condition of the victim usually worsens with time. Pretty soon he experiences seizures an', eventually, coma. Recovery is rare; infection proves fatal in over 70 percent of the victims, an' the ones who survive usually have permanent brain damage an' spend the rest of their lives playin' "watch the cuckoo" at the local funny farm.

The next thing you're gonna wanna know is, can herpes be treated? Is there a cure?

The answer to those questions is, yes to the first an' no to the second. As of this writin', of course. The way medical science advances, by the time this rag hits the street there may be a cure.

Doctors have already tried treatin' herpes with placebos. That's fake medicine used when psychological causes are suspected. They didn't work. Lilly Laboratories tried stuff like formalin-inactivated preparations, but to no avail. The krauts tried Lupidon-G at their plant, Hermal-Chemie, in Germany. They gave herpes to chicken embryos, then shot the mixture into humans. All the dudes got was

injected breakfast, sunnyside-up.

If someone tells ya they read about a sure cure, get the name of it. If it's one of the followin', tell the fucker to buzz off: *Bacillus Calmette-Guerin*, no good; *Influenza Virus Vaccina*, no good; diets containin' large amounts of calcium, vitamin B-complex, *Lactobacillus acidophilus* (found in yogurt an' a human's large intestine), no good; vitamin C, dietary zinc, lysine/arginine, no good; ether, ice treatment, dye-light therapy, no good.

Right now doctors are workin' on a bunch of chemicals, some of which show promise, but so far haven't proven totally successful. The reason the search for a cure is so tough is 'cause the medicine used has to perform a number of functions. It has to be discriminatin' — able to distinguish between cells that are hidin' the virus an' those that aren't. It has to be selective — active against invaded cells without affectin' normal cells. Potent — able to destroy the entire virus without leavin' fragments that may cause problems later. It has to be nontoxic to the cell, but lethal to the virus.

Remember DDT an' Agent Orange? They did a helluva good job, but massive oversprayin' fucked up a lotta other stuff as a result of their tremendous efficacy. If doctors just wanted to get rid of herpes on the end of your cock, they'd cut it off. Problem solved. But what about the rest of your equipment?

Adenine Arabinoside, Ribavirin, Aciclovir, 2-Deoxy-d-glucose, Phosphonoacetic acid, an' interferon are the latest in a long line of chemicals an' natural elements used in tests to find a cure for herpes. One of 'em, interferon, shows the most promise. Hang in there, all you dudes an' chicks who are bothered by herpes, an' don't scratch your snatch or balls when the stuff breaks out. Don't kiss anyone who has a sore on his/her lips. If ya do, wash yer mouth right away. As unromantic as it may sound, don't let anyone go down on ya if he or she has a sore on the lips. An' don't be afraid to ask if you can inspect the genitals of someone who's about to slip the meat to ya. If you're a dude, an' ya don't know enough about the chick you're about to impale, use a rubber. If you're a chick, tell the fucker to put on a rubber.

Remember, the best rule of all — if ya think ya got it, see a doctor right away. Ya might save your own life, as well as that of someone else.



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A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



In loving memory of **Jimmy Perry** 7/4/82. You are finally at peace, with no one to fuck with your head. Now my hell is living without you. You are never far from my thoughts and our time spent together will live in my heart forever. Annie.

In memory of **Doug "Wildman" Campbell** 7/6/82. You always wanted to go out in a flash; and, baby, you got your wish. You rode hard and died free; and no one will ever take your place. I will love you forever. Terri.

In memory of **Greg "Greaseball" Pudowski** 1/17/50 to 10/29/77. You lived a biker, died a biker, and will always be loved and remembered by Gene and Brenda.

In memory of **James A. Takacs**, Walbridge, Ohio, 3/15/54 to 8/23/82. His only crime was loving. Susan Khoury.

In honor and memory of **Stephen "Mud" Moore** 8/26/56 to 5/8/82, one of our best friends ever. Rest in peace, and may you be in the wind forever. Lots of love from all who knew and loved you, Kathy.

In memory of **Lori "White Dove" Lay** 9/19/60 to 3/10/82. You were the fucking best that there can be. Ride free in Harley Heaven. We will ride together again some day. Watch over me, will ya, sis? Love and miss you, Little Dove.

In memory of and tribute to our lost brother, **Barry Dier**, killed 7/1/82. He will always ride with us. Brothers Bob Levering and Al Strong.

Glenn, your taillight is always over the next hill. We can see the glow; but we just can't catch you. Your K.C. bros, Rotten, Hag, MC, Mark, Boone, Feenon, Lize, and Dog Shit.

In memory of **Kevin E. Cubel** 7/3/82, who was struck down by the Big "C" and is now in Harley Heaven. You will always be the best Harley rider I've ever known. I will always love you and think of you, little brother. We will see each other again. Gone, but not forgotten. Big brother, Daniel Cubel.

In memory of **Terry Becktold**. We all love and miss ya very much. To me, you're not gone, just ridin' hard and free in the wind. All the memories will last forever—in my heart, anyway. Friends forever, Erwin and the whole gang in Salem, Oregon.

In memory of **Terry Ruppert** 8/1/58 to 8/2/82, who crashed too young. You rode hard, partied hearty, and died fast. Your brothers, sisters, and loved ones all miss you here in the Midwest. Ride on forever in the wind.

In memory of **John J. "Dak" Rea III** 10/31/55-9/9/82. You are missed by many, but forgotten by none. Ride on in Harley Heaven. Your bros in Pa.

In memory of **Mike Mason** 9/9/82. May you rest in peace. Keep it together in Harley Heaven. That .22 may have ended your life here, but keep on ridin' in the wind. Your cousin, Ken Mason, Lincoln, Neb.

In memory of **Bradford "Fat Brad" Munoz**, a man who loved to party and ride his Harley. You knew how to make a down bro laugh. Missed by many and not forgotten by any. Your brothers and sisters at C.P.S.F.

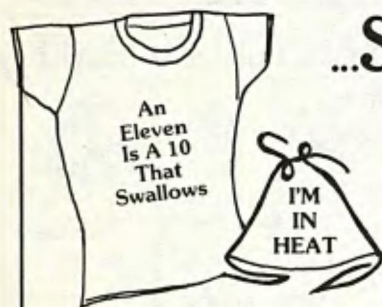
In memory of **Nick "Cat" Ward** 1/12/59 to 7/30/82. You lived hard and died free. We never made it into Easyriders, but we chased our dreams together. I'll take care of your Sporty like you took care of me, and I'll wear my colors proud for you. Stray cats still strut for the Goldangest Hootnanny that ever rode the wind. Your little bro, Huckleberry Jack.

In eternal loving memory of **Gary Hill** who suddenly left us 9/6/82. A kind and loving man who will be missed and remembered by all. Life is fragile. Until we meet again. Your Susan, and Sherri, and ABATE of Kansas.

In memory of **Rick "Spider" Sturley** 9/13/82. A true brother to everyone he met. You'll always be in our hearts and memories. We've lost one hell of a man. Rest in peace, Spider. We'll all love you forever. From everyone whose life you touched.

In memory of **Jimmy "Bathtub" Sustair** 4/12/53 to 9/12/82. Loved and missed by us all, you gave us nine more days of yourself after your shovel hit the median. We wanted you longer, but God wanted you more. We won't forget how many times it was "soup" with you, Tub. We can't forget you, bro. Helen and your bros and sisters at the Brown Bag, Longview, Tex.

Oly, you may be gone, but your spirit lives on. You are with us always in thought and in our hearts. Good friends like you are few and far between. We love you and always will. Never forgotten. Your friends in Grass Valley and Sac.



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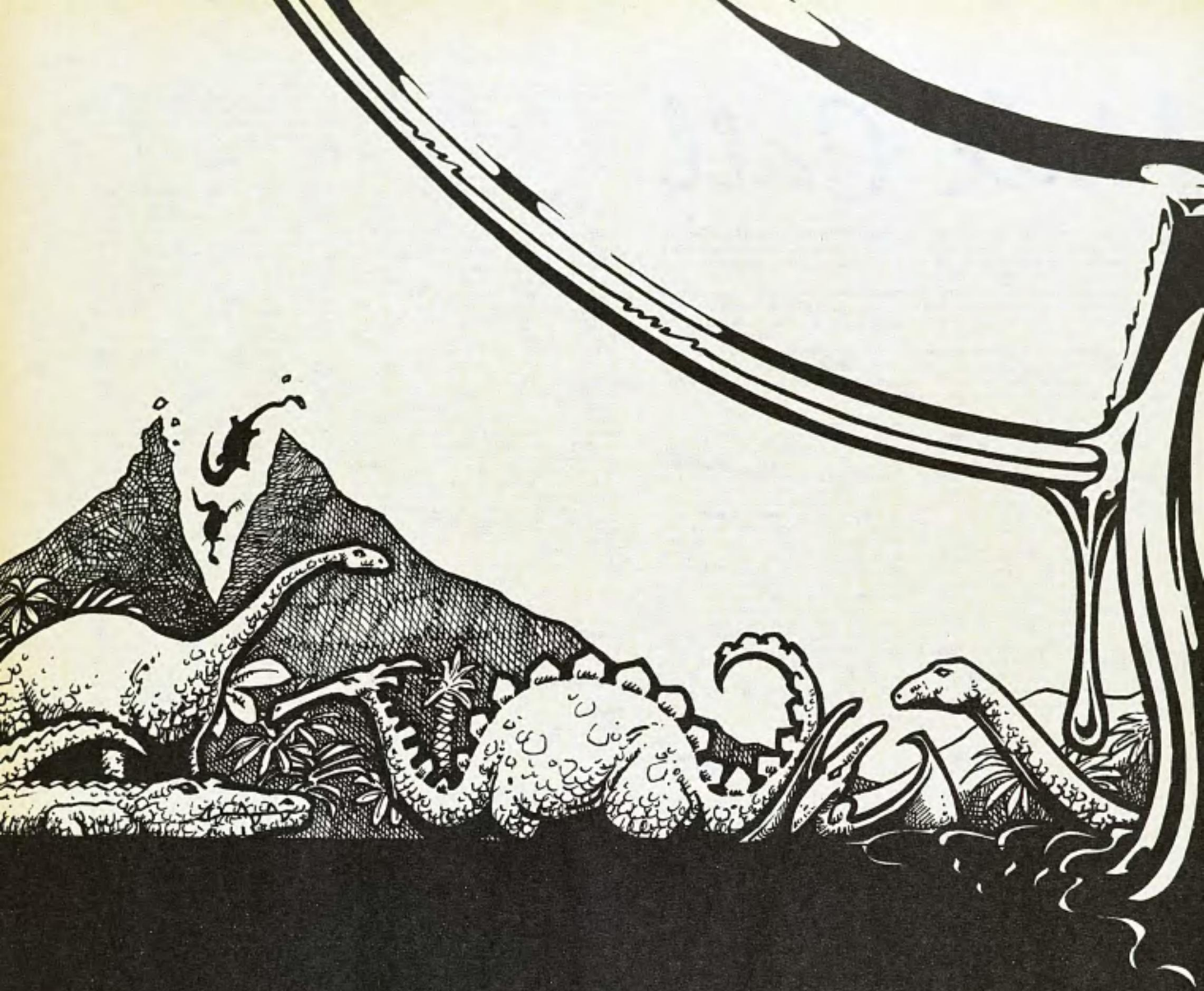


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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 5¢; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart; 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

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THE MAKING OF OIL

Oil comes from dinosaurs. Everybody knows this, but not everybody knows the exact process by which this took place. Oh, they might have some vague, rough, slight, partial, so-so, more-or-less, something sorta like yeah, idea; but not really know any of the details, the exact mechanics of the event. That's where this comes in: a compact reference handbook that details this long-ago occurrence which has been very often mentioned but very seldom explained.

Larger Dinosaurs

Dinosaurs are, or were, of many sorts, but the type with which we are most familiar are the giant dinosaurs. These were large, massive reptiles, composed of petro-

leum, whose internal organs were less like organs at all and more like huge jellied storage containers that were filled to the breaking point with crude oil of the kind for which we drill today. Swollen way up beyond any normal dimensions, much like the egg-laying queen in an African termite colony, these animals were of tremendous, ponderous tonnage, so heavy that their weight prevented them from moving very swiftly, if at all, and in fact most of them lived out their existence in a manner similar to that of a glider, remaining generally in one place for the whole of their lives.

The Herd

The social order of the giant dinosaurs revolved around the herd.

These often comprised tens of thousands of individuals. The herd, like the individual members, was generally stationary and never migrated, and in fact moved to any degree at all only with the greatest difficulty. The herds lived out their vastly weighted lives generally in the same spot, from generation to generation, standing atop the same patches of earth and nibbling the trees and wishing they didn't weigh so much.

Death

The individual dinosaur, thirty to forty years after its birth and after growing to a length of about seventy feet and containing approximately three billion pounds of oil, would reach full maturity and fall over dead. There was no gradual decline



by J.J. Solari

and old age in larger-dinosaur existence: they would each die at the moment of maximum oil storage. Like plump, liquid-bloated plums falling off a tree at ripening, the dinosaur would slowly wobble, look around at everything one last time, tilt sideways like a great four-trunked tree, crash to the ground and burst. Since their bodies ruptured on impact, releasing all their oil reserves, there was no rotting, no scavenging of their dead parts by other creatures, no drying-of-themselves-up into an insect-abandoned husk, and no eventual final disintegration into nothing.

Smaller Dinosaurs

It is worthwhile to mention that not all the dinosaurs were of the

gigantic variety. There were many, like the vehicles they would someday fuel, of the mid-range and compact types. And while these did not individually contain the large quantities of oil of the larger ones, their greater numbers contributed significantly to the overall oil supply we tap today, and this was accomplished through the phenomenon of mounding, which we will examine shortly. But first we will return again to the giants.

Larger Dinosaurs

Since the more behemoth dinosaurs bred and lived out their lives in almost stationary, immobile herds, this falling-over-and-exploding was an ongoing, daily occurrence; and if the herd didn't

have the good fortune to live on high ground where the daily erupting and emptying of their sideways, deflating comrades could flow away from them and into the valleys, they themselves would have died in the ever-rising oil levels of their spilled relatives. In time, only the high-ground herd remained at all, and eventually even these died due to the common accident rate of individuals slipping and rolling to an area of lower altitude and less safety from the ever-rising oil levels. In time all of them did roll down and drown themselves.

Referred

The already numerous oil lakes were significantly augmented and

Continued on page 104

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Din-Din, Morris

Would you be my main course at dinner?

After I got done eating the hair from your pits, sucking the warts off your ass, and chewing the corns off your toes, I'd love to dive into that Mean Green Man-eatin' Machine you call a pussy.

What do you say to that, you fine-lookin', sleazy bitch?

Bruno

Elkhart, Indiana

- Don't forget your diving bell; it gets kinda deep.

What A Man

My ol' man claims my twat can't be as good as yours. He says he's going to remain celibate until he has at least a piece of your snatch. Please help me!

I never thought I'd ever ask you for this, but I have to somehow convince him that your pussy ain't that much better than mine. Won't you tell him the truth? Besides, he said he'd fuck me for 72 hours straight if you printed this letter. Please help me out, I've been horny for six weeks.

Sundance

Calumet City, Ill.

- Yer ol' man sounds almost as smart as Spider.

Got To Fly

I hear that you are as ugly as catshit. I hear that you got a nose like a chicken leg. I hear your armpits smell like cowshit, and your twat like a swimming pool full of dead fish — an empty swimming pool full of dead fish.

Shit, lady, how the hell do the damn flies stand being near you? I'd give anything to be one of those flies.

J.J.Jr.

Dodge City, Kan.

- I'll send ya an application form. Don't forget to enclose the \$25 processing fee when ya return it.

Liquid Gold

My ol' man, like any real biker, likes, wants, and demands head all the time. As far as I'm concerned, my ol' man is the best dude alive, and I love pleasing him, but I don't enjoy giving head unless he's eating my pussy at the same time. I feel I do a better job then, and it is easy for me to swallow his cock and cum in that position.

I give him head every day

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

as many times as he wants, but he only goes down on me once a week. I'm 21 and keep myself clean, so I know that isn't the problem.

Having my pussy eaten is the only way I can get off, 'cause my box is extremely tight and he gets off too quick when we fuck. What do I do to get him to spend more time with his face buried in my snatch?

Blondie

Wood River, Iowa

- Fill it with beer.

Motivation

I've got an old man whose scoot is down. I give him head in the morning to start his day off right and fuck his brains out at night to end his day right.

I also do everything I can

for him in between times, but I still can't seem to get him motivated to get the damn scoot up. What should I do?

Slut Breath

Lawndale, Calif.

- Kick his ass at high noon.

Safety First

I know I've been down too long because you're actually starting to look good to me. I would just love to stick my tongue in that sweaty pussy and tickle your tonsils.

I heard Spider parks his bike in your cunt because that's the only safe place in California to put it. Is that really true?

Wizard

Baltimore, Md.

- Just to be on the safe side, he also ties Rufus to it.

Passing Gas

I was getting it up the ass from my ol' man when I farted and blew him out. He couldn't get it back up, so I stood up and pissed on him. It turned him on so much that he screwed my lights out all night long.

The problem is that his crank got so raw that I can't have any until the skin grows back. I spend a lot of time these days getting myself off, but that's okay because he likes that a lot.

I bet those other bitches don't know how to please a man as good as I do. And that includes you, you old douche bag. I really just wrote this letter for the fuck of it. I don't want your ugly picture; if I wanna upchuck, I'll stick my finger down my throat.

Ridin' Ready

Port Charlotte, Fla.

What A Mom

Okay, bitch, I want an answer to this question. I know you're not Ann Landers, but you do me right and I'll come over to eat the maggots out of your snatch.

Here's the question. A man's bike is a symbol of himself, right? A man and his bike are one together, correct? Well, my mother bought my Harley for me. What kind of man am I?

Boozier

Berlin, Germany

- A lucky one.

What A Dish

I got a recipe for you. My ol' man likes me to stuff small dead animals up my cunt and then douche with a mixture of battery acid, Jack Daniel's and fifty-weight. He says them rotted little varmint pieces marinated in my special sauce are so tasty we should open a chain of restaurants and sell 'em. What do you think?

Tasty Twat

Cumville, N.M.

- I tried it once, but the only thing left after the marinatin' was a few charred bones and three rodent hairs.



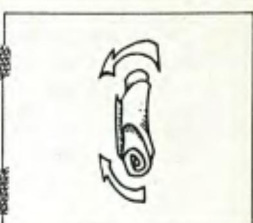
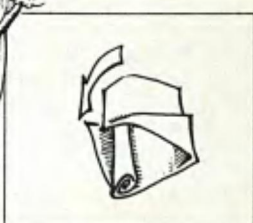
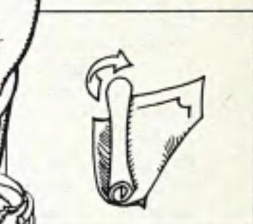
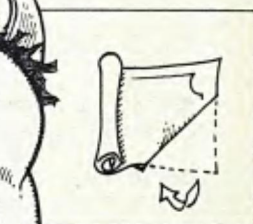
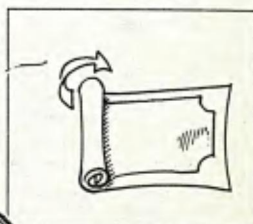
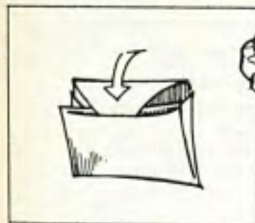
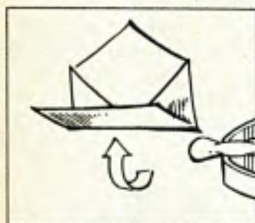
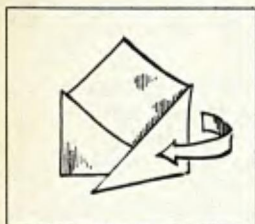
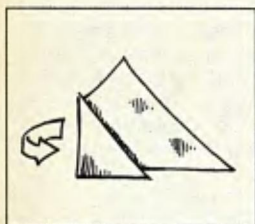
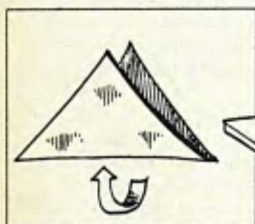
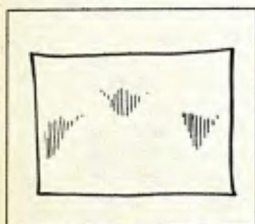
Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

Tech Tip

Take Heed & Feed

Tech tips are all about makin' things work better. We've told ya a better way to move oil into yer engine, and we've given ya pointers on smoothin' the flow of juice to yer electrics and gas to yer carb. Despite all this, there are still a few readers who snivel that we've let ya down an' never provide any helpful hints to streamline the feedin' of yer nose. So, in keeping with our April Fools' theme, we asked artist and food expert Hal Robinson to rectify this ghastly omission. And, here it is — *Easyriders'* guide to foldin' paper and rollin' bills. Let us know when you've mastered these techniques, and we'll try ya on some really heavy-duty project — like firin' up a roach after you've accidentally swallowed it.

—Wasted Wally



"I'm in heat, man — gimme some lovin' fast!"



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Do you own a bike? Make?

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about **Easyriders** magazine?

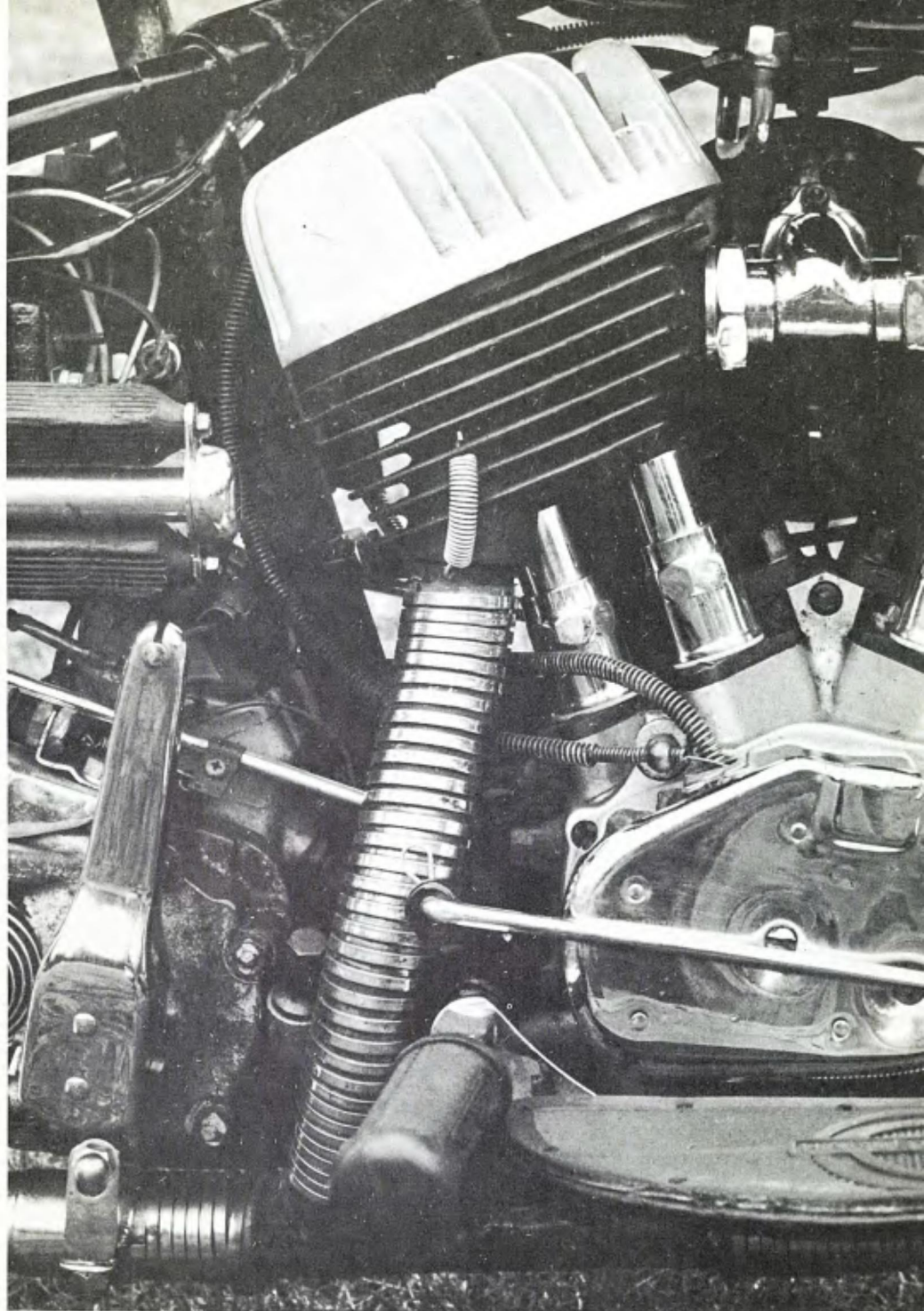


8" in the movie, "The Great Race."

During World War II, Rikuo made its version of Harley's WLA. Physically it was about one-and-a-half times larger than the WLA and, as fate would have it, the only known (outside of Japan) surviving military Rikuo WLA with sidecar was captured in Honolulu just after the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Evidently, the Japanese did not warn their embassy delegation to depart before their surprise attack; the Rikuo with sidecar was the embassy's military escort vehicle. The machine eventually found its way into a Los Angeles museum and is now in a private collection in Southern California.

After 1936, Harley dropped the VL side-valve with total-loss oiling in favor of the knucklehead and dry-sump side-valves. Harley offered to let the Japanese produce the knucklehead, but they chose instead to stay with the VL side-valve models. By 1940, the Rikuo company was making a dry-sump 750cc 45 model, whereas the RL 750cc Harley was dropped in 1936 in favor of the 45-cubic-inch WL. The 1947 Rikuo 45- and 74-cubic-inch models retained the VL Harley's I-beam front forks, squarish gas tanks and total-loss oil system.

It wasn't until 1950 that Rikuo began using letters to identify its models, as Harley has done since the J series in the 1920s. A 1950 Rikuo 1200cc was known as a VFD; the same 1200cc model with a



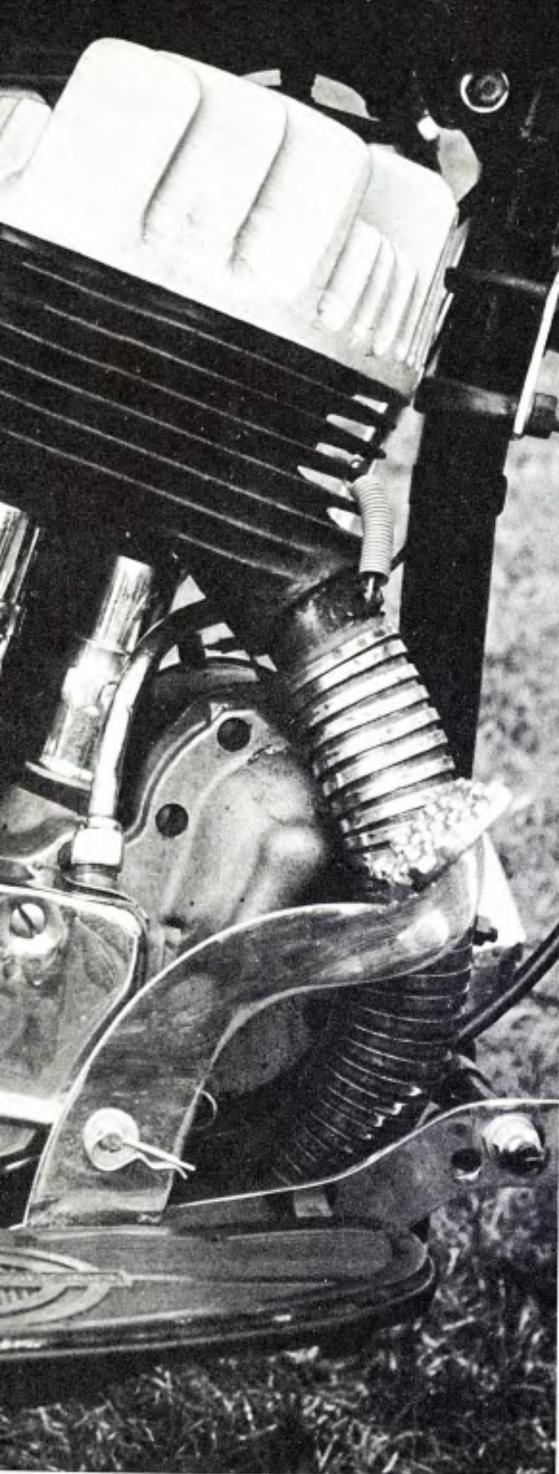
Photos by Pete Chiodo

sidecar attached, was an LTS. The 750cc models were known as RT and RQ. The 1200cc Rikuo retained the I-beam springer fork, squarish tanks, tank shift and tank-top speedometer until 1953. The 750cc Rikuo adopted the rounded gas tanks with an enclosed dash panel in 1952.

