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November 1983

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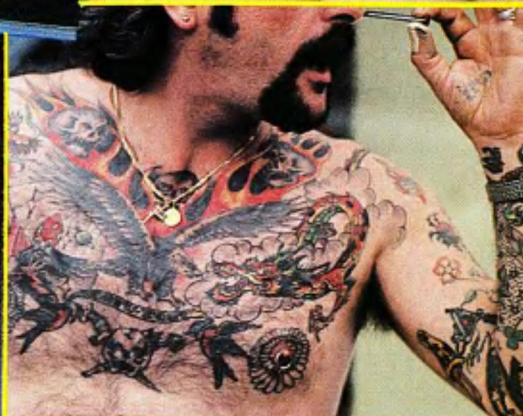
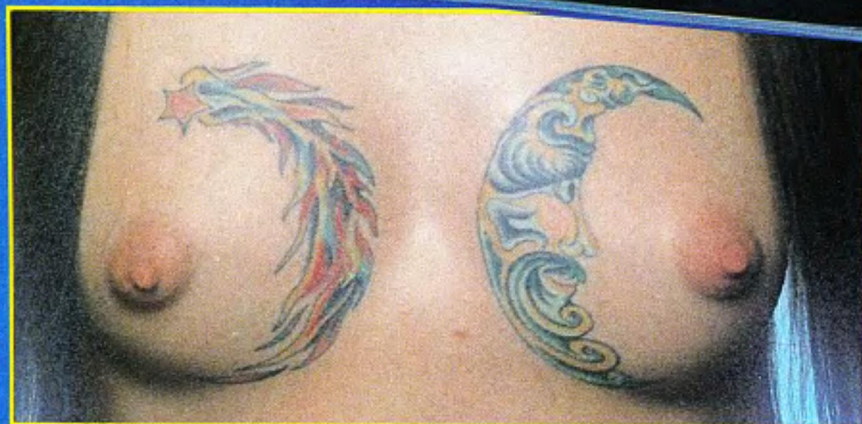
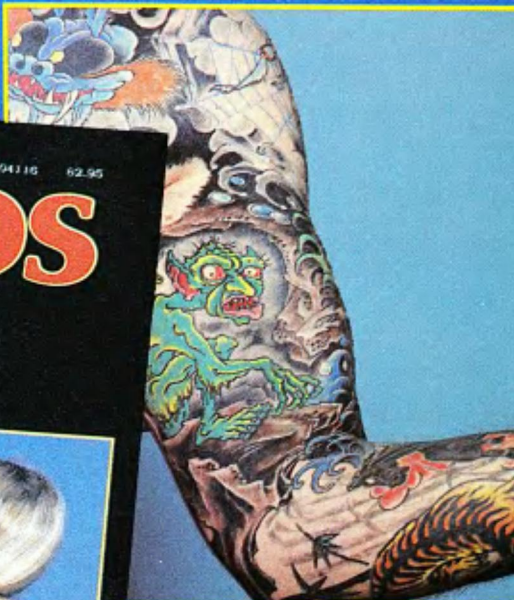
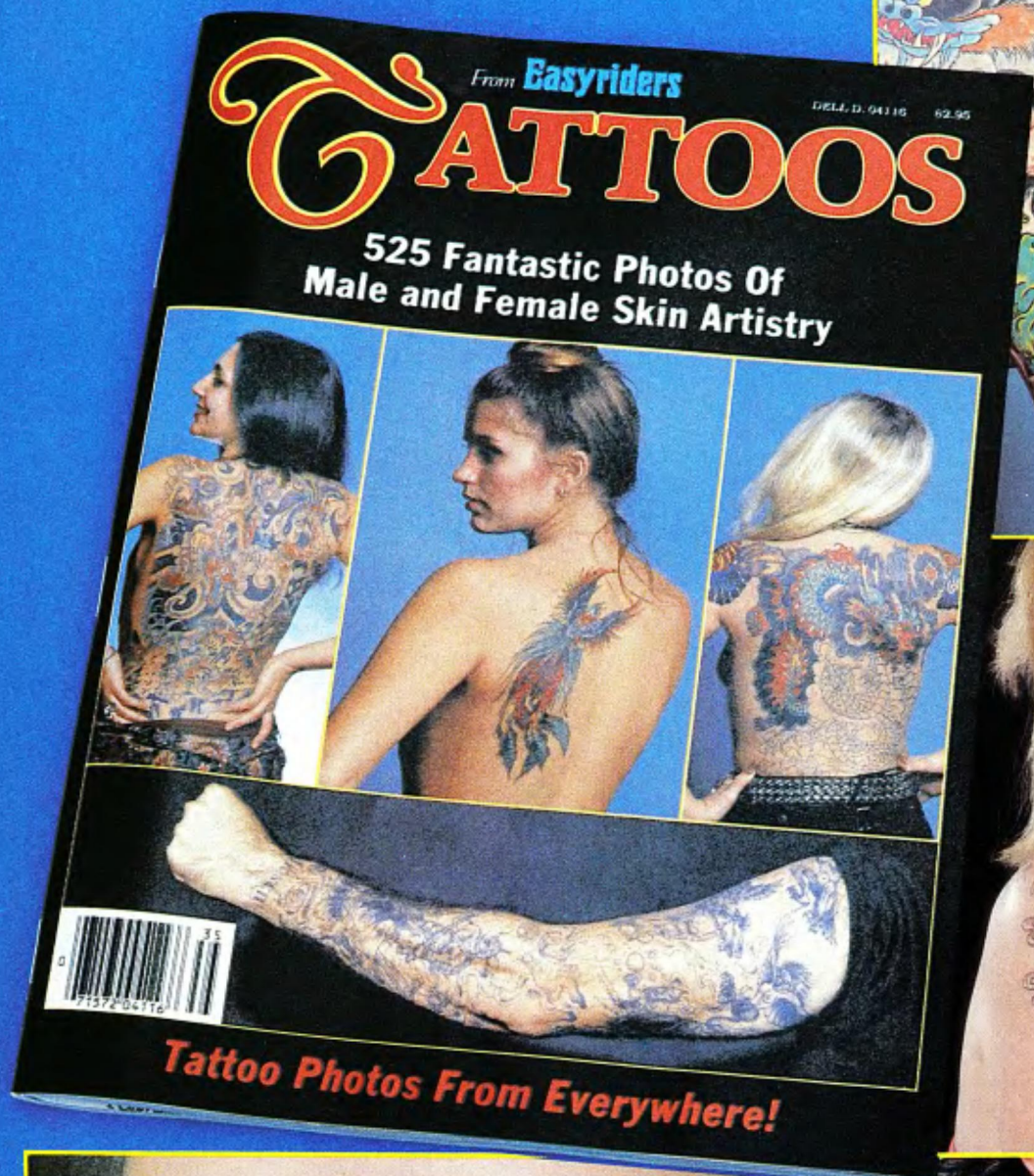
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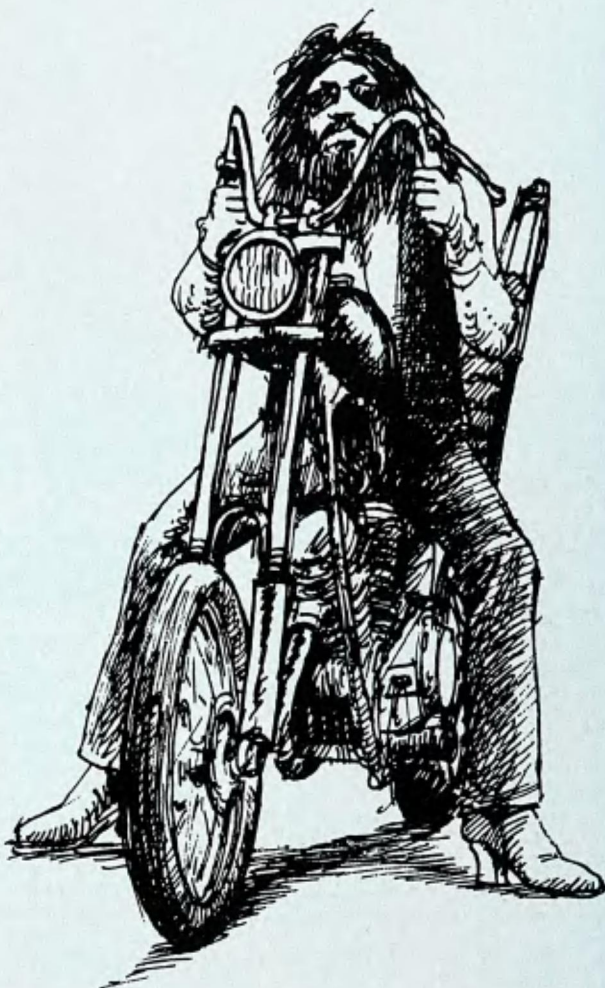
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Easyriders

Spider's humor loosens up our lugged nuts	5
Our readers lay it out on the line	6
Let's put the screws to killer-cagers	11
He nods out and the scooter gets designed	12
This chick stands behind her ol' man	18
Mutha on the loose at the Harley Rendezvous	20
What the rest of the cycle press is sayin'	27
Workin' up a kink with the Missing Link	28
We're savin' ya a trip to the shiny shop	30
Post-party tips to keep yer guts workin'	31
Scooter stamps from around the world	32
Riding this shovel put his attitude away	34
He never let his puttin' spirit die	40
Howard's numbers added up to a new FXDG	42
News of interest to us scooter jockeys	43
The sex rulers and the rest get horoscoped	47
Two opposing findings in prison studies	50
Keepin' perverted with a sick-flick rag	52
Old Harley engine that worked in a ditch	53
Hey, it ain't the meat, it's the motion	54
More dazzlin' dolls bid for yer votes	56
Takin' a look at our people — In The Wind	58
A panhead straight out of the old West	66
Two golden beauties to run yer eyes over	72
Okay, vets, ready to join up again?	79
Lotsa folks with appeals and deals to check	121



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Cover photo of Melissa by Pete Chiodo





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First, let me say every man needs a woman—or two or three or four. So if the column leans toward the chauvinistic side, that's just the way it happened this month. It must be the full moon—or something.

We've all felt like it at times, but this dude did it. A broad suddenly pulled a left-hand turn right in front of him while he was on his bike. He shifts, turns around, and follows her until she stops, whereupon he lets her have five right smack in the kisser. No questions asked.

Speaking of broads, how about the chick who had the audacity to kick over her ol' man's bike in anger. Well, he did the only thing he could do under the circumstances—he beat the living shit outta her.

Another uppity woman wouldn't get her ol' man a drink, so he whipped out a shotgun and gave her a taste of both barrels. He got a 50-year stretch—get this, he is 72 years old.

He was minding his own business, pickin' his nose, going to the store for more juice when his wife had him arrested for drunk driving and she wasn't even with him. How? Well, she figured he was loaded when he jumped on his mobile lawnmower and went down the street toward the store (and without her was the tip-off, I suppose).

A cop thought it a little strange that the driver had a loose big toe rollin' around on the floor by his shoe and promptly arrested him. But, surprise, surprise. He had lost his leg in a scooter accident and had his favorite big toe saved as a souvenir.

He was busted for speeding and driving under the influence. So what? It turns out that he was also driving an 18-wheeler. So what? Well, he was also hauling a heavy load of explosives.