By 1953 the 750cc Rikuo had a hydralglide front fork with the primi-

tive springer-fork type of brake. Foot shifts came into use; and instead of mounting the ratchet top on the transmission as Harley did, the Japanese ratchet was similar to the Thoro shift accessory made in North Aurora, Illinois, which mounted on the toe-shift bracket near the frame's forward cross shaft. From a distance, the major components of the Rikuo models look as though they will

interchange with the same Harley components. It is only upon closer inspection that their differences, though usually slight, are detected. They retained the VL ammeter and incorporated a smooth dash cover. The wraparound oil tank, mounted similarly to Harley's, has a sight glass in the filler. The Rikuo company also made a 350cc vertical single that appears to be a copy of a



fifties-era BMW.

By 1960 Rikuo was on its way out — a victim, in part, of Honda's flooding the world with inexpensive two-wheeled transportation. Also, after World War II, Harleys were exported to Japan as they had been prior to 1930. The Japanese customers, hungry for the real McCoy, deserted Rikuo for Harley. In a last-ditch attempt to increase sales, Rikuo introduced its first

overhead-valve model in 1960. The 750, which was appropriately called the RX 750, was a cross between a VL lower end, a 45-cubic-inch valve train and a panhead top end. With its swingarm frame, the RX 750 looked somewhat like a 1958 Duo-Glide.

The RX 750cc was not enough to attract more buyers. In the 1960s Rikuo faded away just as Indian had in 1953. De-

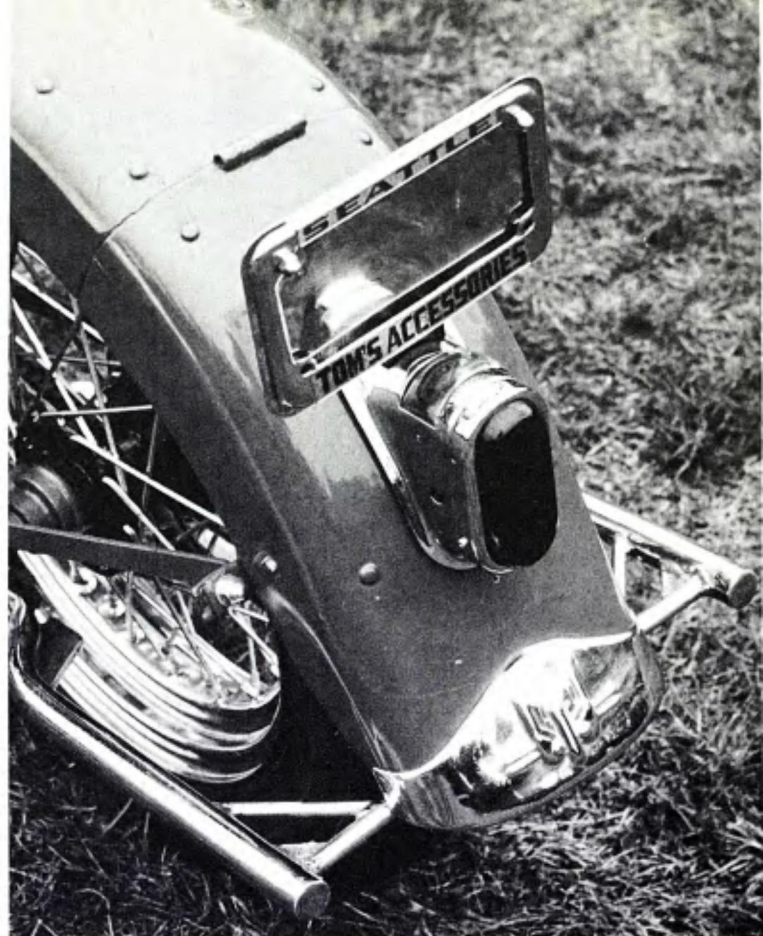
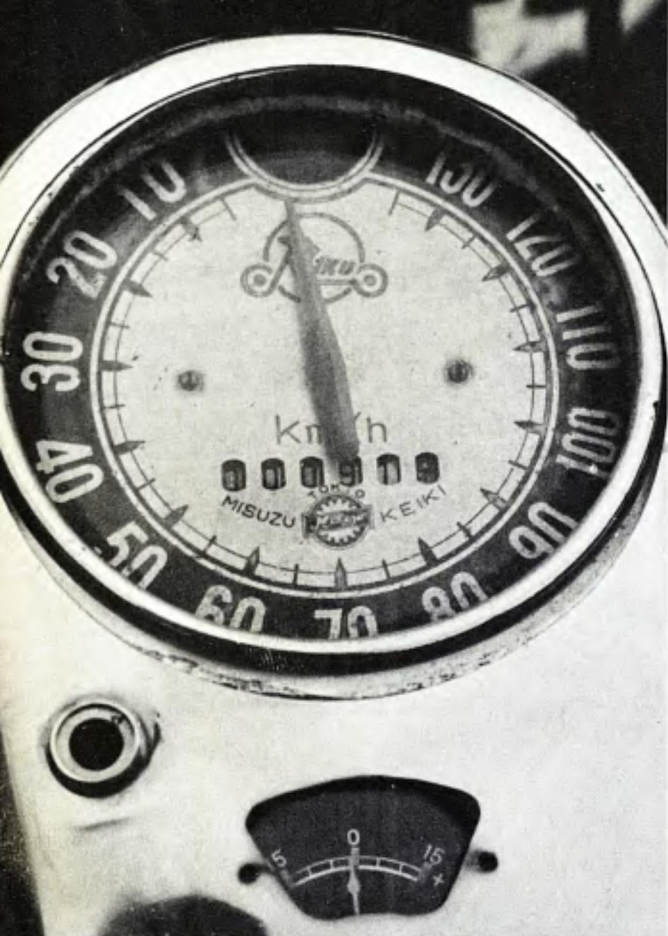
spite the fact that it was manufactured for 25 years, there are few known survivors of the marque. Rikuos obviously were only look-alikes and not perform-alikes. Only a handful are known to exist outside of Japan.

Today, a Harley-Davidson is a highly regarded and much sought-after status symbol in Japan — so much so that the name Rikuo offers little to a Japanese

rider who would much prefer a vintage or modern Big-Twin Harley to any other machine. The present flood of Yamaha and Honda V-Twins will probably have more sales impact in the United States than in Japan. In Japan there's no substitute for a Harley-Davidson. Then, as now, Harley-Davidson is *rikuo* — "King of the Road."

—Mike Egan

Owner: Tom's Accessories		City: Seattle, Wash.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Japan		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1957 Rikuo		Builder: Rikuo	
Model: 45		Type: rigid	
Value: \$25,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: two years		Other alterations: checked for cracks	
Chroming by: Art Brass Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1957		Risers: part of bars	
Model: 45		Fender(s): full	
Rebuilder: Mike Tom		Headlight: Rikuo	
Ignition: points		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 45 cu. in.		Speedo: reads backwards	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: floor boards	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: two		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: aluminum		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: painted	
Carb(s): stock		Seat: panhead	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: fender straps	
Pipes: two into one		Height: to the fender	
Muffler(s): stock		Material: Japanese steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1957		Extension: none	
Shifting: heel and toe		Builder: Rikuo	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: stock	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16	Size: 16
Molding: none		Hub: Rikuo	Hub: Rikuo
Painter: Rick Tom		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: fire engine red		Tire: 500 x 16	Tire: 500 x 16
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: one of only two bikes in this country			



1928 and 1929 — earning rave reviews from those lucky enough to afford them. And they were snappy — the JDH two-cam was the end product of almost two decades of successful racing on board and dirt tracks.

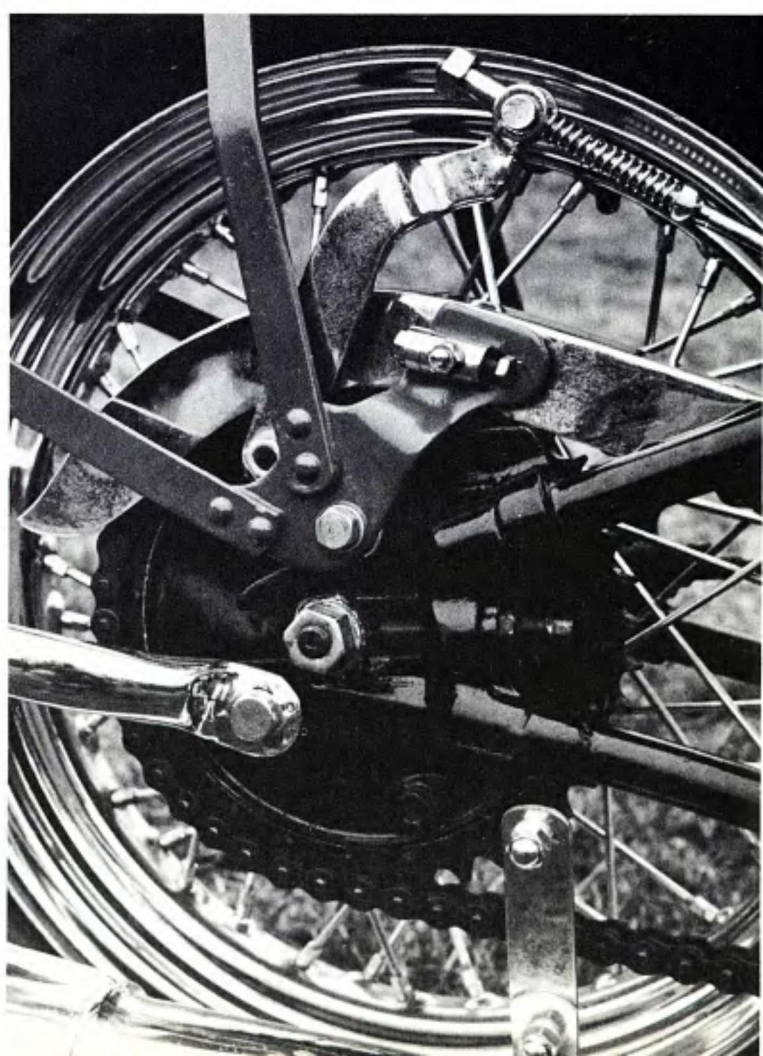
Their racing heritage was unsurpassed, and for the first time, the riding public was able to sample their power firsthand. That vision was short-lived, however, because the AMA refused to approve the twin-cam design for racing and H-D stopped production. The JDH two-cam is still a prize today and can solidly flog some modern models fifty years its junior. Harley's decision could not have come at a worse time — they badly needed a winner to prop up their sagging sales; but instead of staying with that winner, the JDH two-cam, they turned to a swayback VL plowhorse in basic olive drab.

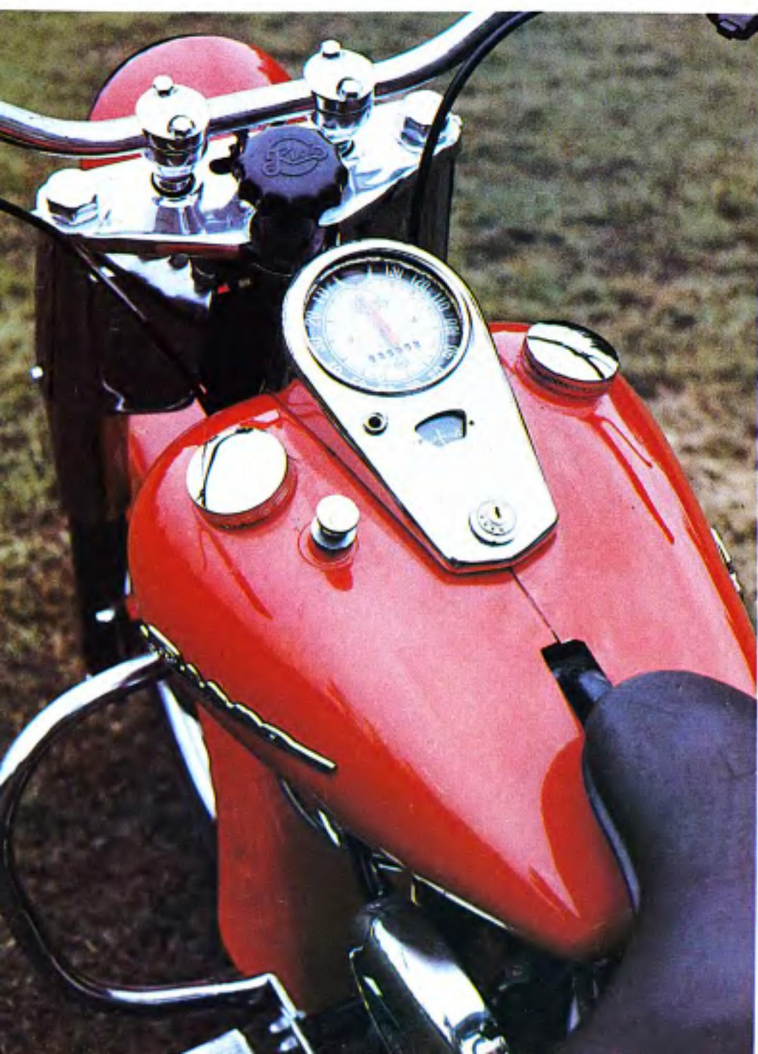
During the 1930s, the buying public began to ignore motorcycles in

favor of inexpensive automobiles. As unemployment increased, fewer and fewer enthusiasts bought bikes. Harley-Davidson compounded its problems with its decision to market the side-valve VLs. These models had engine problems almost from the beginning because of poorly designed flywheels. Dealers were swamped with unhappy riders and had no way to solve the problem, except by rebuilding the engines with the same weak components.

When Harley became swamped with complaints from its dealer network, the clouds began to darken. The company did not have the financial resources necessary to survive a total recall of the VLs. On the other hand, if they did not stand behind their VL repairs and simultaneously develop a better engine, their unhappy customers would surely defect to the Indian camp. Harley was caught in a cross fire.

Domestic and foreign





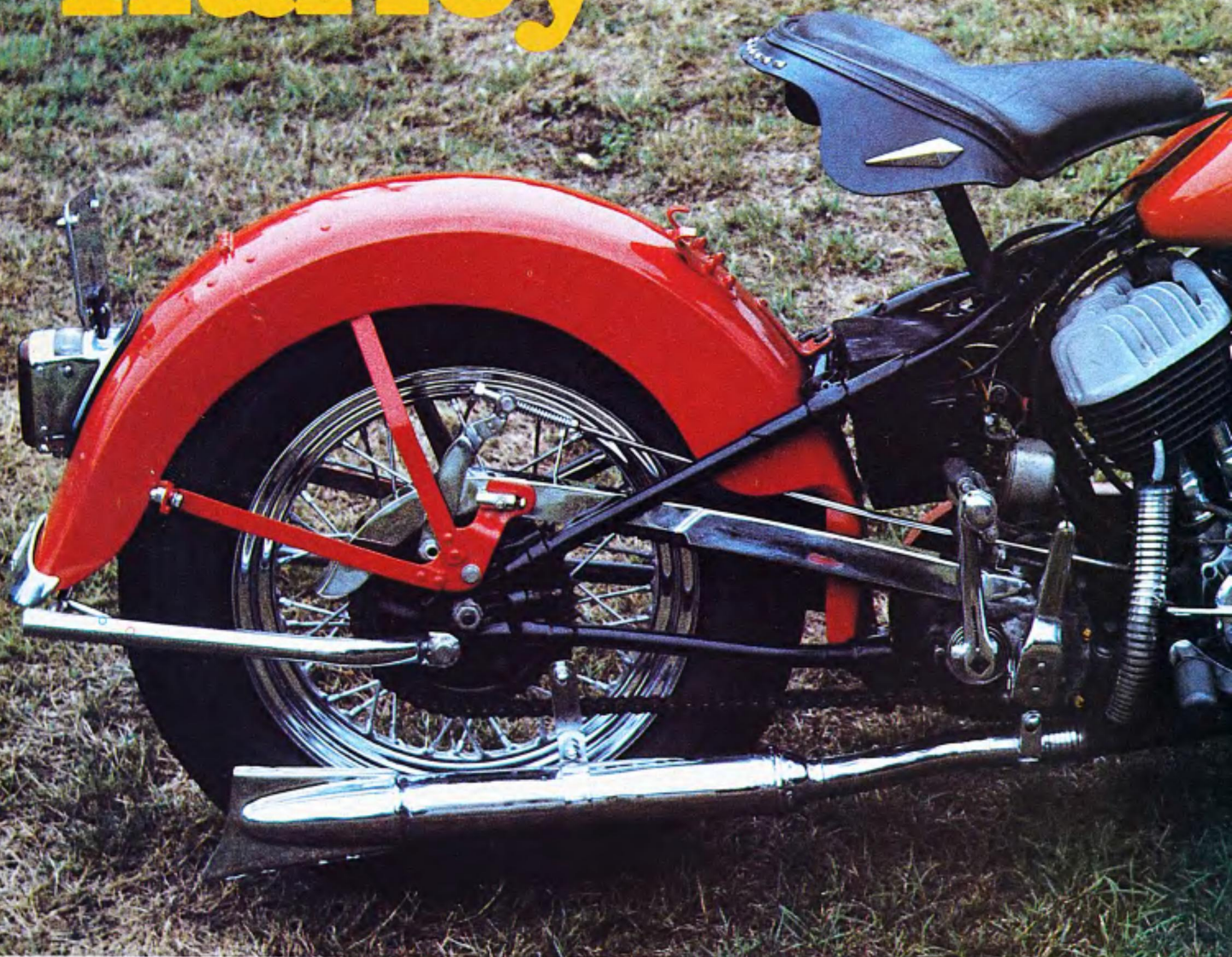
sales sagged. The VL model was turning into a financial time bomb that would explode shortly, unless some means was found to defuse it. As Harley cast around for a way out of its dilemma, a gentleman from the "Land of the Rising Sun" stepped forward with a proposal: He wanted to manufacture Harleys in Japan, under license to be sold in Japan only. The Japanese offer could not have come at a better time. The money from the licensing agreement would bail Harley out of the VL disaster and generate new revenue from a foreign market, a source that had virtually dried out because of the trade barriers.

This licensing agreement led to the birth of the Japanese-manufactured Harley — the Rikuo, which is "King of The Road" in Japanese. The Rikuo was manufactured and sold in Japan from 1935 to 1960. While Harley-Davidson forbade the use of its name on the motorcycle for obvious

reasons, it did appear in very small script above the headlamp on some of the late models.

The first Rikuo model was a 1200cc solo machine which looked like a carbon copy of the 1936 Harley VL. In time, Rikuo also introduced a three-wheeler similar to Indian's service-car model. The Rikuo three-wheeler had a very cumbersome bolt-on attachment that displaced the solo's rear wheel and had side rails, similar in size to a small auto frame, that attached on the forward lower frame of the solo model. These three-wheelers had every form of rear box imaginable, from a conventional type of package box to a rickshaw-like buggy attachment. Rikuo's sidecar looked similar in body style to Harley's late -1930s type. It mounted on the left side, instead of the right as ours do, and sat up so high that the passenger had to look down to see the rider. It looked like Jack Lemmon's "Hannibal

A JAPANESE Harley



How many of you know that Japan has been in the motorcycle manufacturing business since the turn of the century? I don't see too many hands. I didn't know it, either, until I obtained the *Encyclopedia of Japanese Motorcycles* some years ago.

Their first production motorcycle was a 1909 NS, very similar to the German NSU of that period.

The NS was a spindly looking bicycle with a large, vertical single-cylinder engine mounted below the rider's legs in a now-conventional location. It had a pedal assist, direct chain-drive and an engine made by the Shimazus Brothers Motor Company. It looked much like the primitive cycles built all around the world at that time.

From 1909 to 1935, dif-

ferent Japanese manufacturers built a considerable range of bikes. They were primarily single-cylinder look-alikes of models that were currently being built in England and the U.S.A. A novice today would have a hard time discerning the difference, other than the name, between such marques as Triumph, Sunbeam, Rudge, Ariel and Norton, and similar Japanese makes of that

period. Early observers have noted that the Japanese would purchase an English motorcycle, take it to Japan and copy it. Does that sound familiar? The survival rate of these early Japanese motorcycles is nil, with the few exceptions now residing in the hands of Japanese collectors.

During this period, 1910 to 1930, Harleys were being exported in



goodly numbers, many finding their way to Japan. The FH two-cam was coming into its own as a record breaker in competition and a very popular racing machine in Japan, where it doubtlessly left domestic competitors in its dust. The success and durability of Harley's 1920s models is proven by the hundreds of machines from that era still in running condition

in foreign ports today.

Unfortunately, that success was not to continue indefinitely. By the end of the twenties, the world was slowly sinking into the Great Depression. Small countries began enacting trade barriers to keep out inexpensive imports that competed with their domestic products on the home market. These trade barriers served to make foreign

products very expensive and, therefore, less desirable.

It was about this time that Harley-Davidson began to feel the crunch of decreased export and domestic sales. Management decided to drop the J and JD model pocket-valve engines in favor of the untested 74-cubic-inch side-valve model known as the VL. Harley riders and dealers alike were displeased with the

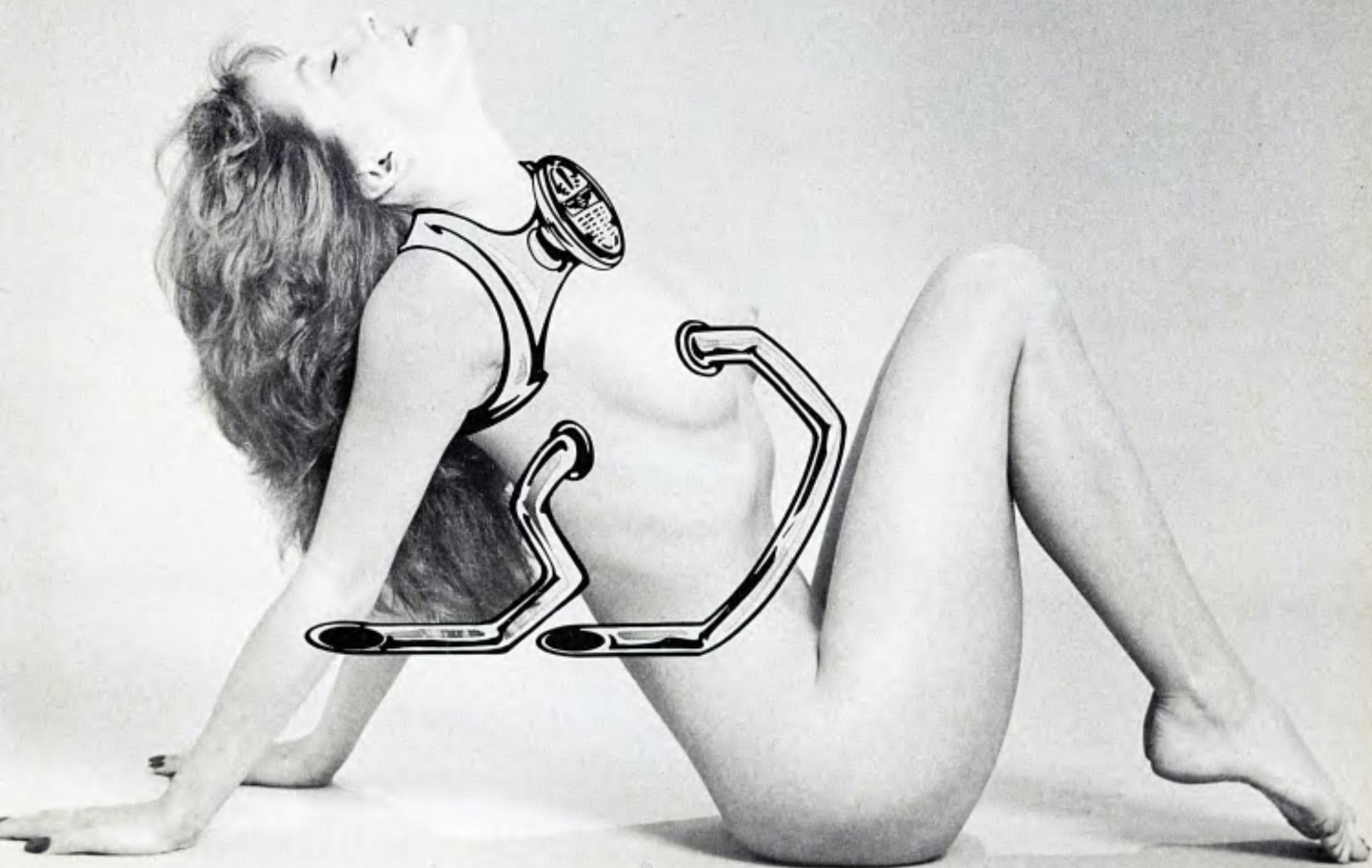
decision. The VL models began selling in 1930, but not in the same numbers as their tried-and-true predecessors. The pocket-valve engine had been in production since H-D's early days and was at the pinnacle of its development and popularity when dropped in 1929. The racing FH two-cam engine was finally introduced in road-going form as the JDH Sporting Solo of

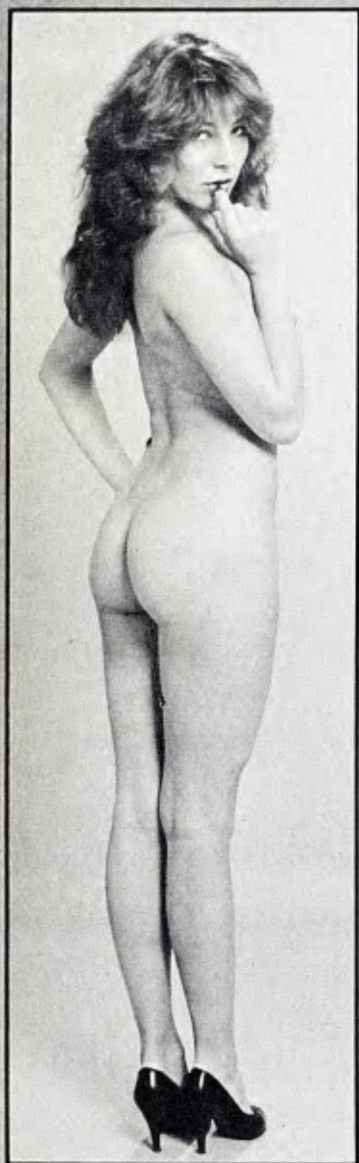


Photos by Pete Chiolo



Illustrations by Matt Foster





LOOKIN' THE PART

"I sure 'preciate yer lookin' after Melanie's kid sister fer two weeks while we're on the road, bro," Pacheco Clyde said as he pitched the fluffy-haired blonde out of his pickup. "This run sure means a lot to me; I've been waitin' damn near two months to see if that pan I built up this winter runs as good on the road as it looks sittin' and gleamin' in the middle of my livin' room."

I leaned toward the window of the truck and tried to keep my smile from widening into a flat-out, shit-eatin' grin. Melanie's little sister was wrapped up in some kind of overcoat, but I could still tell that babysittin' her wasn't gonna be a problem — in fact, I had just about finished renovatin' my own ride and she looked just the right size for a P-pad.

Pacheco motioned me over closer and I suddenly flashed on the fact that it was him that was wearin' the shit-eatin' grin. "One thing I shoulda mentioned, bro," he began with a chuckle. "Susie here is kinda straight, she won't smoke dope or even drink, an' every time I'd rev up the pan while I was tunin' it, she'd start to get nervous and snuffle." He gunned the pickemup, shouted "April Fool!" and was gone, leaving me and Suzie

alone, standing on the sidewalk starin' silently at each other.

Fortunately, my immediate feelin' of bein' had was quickly replaced by determination. He might have left me Susie Straight, but I was gonna return him Susie Scoot. I'd show the candy-assed prick. The only problem was where to begin. Well, shit, I thought, might as well handle it like rebuildin' a bike — first strip it down to the skin and then dress it up right.

—Gandy
Dancer



This month we're checkin' out three American solo albums, two of which are from dudes normally recognized as member of bands. One of them has hung up his band member drumsticks to do his own thing, and the other is doin' a little side action to keep himself loose. The third album is by a woman who is generally listed as a solo performer, yet is surrounded and backed by a scorching conglomerate of country players — her Hot Band.

When you say "solo" anything, you mean one, right? Wrong. Not with these three. They aren't strictly solo acts because they don't sing by themselves or play their own accompaniment, like Cat Stevens or John Prine used to. Yep, they've each got a full sidekick's worth of talent behind them. Packing behind Emmylou Harris, Don Henley, and Jerry Garcia on these discs is a Who's Who of session musicians — collectively some of the finest in the business.

Since this is a partyin' month around here (ain't they all?) and there's a bomber doob of buds bein' jammed in my mouth, let's follow the sweet smoke to beauty and check the pretty lady first.

Emmylou Harris/Last Date: In her most rousing effort to date, Emmylou and her Hot Band kick ass all over a selection of country standards, pop and rock tunes. Some are oldies — a few from her first days on the job, so to speak.

Ah, sweet Emmylou. That gal has driven many a man-fan into a tequila delirium, not the least of whom is our bro Madman Kelly, who sniveled until we agreed to send out an "I love you, Emmylou" for him. Here it is, Madman, in living black and white.

Emmylou shows a great knack for rejuvenating old tunes, some of which are so far out of my range that I wasn't aware they're old. Take for example the title cut, "(Lost Our Love) On Our Last Date." Would ya believe this was originally served up in 1960 as an instrumental by pianist Floyd Cramer, and rose to number 29 on the Billboard Top 100 that year? That was the same year that the late Marty Robbins reached number three with "El Paso." Quite a year, 1960. I mean, who could ever forget "Alley Oop" by the Hollywood Argyles? Or the numero uno

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



tune for that year, "Theme From A Summer Place" by Percy Faith? Remember them — well, to be truthful, I don't, but Ms. Harris and the Austin Animal do.

"Last Date" is now on its third time around, with lyrics added by Conway Twitty. Another relic from the bone-yard is the opening cut, "I'm Moving On," which Hank Snow wrote sometime before the invention of panheads. Emmylou and crew give it a lively treatment, which carries over throughout the album.

This album was recorded live and loses nothing for it — in fact, it gains the kind of momentum that can't be achieved in a studio setting. Emmylou goes back through

nearly ten years of her past, issuing songs she originally put her mark on as an obscure backup singer: Gram Parsons's "Grievous Angel," "Juanita," and "Devil In Disguise." "Grievous Angel" was originally released in 1974 on the first posthumous Parsons album, and is still available in some decent record stores. It is a well-known fact that Parsons and the Burrito Brothers laid the groundwork for the glut of country-rock we heard throughout the 70s.

Also included are Carl Perkins's "Restless," Don Everly's "So Sad (To Watch Good Love Go Bad)," and a good one for the winter when you want something warm close to ya, "It's Not Love (But It's

Not Bad)." She even brings a couple of recent tunes into the fray — Neil Young's "Long May You Run" and Bruce Springsteen's "Racing In The Streets."

One other thing about Emmylou Harris is, as you can see, she's supported by road manager Mangler and his 45 trike.

Don Henley/I Can't Stand Still: No doubt about it, this is one of the best rock albums of the year — thoroughly listenable again and again.

Henley, former Eagle (the cynical one) from east Texas, has delivered his first solo album. With the support of friends and the best studio musicians money can buy, he scores a knockout his first time out the gate. Now the Eagles weren't one of my particular favorites; I can't stand that "Take It Easy" sap. But the songs I can get behind, like "Victim Of Love," "Life In The Fast Lane," "Hotel California," "The Last Resort," and a tune that at least one club holds as its theme song, "Desperado," were Henley creations. Henley is quick to point out, though, that there was group involvement on all Eagles songs, with all the members working collectively.

After listening to a tape of **I Can't Stand Still**, and with no further information about it, I got hold of the record. One look at the credits showed why this disc sounds so good. It's got factory-trained specialists on it. In music, it's like building class scooters — you've gotta get quality workmanship. Henley's got it. He wrote most of the tunes with Danny Korchmar (Kootch to his friends), famous for his work with Jackson Browne, Warren Zevon, James Taylor and others. Together with Henley he adds a mean guitar and a sardonic wit. Songs like "You Better Hang Up," "Dirty Laundry," "Johnny Can't Read," and "Them and Us" take a look at modern living and all its bummers. They hit the dissatisfaction of listless love, news commentators, "the bubble-headed bleach-blondie... who can tell you 'bout the plane crash with a gleam in her eye"; kids that can't read, "Is it Johnny's fault? Oh no!"; the ultimate early-warning sirens when The Big One drops, "In forty-five minutes it'll all be done. We'll all be good and crispy. But we'll still be number." *Continued on page 121*

Photo by Henry Diltz

OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, showin' their stuff, tryin' to win the yearly \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be

completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize



Here she is, folks — Cindy, the eighth monthly winner in the 5th annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Ronnie, Vikki, and Barb.

documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

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*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is March 30. We'll print the

winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #118 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■

Jennifer



Lisa



Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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 Name _____ Phone _____
 Model's Legal Signature _____
 I am _____ years of age, born _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Photographer _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Theresa



P.J.



Goatman's Daughter



Sandy





DAVID MANN

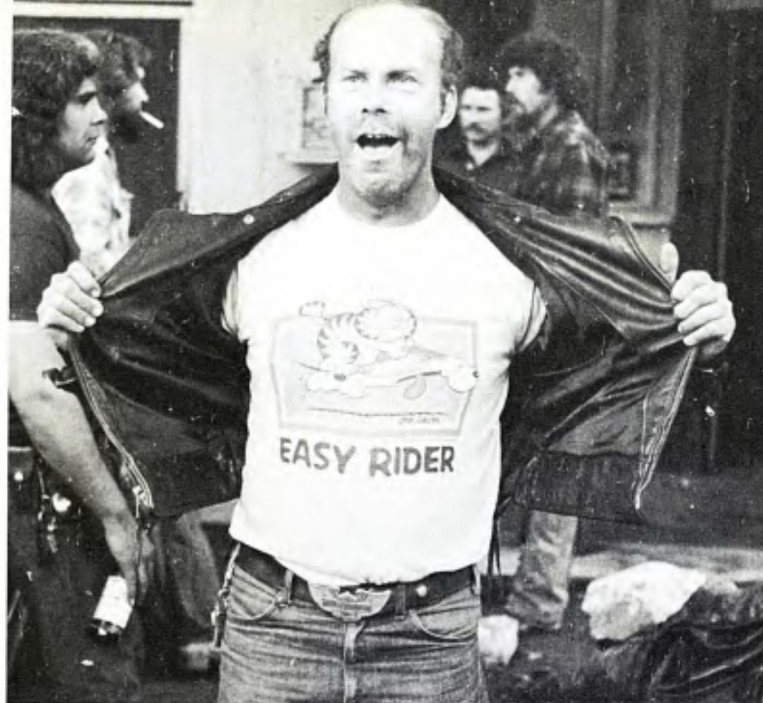
Easyriders Magazine



—from Ro Seus, Stoughton, Wis.

—from Zonker, Yuma, Colo.

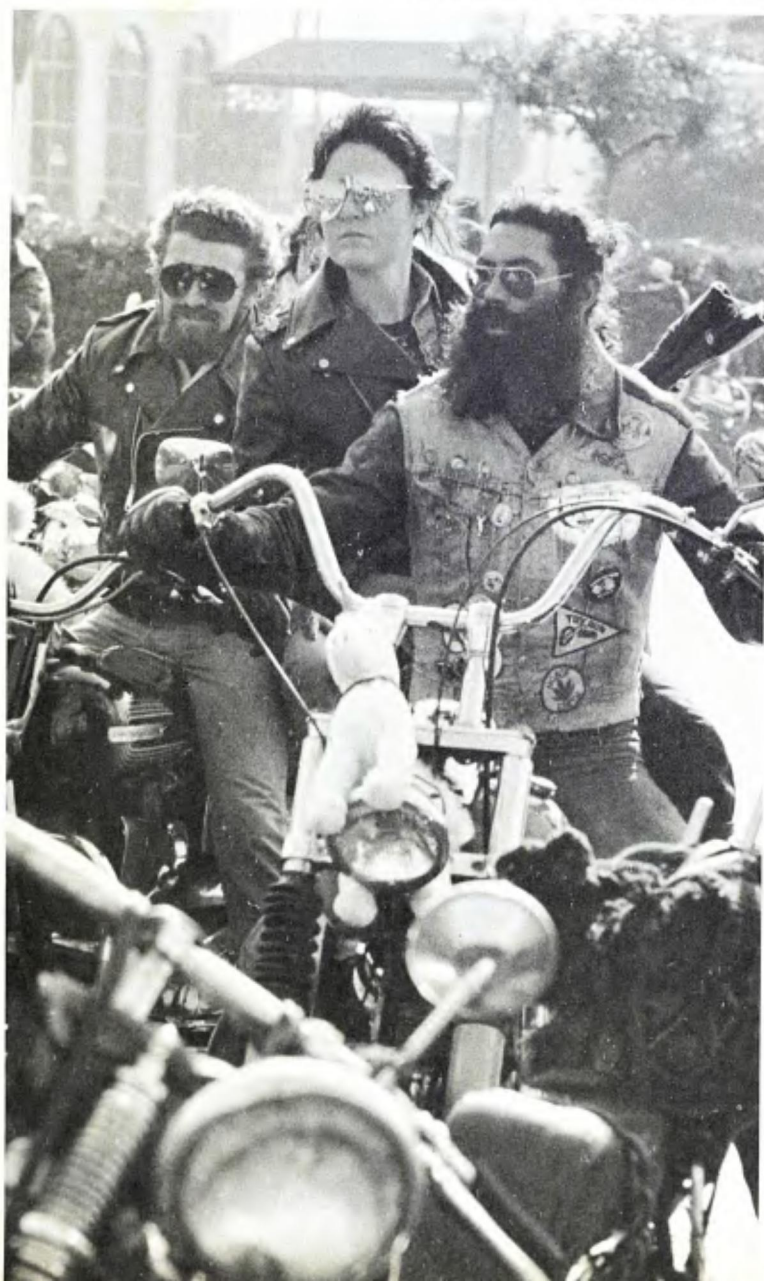




—from Heinekens Hobbs, Ventura, Calif.



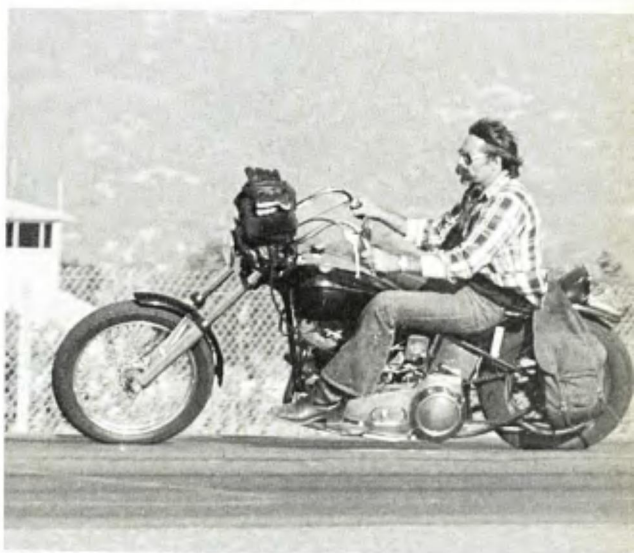
—from C.L. Fischer, Colorado Springs, Colo.



—from Phil Lozano, Los Angeles, Calif.



—from Magic Tongue, Houston, Tex.



—from Kim Peterson, Ukiah, Calif.



—from Linda Chapman, Henryetta, Okla.



—from Leif Persson, Slite, Sweden



—from Gus, Los Angeles, Calif.

—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Dirty Ernie, Kansas

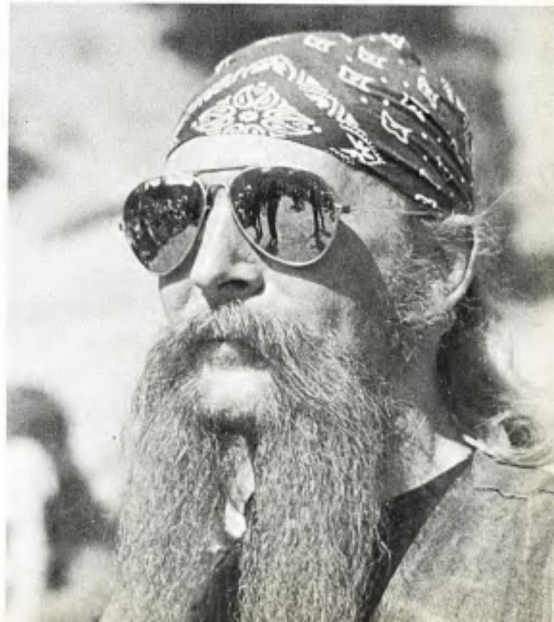


—from T.R. Vanhorne, III, Chesapeake, Va.



—from Rich Pisarski, Levittown, N.Y.

—from Randy Waite, Malibu, Calif.



IN THE WIND

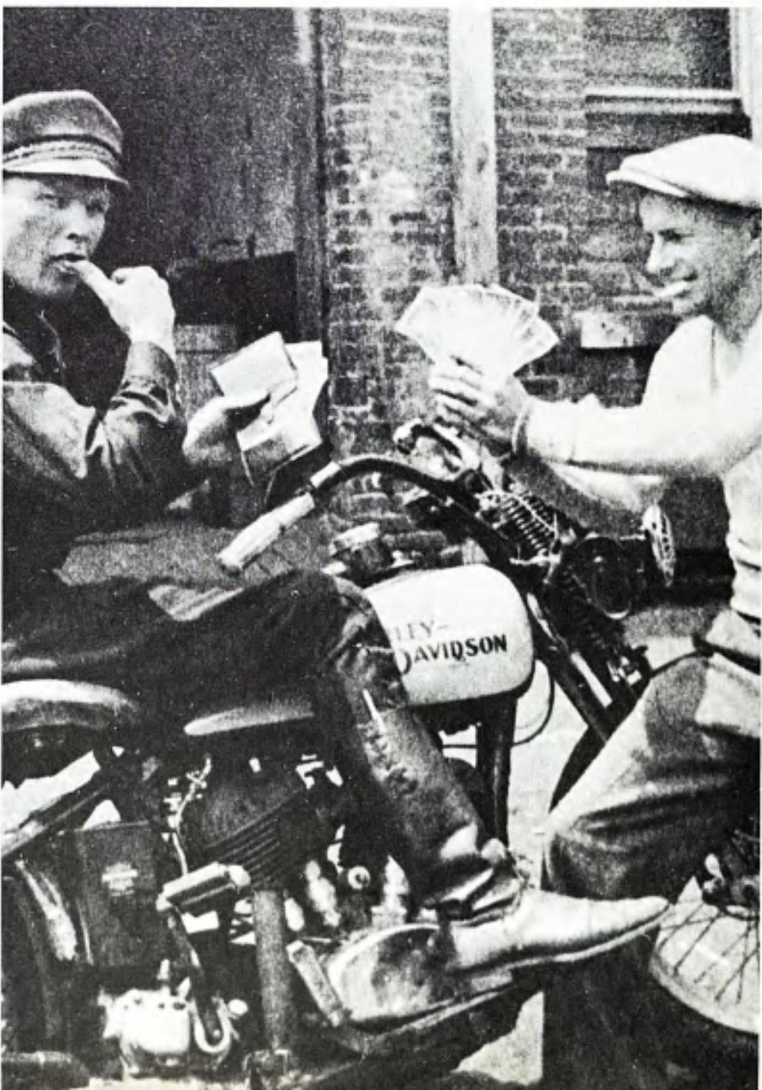
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



—from Gus, Los Angeles, Calif.



—from Portia Tunks, Bowling Green, Ky.



—from Bob Jones, Santa Barbara, Calif.



—from Uncle Rick, Neoga, Ill.



—from Mark Macaulay, Saint John, New Brunswick



could write a book — probably two — but you're still stuck with trying to get it squeezed onto maybe twelve sheets of typing paper, double-spaced at that.

What you'll be able to cram together on the subject of the Dead and their gut-level appeal is iffy, but there's one thing for sure. After putting your head into the Dead for that long, and that heavy, you ain't ever gonna be quite the same.

A few million other people get that same feeling, that buzz, that lift, just by going to the mainstay of the Dead phenomenon — a concert. Any other group's concert — you think, hey, I could dig it, let's go. But when the Dead is coming to town, a ritual begins to unfold, an aura forms, a feeling settles into your bones. People begin drifting in from every direction, on Harleys, in buses, on shank's mares. Some come hundreds of miles, some thousands, and many of them know each other from other Dead concerts — including those at the Pyramids. Some have quit steady jobs to follow the Dead and now work at temporary gigs just until the next concert is announced on the Dead hotline from San Rafael. (In case you're new to the Dead dream, the number on the West Coast is 415-457-6388. If you're on the East Coast, call 201-777-8653.)

People on the outside of this dream can't help but wonder what it's all about. Even people on the inside sometimes wonder. What is it all about? Is it what Spider so aptly dubbed "musical dope"? Whatever the Dead's incredible mystique is, it's very, very habit-forming.

The fans who follow the Dead around are called, as you know, Deadheads; and in some quarters,

they have a reputation for being Burnt Bernies who spend their time watching eyelid movies. After spending hours talking with several of them, I have to tell ya that description is pure bullshit. They had a lot to say about the feelings — the mystery — of digging the Dead, and it made sense. Among others, I met a young biker-farmer and his sweet ol' lady, who live in the Oregon backwoods with their baby and never miss a Dead concert held in the Pacific North or Southwest.

Both of them are way into the Dead, and they were able to articulate what they and many other Heads feel — the irresistible pull others just puzzle about. We sat, Dead tapes playing in the background, on the beach with a full moon eavesdropping on us as they talked about their experiences.

"When you go to a Dead concert, there's so much communication inside, it's more like a religious experience. The Dead has studied music from other countries (and, some people believe, other planets) and it takes a while to grow on you. But the tones in their music create a certain feeling, put your head in a certain place, almost like meditation. It's mystical and spiritual. There's a magic about the Dead, and about the crowd response. They have their own philosophy: to dance and have a good time. A Dead concert is a festival. Sometimes security doesn't like your standing up or dancing, but they almost have to let you. The Dead crowds aren't rowdy. Just dancin' and rovin' and roamin' and bein' silly. The Heads are mellow people, mystical misfits; some with bells on and no shoes, road people, tenaciously holding onto the sixties. Deadheads are



people who've stayed out of the mainstream."

The inside of a Dead concert may be a trip, but so is the outside. You can actually *feel* the camaraderie among the Heads; and the parking lots are filled with bumper stickers and Dead paraphernalia painted on cars and buses because Heads are into identifying themselves. Everywhere you look you see flying eyeballs, skulls, and of course, roses — adorning a variety of items, such as T-shirts, you can buy from Deadheads who travel around, making their only bucks selling Dead goodies. Maybe you'll even be able to find a real collector's item like the first Dead button ever issued. (Didn't it say "The Good Ol' Grateful Dead"? Remember how the straights peered at them, puckering up their faces as they pondered what kind of sneaky filth we were trying to lay on





Photo by Eric Walbergh

them? God, it was wonderful!

Chances are slim to none that any of the Heads will approach you, trying to sell bootleg albums or tapes of live performances. Tapes are a big thing with Deadheads; getting into a concert with a recorder in your pants, or up your ol' lady's wazoo (if necessary) is big time. But that's a different kind of bootlegging. Real Heads don't buy tapes from each other or try to sell them to anyone else; they trade them — but only with other Heads. No money changes hands. Somehow it wouldn't be right.

Throughout most of their career, the Grateful Dead has taken a lot of heat because of its association with drugs. After all, wasn't this the official band for the famous "Acid Tests" up in northern California, plus staging all those Trip Festivals, et cetera? A lot's been said

on the subject by the media and other strangers. It's even been said that unless you're stoned, the Dead's music is meaningless.

So, what's the story? Do you need drugs to appreciate the Dead's music? The couple from Oregon had something to say about that. "You don't associate the Dead in your mind with drugs like coke or speed or that type of thing. The Dead is LSD, mushrooms, pot, but the drugs aren't essential. There are probably more drugs done at a Dead concert than at others, but they're not necessary. If you've ever been high, the Dead can turn a key and get you high again. Even if you haven't had anything you can go to a concert or just put on a Dead song and get high. It's detachment; it's another world."

"I can't do drugs anymore," said another Head I met in a bar. "I can't

because I'm on a program and I don't know when I'll get tested. But that doesn't stop me from going to see the Dead. They put my head right." He wasn't supposed to be in a bar either, but I bought him a couple of drinks anyway.

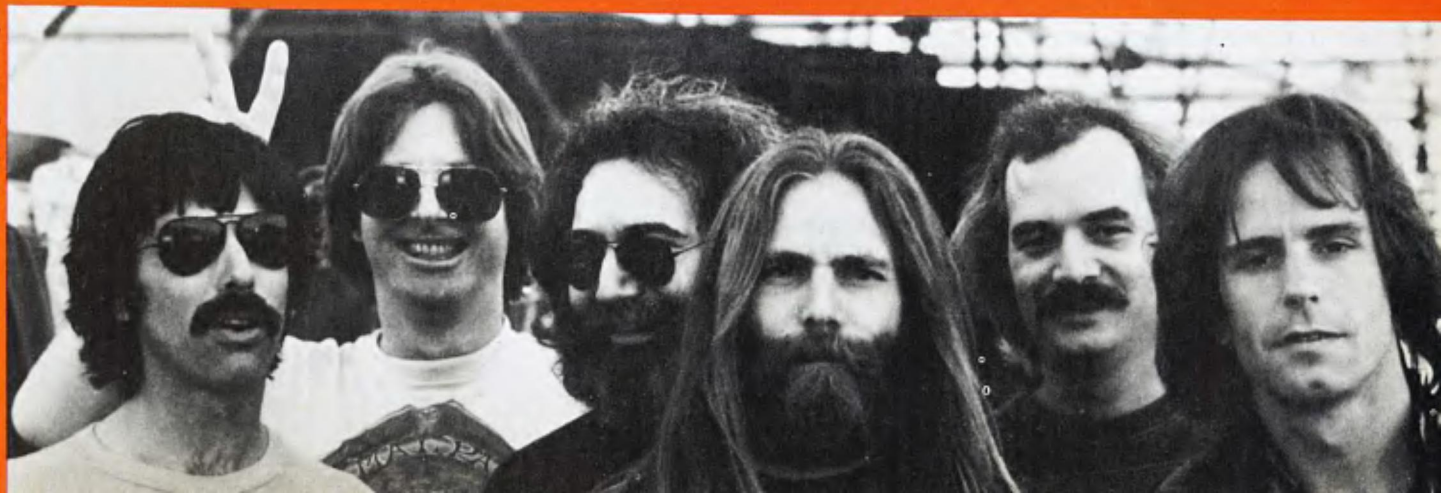
One more Head's opinion: "The Dead without drugs? That's like trying to fly without a plane. I've done that, too, but why try? If you dig the Dead straight, think how much better they'll be if you're stoned!"

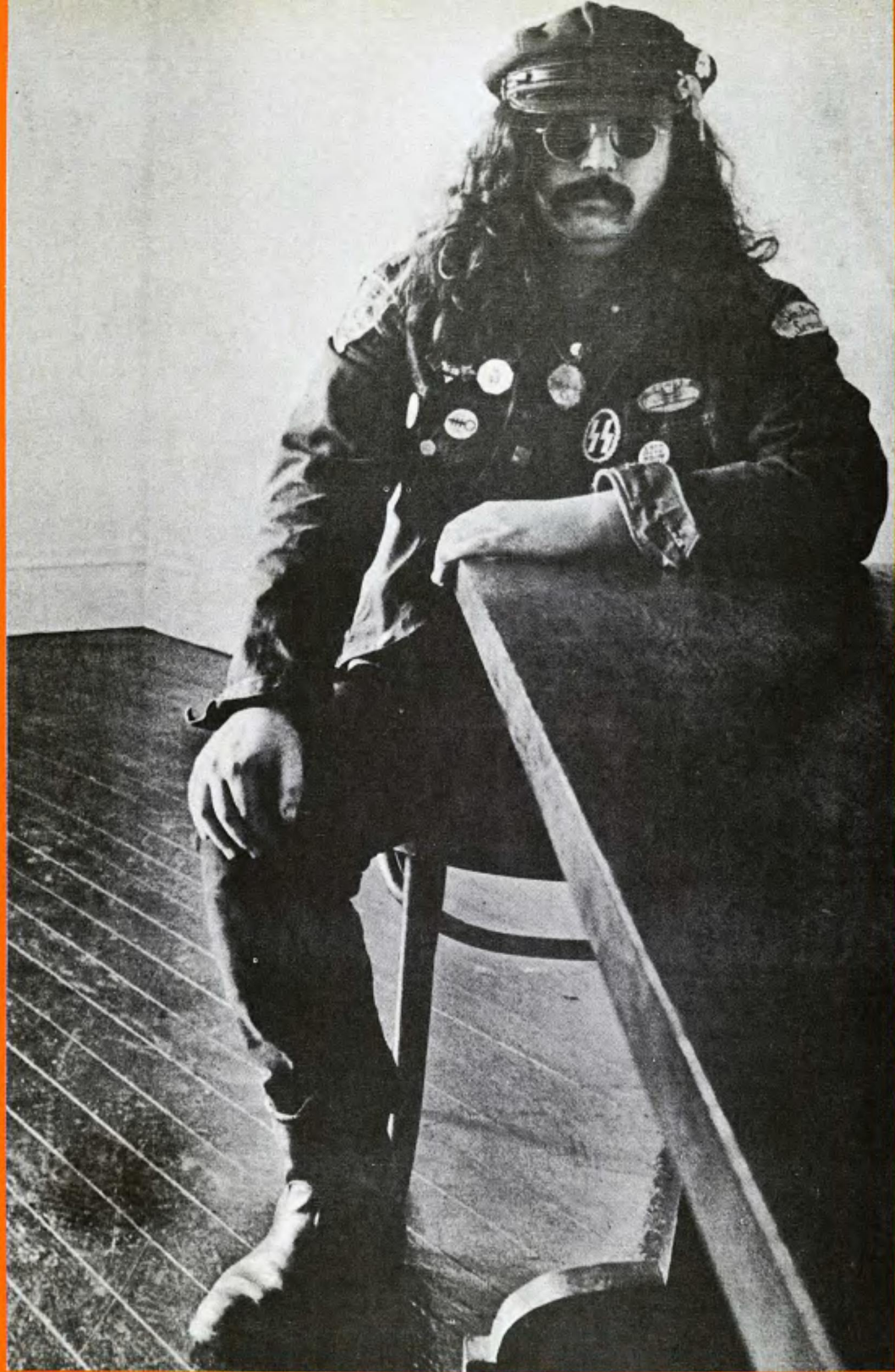
Interesting, huh? Everybody agrees drugs do make it nicer, but two out of three can dig it without indulging. Because they're already high — there's that expression again — on *musical dope*. And if everyone could only take home a little bottle of that Dead concert atmosphere, we'd all be so rich we'd never have to work again!