Good news in Louisiana. If you want to shoot off a burglar's balls, it is now legal to thus protect yourself if your premises have been entered. Before the new law, you had to be certain that your life was in danger. Now, the simple fact someone has entered your home is sufficient cause to blow him away. For some reason, the NAACP people objected to the law.

The woman must have twisted the guy's head, because during divorce proceedings in court, he shot her attorney dead. The next time they came to court on the same divorce matter, the judge found in her favor and awarded the children to her. The dude got so pissed off he slugged his wife and beat the shit out of her on the floor. Oh, the murder? He got life in prison for (I suppose) the error of his ways.

A guy got pulled over by a police officer on a horse. He was accused of jaywalking and got so pissed that he slugged the horse in the puss. He was arrested for endangering the life of a police officer on the theory that if the horse had fallen, it would have endangered the cop's life.

While on the subject of cops, and I'm sure this won't come as a surprise to you, 300 of New York's finest failed their driving tests. It seems they drive like all the other people there.

According to a college study, drinking beer increases the HDL (good cholesterol) level in active men, which in turn reduces their risk of heart attacks. Lying around, drinking three beers a day will raise your HDL level to that of a jogger. They didn't say what a six-pack a day would do.

Speaking of dogs, how about the guy who was arrested for beating his wife? What's new? It seems he reached down and picked up her Chihuahua dog and beat the shit out of her with it. But there's good news. The dog lived—minus a certain amount of shit, too.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Letters To Wise

☐ I'm writing in response to "Wise," from Houston, Texas (August '83 issue).

Harleys are "The Freedom Machine." That freedom not only holds true for the feel of the open road, but also for the people who ride those roads.

Linda T.
Santa Ana, Calif.

☐ It doesn't take a whore to be proud of one's body and show it off.

Cindi
Riverside, Calif.

☐ If she feels comfortable in letting other people see her body, why not?

Julie Sutton
Canyon Lake, Tex.

☐ I have a decent job in the public library. I put in 40 hours every week — sometimes more. During those 40 hours I not only wear a bra, but makeup, dresses and nylons, as well. And when I'm done with my 40-hour-week, I throw off my brassiere and don't think about it again until Monday.

Juicy Judy
Torrance, Calif.

☐ I show my bod anytime one of those bums yells, "Show us your tits!" With a 38-DD chest, you can bet your clean appearance I'm proud of my bod.

One Fine Scooter Lady
Woodland Hills, Calif.

☐ We have pride in our bods. If we didn't, we wouldn't show 'em.

Sweetness
Roanoke, Va.

☐ As far as I'm concerned, you and your clean-cut ol' man can go take a flyin' fuck at a rollin' doughnut.

Country
Sneads, Fla.

☐ By the way, whatdafuck is a bra?

Pissed Off
Williston, S.C.

☐ The next time you and your husband are at an MMA or ABATE meeting or just down at the local H-D shop, stick out your hand and begin to meet the people.

Freedom is America's most important product. Help promote and protect it, not endanger it.

5th Chapter MC
San Diego, Calif.

☐ My ol' lady doesn't always wear a bra like you do because it gets in the way when I suck her tits.

Jake Rice
Ionia, Mich.

☐ I wear a bra 40 hours a week. I have a state job and do volunteer work with deaf children. I'm clean, damned good-lookin' and crazy as hell. And if I want to let it hang out on weekends, I will.

Krazy Kathy
Knoxville, Tenn.

☐ Just 'cause your ol' man won't fuck ya and the broomstick broke doesn't mean you can fuck with us!

Wiser
Hermiston, Ore.

☐ If my ol' man sees some flesh here and there, it turns him on and then he comes to me to cure him. I love it. Have you ever asked your husband if he thinks it's disgusting?

Kathy
Neosho, Mo.

☐ I'm one of those "filthy bitches." I wear no bra, have holes in my jeans, and degrade my body in front of men (I'm a topless dancer) and I'm damned proud of it!

C.B.
Killeen, Tex.

Proud Faggot

☐ I'm writing to let you know that Weird Paul (August '83), the proud fag, doesn't have just his bike to fuck with. Who told you your dick is only good for fuckin' pussy? Your mommy? Someone better pull those tits out of your eyes for a minute so you can

take a look around. Men are beginning to realize some of the things that mommy and daddy told them aren't all that true. What a man wants to fuck with is his own business. A body needs to be close to another body now and then. What's between their legs has nothing to do with it. What can be more masculine than fuckin' with another man anyway? I'm probably more of a man than you'll ever be and more of a woman than you'll ever get.

Unicorn
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ You're half right, dickhead, you're more of a woman.

Hurrah!

☐ In response to "Lock-down" (August '83), I'd like to offer the following information:

The U.S. District Court of the Western District of North Carolina (Charlotte Division) has ruled that it is unconstitutional to deny jail prisoners newspapers, magazines, out-of-cell recreation, and access to a law library. This is the precedent case for North Carolina jails. (See Parnell v. Waldrep, et al. — C-C-79-136.)

The N.C. Prisoners' Legal Services, 6th floor, Capital Club Building, 16 West Martin Street, Raleigh, N.C., is very helpful in helping N.C. jail prisoners attack these unconstitutional jail conditions.

Magic Man
Albemarle, N.C.

A Goof

☐ The shovelhead on page 12 of the August '83 issue doesn't have a braided steel oil line. Rubber hose, yes. But braided steel? No way! Wake up!

Blind Man
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

☐ Look, bro, I ain't no snitch, but there ain't nary a "braided steel line" on the "oil system" of ol' George's scooter (August

'83, pg. 12). Save me some of that shit, huh?

O.D.
Angleton, Tex.

Child Prints

☐ I'd like to pass on, if possible, a quart of JD to the author of "Soapbox" in the August '83 issue. Big Brother needs to realize that not all of us were raised to be idiots. Just would-be maniacs, if provoked. And I believe that a lot of your readers would agree that trying to print our kids is provocation enough. I just have one question: Are Big Brother's prints on file anywhere?

Jimbo
Granite City, Ill.

Likes Fiction

☐ This is in regard to the story written by Coyote Gray in your August issue — about the bro's solitary tower experience. It's got to be about one of your best short stories ever printed.

Road Warrior
Denver, Colo.

Likes Duffy

☐ Tell Duffy Duggan that I've really enjoyed his artwork. And tell Coyote Gray that "Escape" (August issue) is a great story. But what is a true tramp doing with a ring in his right ear?

Little Jer
Tujunga, Calif.

☐ It musta been flopped by the printer.

Reply To Snivel

☐ In reply to "Snivel, Snivel" (August '83), I fall into that category of men you talked about.

Like your ol' man, I had one very attractive woman and the best I've ever had.

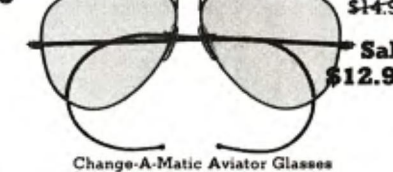
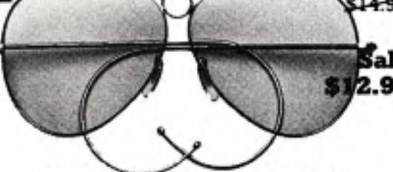
And I did just about what you said he did except that I kissed and hugged her, never left her sitting at home on the weekends, and never told her to go to another bar or home when she came into a place where I was.

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letter brought back the memory of what an asshole I was and the very fine lady I lost.

Ex-Asshole
Porterville, Calif.

■ You treated her too well.

□ Never thought I'd ever write your rag. Guess that "Snivel, Snivel" letter pissed me off. Just the same, I want to tell that chick that guys are definitely not all like her man. Someday I hope to find a woman who is half as good as you. And I sure as fuck ain't going to risk losing her by treating her like shit. I'd kiss her, hug her, or love her anytime.

Zandor Oz
Eau Claire, Wis.

■ Gag.

Register To Vote

□ I just read the editorial "Kill A Biker — Go To Jail" (July '83) and I've got a question/suggestion.

Would ABATE, AMA, MMA, and such rallying biker groups be hurt (membershipwise) if they required new members and "suggested" to those who are already members that they be registered voters?

And on voting day (to repeal b.s. that's trying to fuck up our riding rights), I'm sure such groups could make one hell of a party out of it. Another good reason for a get-together.

Tinker Lance
England

Fatties

□ To Big El in the July issue: Come on, get real. Do you really think fat is where it's at? Don't cut down nice bodies just because you're a fatty when you know you wish you weren't.

I myself am 38-26-38, and I know there is no way in hell you can move that fat-ass body in bed or on a sled the way I move mine, so keep stuffin' your face with fast foods and I'll keep all the great-looking dudes.

Sexy
Van Nuys, Calif.

□ Concerning Big El's letter (July '83) about fatties: Ya got the right idea, lady.

I've been fighting fat all my life. I'm 5'5" and over 175 lbs. (but under 200). My lowest weight during my adult life

was 128 lbs., but I average around 140-145. Quite frankly, I'm sick of smug, self-satisfied, skinny bitches putting me down. The last one to make a crack about my weight backed off real quick when I advised her to shut up or eat some knuckles.

I may pack some extra pounds on me, but I'm not lazy or stupid. My ol' man loves me because I'm loyal and damned good in the sack. (He told me I am — no conceited bullshit.) And not all that extra poundage is fat — I wear a 38-D cup.

Babe
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Spider Column Is Real

□ In Spider's "Takin' It Easy" column, there was a thing about the 11-year-old and the M&Ms. It happened close to where I live so I know you ain't printin' no bullshit.

Tailrunner
Sorrento, Fla.

Writing Kites

□ Between my celly and me, we've written to 20 bitches out of *Easyriders* — all from Oklahoma, Florida, and Connecticut. All the letters came back 'cause they can't receive our mail. It's dumb, but when you're lonely, what can you expect a dude to do?

Trash
Lovelady, Tex.

Bright Request

□ At the Auto Mechanics School here at Sheridan Correctional Center in Illinois, the warden recently ordered that the two cars sitting outside the garage had to be put up on jacks with the front tires removed in order to prevent any inmates from driving them away. It didn't matter that neither of the cars had an engine in it!

How's that for intelligence at work?

Someone
Sheridan, Ill.

■ Maybe you were supposed to push them out.

Another Goo!

□ I was reading the May '83 issue when I had the funny feelin' I'd seen a reader's bike before. It was Al Generoso's blue KH. It had me buggered, but I didn't let up until I finally found it!

Yep, you jokers have been taken for ride and it's not an easy ride either. I found the

same photos of the same bike in a *Choppers* magazine, dated April 1975.

Royd Kennedy
Auckland, New Zealand

Doesn't Like California

□ Fuck you California bastards. There are more righteous old panheads and other machines in this state than you can believe, and I'm sure our women will match anything you've got out there, too. What makes you all think you're the leading authorities on Southern traditions anyway? Fuck ya, from now on I'm reading *Supercycle*.

Loose Goose
Lewis County, W. Va.

■ Oh no, not that.

Warning

□ To all you bros going to Sturgis, a word to the wise: The departments of transportation in some of the states on the way (including South Dakota), use animal blood from slaughterhouses to seal bridges and shoulder blacktop. When it gets hot, that shit comes up through the road like sixty-weight, so cover your ass. Last year three bros went down just a minute in front of me, all at the same time, because of a bridge on I-90 covered with that shit. So watch the long downhill sweepers with bridges on them. The ass you save will be your own.

Red
Middletown, N.Y.