Deadheads tell me that getting into concerts free is another big thing with them. They work at food booths, squeeze oranges and clean up the concert area in return for tickets, or try to sneak over the fence. It used to be that even if you didn't have a ticket you still had a ninety-percent chance of getting in. But that's all changing as promoters become corporations and the crowds get larger, and venues — like kicks — keep gettin' harder to find. The Dead has always tried to work it out so that any seats left empty can just be given to people outside, but the security cops and other powers-that-be don't much like that practice. Heads who do make it in without tickets don't feel like they're cheating the group out of anything, and the Dead agree. They've probably done more free concerts and benefits than any other group.

Continued on page 98

Photos by Roger Ressmeyer





DEADHEADS



You don't run into enough magazine articles about the Grateful Dead these days. You never did run into all that many because they aren't into the publicity trip. But there's another reason: writing an article about the

Dead is fucking impossible — or close, anyway. There's too much information that everyone already knows, and too many years and accomplishments and innovations to put on paper.

But, ya tries, an' it makes ya crazy.

Pretty soon, you're spending all your time remembering and reading and listening to all the Dead albums. The further into it you get, the more you know you'll never get it said, but you can't help rooting around for more. When you get finished, you

shit for Tony, this chick
had it all — six-one, 230
pounds, 44-D tits, 40-
inch waist, 44-inch hips,
a flesh-lover's dream
come true.

So, for all you bros
who share Tony's lust for
large, here she is — the
one, the only, Leann!

— Scrawny Dave





no tits and less ass
with nothin' to hang
on to during the long,
cold nights?"

Got to hand it to Tony,
he was really revved up.
The words were flowin'
pretty fast by that point,
tumbling out real good
for a guy who sometimes
goes weeks without issu-
ing any sounds at all
except an occasional fart
or grunt. "I mean a real

woman," Tony thun-
dered. "A woman ya can
count on when it's four
against one in some
strange bar. A woman
who can lift up your Har-
ley so ya can change
both tires at once. A
woman who feels like a
fuckin' down-filled sleep-
ing bag when ya crawl
up to her."

What could we say?
When the man's right,

he's right. There was
only one way to show
class — we had to find

Tony the girl of his
dreams and put 'er pic-
tures in the rag.

We searched the bars
and rescue missions for
weeks, but couldn't find
anything that came close
to meetin' Tony's heavy
standards. Finally, a let-
ter arrived from just the
right woman. No small



TOMATO

FOR TWO-TON TONY



Finally, after I don't remember how many years of workin' and playin' with this motley crew of tit worshippers, Two-Ton Tony finally got wasted enough to let it all hang out.

"How come," he said to Spider — though in his condition it took him about five minutes to say it — "how come you ain't never featured a real woman in the rag? Who kin get off on those skinny little broads with



CROAKING

By T. King

If the little woman decides to speed you on to greener pastures with a dose of strychnine in your morning bowl of chili, or you kiss the side of a four-wheel chariot at 65 plus, chances are you'll croak and be boxed and buried with a stone over your head or quick-fried in the local crematorium with your ashes piled up in the kitty-litter box right about the time brother Rigor Mortis has given you one last, stiff hardon.

Boxed or burnt, you're gone and forgotten pretty quick.

On other parts of this dustball planet (farther south than weekend runs to Juarez), dead folks tend to get better treatment. Some of those little places in the sticks, with names that sound like a Doberman trying to bark through a mouthful of

cat, treat their citizens better when they've cashed in their chips than when they're still alive and molding cowshit pancakes for firewood. Most important in these cockroach countries, is following the proper procedure necessary to change an unhappy, live peasant into a happy, dead one. They feel that not only should you give the stiff a proper send-off (with moaning, groaning, and gnashing teeth), but you should also follow a special ritual to keep the dead slob's spirit from getting pissed off and coming back to screw with your carb adjustments or to dump 30-weight into your smoke.

Over in Japan, the Shinto believers figure that the corpse gets to take a ferryboat cruise to eternity, so they try to guarantee it a first-class seat. Shintos tie a bag of coins onto the stiff's waist, leaving him some spare change for tips and chewing gum.

Death is a little rougher in northern China. If a Mongolian dude looks like he's just about to fade, the preacher — the lama — has him carried outside, bare-ass naked, and left on the ground to die. Since the ground is generally too frozen to dig a grave, and there isn't enough fire-

wood for cremation, corpses in Tibet and Mongolia are chucked outdoors and left to be pecked apart by the birds. A common Chinese folk saying calls the eagle a "nomad's coffin." (Be careful your ol' lady doesn't read this and try to feed your ass to the parakeet.)

Sometimes dead folks don't get to travel alone. In Guatemala, where they've been producing plenty of dead folks lately, a chanter is hired to hang around the grave a while to keep the stiff happy. They apparently didn't go for just part-time help in Africa, because some of their kings even had group-travel plans.

When an Azande king died, all his former ministers were wasted and laid out in a grave next to his. Then the legs of the late king's wives were broken, and the loving little ladies were buried alive with their old man sleeping across their laps. (Show this to the ol' lady when she starts giving you a ration of shit.) In a certain Ugandan tribe, the wives, ministers, and hundreds of a departed king's loyal subjects were clubbed to death and left lying where they fell. In case some were only stunned, their legs were broken to

Continued on page 95

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



"I just found out that I have terminal cancer — you big, ugly asshole!"

Little Johnny was walking down the road when this woman walked up to him and said, "Oh, what a nice outfit you're wearing!"

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied.

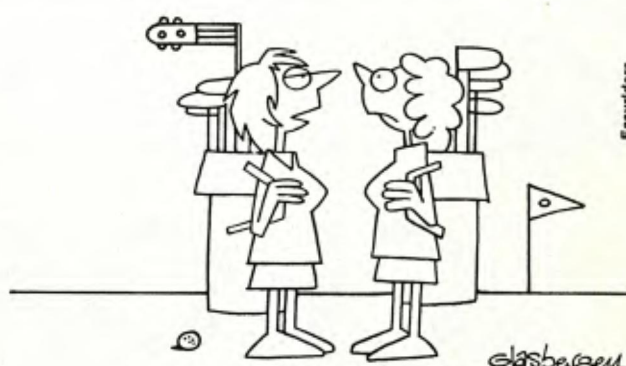
"And what a nice dog you are walking with! What's his name?"

"His name is Porky," he answered.

"Really? Why do you call him Porky?" she asked.

"'Cause he fucks pigs, lady!"

—Big T
Granite, Okla.



"That? Oh, it's in case I get tense."

Did you hear about the frantic woman who called the doctor and said that she had a foreign object stuck in her cunt?

When the woman arrived at his office, the doctor was surprised to see an Oriental man with his hand up her dress.

—John Drofich
Lehightown, Pa.

The biker cracked open the fortune cookie and stared at the message: *Man may learn to read a woman like a book, but he can't shut her up like one.* "Sumbitch," he said to his ol' lady, "you never told me yer last husband owned a Chinese bakery."

—R.C. Wejor
Mobile, Ala.

"I'm warning you, Susan, if you don't want to go out with Jed!"

"Oh? Why not?"

"You'll see — he's just too big for a normal girl to handle."

"How big?"

"Let's put it this way — his close friends call him Tripod!"

—Len Jacobs
Southfield, Mich.

Two bros who owned a small shop in town had ridden together since childhood and shared every experience known to bikers. But after all those years, one question was left unanswered: Does God really ride a Harley? And if so, does he have his own shop?

Well, the two made a promise to each other (sealed in blood) that whichever one died first would come back a week later and tell the other whether or not God really had a Harley.

One Friday night, one of them didn't make it through the hairpin turn leaving the bar. Sure enough, one week later, he appeared to his bro. "I've got some good news and some bad news," he said. "First the good news: God has a beautiful Harley made of gold, and the biggest shop you can imagine. Now the bad news: You're scheduled to go to work there at 7:00 a.m. next Saturday."

—G.H.
Florida Prison



"Calvin, dear, did you sit on your colostomy bag again?"

What do a moped and a fat lady have in common? They're both fun to ride, but ya don't want to be seen in public with 'em.

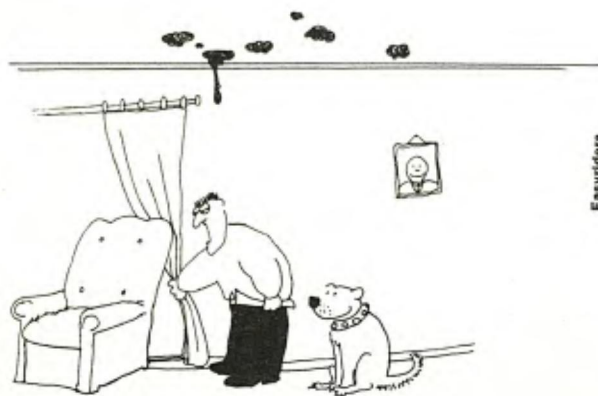
—Leo Rosten
Joyce, N.H.

A biker catches a traveling salesman in bed with his ol' lady. The bro knocks the salesman out cold and drags him to the barn.

When the salesman comes to, he finds his most prized possession clamped in a vise and the vise handle gone. He looks around and sees the bro walking toward him sharpening a knife. "Oh, no!" cries the salesman; "you're not gonna cut it off, are you?"

"Nah," says the bro slowly, "you can go ahead and do it yourself. I'm just gonna set the barn on fire!"

—R. Reinhold
Chocorua, N.H.



"I know you shit somewhere in this house — I can smell it!"

Easyriders

A loudmouth was standing next to a stranger at a party, watching a drunken slut staggering around. He turned to the stranger and said, "Look at that bitch. If you stuck your prick in her mouth, it'd probably catch fire from all that alcohol, and if you stuck it in her pussy, it'd probably fall off from jungle rot."

"That's my wife," the stranger said.

"Aw, man, I'm sorry," stammered the loudmouth.

"You're sorry!" snapped the stranger, "I'm the one who's got to fuck her."

—William "Willie" Post
Leavenworth, Kan.

Easyriders



"My mom says if ya ever wanna get anywhere in this world, ya gotta have a glimmick."

"My ol' man left me 'cause he said I was a lousy lay," the ol' lady cried to her girlfriend. "But that's ridiculous," she added. "How could he tell in just ten seconds?"

—Keith Burr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Why does a cow have a long face?

If you had your tits pulled twice a day and were fucked only once a year, you'd have a long a face, too.

—Quick Ruby
St. Louis, Mo.

What's the difference between what Miss Piggy uses for a doorstep and what she wishes Kermit would give her? Her doorstep is a pig brick. . .

—Bobby's Baby
Milwaukee, Wis.

Why do men wear underwear in the winter? To keep their heads warm!

Why do women wear underwear in the winter? To keep their lips from getting chapped!

—Carol Smith
Reynoldsville, Pa.

Easyriders



A bro and his ol' lady were puttin' along when they had an unfortunate accident. Although his ol' lady escaped injury, the bro's dick got mangled. At the hospital, the doctor wanted to do a transplant, but the only spare part on hand was a baby elephant's trunk. Deciding that a trunk beats a blank, the doc performed the transplant.

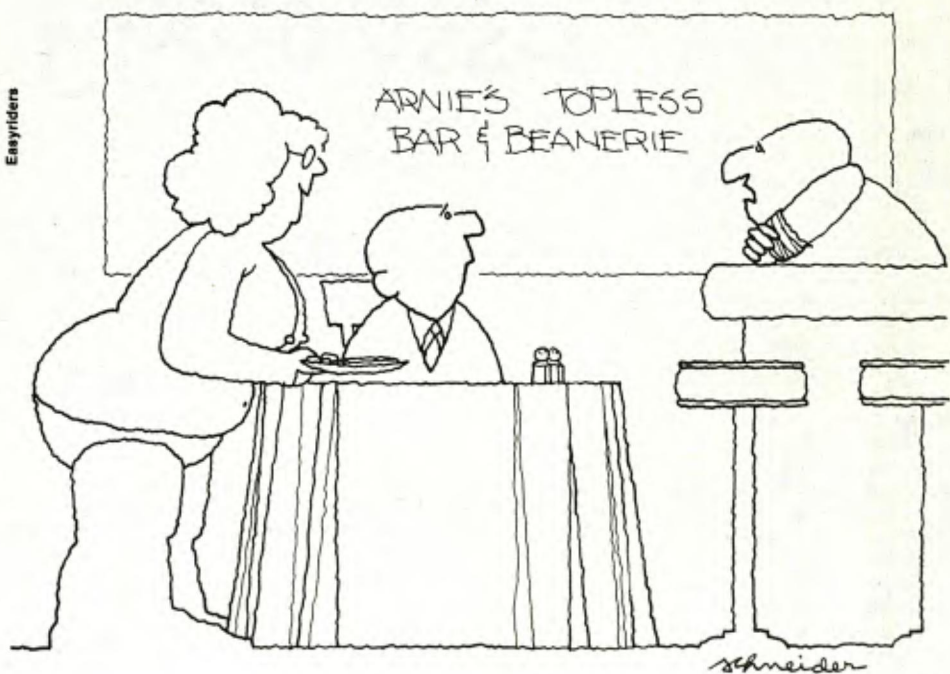
That night the bro tried out his new tool and, needless to say, his ol' lady loved it. The next morning the bro was sitting at the table waiting on breakfast when, all of a sudden, the trunk pops out and grabs a biscuit off the table, then ducks back into his drawers. The bro tried to play it off, but when his new tool went for another biscuit, he grabbed a knife and said, "That's it! I'm cutting it off."

"Please, baby," pleaded his ol' lady, "don't cut it off. What's a few biscuits anyway?"

"That's easy for you to say," said the bro. "It ain't shoving 'em up your ass!"

—Jimbo Griffin
Kemp, Tex.

Easyriders



What's got 100 balls and fucks rabbits? A shotgun!

—Aardvark
England

"That's the trouble with Montana — all the neat chicks leave as soon as they finish high school."

Astrological Profile For Aries

Aries is not only the first sign, they're the first in almost everything. The first to try something new, the first in line, the first to lose their temper, and the first to lose interest.

They make up for their lack of patience with a likeable leadership quality. Remember, there is only one star in this show and that is Aries. Anyone else best bow out before the shit hits the fan with a smelly splatter. Aries comes up with

unique ideas, but isn't always patient enough to put 'em together. That's where Aries can't be bothered — he's usually got his finger in several pies at a time. He gives 'em all the taste test, but seldom sticks around for the main meal. Occupationally, this can be a big problem. Aries shits cans any form of monotonous work. They like variety and do best in unusual, out-of-the-ordinary jobs.

Extremely energetic and

competitive, Aries are generally healthy and hard to hold down when ill. They recuperate fast or sometimes totally refuse to accept injuries. They make lousy patients! Aries is prone to headaches and insomnia, high fevers, injuries to the eyes, and elongated scrotums.

Famous Aries are: Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, *Easyriders'* Spider, Rod Steiger, Spencer Tracy, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Warren Beatty, Hugh Hefner and Howard Cosell. All heavy-duty.

Aries seldom look before leaping and are accident-prone because they are always in a hurry. They are extroverts who tell it like it is. What they lack in tact, they make up in generosity. Their optimistic outlook is catching and they are great at encouraging others.

Value your Aries buddy. He (or she) is always hot to trot, ready to stick up for your ass or bail your buns outta trouble, shoot the shit at all hours, loan ya his tools, and give ya the shirt off his back — as long as you aren't boring!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Happy birthday! You may need to be lean with your green, but that doesn't mean you can't let the good times roll! Who knows — with a little team effort from partners and a horny honey, you might get into some sport-fucking. It's anything goes and full speed ahead. As long as it doesn't put a pinch in your pocket, enjoy.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

This month starts with a blast, but soon fizzles into a wet fart. Don't trust anything to luck during this one. Best postpone any major decisions, if possible. Tone down the Taurus temper and try some tact. Save tactics, tantrums, and telling the boss where to stick it for the future. Your fuse is too short for safety now.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

This month is a mixed bag of tricks. That quicksilver tongue of yours can easily tangle up a touchy situation. Right now you can easily get what you go after. The problem is, you can't get rid of it. Be careful you don't outsmart yourself and get stuck with someone else's headache. Keep a low profile.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

There's a pain in the anus on the agenda. Loose lips can leave you limp and lead to a leaked-out secret. Best play this one with a lightweight case of lockjaw. Be on the lookout for gossip-mongers with the gift of gab. Better yet, curl up with a warm pussy and be sure the commotion is just the mattress in motion!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

If you feel the urge to splurge — don't! Keep your

cash stashed safely in your cock-sock and don't wear it. Close your ears to a slick sales pitch and watch out for curve balls. Put a rubber on that sock and save it for a rainy day. Otherwise, your overly-generous nature will leave you with your dick in the dirt.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Looks like luck has a lip-lock on ya now. This one should round out your balls into tight little mouthfuls. Partners shit-can their rabbits' feet and start kissing yours. Don't kick back — get out and take advantage of this streak while you're hot. It's prime time to go after the goodies, and get 'em.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

A hangover from last month

may leave your pressure point a bit pent up. Don't let peewee problems become big piss-offs. Best run some interference before tackling it, or risk getting teed off before you score a touchdown. If you play the game by their rules, you won't win. Some sleight of hand could help you out in a hurry!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

The horny honks may hurt your chances of holding a winning hand. Don't mix business with pleasure; settle for substitutes or shortcuts. Keeping a tight grip on your temper will give ya a bigger toe-hold in slippery situations and keep your foot outta your mouth. Save get-down time for the weekends and keep a clear head.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This is a sexy cycle, especially for singles. You'll be singeing a few hairs with extra hole-hopping. With all that sex appeal, you won't get much rest. Between the saddle sores and the lack of shuteye, you may need a vacation to recoup. Rest up between humps, or you'll end up with a case of the Hershey squirts and a hernia.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Hassles from the neighborhood prunes keep your bowels moving full time. Could be your mutt's leaving landmarks on their lawns the size of telephone poles, or maybe you got wasted and pissed on their prized plants again. Maybe it's the litter from last month's big binge. Hang in there and let 'em holler. Grin and bear it (literally!). Maybe they'll self-destruct.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

It's clean-up time, but it'll take more than a Drano douche to do 'er! Before you come unglued or get knee-deep in neglected legal actions, get some tight partners on the hotline. You could use all the help you can herd up. Remember, two heads are better than one in a hassle. What you need now is some inside information.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Seems like too much midnight munchin' and guzzlin' the juice has finally caught up with you. Feel like there's a storm in your belly? Need a sidecar to keep from running over your own body? Well, before you roll out the next barrel, think how you'd look in a Hefty bag. Next time you're hungry, have a box lunch — two if they're small.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

"Hey,
you ever had 12 inches
at once?"

"No,
have you?"



CAPTION CONTEST

Remember our caption contest? Well, maybe you don't, but one thing is certain — Madman Kelly, our main contest man, will never forget it.

Back in the May, '81 issue we ran the above cartoon and offered a hundred bucks to the reader who came up with the best caption for it. We never dreamed so many of you were unknown comics; Madman was buried under a blizzard of entries and it took an avalanche of snow to keep him goin' till he picked a winner. But finally, just about the time his nose was gettin' ready to fall off his face, he found six entries that got him laughin' so hard he dropped his mirror. None of the other entries had such a dramatic effect on our poor simple bro, so it was immediately decided to make all of them winners.

And the winners are — First Prize, \$100: "Hey, you ever had

12 inches at once?" "No, have you?" From Dan Snow, Cincinnati, Ohio. Second prize, \$50: "Hey, fox, I sure would like a little pussy!" "So would I, man. You could park this scoot in mine!" From Bryan Joyent, Titusville, Fla. Third prizes, \$25 each: "Do you think anyone will recognize us, Nancy?" "No, Ronnie." From Paula Stich, Oak Park, Ill.; "Just how badass are ya? Ya ever been picked up by the fuzz?" "No, but if it counts, I've been swung by the tits a coupla times." From Ed Carneal, San Antonio, Tex.; "No-o-o-o! Ya dumb cunt, ya sit back here!" "Gollee, Spider, sure I will. I'd do anything for a ride on a real Harvey Ferguson!" From Byron Scott, Barron, Wis.; "Hey, doll, how'd ya like a free moustache ride?" "Why? Is your nose longer than your prick?" From Bill Graham, McAlester, Okla.

N.J. cops declare war on midnight drags

Five bikers have been arrested in the first battle of the New Jersey State Police war on the Garden State's famous Midnight Drags.

"For a number of years we have had a problem on the Interstates in the early morning hours," State Police Det. Chuck Babris told the press in announcing the crackdown. "Organized drag racers (are) coming out during the pre-dawn hours of 1 to 5 a.m. and racing for pots of up to \$20,000."

In the first major raid after the crackdown, a 14-man task force — using information allegedly supplied by undercover cops posing as drag racers — surrounded a section of Route 78 prior to the start of a scheduled race.

"We staked out the area with marked units and waited until they (the dragsters) were ready to race and we swooped in," Babris recalled. "This is the first arrest we've made on this scale."

The five bikers arrested in the raid were charged with racing on the highway, obstructing the highway, and — gulp — improper behavior. Maximum penalty for the offenses is eight months in jail.

The most severe punishment, however, could be the loss of their bikes. According to Babris, the state may decide not to return them to their rightful owners.

The law provides, he told the press, that "If you use any vehicle in an illegal act, it is subject to forfeiture. We are now reviewing

our plans to see if we will be able to keep the seized vehicles."

There's one thing, however, that Babris and his brother officers won't get to keep: the prize money. Seems the dude holding the wagers managed to evade the police net and get clean away with the bread.

Better to ride high on the Hog

I have anxiously awaited the beginning of the new Police Traffic Squad here in Ocala, as it is so desperately needed...

... At first he rode an American motorcycle, now I see him on a foreign bike. Yesterday, I asked a patrolman why the change and was told the city decided to purchase the foreign bike because it was \$3.50 cheaper than the Harley-Davidson.

Out of curiosity, I stopped at the Harley shop, where I discovered that the Harley, though three and a half dollars more than the foreign bike, was larger, heavier, and

would have saved the citizens of this city thousands of dollars the first year alone. I was also shown documents from other police departments which indicated that Harleys last longer. In some instances, 10-year-old Harleys sold for twice as much as the two-year-old foreign bikes when the departments either traded them or auctioned them for new ones. It would seem to me the few extra dollars for the Harleys would have been well worth it.

—from a letter to the editor of the Ocala (Florida) *Star-Banner*

Oh, to be a bikin' child again — in Abu Dhabi

If anybody ever gives you the choice to go back to the beginning and start your life all over again, you might consider spending your rugrat years in Abu Dhabi.

Now, I can't tell you exactly where it is, except that it's a city somewhere in the United Arab Emirates, which is a country near the Persian Gulf; anyway, according to its local paper, the *Khaleej Times*, "the afternoon peace and quiet of residential areas is shattered by minors riding motorcycles."

Local police claim that the only recourse they have against these young rowdies—who are not only too young to have drivers' licenses but, under the bizarre laws of the place, also too young to be arrested and taken to court—is to impound their bikes.

According to police captain Mohamed Amin, "They seem to have access to so much money that they simply buy new ones [bikes] which they do not register anyway."

Amin says he and his men

have tried everything they can think of, from appealing to parents to dragging offenders through hospital wards full of accident victims, to deter the

little buggers, but have had scant success. "They ignore traffic signals," he laments, "and drive very dangerously to escape when pursued."

New guide to gettin' wasted

Everyone knows that if you drink enough you're eventually gonna get drunk and your ability to navigate your scooter will be, as the district attorney might say, impaired.

What many people don't know is that there is no magical line which separates the on-top-of-it, functioning-at-110-percent rider from the fucked-up, weaving-down-the-road drunk. The fact is, you start losing your edge with the first drink, and continue gradually losing it until you slide off your stool onto the floor of the bar.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation recently made a study of all this and came up with some interesting findings. According to the MSF, it takes only one drink (either a can of beer or one standard shot glass of whiskey equals a drink) to impair a dude's ability to perform an evasive maneuver on his bike, but it takes five drinks before his ability to lean during a turn gets fucked up (hell, after five, some bros lean before, during, and after a turn).

Similarly, three drinks will slow your shifting, while it takes only one to slow your braking response. Five will make you signal a left turn when you mean a right.

In addition, the MSF says, one drink will affect reaction to the environment, road surface awareness, turning speed selection, lane positioning, and defensive riding abilities. With three drinks under your belt, your scanning and night vision will be less and you will have some loss of throttle control.

In addition to listing the amount of alcohol needed to affect certain specific actions riders need to take, the MSF study also provides a breakdown of how much brew it takes to impair certain general mental and physical responses.

One or two drinks, the study claims, hurt "mental processes such as restraint, awareness, concentration, and judgment;" reaction time is slowed and a person begins to lose the ability to perform complicated tasks.

After three of four drinks, there is a decrease in "depth perception, glare recovery, eye movement, and focus."

Five drinks, the study concludes, cause deterioration of coordination, "loss of critical judgment, impaired memory, and comprehension." Now we've told you — ride safe.

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.

Keepin' cool with Daytona's heat

As thousands of bikers are busy gettin' winter cobwebs off their rides in preparation for this year's run to the sun, secretaries in the city of Daytona are equally busy getting the cobwebs off their mimeograph machines in preparation for cranking out thousands of copies of the various rules and regulations in effect for the run.

To help you make sure neither you nor your machine will be subject to unnecessary hassles, here is the official word on Daytona (and Florida) do's and don'ts.

Motorcycle Rules:

- Approved helmets must be worn by drivers and passengers anywhere in the area, except on the Atlantic Ocean beach within the city limits.
- Headlights must be in operation at all times.
- Motorcycles must be equipped with stock mufflers in good working order.
- Unusual smoke or noise is an offense, and no cut-outs or bypasses are allowed.
- Headlights must be mounted no higher than 54 inches or lower than 24 inches from the ground. Taillights must be no higher than 72 inches or lower than 20 inches.
- Handlebars must not be more than 15 inches above the portion of the seat occupied by the driver.
- Footpegs for both the driver and passenger are required.
- Bike riders must obey all general traffic rules and regulations.

Miscellaneous Ordinances

- Carrying or consuming an open container of any alcoholic beverage, including beer, is prohibited on the beach and city streets.
- Hitchhiking is prohibited within the city limits of Daytona.
- Littering is prohibited.
- Speed limit on the beach is 10mph at all times.
- When driving on the beach, you must not drive in water or soft sand.
- Dogs are not permitted on the beach at any time.
- Sleeping on the streets or parks at any time, or on the beach at night, is prohibited.
- Camping on the beach is prohibited.
- It is illegal to stop, stand, or park any vehicle on the beach between 3 and 5:30 a.m.
- Trespassing on motel property where you are not registered as a guest may result in arrest.

- Swimming within 100 yards of an ocean pier is prohibited.
- Advertising of any type or soliciting without a license is prohibited.
- It is illegal for anyone under 19 to possess alcoholic beverages or to misrepresent his age in order to buy them.
- You can make a right turn on a red light after coming to a full stop, except where posted "No turn on red."
- Pedestrians always have the right-of-way on the beach.
- "No parking" areas are indicated by a yellow painted curb or "No Parking" sign.
- Balls or Frisbees should not be thrown across traffic lanes.
- Sunbathers should not sit or recline so as to interfere with traffic.

In case you fuck up and inadvertently run afoul of one or more of these regulations, you'll want to know the following: Florida law provides that an individual arrested may be released on a reasonable bond after he is booked. Anyone incarcerated will be afforded a first appearance hearing in front of a judge within 24 hours after arrest.

Have a ball on the beach, bros. And good luck.

Excerpts from Florida Motor Vehicle Code

License Required — Operators of motorcycles must have in their possession a valid operator's or chauffeur's driver's license.

Tag Required — Motorcycles must have a current and valid license tag securely affixed to the rear of the motorcycle in such a manner as to be readily visible for 100 feet. Tag must be properly positioned, not upside down or vertical.

Improper Tag — Any person who knowingly attaches to any motor vehicle any tag or revalidation sticker to plate, not issued and assigned to such vehicle, is guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree. This section provides for arrest.

Handlebars — Motorcycle handlebars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator.

Crash Helmets — All motorcycle operators and passengers must wear approved crash helmets securely fastened upon the head at all times

when operating a motorcycle on the city streets. (Exception: Helmet is optional when the motorcycle is being operated on the Atlantic Ocean beach, within the city limits.)