Recommends Record

□ Hey, got some info for you heavy metal headbangers. A group called Twisted Sister (from Long Island, N.Y.) put out a new album called "You Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll." Don't know if they ride or not, but there's a tune on the disc called "Ride To Live, Live To Ride." It's definitely some good, hard-drivin' rock. They're on tour, so catch 'em if ya can.

R.G. McCarthy
FPO, N.Y.

Death Of A Chop

□ I was readin' your book *Best Biker Fiction*, and one of the stories, "Death Of A Chopper," really hit me! I've been ridin' for about eight years and have seen many of the bullshit safety rules placed on the cages and hate seein' it happen to bikes. So if you could print it in your mag

again, I'm sure a lot of people would appreciate readin' it.

Leroy
Bowling Green, Ky.

Thank You

□ I wanted to thank you for what you have done for me.

I have found the man of my dreams. Because of your "Male Call," I now have a wonderful and loving husband-to-be.

Thanks again. Our life together is possible because of you.

Mel
Elyria, Ohio

□ This letter is to all the staff who work on "Male Call." You fuckers are great! Through "Male Call" I met my new ol' lady, the best woman I've met yet — even when I was on the streets.

Larry
Jessup, Md.

Cock Photos

□ How about an ol' man contest in your magazine?

I'm a purely heterosexual woman who enjoys drooling over photos of well-built men showing their stuff. But all those "macho bikers" seem too insecure to take even their leathers off. What are you guys hiding? If you men are so proud of your bods and your cocks, let us women see what you've got. If you've got it, flaunt it!

Some of you guys don't realize that women get very turned on at the sight of a well-proportioned male body.

But since your magazine is obviously for men, I'll spend my money on a mag that turns me on, not off.

Bunny
Portland, Ore.

■ Give it up — 'cause you'll never see a cock photo in *Easyriders*.

Never Stop Trying

□ I am a woman and I know there are lots of others who would love seeing an ol' man of the year contest. I know there are plenty of well-hung men who would love to pose. Think about it, please.

C.C.
Casper, Wyo.

■ Read *Playgirl*.

More And More

□ Every month it's women bikers who show their stuff. I

would like to see some of the male bikers showing theirs. Why does "Entertainment For Adult Bikers" always have to be for men? What about us women? We love to look, too.

Rita Hendrickson
Noblesville, Ind.

■ See previous two answers.

New ABATE Prez

□ As the new president of ABATE of Florida, Inc., I hope to see a lot more help on getting rid of the helmet laws here in Florida so we can ride as we decide next year for Daytona.

Grandpa
Lehigh Acres, Fla.

■ Who do you think designed your letterhead — we did.

Why Not?

□ Why in the hell don't you have "Astrology" for the chicks? There are some lady bikers left, ya know.

Slick
Pontiac, Mich.

■ This is a man's mag. Always was, always will be. You're welcome to read it, however.

Dusty Sage

□ My ol' man wants Dusty Sage's address. But only if she looks like the drawing.

Sunshine
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ She looks better, but some tramp has already ripped her off.

Remembering

□ Thanks to *Easyriders* for printing my brother Gary Palmer's obituary in the July '83 rag.

It brought a tear to my eye to see it and realize again that my big brother is gone. At least he lives in my heart and always will.

Rhonda Fleetwood
Stockton, Kan.

Vet Voice

□ I was overwhelmed with joy to see "Vet Voice" back in action in your September issue.

S.P. Woods
Plymouth, Mich.

□ About the 'Nam story ("Vet Voice," September '83), I'm really tired of hearing that no one cares. I do, and so do

a lot of other people who had loved ones in 'Nam. I was only 15 when my brother and many friends came home. I was told you didn't want to talk about it. I had to wait until books like *Charlie Co.* came out to find out what you didn't want to talk about. How are we going to understand if we don't know what happened? So start talking, writing, or whatever. I'm listening and so are a lot of others.

Little Sister
Sebago, Me.

Thanks

□ The members of the Prison Civil War Round Table would like to thank you for the complimentary subscription to *Easyriders*. I'm sure it will be a well-enjoyed addition to our library.

M. Dean
P.C.W.R.T. Librarian
Richmond, Va.

High-sided

□ My husband was killed two weeks ago when his bike hit a raised divider separating two freeways. The police report and the newspaper articles were quick to point out that he was not wearing a helmet. I still support "Let those who ride decide." After all, when you land head-first at 60mph and then ride the oil pan of an oncoming car for a few hundred feet, a helmet seems incidental.

The State of California doesn't seem to concern itself with silly things like lighting an area where black-topped, raised dividers can appear deceptively like flat surfaces. Maybe that's why they are aptly called gore points.

The police, however, were quick to cite my late husband for violating Section 22107 of the State Vehicle Code: "unsafe turning movements." I can't argue with that. Anything that kills you is obviously unsafe.

Penny
Whittier, Calif.

Road Help

□ While on vacation, my lady and I were stopped in Bishop, California, for gas (we were on our '81 FLH sidecar rig) when I heard what sounded like two gorillas beating the shit out of each other with hammers in the wheel of the sidecar. I poured what was left on the "sealed"

bearing onto the ground. Even though the rig is a factory setup, it had a bearing that was made in France! Well, I was directed to American Motorcycle Repair, owned by Mike David there in Bishop.

Mike and his family extended the best hospitality you could expect from complete strangers. To make a long story short, no one in Bishop had the right size bearing. And instead of Mike's saying, "Sorry, adios," he called long distance to about five shops out of town, finally located the part, and arranged to have it sent to him the next day, via UPS.

Captain Jack
El Cajon, Calif.

Spokesmen Meet

□ I have attended the annual Spokesmen MC swap meet here in northern Ohio every year except for last year. I was locked down for a time and kind of lost touch with what's going on. I would appreciate any info your readers could give me on the meet.

Snake
Toledo, Ohio

Info Wanted

□ Wanted: Information from anyone who knew my dad, Jim Pullman. He lived in Las Vegas and died there in October of 1968. He rode with a club called The Knights out of Vegas and Henderson. Cecil was prez.

Lois Taylor
2209 "L" St. N.E., #A
Auburn, WA 98002

Tattoo Beginners

□ Your first *Tattoos* book certainly caused a few "waves" in the tattoo profession. There was great alarm at an advertisement on the back which advertised "Beginners Tattoo Kits."

No one can learn brain surgery by mail order. No one would think to purchase dental equipment and try it out as a money-making operation. Our members and tattoo artists around the world are afraid that these advertisements will result in a whole lot of untrained, so-called tattooists springing up and causing untold harm by the wrong application of tattoos. Nowhere in the advertisement does it mention a sterilizer that is required —

Continued on page 108



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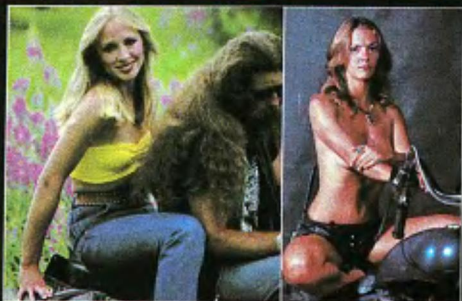
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Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Kill A Biker, Go To Jail: Part II

Everything is black and all you're aware of is pain. You force your eyes open and the first thing you see is your ol' lady crying and a bro or two shifting from one foot to the other while looking uncomfortable. You suddenly flash that you've gone down and you're in a hospital, but you can't remember how, or when, or why it happened. A thought breaks the pain, and you struggle to raise your head. You try to speak clearly, but it comes out as an anguished stammer: "M-my, my b-i-k-e?"

Your bros look even more uncomfortable. One of them takes a deep breath and begins, "Sorry, bro, the ol' pan's pretty much done in... that cager hit ya pretty hard. We got the parts down to the garage, but..."

Slowly, some of the mist in your head begins to clear; you remember rounding a curve and finding a cage coming straight at you — in your lane. "What'd they do with the cager?" you ask through a mouth tight with anger.

Forgetting that a hospital's supposed to be shiny and sanitary, a bro spits viciously on the floor and answers, "They wrote him up for a right-of-way violation and sent him on his way. He'll probably pay a \$50 fine. Seems that's all the DA around here thinks that bikers are worth."

You get so angry you try to tear yourself from all the tubes and wires holding you to the bed. Well, I got news for you, bro: That ain't right. Don't get mad. Instead, if your knees

ain't broke, get down on 'em and give thanks. You're alive; thousands of your brothers and sisters aren't.

And that last should make you — and all the rest of us — furious. Back in issue number 121, we ran an editorial suggesting that cagers were never going to stop using bikers for target practice until bikers got together and took a unified stand in favor of heavy punishment for cage drivers who cause accidents in which bikers are killed or maimed.

It can be done; bikers, when organized, have a lot of political clout — we've proven that during helmet runs and protests. The question is, when are we going to organize to save our lives and pay back those who try to kill us? They (the straight world media) often call us the "last American cowboys." Well, pardner (as they used to say in the ol' West), maybe it's time we cowboys revived the great frontier tradition of vigilantism. Now, understand, I'm not suggesting we grab our lassos and go drag some shit-faced cager out of the drunk tank and string him up to the nearest oak. It would be, no doubt, a proper form of payback, but the facts, especially the automatic weapons and riot guns available to the local jailers, militate against such drastic action. Let's face it, the Dodge City calaboose wasn't the fortress the average police station is today.

No, when we suggest bikers become vigilantes in their own

defense, what we mean is that we should remain vigilant for cases where cagers are not meaningfully punished for offenses against bikers. Then, like the vigilantes of old, we should rise as a group and use our power to change the laws and/or the elected officials who are administering them.

It can be done. For many years, cage and pedestrian victims of drunk drivers weren't treated with any more respect than downed bikers. Then they — mostly their surviving kin — got pissed and let the elected hacks know it. Through organizations like M.A.D.D. (Mothers Against Drunken Drivers), they started to put pressure on the judicial and legislative systems. And it worked; since M.A.D.D. started its campaign, dozens of states have started treating drunks who run down kids crossing the street like the killers they are.