Mufflers — Every motorcycle must at all times be equipped with a muffler in good working order and in constant operation to prevent excessive or unusual noise or smoke, and no person shall use a muffler cut-out or bypass, and the muffler shall be free from defects or alterations.

Headlights — The headlights on motorcycles must be turned on at all times when the motorcycle is in motion (24 hours per day).

Headlight Position — Headlight must be positioned at a height of not more than 54 inches nor less than 24 inches from the ground.

Taillamps — Every motorcycle shall be equipped with at least one taillamp, and it shall be positioned at a height of not more than 72 inches nor less than 20 inches from the ground. Every motorcycle must be equipped with at least

one stoplight. Every motorcycle must be equipped with a white license plate light that renders it (the plate) clearly legible for 50 feet.

Horns — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a horn or some other type of warning device.

Mirrors — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a rear-view mirror.

Footrests — Every motorcycle carrying passengers other than in a sidecar must be equipped with footrests for the passenger. Muffler, tailpipe, and axle shafts are not footrests.

Brakes — Every motorcycle (over five brake horsepower) is required to be equipped with both front and rear brakes in operable condition.

Method Of Riding Motorcycles — A person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator.

Operators and passengers must sit astride the seat facing forward with one leg on each side of the motorcycle.

Operation Of Motorcycles On Roadways — Motorcycles shall not be operated more than two abreast in a single lane. The operator of a motorcycle shall not overtake or pass in the same lane occupied by the vehicle being overtaken. No person shall operate a motorcycle between lines of traffic or between adjacent lines or rows of vehicles.

Motorcycles — Any person operating a motorcycle shall be granted all of the rights and shall be subject to all the duties applicable to the driver of another vehicle under this act, except as to special regulations in this act and except as to those provisions of this act which by their nature can have no application.

Speed Limits — Speed limits within the city limits are 30 miles per hour unless otherwise posted. Within the city limits, speed on the Atlantic Ocean beach is posted at 10mph at all times.

National

 Abate
EASYnews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Gettin' high over the Great Wall

Publisher flies H-D flag in Red China

Malcolm Forbes is at it again! Not satisfied with giving the Russians an eyeful of free-enterprise-type V-Twin power by touring the Soviet Union a few years ago on one of his many Harleys, the 63-year-old millionaire publisher and bike distributor recently staged a 1,500-mile Harley tour of Red China.

According to Forbes, China is "probably the largest unmotorcycled territory in the world," and as such, presented a challenge that no red-blooded biker could refuse. Getting a visa from the Chinese Communists was a challenge, make no mistake about that; in years past even such VIPs as Forbes's buddies Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger were unable to swing a visa for the maverick publisher. Maybe the Chinese were just afraid of the effect "the Great American Freedom Machine" (to steal a slogan from AMF) would have on the average Chinese citizen. In any case, approval finally came through this year, and Malcolm and four Harley-riding friends were off to China.

Oh, yeah, Forbes also introduced the Chinese to another passion of his — hot-air ballooning. Told he could inflate his



Photo from Wide World

74-foot balloon, dubbed "Friendship," next to the Great Wall — in order to display it to local visitors — as long as he kept it tethered. Forbes politely agreed; but as soon as the air in the balloon was hot enough, he cast off anyway.

According to reporters on the scene,

Forbes drifted lazily over Peking, blissfully ignoring police shouting at him to bring the balloon down.

"A balloon," he said, after landing in the middle of a Chinese air force base, "is not meant to be tied down." Neither, he could have added, are Americans.

Harley fever becoming epidemic in Japan

"We don't look at Harley-Davidsons as just a mere means of transportation," the biker said. "There is something more about it. They are a proud symbol of America's glorious past — just like the Japanese Zero fighter plane represented a great Japan. The Harley is more than a machine."

If you've already flashed on the fact that the biker making those comments is Japanese, you're right. A growing number of Japanese bikers, in fact, are buying and riding Harleys, despite the fact that the cheapest H-D in Japan (about

\$15,000) is five or six times as expensive as an average Japanese bike. Strangely, or maybe not so strangely, Hogs are coveted in Japan for about the same reasons they are here in

the states — power, style and, most important, class.

"Just as mothers love their sons no matter how bad they are," says Tsuneo Iijima, president of one of Japan's grow-

ing number of Harley Owners Clubs, "we love our Harleys more. These machines have class. Harley-Davidson was the model for Japanese manufacturers to follow."

Open fists equal faster stops

Riders who keep their fingers extended over their front brake lever have a better chance of bringing their bike to a safe stop in an emergency situation than riders who keep their hand wrapped around the handlebar, a University of California study claims.

In a series of tests, riders who covered the brake lever had an average reaction time of .219 seconds after sighting an obstacle, compared to a .434 seconds reaction time for those who didn't cover the lever. Experienced riders had quicker reaction times than novices in both categories.

Commenting on the findings, the American Motorcyclist Association said, "Two tenths of a second may not seem like much, but when the total time a rider has to react is less than two seconds, those two tenths could well be the time needed to turn disaster into a close call."

TIT SEARCH

Here's a word search puzzle that pays tribute to a couple of items near and dear to every red-blooded American biker's libido (look it up; this is the educational page!) — TITS!

You say you're an expert on tits? Here's your chance to prove it. There are 41 tit-related words hidden somewhere in the puzzle. They may be found by reading the diagram up, down, and diagonally — backwards or forwards, but always in a straight line. Letters may be used more than once, and words sometimes overlap. And, just to make it interesting, we threw in a few extra letters you won't use at all. The correct answers are on page 111, so why not get with it? It's not as much fun as playin' with the real things, but then, what is?



T I I T S H S H S H A K E R S
M S G U J V R E L P P I N T G B
U S E R O F Y N E I T L S S R E R
T E S H S I B N M Y D U S T A D H A
H L I E N Y A O E N O M N R P U Y A S
A P S A I B Z S O R K P O I E H N R N S
S M O D A D O R U B I S O H F I T B I G U
B I G L T D O E P O S T L S R U M P X S E C
P O I N O M T R U N T L T U E Y E S I E R K
S L G U B S N E T O Y A T I A G B I T C H S O
E H O L A I S P S O B E T L L E S S N I A R B
P T M A N O S X E I K W S B O B T A F I X A B E
S O R S P S E O R S N E L K C U S U L U M L Y G
N O D I E T R D R T H O N K E R S Q U Y P R U S C
I G S D P S E U M I L B G L O B E S S S V S B E L
P N K N A P G L R A M S O A R A R P D P V F T O S
O N U R M G B S G N U L O B N E M F E S F I T O
B A O G I A S R E K C O N K E E K O C T U P A N
S T R O L S A H T U M N O W A N S X K S M R M A
T T U B W H O P P E R S Z R I N M S A R K O Z
M M O S R E S I R P L U M P D I J E A N T O
S H O W T I T U K S N O L E M W R E R P L
E F R I E D E G G S S T I T O B D I Z
X D A G M A R S R E D N I R G L
B O S O M S R E T S O F

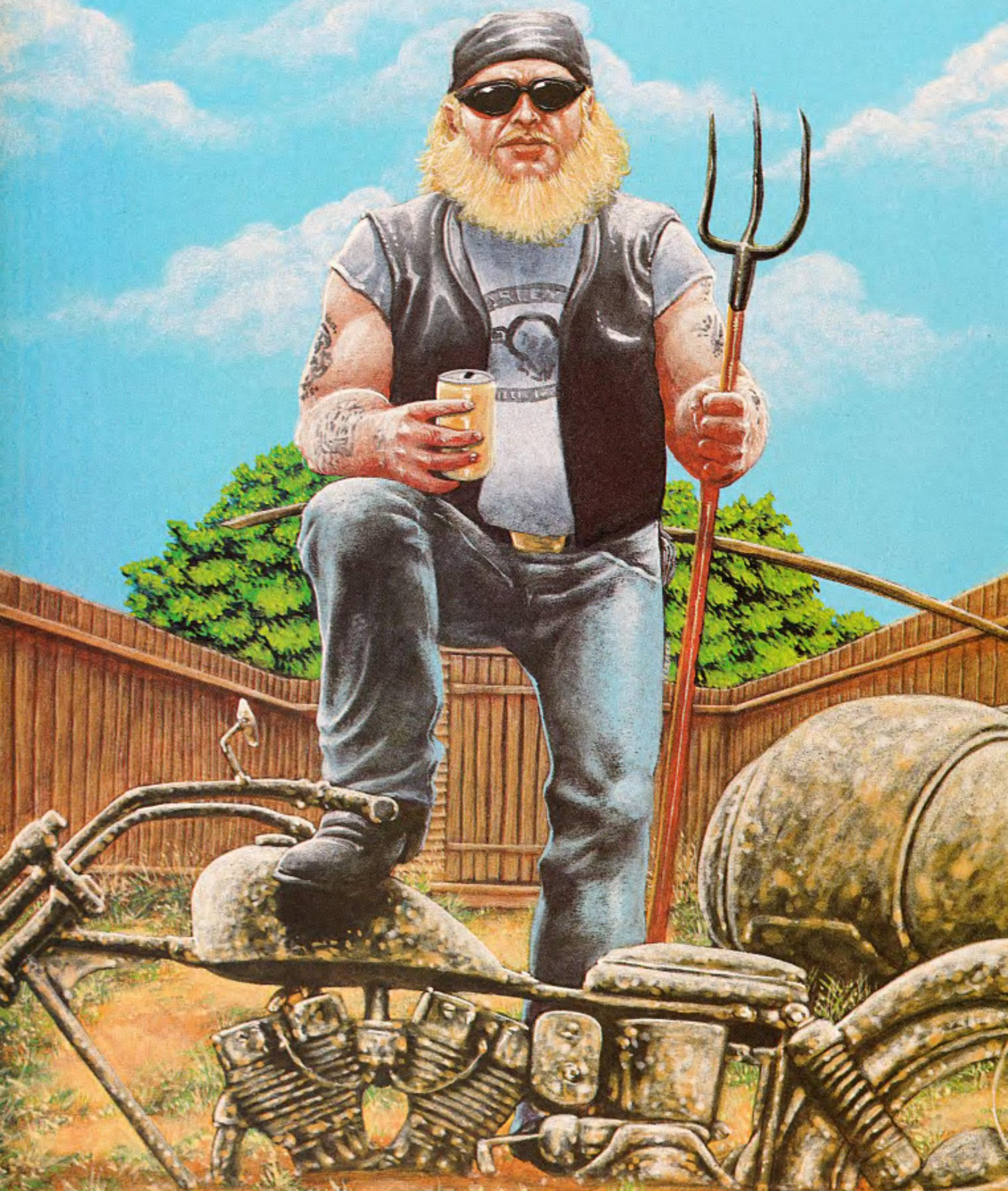
BALLOONS
BAZOOMS
BLIMPS
BONGOS
BOOBS
BOSOMS
BREASTS
DAGMARS
EAR MUFFS
EXTENDERS
FATBOBS
FLY SPECKS
FRIED EGGS
GLOBES
GRAPES
GRAPEFRUITS
GRINDERS

HANGERS
HEADLIGHTS
HONKERS
JUGS
KNOBS
KNOCKERS
LUGS
LUMPS

LUNGS
MELONS
MOUNTAINS
PIMPLES
POINTERS
RAMPS
RISERS
SAGGERS

SHAKERS
TANKS
TITS
TOMATOES
TORPEDOES
WINNEBAGOS
WHOPPERS
UPSWEEPS

MAGIC SEEDS



"At first he didn't believe it, he just thought about the funny things that drinkin' three cases of beer a day can do to a dude."

by Patrick Keenan

The summer heat had convinced Doo Waa Diddy that he and his Harley needed a break, so when he crossed the Kansas line he cruised into the first bar he saw. As the beefy biker was kickin' back and guzzlin' his brew, he got the feeling that somebody was watchin' him. He turned slowly, and there stood the Midwest Geezeroo.

The wiry old man was dressed in faded overalls, and he grinned slyly as he tipped his battered baseball cap. After staring at the big biker for another moment, the Geezeroo smiled broadly and said, "I kin tell that yer a real fine fella, even though ya look like a grizzly bear that chased me once."

Doo Waa Diddy got a warm feeling from the old man, so he extended his hand and said, "Folks call me Doo Waa Diddy, Grandpa. Nice to meet ya."

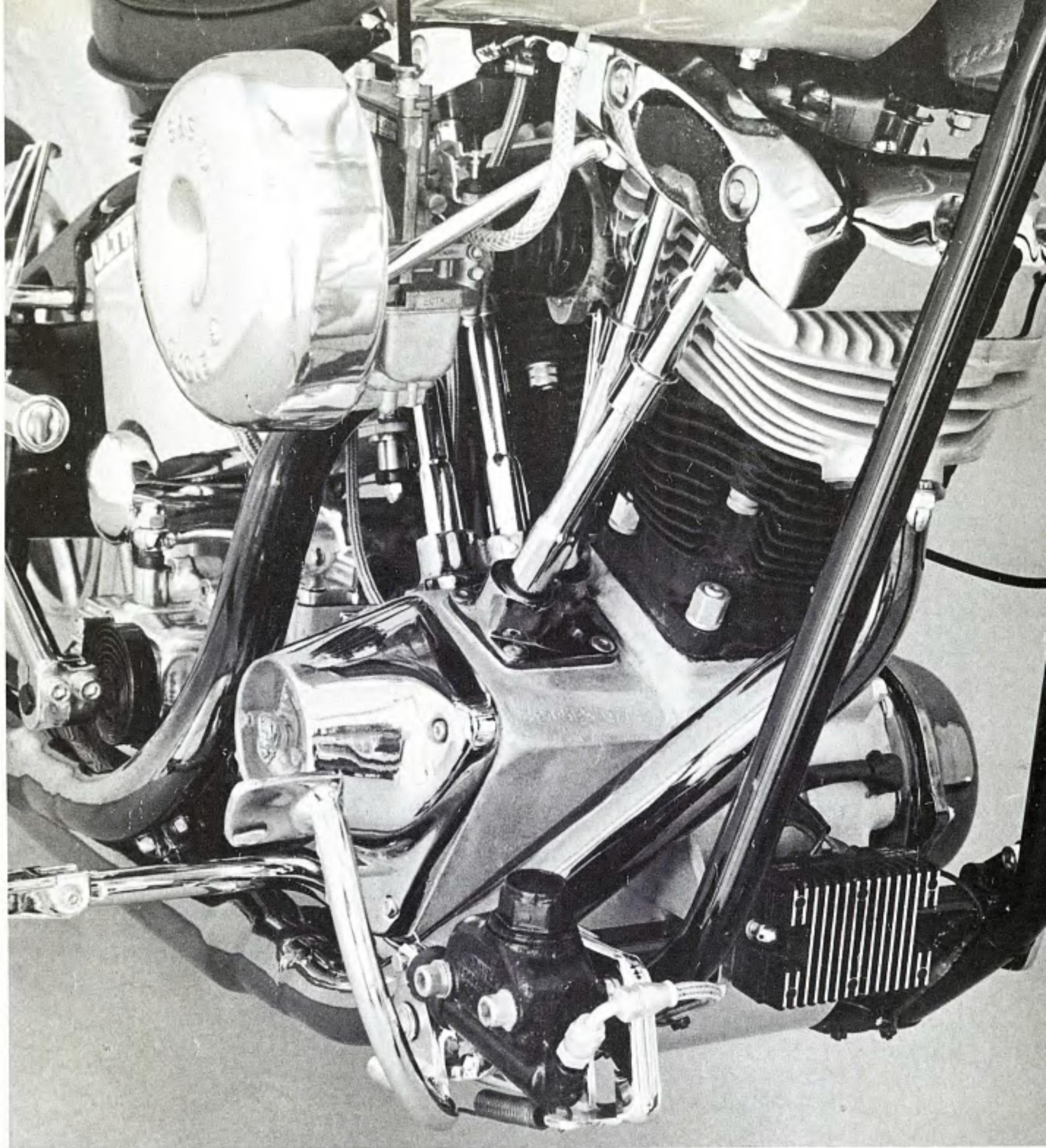
The old man shook hands and gestured for Doo Waa Diddy to come closer. His voice fell to a velvet purr. "Listen here, Mr. Doo Wang Daddy, if ya take what I'm about to tell ya as the truth, y'kin set yerself up fer life! Ya see, son, it's all in the seeds I come by. These seeds are what ya might call special — real special, in fact, because the seeds I got are magical, and I mean *magical* magical."

Doo Waa Diddy winked at the Geezeroo and said, "Gee, Grandpa, there are all kindsa magical seeds nowadays — whatta yours do that's so special?"

The Geezeroo's grin widened, exposing rotten teeth and purple gums, and his chest puffed with pride. "The seeds that I'm gonna give to you, Mr. Doo Wang Daddy, will grow machines, real smite-me-down-if-I'm-lying machines."

Doo Waa Diddy let out a belly laugh. He patted the Geezeroo on the back and said, "Hey, Grandpa, that was the best one I've heard all day."

Continued on page 114

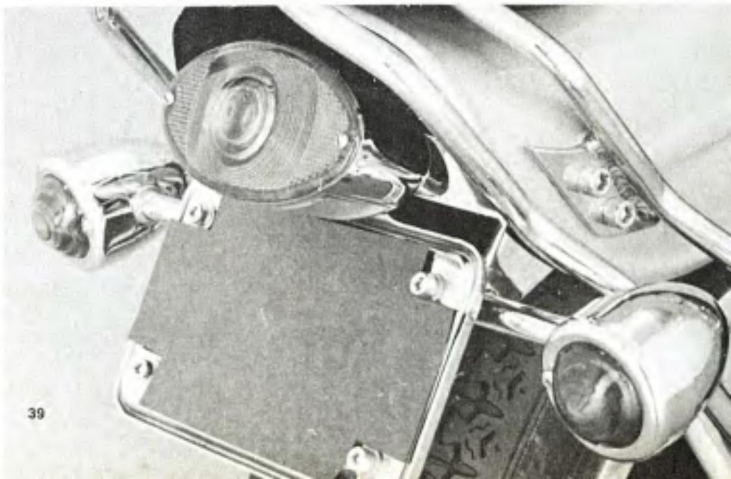


of the primary was Kreem coated to cut down on that noise so noticeable on long putts; the rubber-mounted gas tank is set up like an old BSA or Triumph, eliminating vibration that makes fittings crack. Topping it off is a unique seat that has springs inside of springs to adjust the seat itself for

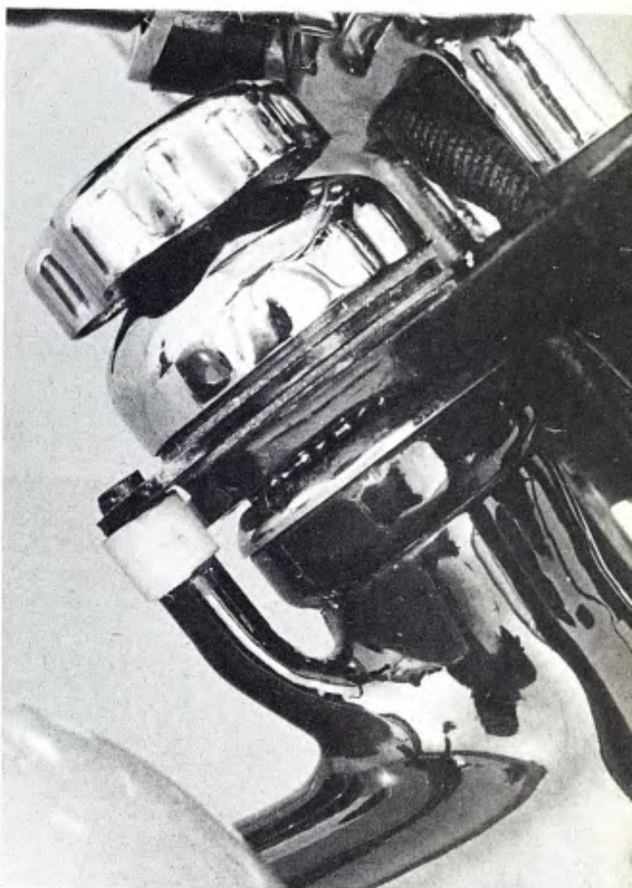
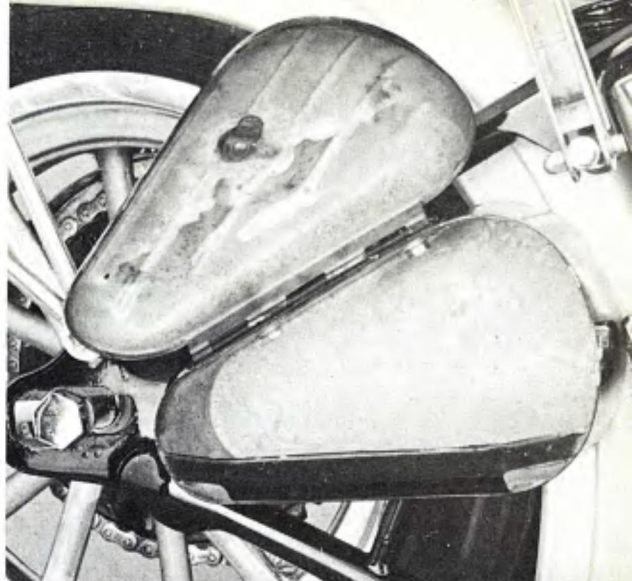
a smoother, less butt-bustin' ride.

Now all Bill has to do is somehow buy some time to sail down the blacktop with that sweet thing behind him. But you know the story of the ship builder who couldn't get to sea, or the bike builder who couldn't ride away. . .

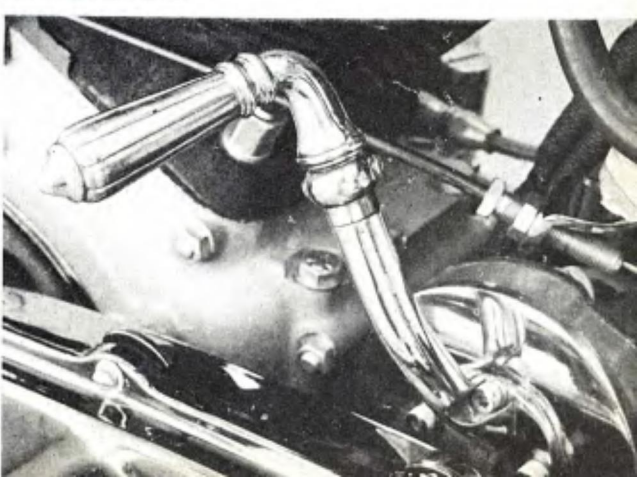
—Sweat

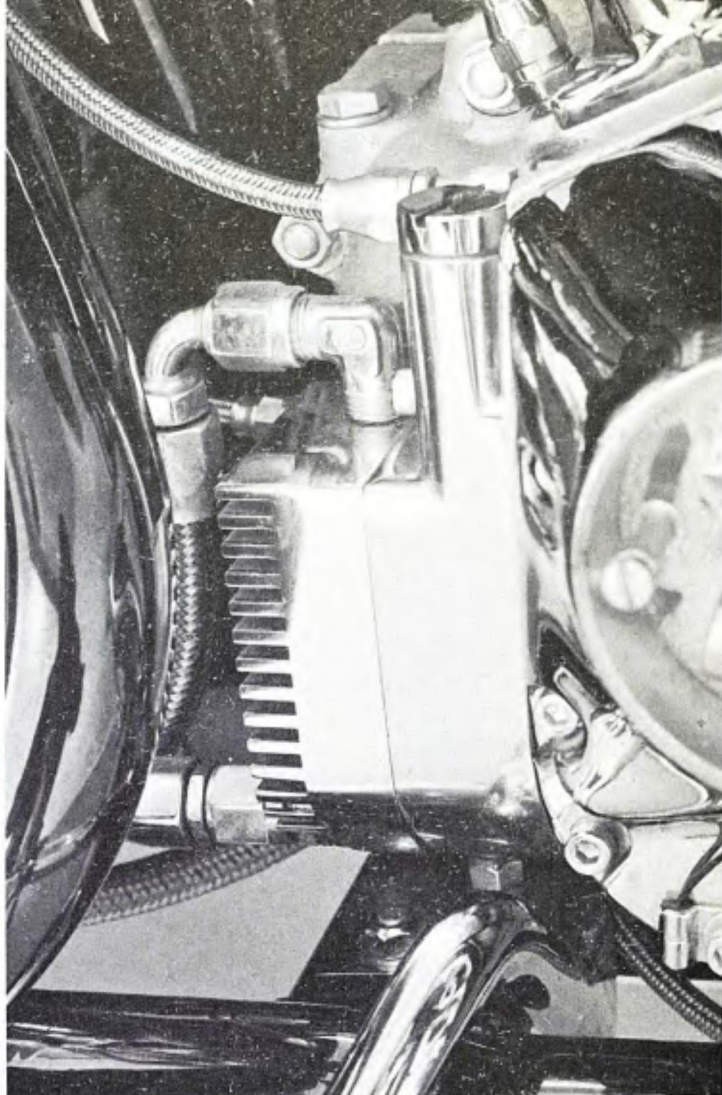
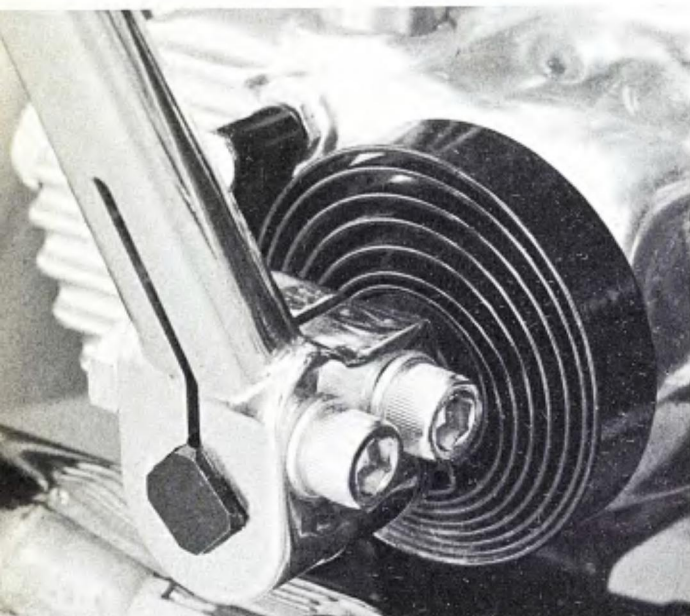


Owner: Bill Holliday/Holliday's MC		City: Camarillo, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: '71-'81 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: full custom		Type: rigid	
Value: you don't have enough		Rake: 34 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 7 years total		Other alterations: tank mts./toolbox	
Chroming by: Tri-County/Highland		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: cut-down H-D	
Year: 1971		Risers: H-D	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): Paughco/Santee	
Rebuilder: Don/Garry/Holliday/Jackie		Headlight: H-D/quartz halogen	
Ignition: Jacobs/H-D		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 84 cu. in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: S&S 4½-in. wheels		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: Jose/Hank The Crank		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Teflon aerospace wire	
Cases: H-D/D&G Engineering		Gas tank: 4-gal. handmade/Kreem sealed	
Heads: flowed by Duttweiler		Oil tank: modified H-D	
Cam(s): 440 Sifton		Oil system: stainless steel braided	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Electron/Mikuni adj. float bowl		Seat: handmade/101 Upholstery	
Air cleaner: the best		Sissybar: handmade	
Pipes: Art & Ron/ Paughco		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: polished stainless steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close ratio H-D gears		Type: McGoodies	
Year: 1971		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot/hand clutch		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: reversed bottom clamp	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Bob Alfred/Dennis Ulmer		Hub: H-D	Hub: Am. 12-spoke
Painter: Bob Alfred/Dennis Ulmer		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: silver		Tire: Avon	Tire: 155 SR
Type: Imron		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: Buzz/Tim			
Other special modifications: Too many to list; check out the photos. Special thanks: Dick "The Grump" Woods — you taught me a lot.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo

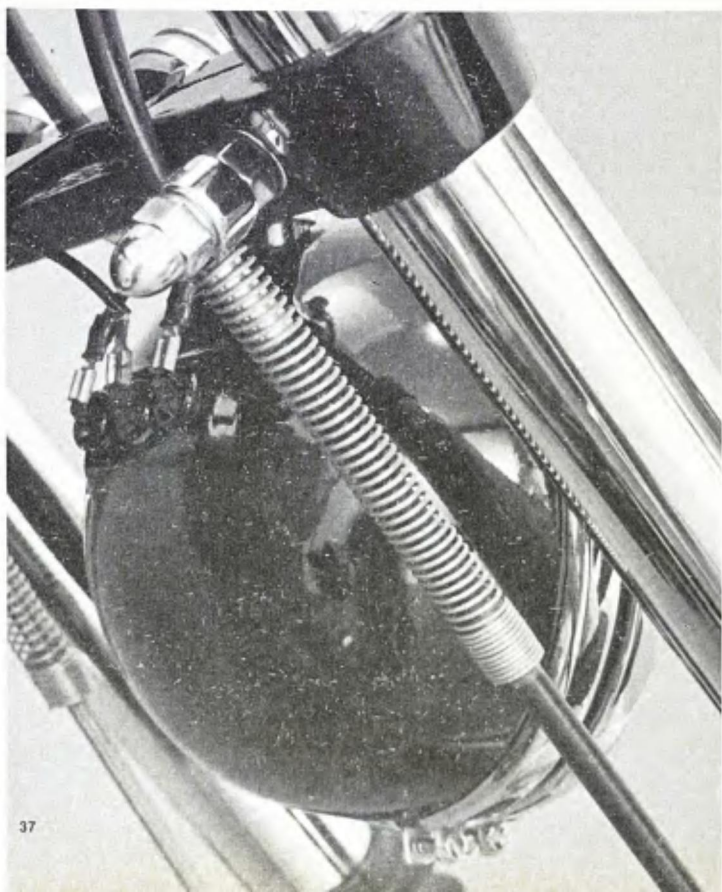




No gain without pain; it's no good unless it hurts — all those slogans about pushin' hard to win also apply to Bill's achievement. See, Bill is the owner — not just of the bike, but also of the shop where it was constructed. Like a lot of businessmen, the owner of an establishment does his best work for the customer. Take a plumber, for instance — he's always the guy who's got the leaky faucets, constantly runnin' toilet and overflowin' septic tank. The electrician who can't get his lights to go on, the CPA who owes back taxes, the mechanic who hitchhikes and the carpenter who lives in a tent all know what I mean. Customers first, themselves second.

Bill's ride used to be a rat. After nine long years of keepin' his customers satisfied with fine, precision motorcycle rebuilds and repairs, Bill finally has his own marvel.

Nothing happens overnight. Seven years went into the creation of his silver shovel — four years in rootin' around accumulating the right parts, and another three in the actual construction. Late nights, when the shop was closed to the public, became Bill's time to create for himself. His experience at handling jobs for long-distance-riding clients paid off. He wanted, and got, trouble-free mechanisms — like spring-loaded cables that won't flop around when he's jammin'. The inside

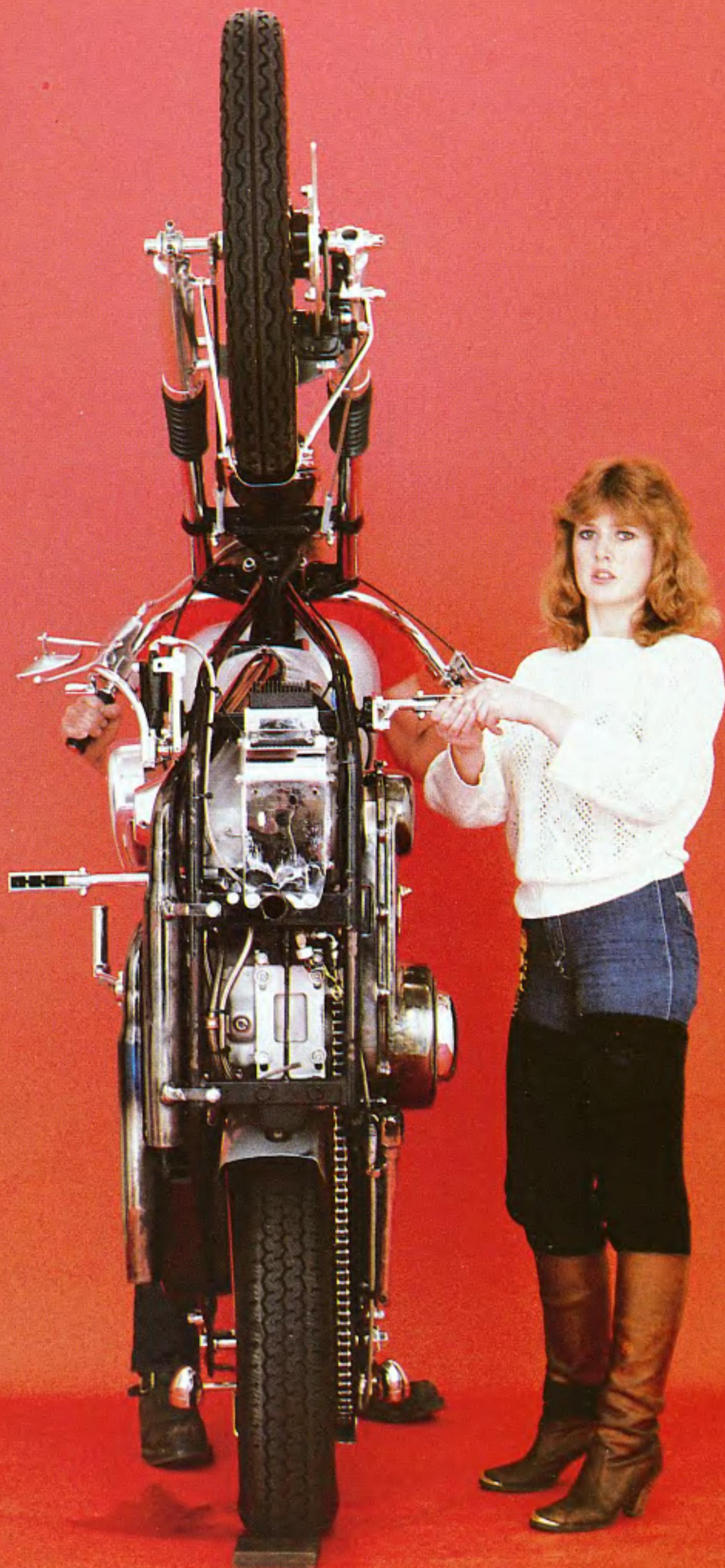




In His Own Time

As ya know, we always like to go all-out for our readers. It's a rush for us to give ya the best, most complete coverage available. That's why we thought we'd do something different for this April issue; a look at the bottom side of one of this month's feature bikes. We weren't able to convince Spider to make like a weight lifter and heave-ho his sled, but Bill Holliday, the owner of this immaculate scoot, consented and even provided his own musclewoman. (Joke.) Who also happened to be one of the foxiest babes we've seen. (No joke.)

As far as the bike goes, it's got everything — all the little details that make an outstanding ride. It was a snap, yer probably thinkin'. Some guy wrote out a blank check, gave a shop owner the go-ahead to build him somethin' right-on, then went back to smokin' big cigars and livin' the life of luxury. Well, you certainly oughta know better.



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WE'VE GOT
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The new XLX-61



XLH Sportster®



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New FLHT Electra Glide® and FLHT Classic



FLH Electra Glide® Belt Drive

Re-Cycle Days

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY

There's never been a better time.

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But how to afford one of those fine looking new machines? That's the question. At Harley-Davidson, we've come up with some pretty good answers. Now during Re-Cycle Days, we're ready to get you on a new Harley.

AND WE'LL HELP YOU SELL YOUR OLD BIKE.

Wheel your Harley into your local participating dealer during Re-Cycle Days. He'll sell it for you through Harley-Davidson's Used Motorcycle Selling Service.

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AND WE'LL COME PICK UP YOUR OLD BIKE.

Don't let winter stop you from selecting a new motorcycle. If cold or snow makes it impossible for you to bring your bike in, your local participating dealer will pick it up so that you can work out a Re-Cycle deal towards a new one.

AND WE'LL GUARANTEE YOU BETTER THAN BLUE BOOK.

No quibbling during Re-Cycle Days. If your stock motorcycle is in good condition, we'll credit you with more than it's worth in the Blue Book.

Once you and your dealer agree on the value, it's set. Even if we have to sell it for less, you'll still receive credit for the agreed-upon value. Then, after it's sold, you can pick up your own brand new Harley-Davidson.

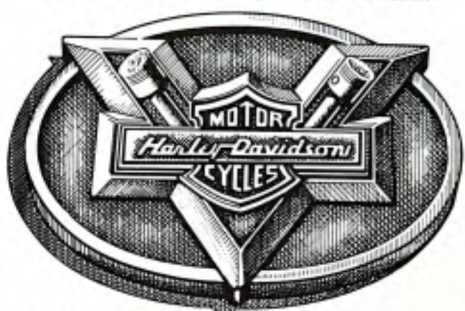


AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A FREE H.O.G.™ CLUB MEMBERSHIP IF YOU CHOOSE AN '83 MODEL.

The Harley Owners Group™ is the ultimate motorcycle accessory. It's for people who believe there's more to owning a Harley-Davidson than just owning a motorcycle. And it's the only owners club sponsored by the Harley-Davidson Motor Company.

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We want our 80th year to be the best ever. So stop in and talk Re-Cycle deals before May 1st.

If you currently own a Harley-Davidson, bring in the coupon below to get a handsome pewter belt buckle. But hurry because the supply is limited. While you're there you can check out your new Harley.

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Name _____

Address _____

Model & year of currently owned Harley-Davidson _____

Signature _____

Dealer Name _____

Address _____

Signature _____

Date _____

A NEW HARLEY!



**“ONLY ONE THING
COULD MAKE ME SELL
MY HARLEY.”**

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

Maybe it had to happen. After all, thousands of tourists have flocked to visit Alcatraz ever since they started running tours of the place. Hell's bells, a lot of the time the tours are all booked up, and sightseers have to put their names on a waiting list before getting their piece of the rock.

Many members of the public, in fact, have seemed as anxious to get onto the former Pelican Island as its inmates used to be to get off it. So, bearing that in mind, I suppose it was inevitable — if the public wants to look at broken down old prisons, the great State of California is gonna give 'em broken down old prisons to look at.

But tours of San Quentin? The mind boggles. Yes, tours of San Quentin. Once a week, every week. The latest tourist attraction. Why wait in line for hours at Disneyland's "Pirates of The Caribbean" just to watch the plastic dog dangle the cell keys from its mouth as the imprisoned plastic buccaneers attempt to cajole it into bringing the keys to them? (It never has yet, incidentally, but may someday.) Here you can watch the real arms of living men reaching out through barred doors that won't ever be opened with a skeleton key carried by a dog, no matter how well-meaning.

And, despite the fact that few — even among its most vociferous supporters — would call San Quentin a magic kingdom, the place does have a few unique "attractions" of its own. Like, for instance, a gas chamber.

Since 1938, the San Quentin gas chamber has been the last earthly "attraction" for 190 men and four women, but it's the first stop for the Wednesday tour groups.

Like their opposite numbers at Disneyland, the convict-guides at San Quentin entertain their guests with a line of patter concocted of factual information and stale jokes. Explaining the gas chamber, for example, the guide notes that most of the condemned became unconscious about 30 seconds after the

cyanide pellets were dropped and died about eleven-and-a-half minutes later. And then the zinger. "One con asked for strawberries (for his last meal)," the guide said. "When told they were out of season, he said: 'I'll wait.'"

The Quentin tours are the brain-child of prison historian Nicola Frye, a 36-year-old former school teacher. Frye, who has been San Quentin



Casin' the joint — a tour group eagerly enters San Quentin.

historian for about two years, spends two days a week within the walls. In addition to arranging the tours and training convicts as guides (eleven have been trained so far), Frye is organizing a prison museum and writing a history of San Quentin.

Somewhat surprisingly, her idea of running the tours met with almost immediate support from pris-

on officials. "We think the idea of the public seeing what goes on inside San Quentin is an excellent idea," assistant-to-the-warden Jim McCullough told the *Los Angeles Times*. An inmate tour guide puts the same idea in more practical terms: "You're paying for this place," he tells visitors. "(The tour) gives you a clear idea what a prison is."

Though Disneyland has its rules and regulations — bikers, long-hairs, and punk rockers are frequently turned away from the gates — they're nothing compared to what the state puts the Quentin tourists through. For one thing, anyone who shows up wearing blue has to wait behind in the Winnebago — all the inmates wear blue, see, and the state is afraid that some of the tourists might decide they like the joint so much that they'll try to blend in with the inmate population and stay behind.

In addition, before beginning the tour, pockets must be emptied and jewelry, belts and shoes removed. Besides the gas chamber, the tour group visits the gym, the furniture factory, the chapel, the mess hall, and the exercise yard. One of the tour highlights is a stroll through an actual, overcrowded, real-life cellblock. No dogs dangling keys from their mouths here. Just high tiers of iron cages with men in them. For the most part, the visitors seem fascinated. Also for the most part, the inmates seem horny. Sending barefoot broads hip-swinging through a cell block will do that, saltpeter notwithstanding.

Still, San Quentin's history of knifings and riots, flareups and lockdowns, is never far from anyone's mind. As one of the inmate-guides told his charges, "There are violent men in here. Irrational things happen. . . . Some inmates will kill you with a marshmallow. They'll use anything. Rip your neck with eyeglasses."

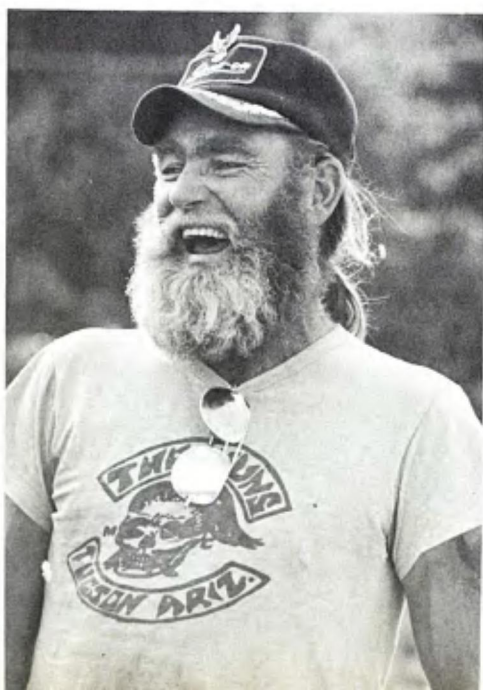
Magic Kingdom? Black magic, maybe. Evil magic in a devil's kingdom. A tour never to be forgotten; to Hell and back in one afternoon. If

Continued on page 111



Photos by Toots

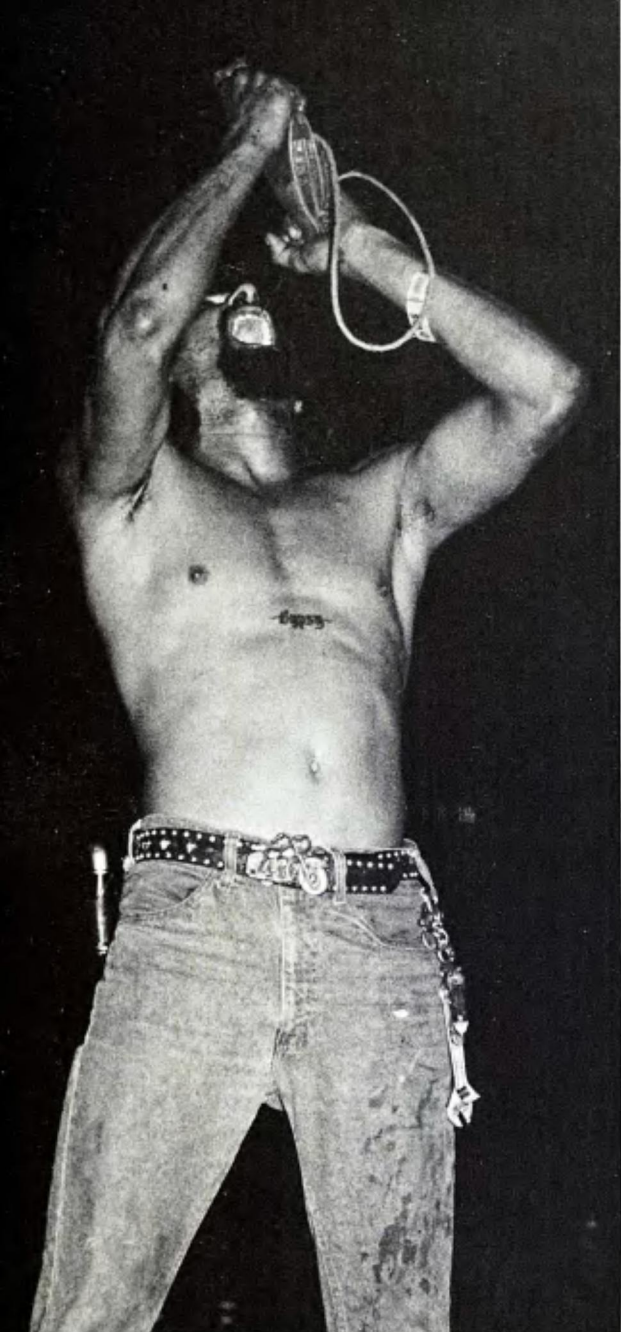




Each night as the sun went down, the moons — bright, shiny biker moons — came out and we began to settle down to serious business: sex — specifically the Wet T-shirt Contest (called a "Fine Form" contest by the Huns), and rock 'n' roll, delivered loud and heavy by a band that started at sundown and didn't quit until after the rooster had crowed, (I woulda said "cock" instead of rooster, but you'da taken that all wrong), the line at the beer wagon had dwindled to maybe ten stalwarts and the Huns' ol' ladies had started passin' around the breakfast coffee.

Shit, it was 72 hours of Harley Heaven for the real beer drinkers and hell raisers and, best of all, they're gonna do it all again come this Labor Day — screw April in Paris; mark my trip map for September in Arizona.

— Gandy Dancer



ARIZONA MOON

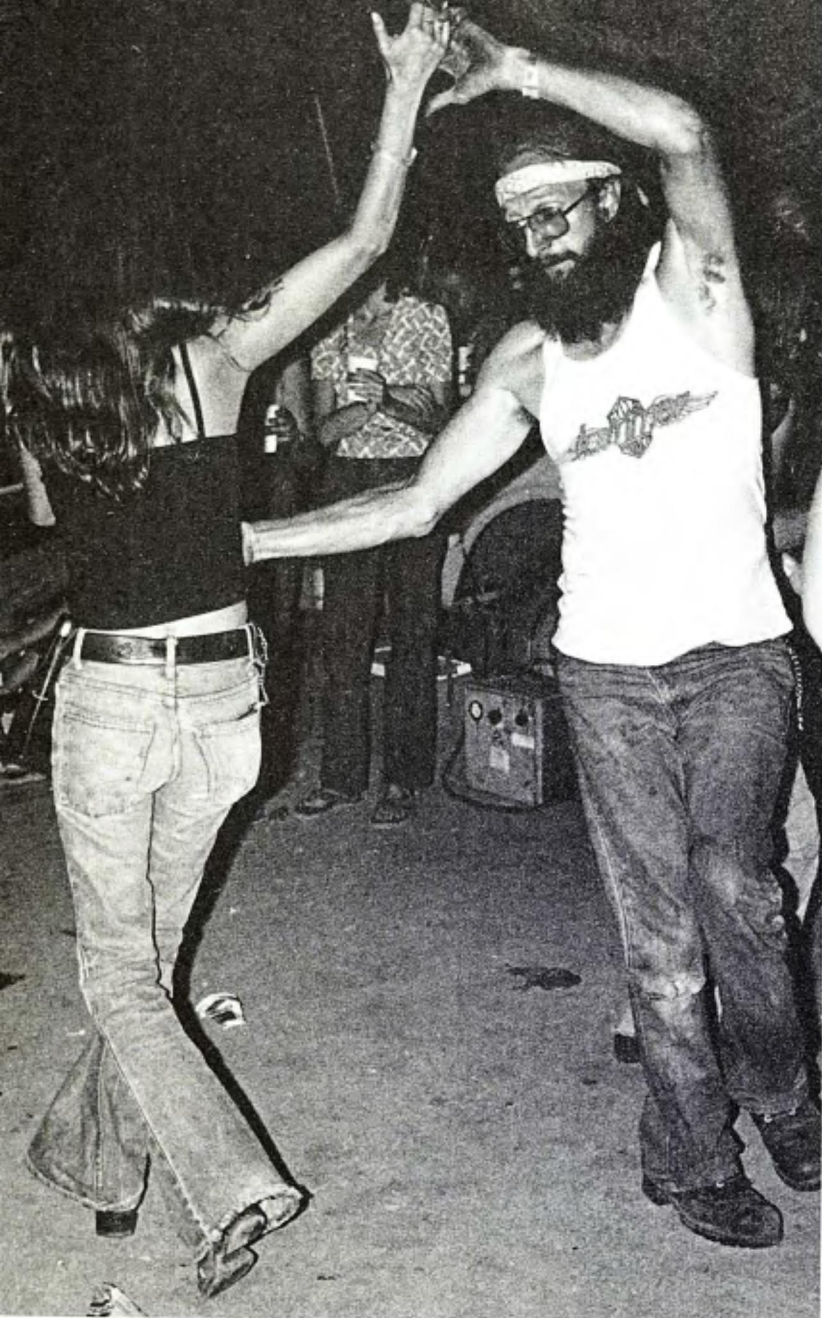
The party wailed an' howled an' smoked an' charged on for three days — which was more than you could say for some of the party-timers.

The 14th Annual Huns MC Labor Day Run was one hot good-timin' mix of bikes, bikers, beer and broads, served up under a steamin' sun that got the chicks out of their tops faster than Mutha runs from a bath. Under the circumstances, it was no

surprise that even the most party-hardened bros found it difficult to stay up (literally and figuratively) for the whole run.

What the hell, ya can only drink so much, and ya can only smoke so much, and ya can only screw so much, right? So what if ya found yourself passin' out after your Jack Black and Moosehead omelet? You could just do like the one bro we saw who carefully chained his Hog to his foot,





tested his padlock to make sure it had snapped shut, and fell asleep, a satisfied look on his face.

Nearly 1,500 biker men and women made the run to Sycamore Canyon, about seven miles north of Tucson, Arizona. Saluting ol' Sol, who kept the temperature between 90 and 100 degrees in the shade, they downed 200 kegs of beer and produced a small municipal reservoir of sweat — some of it, specifically those trickles running between all those sweet, biker bitches' boobs, absofuckinlutely lip-smackin' good.

Despite the heat and the dust, the bros and sisters had no trouble gettin' it together for some traditional party-day events — a sausage-suck, a dizzy-lizzy and an obstacle-course competition.



How fast time flies when you're havin' a ball. One minute you're standin' there with a little leather whip in your hand, an' the next it's a property slip an' a bar of disinfectant soap. Ol' Doc Twat is back, an' he's here to tell ya all about the latest thing in dork destroyers.

The three biggest lies in the world used to be: "I love you," "The check is in the mail," and — the most popular to most of us — "I promise not to come in your mouth."

Folks kicked those jokes around an' got a lotta laughs out of 'em, but there's three bigger lies bein' told these days, an' at least one of 'em isn't funny at all.

"I've had a vasectomy, so you'll still be a virgin." "You'll get 15,000 service-free miles outta this beauty." And, worst of all, "Don't worry about it — it's only a fever blister."

A week later, you've got copies of that "fever blister" on your lip, on the end of your dork, back there where she gave ya the rim job, an' your ol' lady's complainin' that her snatch itches. The only difference between a pig an' a waitress at Burger Puke is that pigs don't have zits, an' the zits on that teeny-bopper's face turned out to be herpes II — the baddest thing around!

For those of ya who don't know exactly what herpes is, here's the lowdown: Herpes simplex virus — both I an' II — is an infection that affects the skin. It also affects the mucous membranes such as the mouth, lips, inside the nose, the snatch, the asshole an' the end of the dork. It latches onto the genitals, the thighs, buttocks an' anywhere else on the body where it can find entry by way of cuts or scratches. If your sweetie scratches her herpes-covered face, then digs her claws into your back to show her appreciation for the screwin' you're givin' her, she opens up a new territory an' possibly fucks up your impressive four-color Harley-Davidson tattoo.

Most people are familiar with the form of herpes that is easy to see, the kind that waitresses like the one previously mentioned have on their faces an' lips. They think they've got zits an' cold sores. You might think the same, until it's too late. Now for the good news an' bad news.

The good news is that herpes below the belt is six-to-nine times less common than herpes of the face an' mouth. The bad news is that herpes an' love don't have much in common. Love doesn't last forever; herpes does!

The only way you can be sure you've got herpes is by goin' to see a doctor while the sores are present. Sometimes they disappear, strengthen themselves, an' then reappear. When the sores are showin', have a doctor take a look at 'em, 'cause ya might have somethin' else, such as

syphilis, scabies, a chancroid or superficial staph infection. Most of these can be cured, so gettin' a diagnosis is important. It ain't nice to go spreadin' any of 'em around.

Herpes simplex virus I an' herpes simplex virus II look exactly alike. For hundreds — maybe even thousands — of years, the sores on the face an' mouth were caused by HSV I, while those below the waist were caused by HSV II. There is a definite clinical difference in the two viruses (molecular composition, growth patterns in cell cultures,

an' different antibodies elicited by each). Up until just a few years ago, herpes below the waist was largely unheard of, but human nature finally took care of that. The sexual revolution came along, an' oral-genital gymnastics began to spice up folks' fun an' games. A dude would give his chick some face, then kiss her on the lips. In return, she'd introduce a new game she

learned — Pearl Harbor. He'd lie down on his back an' she'd blow him up. Without knowin' it, they were spreadin' the herpes virus every time they got together.

One of the biggest problems facin' scientists is that of knowin' how many people have herpes. When a person contracts a venereal disease an' goes to the doctor, the law requires the doc to record the event. That way, records are kept an' the medics know for sure how many disease carriers there are. Doctors aren't required to record their herpes cases, however, so the only thing they can do is estimate that between 50 an' 150 million people have genital (HSV II) herpes. Even if everyone in the U.S. was required by law to submit to a physical examination for herpes, the docs wouldn't know for sure who had it unless the telltale sores were present. Blood tests would reveal only that at one time or another the person had been exposed to the virus; but that wouldn't necessarily mean he or she had a recurrent case of it.

Herpes simplex viruses are infectious agents. What's worse, they are *contact* agents. Cold an' influenza viruses are spread by sneezin' and coughin', or by insects an' animals. Herpes simplex viruses can live only on humans an' they're spread from person to person without the help of bugs or animals or airborne viral agents.

People give people herpes. They touch 'em, they kiss 'em, they love 'em, they lick 'em, an' suck 'em. Mothers give it to their babies after gettin' it from daddy, or vice versa. Kissin' aunts an' other relatives give it to nieces, nephews an' everybody else in the whole fam damily.

The disease follows a certain pattern as it develops in most people. About two days after

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HERPES

AN' OTHER AMAZIN' FACTS OF LIFE

by
Doctor Twatburger

Takin' The Pain Outta Telling The News

We've all heard the old joke about the difference between herpes and true love — herpes lasts forever. But when ya come down with this rampant crotch rot, it ain't no joke! There's all the

medical shit ya gotta go through — not to mention the mutha-pumpin' pain — and that's the easy part. The tough part's how to tell your ol' lady that you got it!