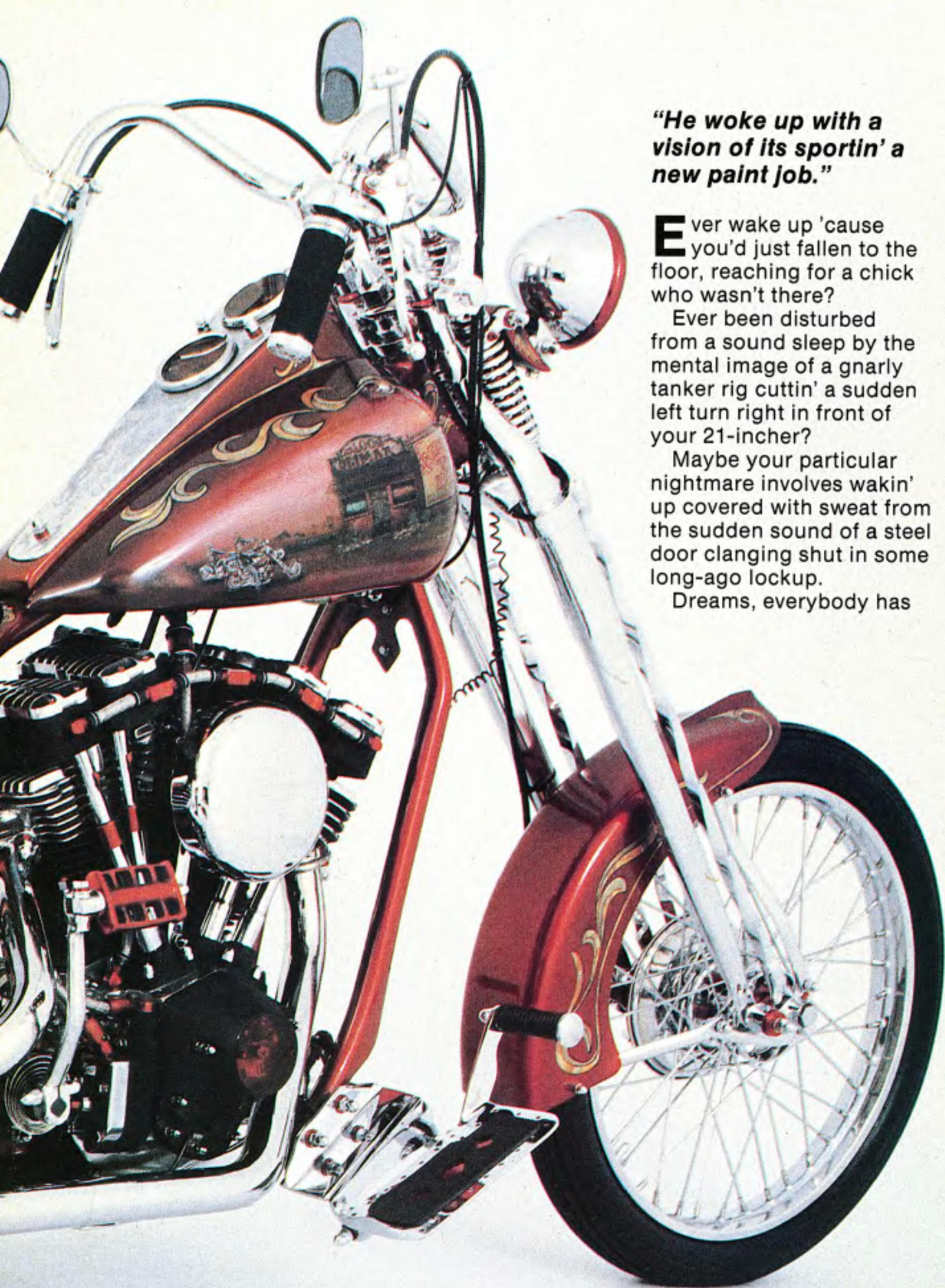
Public pressure — voter pressure — does work. In California last year, public pressure forced the state supreme court to rule that drunken drivers could be prosecuted for second-degree murder instead of vehicular manslaughter — which means an increase of maybe 15 to 25 years when it comes to sentencing time. Now that's one change in the law that biker organizations might crusade to get adopted in their own states.

Another example of the kind of law ABATE and other bike groups

Continued on page 90

DREAMER





"He woke up with a vision of its sportin' a new paint job."

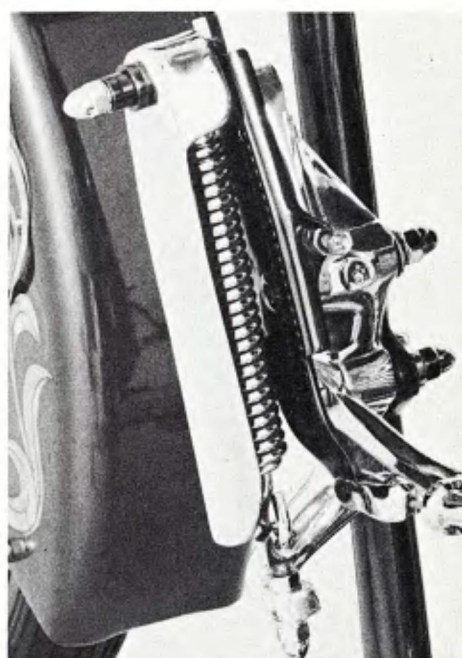
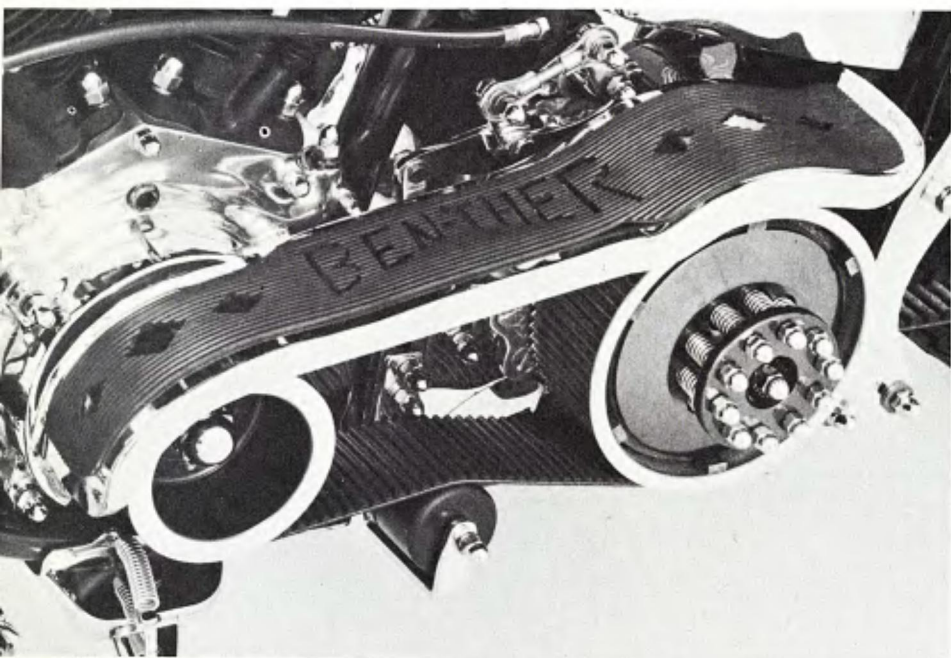
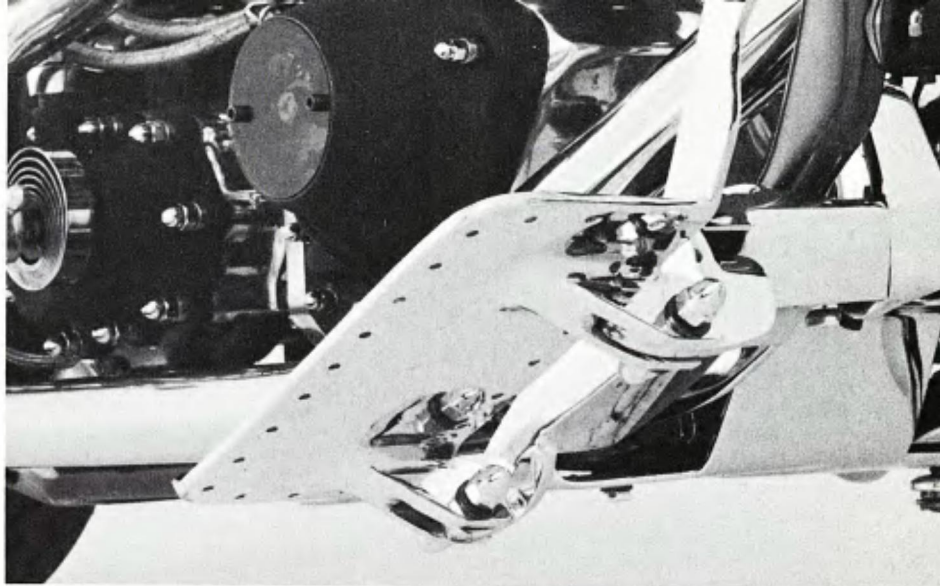
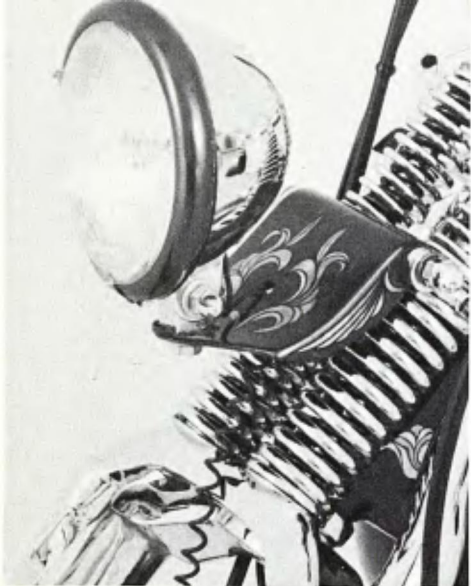
Ever wake up 'cause you'd just fallen to the floor, reaching for a chick who wasn't there?

Ever been disturbed from a sound sleep by the mental image of a gnarly tanker rig cuttin' a sudden left turn right in front of your 21-incher?

Maybe your particular nightmare involves wakin' up covered with sweat from the sudden sound of a steel door clanging shut in some long-ago lockup.