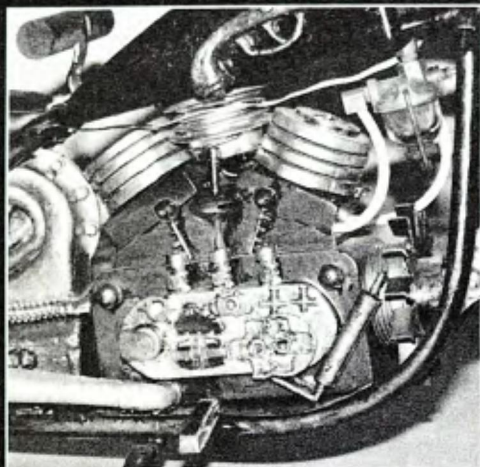
Well, relax. That problem has been eliminated, thanks

to the brilliant researchers at *Easyriders*. Telling her you've got herpes needn't be a hassle; all you need is a good enough story as to *where* you got it.

Kind souls that we are, we've provided you with ten

damn good alibis (if we do say so ourselves, and we do) which'll get you outta this mess fast! And, if you're thinkin' you'd better take along a couple of guys bigger than your ol' lady when you confess,

Continued on page 89



Photos by Wizard



party with. He eats light, slurps up his share of brew and will take on all chicks.

Never ruffling his feathers when they give him the flyaway treatment, as most birds will.

No matter what, he's up with the sun — unless the shades are down. Then ya won't hear a warblin' chirp out of him.

That is, until it's time to hit the road.

Then he makes like a road captain — blasting off with a roostertail, leading his flock to the nearest watering hole.

Some of his brothers have partied with one of the original "Easy Rider" men, Peter Fonda. So now that this guy has hit the bigtime, you can figure he'll be gettin' offers to flap his wings on television. One thing he'll have to be careful of, though —

he's liable to get his beak twisted if he keeps mimicking every tramp around. It's

real chickenshit of him to tell the bro's ol' lady what's been happening behind her back. What flies around,

comes around.

— Ferret





**"Hold on, chick,
we're flyin' low
tonight!"**

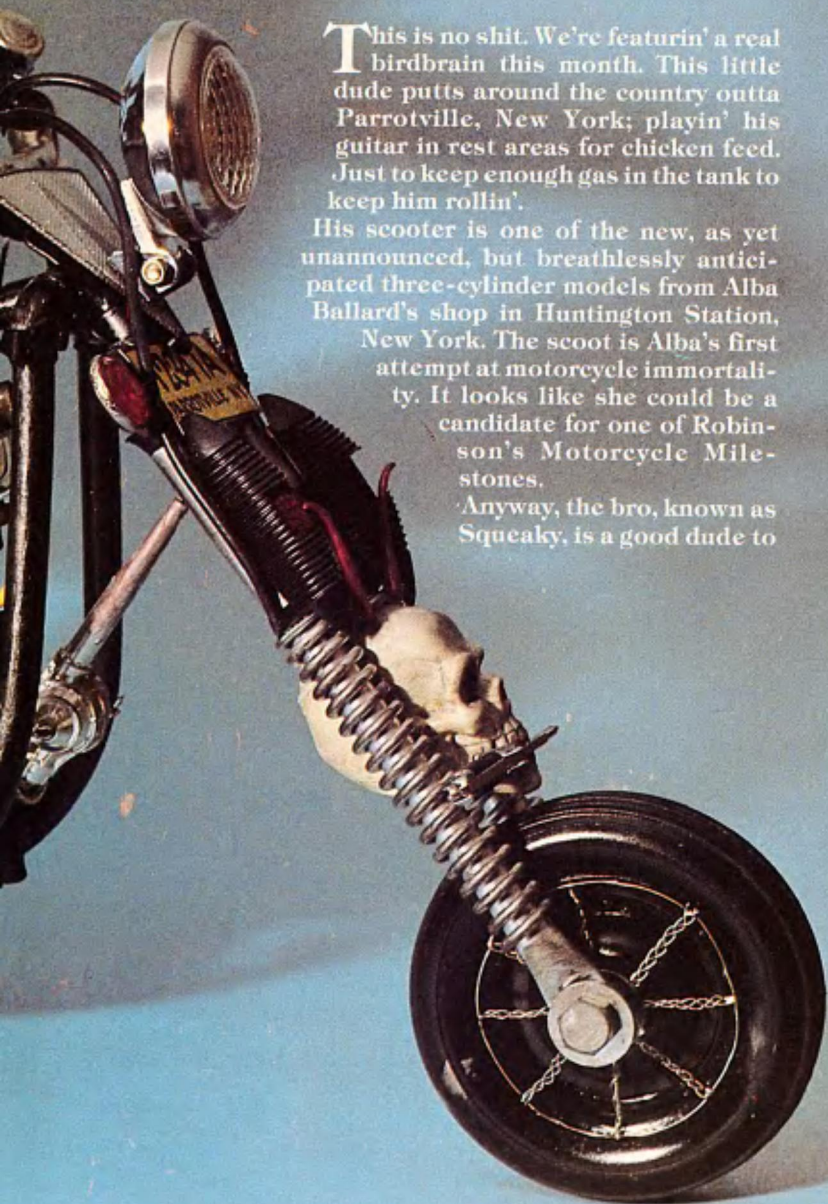


Puttin' Parrot

This is no shit. We're featurin' a real birdbrain this month. This little dude putts around the country outta Parrotville, New York; playin' his guitar in rest areas for chicken feed. Just to keep enough gas in the tank to keep him rollin'.

His scooter is one of the new, as yet unannounced, but breathlessly anticipated three-cylinder models from Alba Ballard's shop in Huntington Station, New York. The scoot is Alba's first attempt at motorcycle immortality. It looks like she could be a candidate for one of Robinson's Motorcycle Milestones.

Anyway, the bro, known as Squeaky, is a good dude to





Unless you happened to run into Willie G. Davidson in or around Sturgis the last couple of years, you've never seen a Harley quite like this.

Called a Twin Belt Wide Glide, this Hog you see here is one of the first factory prototypes of Willie G.'s own ride, a bike he designed and refined for three years before settling on this particular design.

Featuring a double-belt drive, a spun-aluminum rear wheel, a mile-deep maroon paint job and some classy 1919-type tank decals, the Twin Belt Wide Glide has been approved for production and will eventually be making its way to dealers

in limited numbers (the initial run will be 1,000).

Don't let that "eventually" throw you, you can win this one! Ya see, every once in a while Spider gets something out Milwaukee's back door. We don't know how he does it — and he'd bite the nose off anyone who dared ask — so don't ask.

Anyhow, the ol' slave driver scored this bike a couple of months back, chained it to Rufus, ordered Rufus to sit and stay, and told the staff, "We're gonna give the bitch away in the magazine — free!"

At Spider's orders, Four-Eyes was given a couple of wrenches, pointed at the bike and ordered to remove the speedo and

WIN THIS FREE BIKE

SUPER SIMPLE CONTEST

lock it in Spider's saddlebag. Four-Eyes can't focus on anything smaller than a bong, so he wouldn't be able to make out the odometer reading, and with the speedo locked in Spider's bag and ol' Rufus nearby, neither would anybody else.

To win the bike, all you gotta do is guess the correct odometer reading and tell us, in 25 words or less, why you want to win the Hog more than the next bohunk. The winner of the bike will be the person who guesses the exact mileage on the odometer, down to the tenths of a mile. If no one guesses it exactly, the person who comes closest wins. In case of a tie, the best "25 words or less" essay wins — needless to say, our decision on

that is final and no snivelin' is allowed. (Contest is not open to Paisano Publications employees or relatives.) You can enter as many times as you want, but each entry must be sent separately. All entries must be on a postcard or the back of a sealed Number 10 envelope. Any entries that must be opened will not be accepted and will find a brief home next to the hole in Mutha's outhouse. Send your entry to Bike Contest, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Remember to include the odometer reading, your name and address, and tell us what kind of bike you now own and why you want to win the disc glide. Entries must be postmarked before 12 o'clock midnight, April 15, 1983.

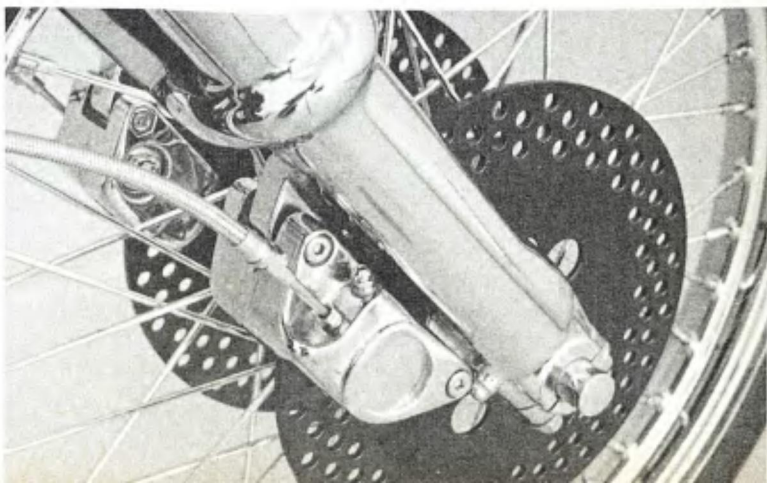
got nicked for the tax as well. Riding home that night I thought I finally had Spider figured out. He was working overtime on this new bike as if he'd got himself a new honey. It lifted my spirits. Spider's new honey was sure to have some leftover sisters or girlfriends for the bros who helped out with the scoot. I became so excited I even lent him five bucks for lunch one day while he was putting the finishing touches on the sled. Next week, I figured, would be payback time — Pete would get to shoot the bike and I would get to shoot into one of Spider's new friends.

When the big day finally came, I showed up at Pete's late, snivelin' and cursin' about the traffic. Spider pulled his face out of the fridge and told me to watch my mouth. Thinkin' he'd finally fallen over the edge he'd been balancing on all these crazy years, I mumbled somethin' about my nose being somewhat in the way.

"Don't talk like that in front of my mom," he says. Now I'm sure he's nuts. "Your mom?" I shot back. "What's she doing here, changing your diaper?" I shoulda realized somethin' was wrong when he didn't laugh. "No, she's getting her picture taken on my bike." Icicles slid out of his mouth with every word. Just as I finally got the message, the studio door opened and



Owner: Spider		City: her place	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Wrench		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1980 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Wide Glide		Type: swingarm	
Value: two saddle bags of C-notes		Rake: factory	
Assembly by: owner/Wrench		Stretch: none	
Time: 400 hours		Other alterations: welds smoothed	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1980		Risers: H-D	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): flared	
Rebuilder: Wrench/H.E.S. Perf.		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: solid state		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: works good	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: new rubber	
Balancing: just right		Rear pegs: no way	
Pistons: H-D update kit		Electrics: Jim Shaffer	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: H.E.S. Performance		Oil tank: powder-coated	
Cam(s): H		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Sturgis model	
Carb(s): modified Keihin		Seat: Mike Egan	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: who needs one?	
Pipes: Micah McCloskey's		Height: high enough	
Muffler(s): Micah McCloskey's		Material: hard steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: H.E.S. Performance		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1980		Extension: stock	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: H-D/Wrench	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: buffed up	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: dents filled in		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Tom Doria		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black, what else?		Tire: Gdylr.	Tire: Gdylr.
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D/Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: urethane			
Special thanks: Wrench, Micah McCloskey's, Andy Hanson, Ken Lyons, Mike Egan, Jim Shaffer, Performance Machine, Scooter Flex			



out walked a 76-year-old woman who looked like business. Spider made all the proper introductions and, frankly, his mom was so nice it was hard to imagine her bein' related to Spider.

All of a sudden, I had one of my world-famous brain flashes. I waited till Spider was busy wipin' an imaginary fingerprint off the bike and popped Mom the question: Did she happen to have any baby pictures of our boy — Spider? Eureka! Not only did she have them, she had one with her. As her hands opened her wallet, Spider

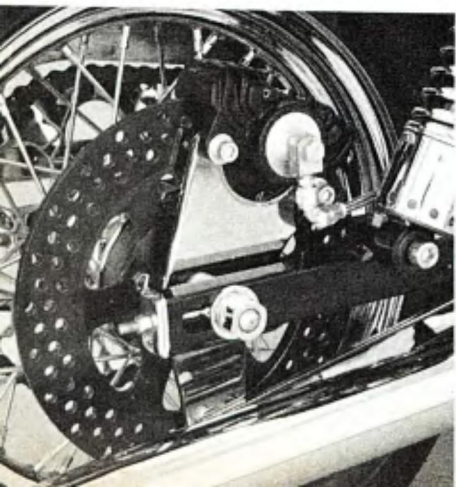
flashed at what was happening. I grabbed my gloves and bolted for the door, leaving Spider, who somehow forgot to watch his language, yelling something about using my upper lip for a scrub brush on his rat.

Well, to make a long snivel short, I haven't seen the ol' tyrant since then — mainly 'cause I'm still hiding out. But if you see him, bro, please pass him a message for me. Tell 'im I didn't see the picture of that cute little curly haired kid in the sailor suit. Honest.

— Wrench

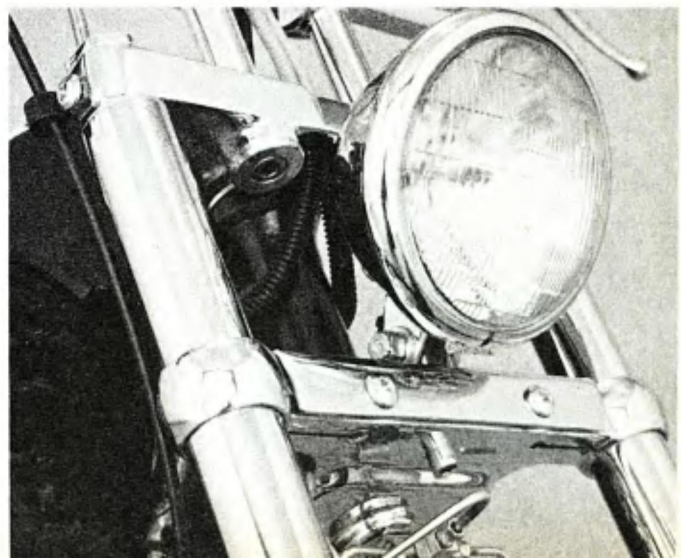
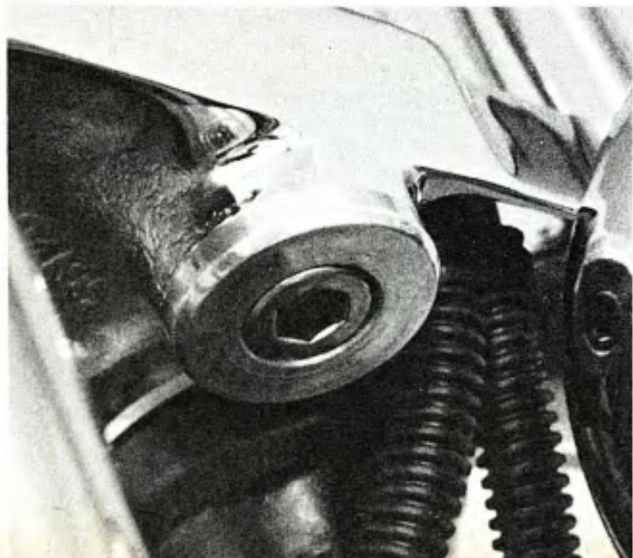
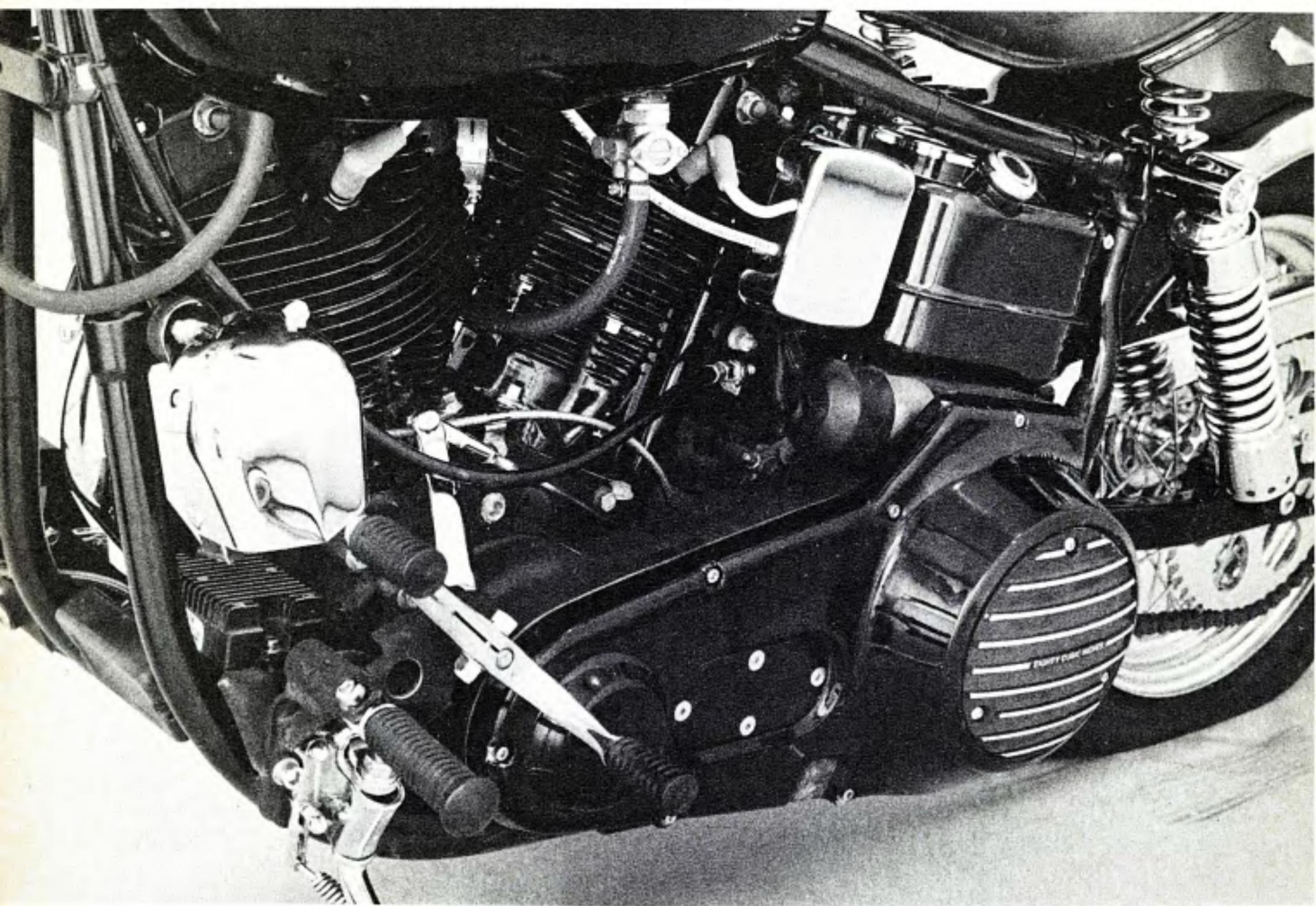


Photos by Pete Chiodo



Other things he likes to change are his bikes — sometimes he seems to want to ride every Harley ever made. One of his latest acquisitions is the 1980 Wide Glide you see here. Nice, ain't it? This scooter, in fact, is one of Spider's favorite rides. Basically, what he did was remove the unwanted clutter that comes from the factory. "My arms ain't broken," he grumbled, "what da hell do I need these turn signals

for?" (Sure the law requires 'em, but you know Spider.) Next, since the bars weren't right for his gorilla-length arms, they had to go. Then he decided he didn't like the seat. A week later he wanted me to make a drop at the plater's — he was going whole hog. Another day when I was ready to jet early, he rearranged my schedule with a simple statement, "Pick up these parts at the shop or else." I not only got the parts, I



An indication of where Spider gets his sense of humor is evidenced by this picture of his 76-year-old mother.



Spider's Bike

You can always rely on Spider to change your outlook on the day. Take last Monday morning, for example. I was trying to choke down that third or fourth cup of starting fluid and suddenly he materialized in front of my desk with a doob full of hangover medicine he was eager to share. Next day, I somehow managed to

make it look like the day's work was done at 1:30. I was halfway out the door toward the beach when the word came around: "Spider's looking to give ya a gasoline an' Harley oil enema."

Now, remember, I didn't say he would change the day for the better, I just said he would change it.







Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Drunk Funds

Congress has enacted legislation that will make states that crack down on drunk drivers eligible for extra highway safety funds. The bill authorizes an additional \$125 million to be distributed during fiscal years 1983 through 1987 to states that pass drunk-driving laws meeting federal guidelines. While many states are enacting stricter drunk-driving legislation, the National Safety Council reports that at present just ten states have laws stringent enough.

—American Motorcyclist

Job Hunting

A while back, *Cosmopolitan* magazine ran an article about the ins and outs of interviewing for jobs, and warned readers that asking where you could park your motorcycle might not be a good way to break the ice with employment interviewers.

—American Motorcyclist

Panic Stricken

Consider, too, what happened recently near Congressman Walker's district in Pennsylvania: Reports of "motorcycle gangs" setting up a camp near Brown Township terrorized local residents where tales of taking over a hotel, et cetera, et cetera, quickly spread. Seven police troopers were dispatched to the area where they found ten motorcyclists camping out peacefully; all "clean-cut" according to the police, who added that even more men might have been sent had the troopers not discovered the reports were "erroneous information." We'd certainly like to see Dr. Peter Beckman investigate this "media hoax" because it is our long

considered opinion that such mass stereotyping of all motorcyclists does affect the motorcycle accident/fatality rate; it turns us into "justifiable targets" in the minds of a paranoid public.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Women Buyers

If you're still laboring under the illusion that Harley-Davidson is a man's machine, and members of the opposite sex need not apply for ownership — think again. Though it might be the last bastion of male chauvinism, the ranks of the Harley faithful are under siege: out of every 100 new H-Ds sold, three are bought by women.

—Cycle Guide

Flashing

Comments on flashing headlights may be of use to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Responding to a request from Harley-Davidson to allow modulating headlights, the NHTSA has published a notice of proposed rulemaking.

Any information or comments should be sent to Docket Section, Room 5109, NHTSA, 400 7th St. SW, Washington, D.C. 20594.

—Cycle World

Record Run

Okay, you've all heard of the Cannonball Baker Sea To Shining Sea Memorial Trophy Dash, and if you haven't, you've undoubtedly heard of Burt Reynolds and his movie "Cannonball Run," loosely based on the real thing. Ever wonder what the real-life times of the winners are? Well, George Egloff of Stewartville, New Jersey, riding in the U.S. Express

cross-country rally, set a new solo record of 49 hours 58 minutes for the distance between the Freeport, Long Island, start and the San Francisco finish. Egloff did the 3,061 miles on his Dunlop-tired CBX at an average 60 mph. His only stops were for gas — and one short cat-nap.

—Cycle Guide

Helmets Return

Political birdwatchers, 'tis the season to be on the alert for the Devious Rednecked Rulemaker. They are beginning to flock as many state legislatures go back in session. That means motorcyclists in those states should remain alert for cycle-oriented bills. For example, the Texas Motorcycle Roadriders Association and other Lone Star state riders are preparing to do battle with helmet law reinstatement efforts (one bill already introduced; more pending), as well as supporting efforts to pass funding measures for motorcycle rider education courses. The rallying call here is "Remember the Louisiana," the neighboring state where cyclists worked for a repeal law, then relaxed when it was passed. But when they weren't paying attention, on the theory it couldn't happen again, it did. It took only two zealous helmet law advocates to pressure a helmet law reinstatement measure through the halls at Baton Rouge and Louisiana is a helmet law state again.

—Road Rider

800-lb. Opinion

Bugs, nothing — you have to worry about bears, as well. And we're not talking about cops here. It seems that a motorcyclist in Russia had

parked by the side of the road to take a little break when a huge brown bear came wandering out of the woods to check out the action. Apparently, this bear was in the market for a new bike of his own; he circled the machine a few times sniffing it out, then proceeded with the time-honored test of tire-kicking. Next up, of course, was trying the machine on for size, but it seems the riding position wasn't up to his standards. Dissatisfied with the ergonomics, the animal knocked the bike over and mauled it into an unrecognizable mass. The owner? He just stood by and watched — who's going to argue with an opinion backed up with 800 pounds of muscle?

—Cycle Guide

Pneumomediastinum?

Transcontinental Egloff should be glad that he didn't contract motorcyclist's pneumomediastinum. Motorcyclist's what, you say? The condition, described in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, results from wind being blown into a rider's mouth during high-speed runs. The ram-air effect can severely damage tissue, the *Journal* notes, and can even enter into the chest cavity outside the lungs. And you thought bugs were your only problem.

—Cycle Guide

Rider Ed

Some good news from Maryland is that the governor may include a rider education bill as part of budget legislation for the state Department of Transportation. Maryland motorcyclists have fought hard for a rider ed law, and they may have success in sight.

—American Motorcyclist

paying up front for motor rebuilds. Then presto! Your scooter disappears. Then it takes the D.A. and filing criminal charges to get it back — maybe!

Crazy T.
Conroe, Tex.

Cover Girl

☐ You fuckers sure know how to make a bro horny! That cover girl on your January '82 issue had me hotter than a two-peckered goat.

Boot Leg
Schofield, Hawaii

Seen The Light

☐ As soon as my Honda wears out, I'm buyin' a Harley.

Dave B.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Rednecks

☐ If, by chance, you go through Big Spring, Texas, on Interstate 20, stay away. This is the place where rednecks began.

I went outside to check on my scooter, and some low-life, no-good, redneck fucker cut my brand-new Continental tire. So what happens? The law shows up and puts me in jail. Typical cowshit justice!

Keith Tyler
Lubbock, Tex.

Why Ties?

☐ On pages 72 and 73 of the January '83 issue the chick is okay, but I had to write and ask who put the chickenshit nylon wire tie to hold the throttle cable to the handlebars on that scooter? With all the bucks I see in this scooter,

why did the builder leave this sloppy wire tie untrimmed, uncut, and untightened on the handlebars?

Bumper Jack
Alexandria, Va.

Righteous Contest

☐ You guys really ought to check out the National Old Time Fiddlers Contest held in Weiser, Idaho, the third full week of June every year. It might sound like a redneck plan, but the righteous scooter folk congregate there every year for a week of the best partying to be had anywhere. There's a whole island set aside for camping and partying. A full city block of bike parking on Main Street, a choice of bars, good music, a tattoo booth, showers, and righteous scooters combine to make this the scooter happening in the area.

Mike Webster
Umatilla, Ore.

Thankful Ol' Lady

☐ This short note is for all you ol' ladies out there who need to sit your asses down and really think about your ol' men.

I recently got pretty fuckin' sick and had to keep my ass in bed — I could only get up to piss. Now, my ol' man is your average "feed me, fuck me, and suck me, bitch" type of guy. I did all the cookin', cleanin', and the usual shit that a house mouse is supposed to do.

Well, when I got sick, I really thought he'd be pissed, having to cook for himself and not being able to fuck for

a while. But instead, he has been the best ol' man any bitch could ask for.

So, ladies, don't take your men for granted. I did and never will again. I love the shit out of him, and when I get better, I'm gonna fuck, feed, and suck him like I never have before (not necessarily in that order, though).

Silky's Ol' Lady
Bridgeport, Conn.

■ That's a good ol' lady.

Scooter Trash

☐ Well, did I think I was slick! My Jordache jeans, my Playboy, an American Express card, and a \$20,000-a-year oil field trash job. I went to all the biggest and best hotels and would fly anywhere, looking for that high-class lay.

As a young man, I rode a used '54 panhead to high school. I sold it sometime later and bought a used '71 FX, rode and sold it, then bought a new '79 Low Rider and sold it because of a bind.

Then I found myself feeling that I had outgrown my days of sharing wine, women, and flat tires. I was in the big time now — fancy cars, fancy clothes, and big bills. What did I know?

Last week one of the crew brought on board a copy of *Easyriders*. It had been almost two and a half years since I had even looked at one. Lo and behold! I knew where I belonged. I threw out my Jordache jeans and bought an '82 XLS.

I dug deep into storage and found my leathers and Levi's jacket, and never have I felt so damned glad to see them.

I was born scooter trash and will stay that way till the day I die.

Beautot
Houma, La.