Dreams, everybody has





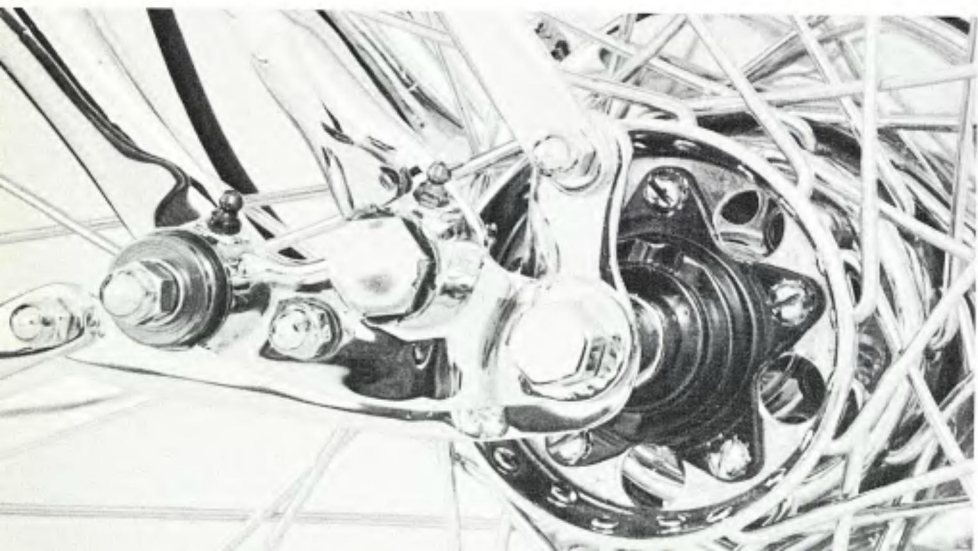
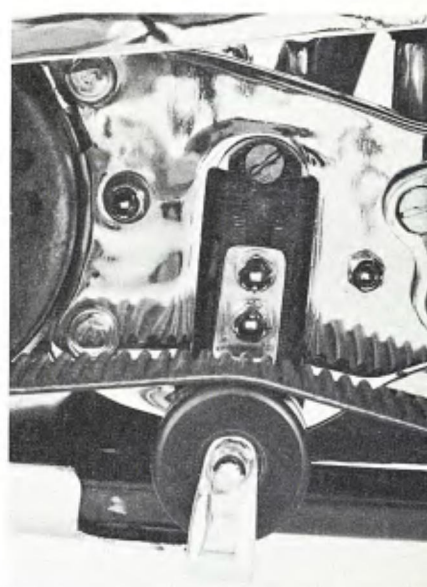
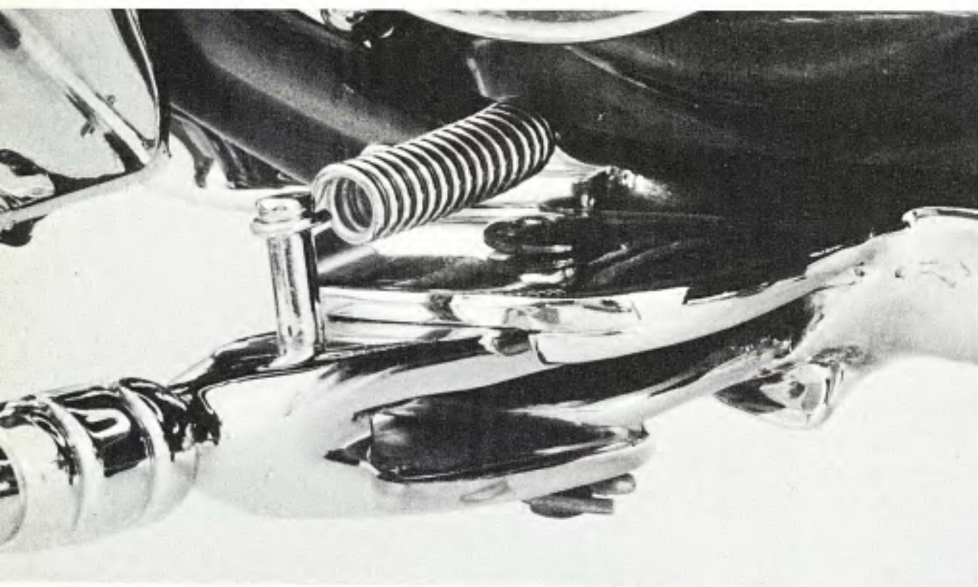
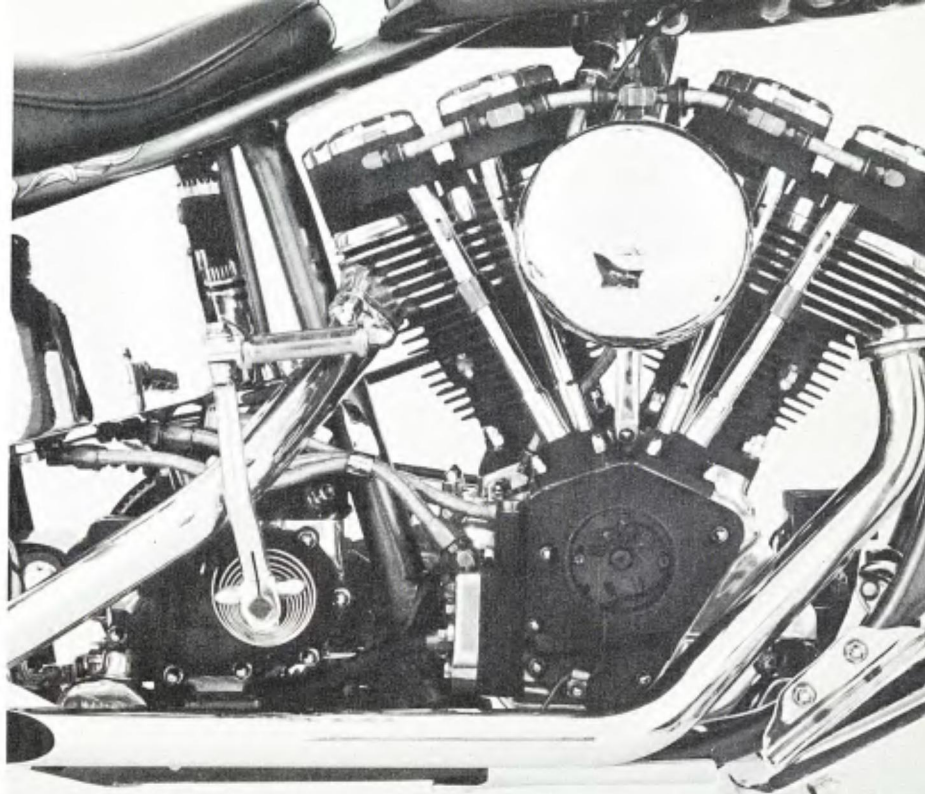
'em. Good ones, bad ones and wet ones. But not Trick Rick of Kansas City. Trick Rick is such an unusual nocturnal hallucinator, in fact, that he's even managed to add a new definition of "wet dream" to the Biker Dictionary: Wet dream — Rick Gaither wakin' up with a vision of a paint job.

You see, Rick builds his bikes in his dreams. I know, I know, we all dream about the bikes we'd like to have, the mods we'd like to

make, the runs we lust to cut out on. What's the big deal?

The big deal is that this dude gets into fuckin' detail like you won't believe. He wakes up at four or five in the morning with precise diagrams of individual parts in his head and when he sketches them out and builds 'em, they turn out to work just as well in reality as they did in his dreams.

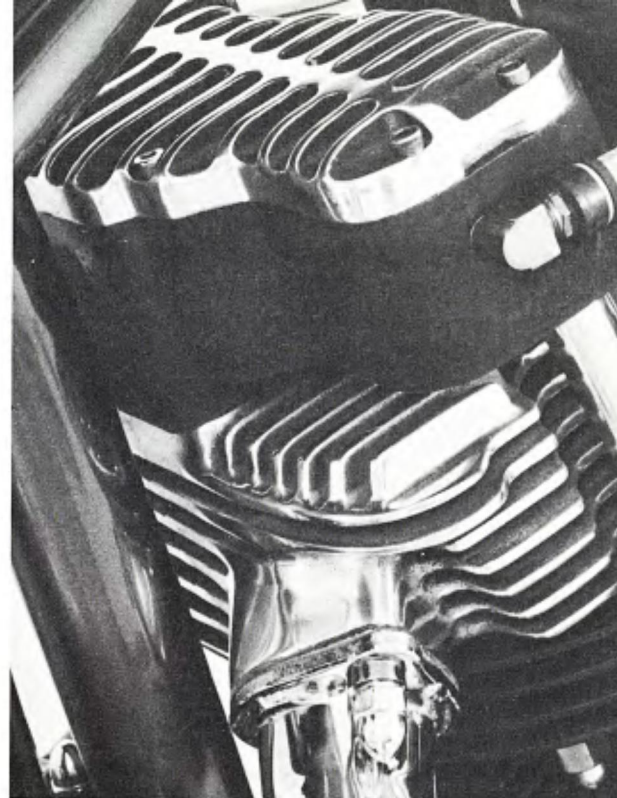
Another thing is that his dreamin' doesn't stop when



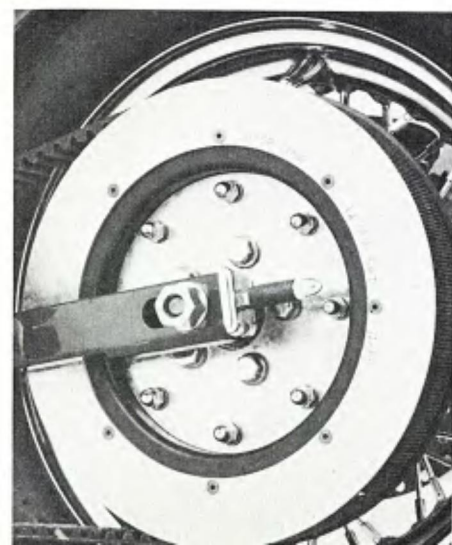
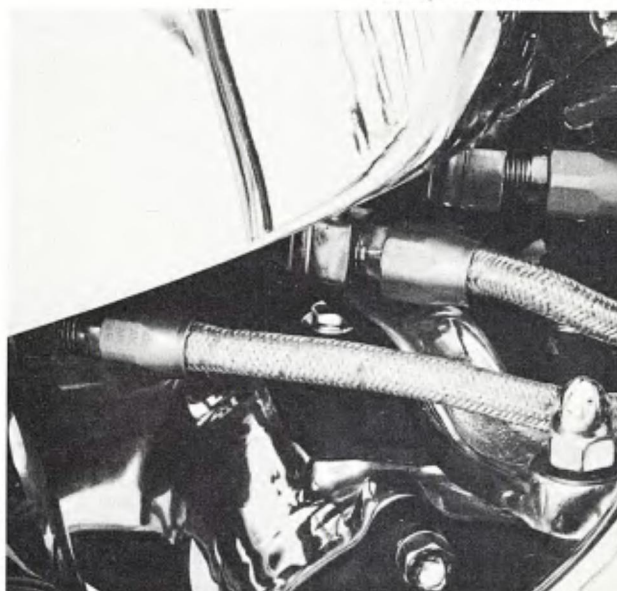
a project's through. Rick first built this trick swing-arm 'bout four years ago. Last February or March he woke up with a vision of it sportin' a new paint job. And here it is — in red, chrome and gold exactly like he dreamed it.

Going back to the original design of the bike, Rick says he wanted to build a swingarm because there

Owner: Trick Rick		City: Kansas City, Kan.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Ben-Ther Bros.		Year: 1973 swingarm	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: Trick Rick/Ben-Ther Bros.	
Model: custom		Type: wishbone swingarm	
Value: \$30,000		Rake: a little	
Assembly by: owner/J.B.		Stretch: 2½-in. backbone, 5½-in. front	
Time: 3½ years		Other alterations: over 100 hours in frame	
Chroming by: A&A Bumper (Bub)		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullbacks	
Year: 1973		Risers: 6 in.	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): Trick Rick	
Rebuilder: Critter's Cycle Works		Headlight: Sportster	
Ignition: 12-volt		Taillight: custom	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Balancing: D&L Machine Shop		Rear pegs: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: 12-volt, no shorts	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: 3½-gal. center fill	
Heads: polished		Oil tank: 4-qt.	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: owner	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Air cleaner: Tillotson		Sissybar: removable	
Pipes: drag		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 3/16-in. flat steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: a bunch		Type: early H-D springer	
Year: 1979		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot (Ben-Ther Bros.)		Builder: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: brake stay and fender mts.	
Trans sprocket: Super Max belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: Super Max belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jhon's Custom Paint		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: pigeon-blood ruby red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: Jhon's Custom Paint			
Other special modifications: Handcrafted ignition switch, coil and upper engine mount, seat bracket, seat, primary belt adjuster, full-length dash and more.			



Photos by Mike Lichter



are so few radical swingarms around. Deciding to do it, of course, is a hell of a lot easier than *actually* doing it — even if you do get some real help from your dreams.

In order to get what you see before you, Rick and his partner J.B. had to design and execute 36 changes in the stock swingarm design. The magic is

that it actually looks like a wishbone hardtail from the front.

"This bike ain't made for giddy-up, go quick," Rick says. "It's made to get me where I want to go and back, and to look good doing it. Paint and chrome won't get ya home, but it sure makes ya feel good . . . even in yer dreams."

— Griz

Visiting Hours

by Coyote

"Okay," the uniformed officer said, "you can come in now." He swung back the heavy iron gates and let her pass.

Cheryl hurried along the asphalt path, going past and beyond the huge, tiered, windowless concrete building that loomed up stark and gray above the trees. She walked to where the green grass began, then stepped off the path and angled over toward an elderly man who was raking leaves. He raked slowly, pulling the leaves toward him in careful, deliberate, even strokes, each move calculated to leave a neat, clean swath as a reward for his labors.

Cheryl waved at the old man in passing, swinging the picnic basket with each long stride, and said gaily, with a lilting tone that made the man frown at first before he broke into a grin, "Hi, good-lookin'."

After she had gone some distance without looking back, the old man reached up and felt his face with a gnarled hand, tracing the wrinkles under the stubble of beard and wondering if her eyesight was impaired. When he bent to his task once more, his morning seemed a little brighter.

An expensive car with darkened windows went by. Cheryl whistled softly and looked the other way until she knew by its sound that the car was well down the road behind her. She hated those cars, but most of all she hated the one-way windows, which allowed the passengers to look out and ogle whom-ever they chose without being caught in the act. She had seen them parked along the boulevard and in shopping centers and always suspected that someone was inside, watching the jiggling titties and wriggling asses passing by while they whacked off.

When she was sure the car was out of sight, she began to scan the expansive lawn, and soon she saw where he was. She started to run toward him.

"Here I am!" she panted when she reached him. She dropped to the lawn, legs folded under her in that funny way women and children have of sitting when they're having a good time or playing a game.

"Did you think I wasn't coming? I'm a little late today because first of all Smokey couldn't get that plumber's nightmare of his started, and second, the cop on the gate is sufferin' from a bad case of slow-

motionitis." She opened the lid of the lunch basket and reached in, as if to take something out, then changed her mind and closed it up again, pushing it aside. She had a surprise, but it could wait.

"God! What a month *this* has been. Right after I was here the last time, I went on that run I was telling you about, down to the Colorado River, riding behind Smokey on his Hog. The damned thing got a flat at Indio on what must have been the hot-

test day of the year, and right when he was just about finished fixin' it, and I was standin' by the road wavin' the cars around us, my period starts an' me without no tampons or nothin'. Then the damned cops pulled up an' wanted

to know what the fuck we were doin' parked on the freeway an' did we have papers for everything from our sleepin' bags to the engine cases. *Then* the bastards let us stand there in the hot sun while they went through the motions of callin' in to check on Smokey's bike an' license, and meanwhile, the blood is runnin' down both my legs like somebody just butchered a moose in my shorts, I'm having cramps, Smokey is gettin' pissed, an' the air is leakin' back out of the tire 'cause the cops won't let him bend over to disconnect the hose from the hand pump.

"We went on down to the river, an' guess what? Here's a great big sign that says, 'Run Postponed!' Talk about pissed! Smokey coulda bit a rock in two.

"Well, there ain't no details about why the run is postponed or what we're supposed to do now, so we rode on over to Searchlight, then up to Vegas, where we partied for a couple of days with the bros, an' then we came back to L.A. just in time to find out Kitty an' Bob went an' got into a fight an' he's in the slam. They were arguin', an' Kitty runs out into the kitchen, grabs a butcher knife an' says she's gonna kill herself. Well, you know Bob, the big, gentle, dope, he tries to talk her out of it, an' when she's not lookin' he snatches the knife outta her hands an' tries soothin' her, but you've seen Kitty when she's redded out. She grabs the knife by the blade, tryin' to get it back, an' cuts the hell outta her fingers. Then she starts screamin' an' runnin' around an' finally runs outside, an' who's out there but the neighbors who've been listenin' to the

"When she was sure the car was out of sight, she began to scan the expansive lawn, and soon she saw where he was. She started to run toward him."

Continued on page 87



Dear Spider:
How's my favorite pair of plums hangin'?
Or've ya already got my treasures buried in
that new mouse's bush? Ya remember ya said ya
couldn't make this year's Harley Rendezvous, 'cause
you were loaded down with work on the rag and next
year's calendar, a new tattoo book an' shit like that?

Well, I been knowin' yer ol' tramp ass a long time
and ya can tell all the hanger-on chicks I'll be inspec-
tin' butt cheeks fer fingerprint bruises as soon as I get
back. We'll see what ya really been using yer hands
for — an' I'll bet it ain't all magazine work.

Speaking o' hands, yer probably wonderin' how
come it's taken me so long ta send ya my report. I
don't mean to sound like an uppity
bitch, but it's mostly yer own damn
fault — ya let me out of the crib
so rarely these days that I'm out
of trainin' for these party-till-
ya-drop biker bashes.

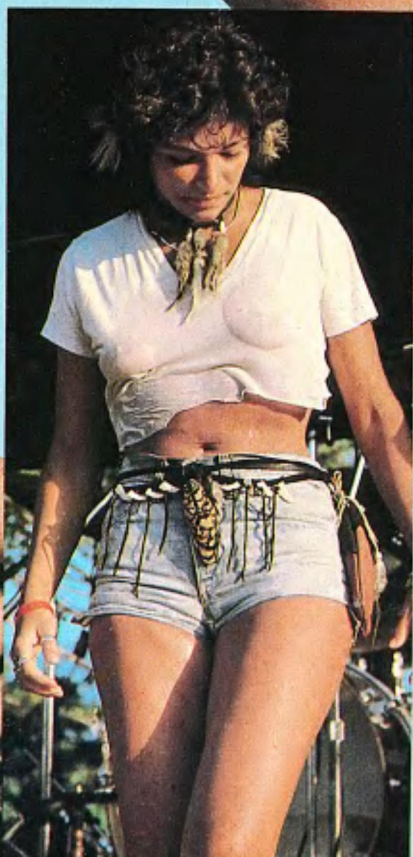
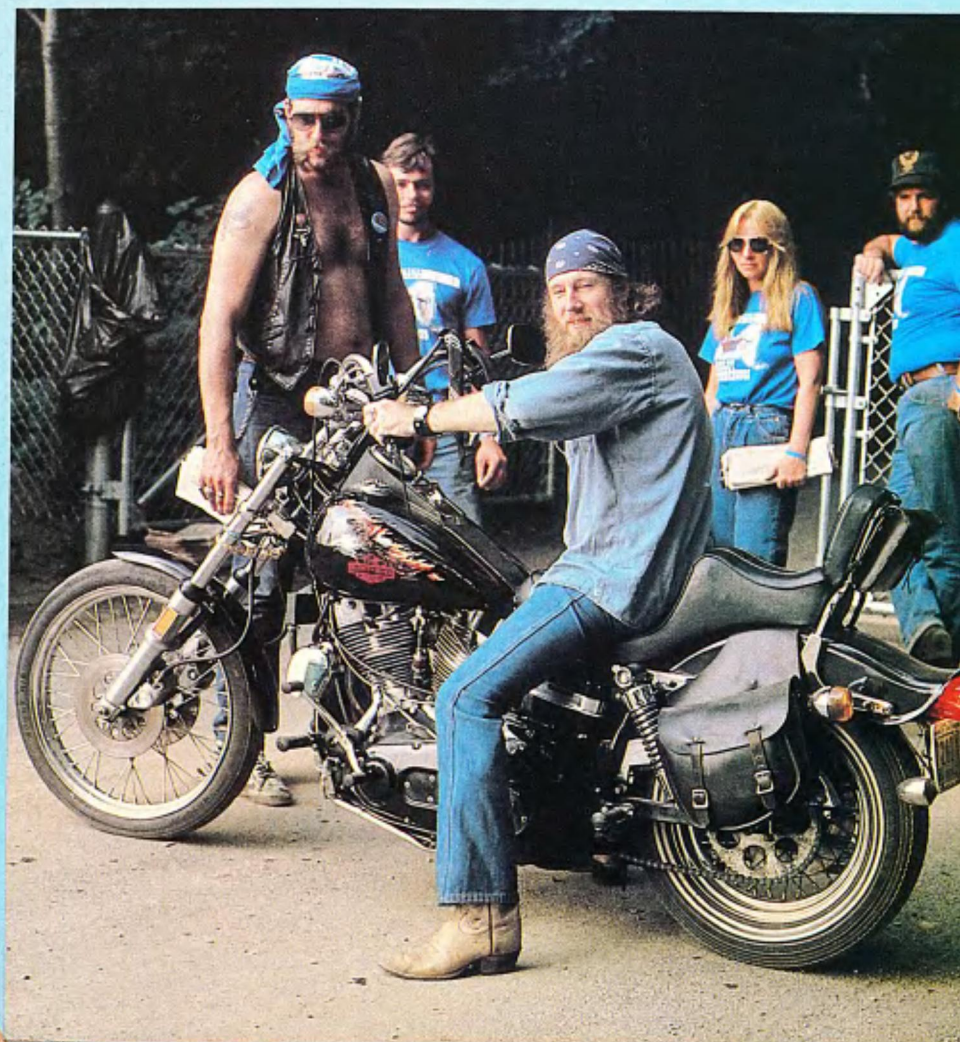
What's that got ta do
with hands? Keep yer
Trojan tight, I'll tell all.
I always do, don't I? It
seems the N.Y. cops
didn't set up one road-
block on the way to
the Rendezvous
campsite in Duane-
sburg — they set up
three. Now it's
true, most of the
bros and sisters
only had to have