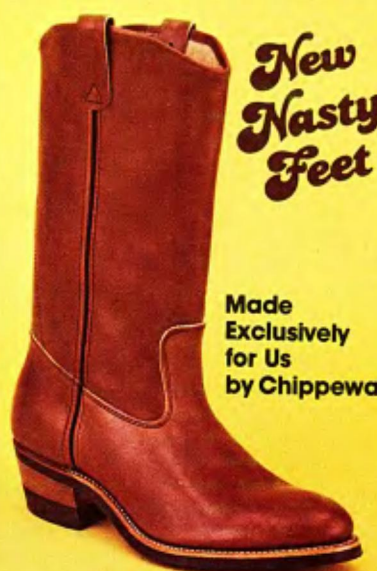
Likes Dusty

☐ Just thought I'd waste another stamp and shoot you a kite. You guys never print anything I ever send, but I'm still gonna send my compliments and appreciation to Dusty Sage. In all my years never have I been able to describe myself as clearly as Dusty does. I'm referring to the January '83 "Astrology".

To Dusty, from one Cappy to another: I rate you superior to all the *Easyriders* staff, so don't let anyone say other-

Continued on page 96

The INTERSTATE



New
Nasty
Feet

Made
Exclusively
for Us
by Chippewa

No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrile sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclose \$90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add \$9.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add \$30.00 per pair.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.
California residents add 6%.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.



AMERICAN & METRIC 62-PIECE HEAVY DUTY INDUSTRIAL TOOL CHEST \$28

Before Midnight March 27

Viking Ind. will send to each reader of this publication, who reads and responds to this program before midnight March 27, a 62-piece American and Metric Heavy Duty Industrial tool set and metal storage chest containing all the basic and special tools necessary to service and repair domestic and foreign trucks, tractors, autos, and all heavy industrial machinery. Consists of: 7 American 3/8 inch drive sockets. (3/8"), (7/16"), (1/2"), (9/16"), (5/8"), (11/16"), (3/4"). 9 American 1/4 inch drive sockets. (3/16"), (7/32"), (1/4"), (9/32"), (5/16"), (11/32"), (3/8"), (7/16"), (1/2"). 9 Metric 3/8 inch drive sockets. (9MM), (10MM), (11MM), (12MM), (13MM), (14MM), (16MM), (17MM), (19MM). 9 Metric 1/4 inch drive sockets. (4.5MM), (5MM), (6MM), (7MM), (8MM), (9MM), (10MM), (11MM), (12MM). A 3/8 inch fine tooth ratchet with quick release drive combination-forward and reversible, a 1/4 inch x 3/8 inch adapter, a 3/8 inch drive extension bar 3 inch. A 3/8 inch spark plug socket with oil resistant insert and speed installation and removal. An 18-piece industrial steel ignition wrench set, complete set of spark plug gap setting gauges for any type of spark plug. One "1/4-drive" heavy screwdriver, (1) One large set of feeler gauges, industrial "Phillips" heavy duty and "regular" screwdriver. All tools are drop forged alloy steel for durable heavy duty repair work, and will be accompanied with a LIFETIME guarantee that it must perform 100% or it will be replaced free. Add \$7 handling and crating for each Tool Chest requested. Viking Ind. pays all shipping. Should you wish to return your tools, you may do so for a full refund. Any letter postmarked later than March 27 will be returned. LIMIT: Six (6) sets per address, no exceptions. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: Tool Dept. #114YW, Viking Ind., 6314 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90038, or for fastest service from any part of the country, call collect before midnight 7 days a week.

CALL COLLECT (213) 462-1914

(Ask exchange operator for)

TOOL DEPT. #114YW

Before midnight, 7 days a week
Have credit card ready

may have met up with some of my ex-ol' ladies (looks like one of them in the illustration on page 27). Ya oughta make a movie outta this story.

Evil
El Paso, Tex.

Oriental Women

☐ I was reading a back issue and came across a couple of letters about why people are marrying Orientals.

Well, it seems to me that most American women are spoiled. They want to go out all the time, buy this, do that, and have the last word.

I'm stationed in Germany and married to a German girl. She is happy to go to work if I say so. But we have a kid coming, and she wants to stay home and watch the kid, cook, and clean house.

I take her out about once every five to six weeks for dinner and she's happy because she knows I can walk down the street and window-shop for pussy, which costs only \$25 to \$40.

Moe
Barnstorf, W. Germany

Long Time

☐ I enlisted in the Army with six years of ridin' time behind me. Yesterday, for the first time in a long time, I sat down with a bottle of J.D. and your rag and read the words that I lost two years ago. Then I realized I fuckin' jumped off a good train.

Starting Over
Savannah, Ga.

Gone To Heaven

☐ Your cover photo of Alexandra comes as close to female perfection as I have ever seen on the cover of any magazine — of any type. I've died and gone to heaven.

Walrus
Ashland, Va.

Likes Dealer

☐ In February of 1982 I broke open the pig and bought a brand-new, dream belt-drive Sturgis from the Lower Harley-Davidson dealership in Leesburg, Virginia. These people do credit to Harley-Davidson. They gave me a good price, honest and professional service when I had problems, and they weren't condescending if I didn't know a clutch plate from a triple tree.

This may not be one of those glass and chrome showplaces where one can buy Harley-Davidson napkin

rings and underwear, but I recommend any rider living in or passing through the Washington, D.C., area to stop in and say hello to Vernon Lower.

George Weber
Washington, D.C.

No Answer

☐ I sent a letter to Julie Vaughan. The letter was returned and on it was stamped "Escapee." I just want to say congrats to her.

Cactus
Dry Branch, Ga.

An Opinion

☐ This is little Victoria calling. My girlfriend and I have a bet going. I say *Easyriders* is a great mag. She says she wouldn't use it for nothin' — even asswipe! Nice broad, eh?

Buff and Hog
Victoria, B.C.

Few Words

☐ Fuck you!

C.H.I.
Shelton, Wash.

■ Been tryin' to figure out how.

Miraculous Mutha

☐ You bet I've got a gripe about this worthless rag you're printing! Miraculous Mutha's column is a disgrace to anyone who can read. It is pure garbage. What amazes me the most is that you've got me and a lot of others buying and, worse yet, reading this degrading trash.

T. Carey
Bethlehem, Conn.

■ Cut her some slack — she's a good ol' whore.

Likes Kick Start

☐ In response to Clyde Fessler, what's wrong with a little class? The kickers on the Sporty, Wide Glide, Low Rider, and Sturgis look like good-fitting gloves — and not only that, but having one on my '77 Super Glide saved my ass when the damned thing went B/O on me.

Of course, I no longer have the damned electric start. And something else — if it costs us another \$150 or \$200 for one on the factory bike, it will save us from putting on one ourselves later.

Tony
Thornton, Colo.

Weed Recipe

☐ While reading the second

edition of the anniversary issue, I read the "Cooking With Grass" article and thought I'd give you another tip.

Take the weed and saute it in butter (that means fry it at low heat) for five to ten minutes. Then strain the leaves out through a heated tea strainer, save the melted butter, and throw the leaves away. The THC is oil-miscible (which means it dissolves in oil) and is now all in the butter, making ingesting the leaves unnecessary. Simply add the butter to your mashed potatoes, stuffing, etc. and enjoy. This also works with vegetable and olive oil, providing it is added directly to the food. It's a great way to get rid of that homegrown no one wants.

J.U.
Hempstead, N.Y.

Vet Voice

☐ I'm writing to you regarding the whereabouts of Doc and his "Vet Voice."

I was in the service from '69 to '73. I was a Special Forces medic and immediately recognized the language (the references Doc made) as an identifying factor. I suspected he was with the 5th Group. He frequently referred to the need for unity among veterans on the issues of identification and treatment. I applauded him on his stance for veterans to seek and use the Vet Centers throughout the country for help with adjustment problems as well as dealing with the Veterans Administration.

I thought it appropriate to ask where Doc is and if he is likely to be a regular feature again.

Dan
Sebastopol, Calif.

■ We would gladly run the column if a professional writer/Vietnam veteran would contact us. Doc is no longer with us.

Troubles, Troubles

☐ Around here your rag always gets dissected, stolen, or used for some other weird purpose before I get a chance to read the whole thing.

Max
San Francisco, Calif.

Bikers' Warning

☐ Attention, Houston, Texas. There's a motorcycle shop that specializes in your

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICSTM

QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •



A Only \$14.95
The Classic
Black metal frames, gray lenses.
A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.



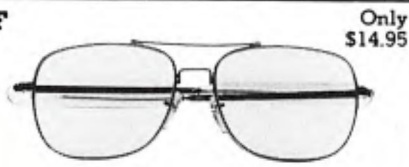
E Only \$14.95
Black Metal Frames
Thin and durable black metal frames.
Aviator teardrop style lenses.
A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.



I Only \$7.95
World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95. 2 pairs for \$14.00.



B Only \$9.95
Rich Tortoise Shell Style
Classic style, large gradient lenses.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.



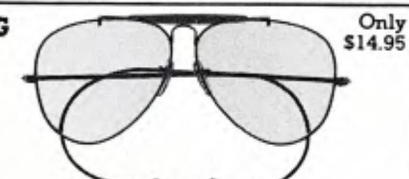
F Only \$14.95
Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.



J Only \$9.95
Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples, gold frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.



C Only \$10.95
Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses
Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames.
A \$25.00 value only \$10.95. 2 pairs for \$20.00.



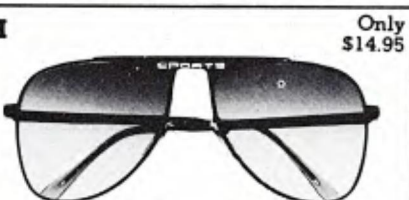
G Only \$14.95
Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Gold frame, flexible cable temples.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A \$30.00 value, only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.



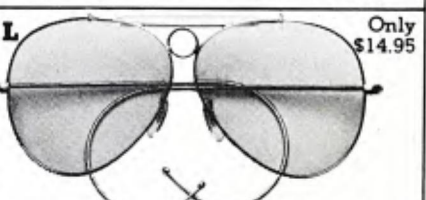
K Only \$9.95
Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.



D Only \$9.95
Girl Watcher
Gray mirrored lenses, black frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.



H Only \$14.95
The Sportsman
Sports graphic on black metal frame.
A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.



L Only \$14.95
Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility.
Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Black	
B		Brown	
C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
G		Gold	
H		Black	
I			
J		Gold	
K		Gold	
L		Gold	

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance
\$1.00 per pair \$ _____

Total \$ _____

Free case with each pair.

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WORDMONGER

Harley Rubbers

□ Today I read in *Iron Horse* that Harley-Davidson just made a deal with a toy manufacturer to let them use the H-D name on a new tricycle! Instead, the news should have been in Spider's believe-it-or-not column because it's hard to believe the lengths H-D will go to to make a buck.

Then, in another bike magazine, I read where they're planning to further sell the H-D name on candy and cologne, of all fucking things!

What gives? I know things are bad financially for Harley-Davidson right now, as is true with a lot of American companies, but that doesn't mean they have to sell their name (and pride) like a two-bit whore.

What's next? Rubbers with Harley-Davidson written all over them?

C. Brady
Tampa, Fla.

A Harley Girl

□ Thanks to your "Male Call" column, I'm as happy as can be. I found the one man I want. If not for you, I would still be blue.

JoAnn Pitre
New Orleans, La.

Promises, Promises

□ I'm in love with this fuckin' Harley rider. He lives in New York and I now live in California. I just want to ask him if he has had any head in a bar lately. If not, I know where he can get some.

Clit
Garden Grove, Calif.

Misfits

□ In reply to Art from Norwalk (December '82 issue), the Misfits were disbanded in 1969. The original Misfits was a typical bike club. They had three or four assholes in the club who just had to fuck up. They went out and robbed and shot people and raised all kinds of hell! In general,

they made it bad to this day for any type of bike club around Sandusky, Ohio, and Erie County.

Art, you must be pretty young not to know what happened to the Misfits. They made headlines for two or three months for miles around.

The patch was, and is, so disliked in the area that the city council came up with an ordinance proclaiming that anyone owning or having a patch in his possession will go to jail — no questions asked!

That's what happened. Some of them are still around, a few are dead, and some might still be locked down.

Someone Who Knows
Macon, Ga.

Florida ABATE

□ I am writing as a member of ABATE of Daytona Beach, Florida, and as a biker of forty years. I wish to ask your help in letting our chapter of ABATE have whatever help we can get to have our mandatory helmet law changed in our next election. Any consideration you can give our chapter will be appreciated.

Frank and Ruth Ward
Eustis, Fla.

Likes Toads

□ I've been sitting here reading the December issue. The first good thing I came across was "Toads of the Road." I think whoever Snooze is has a great imagination.

Rabbit
Galveston, Tex.

New Test Info

□ Vitamin C, vinegar, and Alka-Seltzer no longer work as "cures" for the U.S.A.F. THC test. They've got a new test, circa August '82.

Alka-Seltzer and stuff like that could be used for the old test to hide the THC.

Now, when you piss in the

bottle, the medic puts something in it right away which separates the THC from the other stuff (booze, speed, blood, whatever) that's in your piss. Then it's sent to a big U.S.A.F. hospital for the chemical test. All of this, of course, is done with strict security so if it comes back "positive," ya can't cop a "tampering" plea.

Not only that, but the Supreme Court has ruled that a positive THC test equals illegal possession.

Zoomie
Germany

Likes Earlyriders

□ I just finished looking through and reading your new book *Earlyriders* and really enjoyed it. I say you fuckers did a good job — give more raisin pie to Spider this month.

Geoff Smith
Burlingame, Calif.

■ I wouldn't give that turd the time of day.

What's A 1%er?

□ So ya wanna know what a 1%er is? Put a nice big 1%er patch on the front of your cutoff. Then blaze on out to Frisco or Oakland, California.

When a 1%er sees it, you will then find out first hand exactly what a 1%er is. You will wish you hadn't, and you'll also know what it's like to be a wannabe.

Dan
Indian Springs, Nev.

□ What is a 1%er? This is for all of you dipshits out there. A 1%er is everything that a 99%er is not. So, Taboo, here's one more definition to add to your list.

Dale Albert
Angola, La.

Far-out

□ A while back my ol' lady and I were partyin' at the 5-Pennies bar in northern

California — smokin' and drinkin' and just plain havin' a good time.

The time came to leave so we headed for home, a trip that included forty miles of mountain roads. We didn't make it. Doing about fifty, I didn't see that the road came to a tee until it was too late. I hit the binders but still smacked the hillside at an unhealthy speed.

My ol' lady was thrown clear, unhurt. But my scooter had me pinned by my right leg. My kneecap was all screwed up. When I awoke with much pain, my ol' lady, all one hundred pounds of her, was lifting my Super Glide off me.

When I awoke again, there was a man holding my head and my ol' lady was going through my pockets removing a couple of numbers, a loaded pipe, and my .25 automatic. She gave these things to a man who was helping me to hold on until the cops and ambulance left with me.

When she returned with a couple of bros to load my bike, the man who had helped me was still there. He returned my dope and my loaded automatic. Great, what an all-right guy. But there's more. This all-right dude was also a reserve deputy sheriff. Far-fucking-out. Just when you get it figured out, someone comes along and blows your mind.

Many thanks to you.
Fred Clark
St. George, Utah

Bikes In Straight Mag

□ Anyone who's ever read *Smithsonian* magazine knows that they have a lot of class. Well, they've finally shown the ultimate in class with an excellent article on antique motorcycles in the December issue (pages 100-109). It includes some fine photos of rare antiques and also a shot of Bill McMenamy's Harley shop in San Jose, California. The article is well worth reading and adding to your collection of *Easyriders*. You can get a copy for \$2.00 from *Smithsonian* Magazine, Advertising and Circulation Offices, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10170.

Mysterie
Clearfield, Utah

Why A Woman?

□ I just picked up your November issue, and on

page 115 I notice one of the commercials by *Easysiders* which I think is a great idea. But I was pretty pissed off to see a woman in the commercial, behind the wheel. And I ask why? We are not the only ones who drive cars.

Now that I've got that little bitch off my chest, I wish you every success with your commercials, as Australia is a long way from letting those who ride decide.

Lindy
South Australia

Fessler Interview

□ In response to Mr. Fessler's response (January '83 issue), "Research also indicated that the kickstart was more of a styling feature than a functional feature of the motorcycle." Bullshit! I'd like to see of Clyde start that Sportster via push button this morning (28 degrees). Yep, I'd like to see that.

Edibel
Kokomo, Ind.

Tattoo Removal

□ I have a tattoo on my arm that's about six or seven years old. I used indigo ink and a needle with string wrapped around it. It's faded to a certain extent, but I want it removed, if at all possible, because it has become unsightly. Do you, or does anyone, have any advice on how to remove it without leaving an ugly scar?

Blued and Tattooed
Kalispell, Mont.

■ We've heard they now can remove tattoos with lasers.

Tattooed Dots

□ In reply to Steve Holden's letter in your January '83 issue, dots tattooed on three fingers either signify "Fuck the World" or "Born to Die." Four dots: "Born to Be Wild" or "Born to Raise Hell."

At least that's what they stand for in Stockton, California.

D.B.'s ol' lady, Nancy
Phoenix, Calif.

□ I'm writing to inform Steve Holden in New Richmond, Wisconsin, about tattooing dots on three fingers. I got mine when I was fourteen. Back then, on the back of Oly bottles they used to have black dots: 1, 2, 3, or 4. What they meant was find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em. If you got someone to sign her name on the back of the label

under the dots, that signified what she wanted to do with you.

I don't know what anyone else's means, but I'm sure it's the same fucking thing.

Fay
Great Falls, Mont.

Mistake By Spider

□ All right, you dipshits. I caught ya this time. In the February '83 issue in the "Taking It Easy" section, last paragraph, about new hazards on the farm, you illiterate airheads spelled the word gases wrong.

What's happening, Spider? Ain't you ever heard of a dictionary? Maybe if you spent more time racking your brain instead of wacking your pee pee, you might be able to bring yourself out of that drug-induced coma that you walk around in.

Bigfoot
San Quentin, Calif.

■ Who wants out?

MC Rally

□ I recently learned that it will cost approximately \$1,500 for a 1/4-page ad for our Tallahassee Motorcycle Rights Rally on April 23-25. Aren't you the same assholes who badmouthed Florida bikers because you have to wear a helmet every year when you come to Daytona?

If you still have any of your basic bikers' beliefs left, I think you should give us all some help.

Gerald L. Keyes
ABATE of Brevard
Cocoa, Fla.

■ Who do you think created ABATE, designed its logo, etc.?

A Spider Goof

□ Someone gave Spider some wrong info. In most states, a reading of 0.10 means a person is legally intoxicated or "Driving While Under the Influence." I must agree that a 0.52 reading is a freakout. The highest I've ever seen is a 0.37 and the guy was still upward bound on his peak.

Charlie
New Brunswick, N.J.

□ In the February issue (Spider's column), the item "How about the man" says that in most states 0.10 means a person is legally dead. That's wrong. 0.10 means a person is legally

drunk. To be legally dead you have to register 0.30 or higher.

David Hill
Lexington, Tenn.

■ We goofed.

Preacher

□ In your January issue ("Lockdown"), you mention Preacher's not being with us anymore.

I'd like to know if the article "Shouldn't Be Confused" in the January issue is by the same Preacher.

Kellie
Danville, Ky.

■ Yes.

Blow-in Cards

□ I don't like those blow-in cards either, but if the bro from Birmingham would think a minute, it's better to have those shit-eating cards than to cut out part of a story just to order something.

Tony Jones
Raleigh, N.C.

Two Left Hands

□ I just spent the better part of an hour starin' at page 69 of the September issue, lookin' for the dude with two left hands. Shit, I found the guy with two right hands, but that's common here in California.

M. Bush
Bakersfield, Calif.

□ In regard to Dirt from Canyon City, Colorado, if the dumb fuck could see straight, he could tell it's two right hands in the September '82 issue on page 69 — not two left hands — and he's right, we are different — together.

Nic
Wichita, Kan.

Protectin' Easyriders

□ I finally figured out a way to stop all these citizens and wannabe cellmates of mine from convergin' on me when my ol' lady sends me an *Easyriders*. Anyone in my predicament knows what I mean. Before you even open the cover, twenty-three other fuckers have already asked if they can "see it next" or they're all grabbin' to "look at the one you ain't readin'." Only the true scooter people seem to have enough class to patiently wait until you're ready to offer it to 'em.

Well, anyhow, for all you fuckers out there with a sim-

ilar problem, here's the solution. As soon as the guard hands you your new rag through the porkhole, stick it down the back of your pants and cut a good, loud, greasy-soundin' fart. That'll send about eighty percent of 'em back to bed cussin' about how they ain't touchin' nothing that some dirty guy farted on. If you can't work up a good fart, just rub your dick on it. That works just as good.

AI
Decatur, Ga.

What The Hell Happened?

□ I'm a young biker chick and had this ol' man for a while. He gave me my first leather jacket and vest, took me places, taught me how to take a transmission out of a chopped Hog, and taught me the ropes of being an ol' lady. In return, I gave him some down-to-earth head and some tight ass. Then he disappeared. Didn't hear from him at all. What the fuck happened?

Chicago
Leeds, Ala.

■ You're too loose, babe, too loose.

Mann Paintings

□ I heard that Dave Mann paints pictures of himself in his posters. Is it true? I've got ten bucks that says he does.

Little Bro
Old Bridge, N.J.

■ At times he does.

Pat On The Back

□ The "Watch Out For Bikers" commercial was purchased by ABATE of Georgia, Inc. The ad was sent to Ted Turner's Super Station WTBS Channel 17 by ABATE member, Bill Lewis. However, none of this would have been possible without the contributions from bikers all over the country and the matching donation by *Easyriders*. Everyone who was involved should give themselves a pat on the back!

Ronnie Mac
Monroe, Ga.

Likes Solari

□ The story "There She Is" in your January '83 rag was just fuckin' great. J.J. Solari, the author, sure has a well versed, working knowledge of descriptive adjectives. Was he taught that or did he pick it up runnin' the streets of Burbank? Sounds like he

Editor's Note: We want to thank all the people who sent us Christmas cards and photos. It's really pleasing to receive such an abundance of cards from friends we haven't met. In order to respond to all the cards and kind comments, as well as the gross ones, we're taking this opportunity to say thank you to one and all.

A fraternity was shut down quickly at an eastern college when school officials discovered a six-foot-high prick sculptured out of snow on the frat house's front lawn. Not only that — they found inside the house a headless skeleton, two stuffed roosters, and (gasp!) a motorcycle. What frat bro would bring a grungy Harley indoors, or even ride one? What're colleges coming to? The next thing you know, it'll be girls' panties — with the girls in them or maybe even in eatable ones.

Now this is a first. A dude stuck up a store--get this--with glue! He stuck four customers, spread-eagled, to the floor with quick-acting glue. Before he left with the loot, he took the watch off one of the customers, then reglued him to the floor. (It actually happened in Pennsylvania. Would Ilie?)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



She was told to bring in evidence that her dog, Zack, had been neutered. So she did — she brought in the mutt's balls in a glass jar. But she was busted for "disturbing the peace of the office's occupants by knowingly creating a physically offensive condition." Words taken right out of poor ol' Zack's mouth.

The cops stopped the hitchhiker for an I.D. check. After checkin' the I.D., the cop asked what was in the traveling bag he was carrying. The young hitchhiker said it contained clothes and eagerly offered to show the cop. When he opened the sack he exposed a baggie fulla of weed. The cop, seein' the baggie, asked, "What's that?" The kid responded, "Man, I hate to tell you like this, but I have to run like hell," and took off running. He didn't get far and he's now on the inside looking out — studyin' up on his rights.

He was selling those rip-off look-alike drugs and got busted. He said "But they're fake." It did no good--he was selling them as the real thing (which they weren't) and was sentenced to two years. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy. A rip-off is a rip-off.

Good times are acomin' dept.: It seems that in England liberated women didn't like their asses pinched any more and turned the tables on the grope-and-grapple game to the amazement of the dudes. The news clipping stated that the men objected to the change for one reason or another. All I know is that they sure wouldn't object to it here.

I always knew there was a use for IRS agents. Here's one who pretended he was a movie producer and advertised for young high school girls for screen tests. He had them lay over his knee so he could spank their asses. There's no telling how many girls fell for the pervert's scam.

He's got guts file: A company was ripped off after closing hours, and the thief got away with three home alarms, a typewriter, and a calculator. But the kicker is that the business was not protected by an alarm, even though it was a security alarm company.



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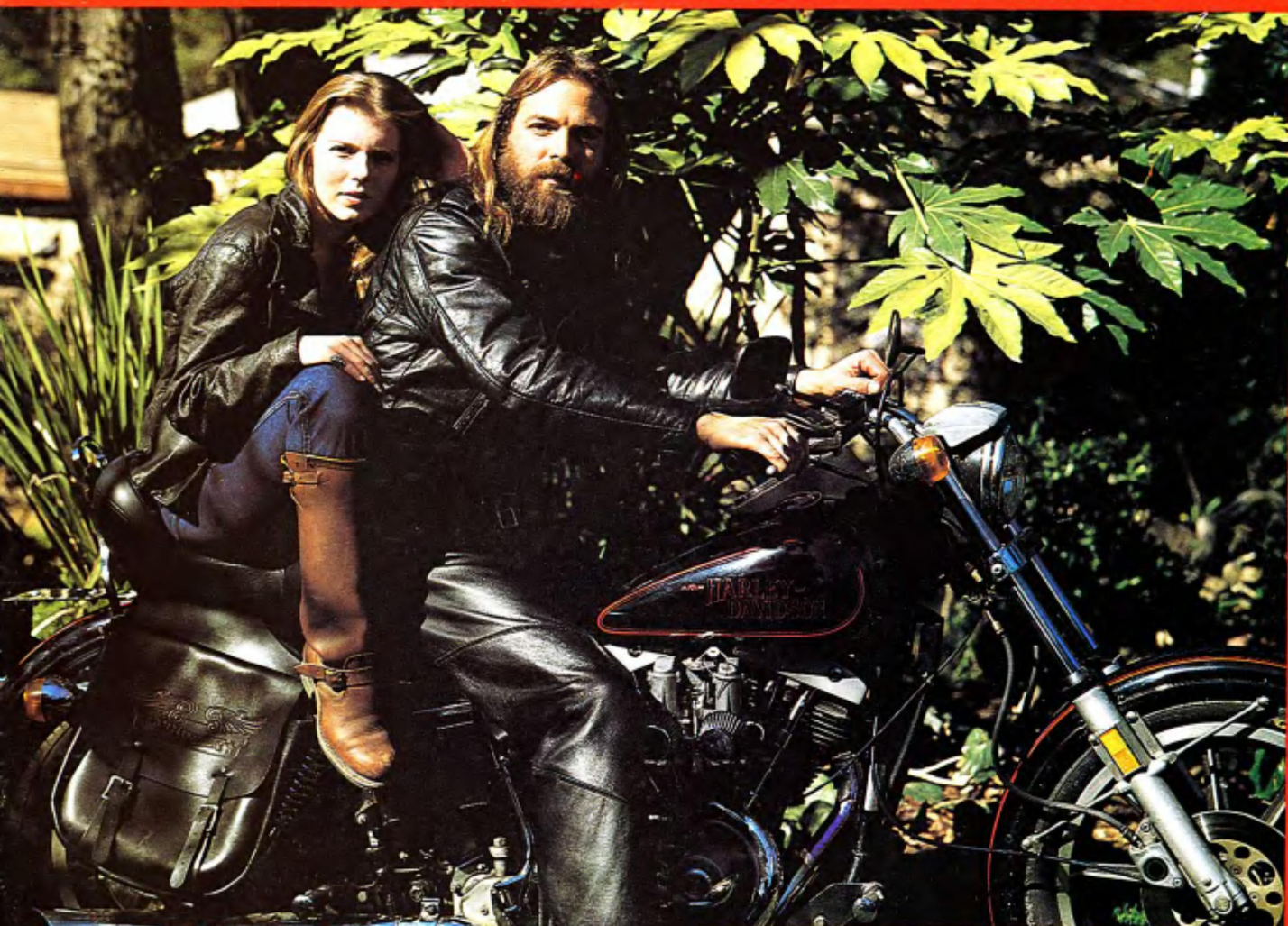
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Cover photo of a one-bagger by William Tinney



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