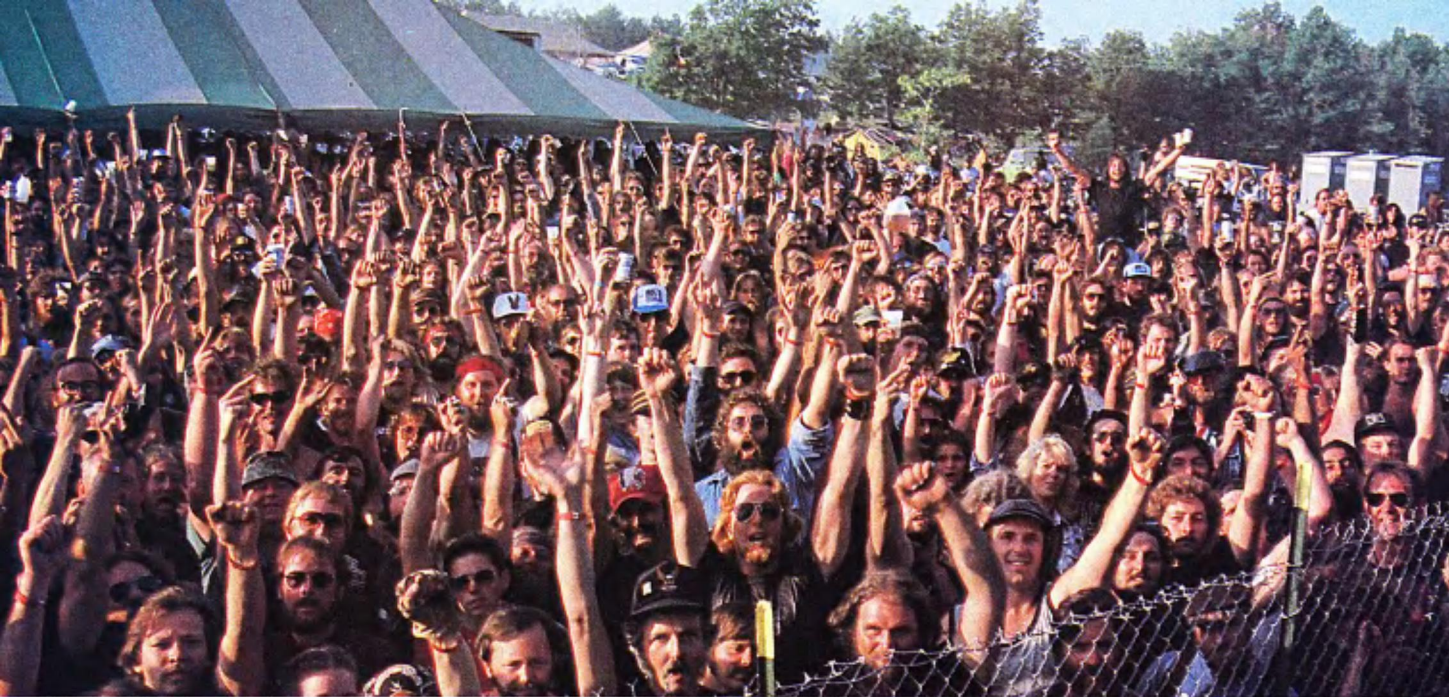


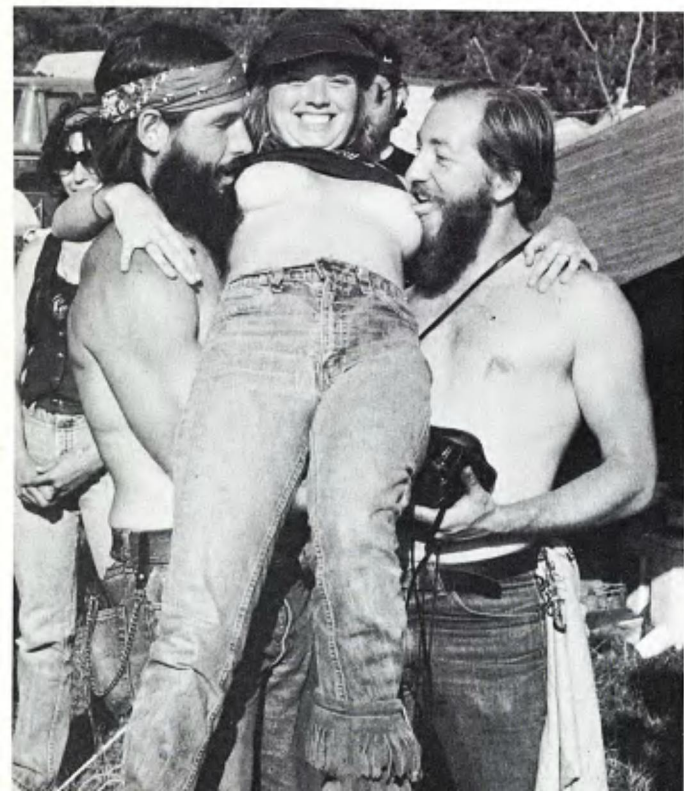
5th
ANNUAL
**HARLEY
RENDEZVOUS**
NEW YORK
BY GEORGE

**Raunchy at the
Rendezvous**

their bods and bikes checked at one of them ta get in, but I kept doublin' back until I'd been through all three — ya know how much I dig cavity searches and some o' them troopers had hands that wouldn't quit till they were in up to the elbows. Another hang-up was at the gate. Seems everybody goin' in was supposed to wear an armband showin' they'd paid. Well, they couldn't find an armband long enough ta stretch around my upper arm. Finally, after about an hour, they gave up and decided to let me whip off my bra an' wear it around my arm instead. (I woulda used my panties, but one of the troopers had confiscated 'em as contraband.) Anyway, once I finally got into the campgrounds I was amazed ta find out how







many of the bros recognized me. I guess it must be 'cause I was so intimate, so to speak, with their daddies and granddaddies. Why, I wasn't wallowin' around the grounds for more than five minutes when I heard some dude shout, "Sumbitch, it's really her!" I turned right around to see who it was, and there were these five or six dudes ridin' their Hogs straight into the campground's main lake.

Not ta worry, though, the scooters turned out just fine. The bros woulda been better off if they'd swallowed less water, though. Can't unnerstand why they booked into the lake with their mouths wide open. A lot of the hangers-on who saw the deal go down seemed ta think it had somethin' ta do with me. I can't imagine what that would be.

Speakin' of the lake, this is the first time the Rendezvous has been held at the Frosty Acres Campground, and I've really gotta give the place top grades. It just goes on an' on — 'bout 150 acres, some dude said 'tween strokes. It's roughly 50 miles from Albany and the view of the Hudson River scenery was almost as pretty as the thousands of muscled, barechested bikers walking around with bulges in their jeans.

Now, listen up carefully to this — I remembered what you said and behaved as demure as a virgin sturgeon at her first communion. In other words I tried, I really did, ta remember the other chicks and not de-bulge too many of those engorged bros. But I gotta tell ya, it was damned tough to leave 'em hard — bikers do get cuter every year.

Anyway, ta get back to settin' the scene. There were a lot o' trees (when yer carryin' my weight, ya naturally gravitate toward shade, ya know), the big lake I mentioned before, a couple of ponds, and lots of "cold ass" showers for the candyasses who couldn't handle three days without doin' the rubba-dub-dub trip.

There was a country store offerin' all the traditional campin' goodies — Sterno, bug attractant, etc. — and there were lots of brightly colored tents covering the wares of vendors and the work of tattoo artists. And here's a hot scoop for all the macho studs who picked up a new tat or two at the Rendezvous and then went over to the first-aid tent ta get a dressing put on it — the Duanesburg Ambu-



lance Corps volunteers manning the first-aid station were usin' the same medication on the tats that they normally use on cases of *diaper rash*. Well, shit, Spider, I've always tol' ya bikers are all big babies anyhow. If they're not, how come they always want a mama in bed with 'em?

Anyway, you woulda gotten yer pump primed most at the after-dark activities. There was great music, fireworks, and, of course, a tit contest. Leastwise, that's what they called it — but ya know what I always say: "If they don't measure at least 50 inches with the nipples stuffed into the navel, they ain't tits." So, in my professional opinion, none o' the skinny little contestants really qualified as havin' tits — really, 38-Ds and like that ain't more than a pimple on *my* ass.

Fortunately, most of the chicks stripped down to more than their tits and the bros really seemed to get off on all those tight-lookin' asses and skeeter-sized snatches. 'Course, I don't think there was a one *you* could o' parked your pork in without first opening it up with one of them jaws-of-life deals they use to pry apart wrecked cages.

By the time the contest got hot, I'd been tokin', tootin' and tossin' back for so long that it seemed only right fer me ta jump up on the platform and demonstrate what the phrase "class mama" really means — but at the last second, I remembered what ya said 'bout "no riots this time" an' kept my ass moored under one of them trees.

'Bout the only disappointment the first coupla days was when they had the sky divers. I laid down flat on my back and opened up wide ta give 'em a good target, but I didn't catch me a one of 'em. Musta been the wind blew 'em off course — I could see 'em all desperately tryin' to steer their chutes in my direction.





Photos by Wizard



Anyway, the last big event of the three-day Rendezvous was a big bike show. Unfortunately for this report, I missed it. I'd run into this club that had taken a prospect on the run and were hot to figure some way to give him his final qualifyin' test before they headed home. They decided that if he could take me on — in front of a bombed-out-of-its-mind and very loud audience — he could take on anythin'. An' you know all the soft spots I have fer virgins — I jus' hadda help out. It started ta rain about halfway through the initiation, but the kid managed to survive both me and the mud and win his patch.

Well, it's all over now. The area's been policed real good, everybody's cleared out an' the straight campers have started to move back in. I don't wanna sound like I'm snivelin', but some of 'em are givin' me funny looks and two Winnebagos have pulled over and asked if I was where they're supposed to empty their disposal tanks. Besides that, I've got the worst case of the hornies I've had since that ol' boy trolled through Vidor, Texas, on a Henderson when I was 12. Not only that, but the dude I was supposed to leave with just putted over the hill with one o' them titless blondes from the contest on his P-pad.

I didn't start no riots, I played Girl Scout and good-deeded a prospect into his colors, and I got somethin' hot and hairy ta take yer mind (an' the rest of ya) off magazine work. How 'bout sendin' me the bus fare home?

Greasy hugs and fat, nasty kisses,
Yer one an' only

*Miraculous
Mutha*



Early Trikes

I RIDE ALL WINTER
and here's the

The 1915
Harley-Davidson
Red Twin Will
Grade.

News is the
Indian
THE NEW
Luxury
MOTORCYCLE

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES
For 1921

MUSTANG "STANDARD"



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There's more to this book than the cover implies. It's a perfectbound 224-page book of hundreds of old-time advertisements as well as a few photographs of restored old classics. Here you will find ads for Mustangs, Wizards, Harleys, Indians and other American motorcycle products and accessories.

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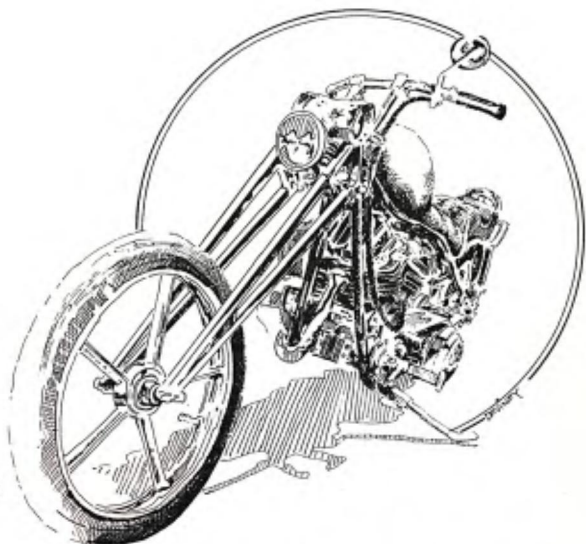
State Zip

(must have)

Do you own a bike? Make

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

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

From Jump Street

Right from the git-go—before I even opened that saddlebag—it was pretty darn obvious that the package wasn't about to fit in there no matter how much I shoved and turned and twisted things. Nevertheless, I just had to try it—I just might find a way, and thereby revolutionize the technique of packing a motorcycle. After several minutes I gave it up and got out my ever ready bungee cords.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Anything But Harley

No one could accuse the XR of flaunting high technology, but it isn't run-of-the-mill Harley fare, either. Not with those twin, left-side-mounted megaphones proclaiming otherwise. And not with two bumper Dell'Ortos and their K&N filters jutting from the right side. From its Jerry Branch-flowed aluminum heads to its Dunlop Sport Elite tires, the 1000 is anything but typical Harley-Davidson.

—Cycle Guide

Bike Market

No one would deny that the Japanese motorcycle manufacturers have introduced unparalleled choices to the U.S. consumer. Nor can there be argument over their right to compete. That's simply free enterprise at work and the Japanese have earned a major market share due to their efforts. But we can and should contest some of the methods by which they market those products, and this begs a question that's central to the issue: Given

the quality and variety of their products, why must the Japanese resort to worldwide market exploitation and unfair practices to sell them?

—Vaughn L. Beals
Cycle Guide

Intoxicated

Police in California still have means of determining when an intoxicated driver has been "driving under the influence" or is "drunk." After police curb a suspected drunk, they closely observe his condition: Alcohol breath? Balance problems? Red eyes? Dilated pupils? Flushed face? Slurred speech? Before the recent Court of Appeals ruling, the police would spend two or three minutes administering field sobriety tests—usually a nose-touch, straight-line walk and some questioning.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Buying Signals

All retail salespeople have occasionally been hesitant to attempt an add-on or accessory sale for fear of losing the sale on the first or major item.

Without strong verbal and nonverbal "buying signals" from customers, salespeople can be uncertain about how a customer feels about the item they are demonstrating.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

\$30-Million V4

With the flood gates temporarily secured Harley will add another \$18 million (U.S.) to the \$12 million it has already spent on the development of its water-cooled V4. The company has

also instituted intensive quality and production improvement programmes to make itself more competitive.

—Australian Motorcycle News

Racing Backyard

Point being, when Harley-Davidson set out to build the fastest stock Harley ever, the technology was no further away than their own "racing backyard." It made perfect sense to have Dick O'Brien and the racing department head up the development of the XR-1000 project. Harley-Davidson did just that, which in itself is amazing when you consider how many times the obvious solution is drowned in a sea of bureaucratic duplication—in quest of the "big picture."

—John Warren
Custom Bike

Top of the Heap

You say you'd rather skip the work and go right to the top of the heap? The XR-1000 Sporty is your kind of machine. No doubt about it, Harley did their homework with this machine. The XR is nothing short of potent! A real performer in a very slick package. What else would you expect from a machine out of Harley's race department, and its chief, Dick O'Brien?

—Custom Bike

MMA

Throughout the year the MMA will entertain you and give you lots of places and parties to ride to, no matter what type of motorcycle you own. All of this is made possible by the members themselves under the direction of

Ron R. Roloff, legislative advocate and business manager.

—Supercycle

A Good, Long Look

Some time back you could get bumper stickers and shirts bearing the slogan "Have you hugged your motorcycle today?" An admirable sentiment, I thought and still think.

But, in light of the above: Have you looked at your motorcycle today? A good, long look?

You might be glad you did.
—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Everyone Does

Stereotyping is something we motorcyclists claim others do to us, yet within our own ranks are some of the biggest offenders of all, largely due to the natural tendency to put one's own interests before those of others.

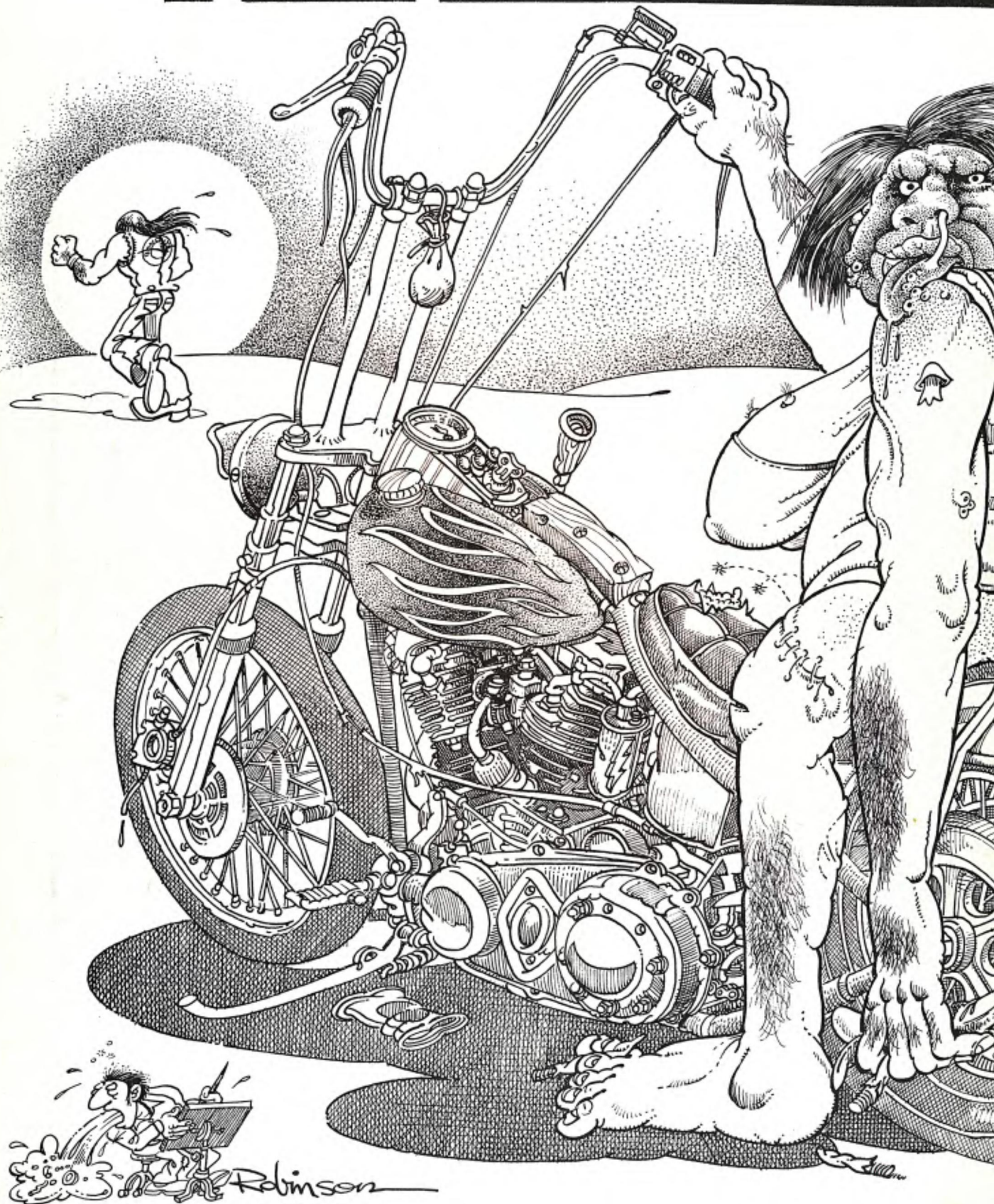
—Greg Harrison
American Motorcyclist

MC Meters

However, in what appeared to be a reversal of its position, the city [Washington, D.C.] transportation department recently installed parking meters at the motorcycle spaces, charging 25 cents for three hours' parking. Even though the rate is well below that charged for automobile parking, riders are being asked to pay for what had been a free service. But in an apparent concession to the city, NMCA offered conditional support of the parking meters.

—American Motorcyclist

THE MISSING L



by James McClary



First off, let me introduce myself to you. I'm Jinx. My Christian name is James McClary, but to my bros and others, I'm known simply as Jinx.

Now that's no fly-by-night, pick-a-nickname-out-of-the-air, take-it-and-go-type nickname. That's the real thing — earned. I've got the worst luck of any human being on this earth — I get arrested a lot. I don't ever do nothin', but I get arrested for it anyway. I mean, I have bad luck in other ways, too, but mostly it's that. I think the lawmakers of this land

bar closes we can barely find our clutch levers. We give the hard-bellies a ride home, press on, and early the next morning we're sitting on the beach in Fort Bragg, trying to lure Bruce the Shark close enough to the shore so we can pet him. For some fishy reason, though, Bruce ain't havin' none of that shit. Bobby and I eventually recognize that Bruce is holding all the cards, and pass out on the sand.

We spend the first few hours of daylight sound asleep, but along about ten a.m., I'm woken up by a

"I really felt good. Sober, head on straight and ready to face the world — what I wasn't ready to face was Effie."

must sit around and think up new laws to cover obscure little deeds just so I can be arrested for them. If I saw two dogs fucking in someone's front yard, it would have been made law the day before that witnessing such acts is illegal, and I would be the first person arrested for it. If I ever forget to flush the toilet, that, too, would turn out to be against the law and I would wind up in the iron bar hotel as a consequence. We're talking *bad luck* here, real bad luck, the kind that makes ya want to shit and go blind kinda bad luck.

Well, that's sort of beside the point, I guess, and ain't got a lot to do with my tale. This story of mine, by the way, has three distinct parts to it — a beginning, a middle, and an ending, as all good tales should have.

The beginning starts with me and one of my bros, Bobby, sitting in our favorite greasy scarf 'n' puke, munchin' down before we try to put a serious dent in the liquor supply of Gridley, California. As we're sitting there eyeballin' the cuties and decidin' which bar deserves to be graced first by our presence, Bobby says we ought to putt over to Clear Lake and do it there. Do *what* there, he don't say. Just do it is all.

We pick up a pint of Wild Turkey apiece and head on out. By the time we get there the W.T. is gone and the Clear Lake Lounge and Female Supply House is jumpin'. We party hearty and each end up making it with a different split-leg in the parking lot. By the time the

high whinin' female voice saying something like, "Oh, Harold, look at 'em. Are they dead? They look like they were in the water a long time." When I roll over, look them straight in their shiny kneecaps and barf, the woman screams and Harold promptly faints. I nudge Bobby, struggle to my feet, straddle Harold, piss on his face to revive him, and me and Bobby stagger off to our scoots. My tongue feels like it's wearin' a set of leathers, so we head over to Hannigan's bar. Within a hour we are our usual drunken selves again.

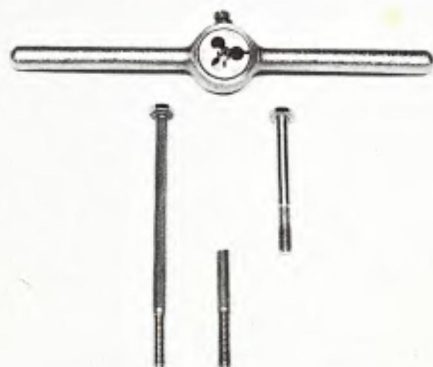
Bobby's next mind-bender is a putt to Ten Mile Beach. Well, I've never heard of the place before, but I've *always* wanted to go there. I ask where it is and am informed that it's only a little ways north of where we now are. So off we go. The next thing I realize is that we've just crossed the state line into Oregon, and Bobby is showing no sign of slowing down. After two hundred and fifty miles of ridin' and still no Ten Mile Beach, I ask him about it and he says, "Maybe they moved it." It's possible, I think to myself, it's just very possible.

Now, we usually don't pick up hitchhikers, but it was looking like rain and we just couldn't allow these two magnificent examples of fine, sultry female flesh get their bodies wet. So we stop and ask them where they're headed. Eugene is their answer. They're headed there to get some food stamps, since everyone knows that next to New York City, Eugene-fuckin'-Oregon

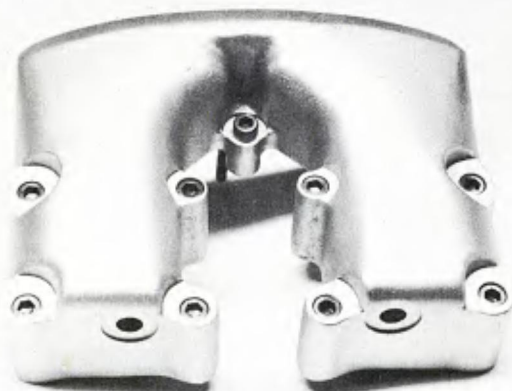
Continued on page 84

Tech Tip

HOW TO BEAT THE CHROME RAP



Photos by Jake



It can take an awful bite outta your long green when you load all your swill into the truck and slide it down to the shiny shop. So the bros around here — who are on a low-budget trip, anyway, after all the suds-guzzlin' is paid for — have been figurin' out ways to fix up scooter hunks without gettin' within fume distance of a plating tank.

One trip is to polish up slot-headed screws by hand and paint 'em with somethin' like clear epoxy or urethane, which will stick pretty well to bare metal. It looks shiny, and a screwdriver bit in the slot won't bung up the surface the way a wrench would when it's time to put 'em back in. (For parts near the internal fires of your Hog, like cylinder head bolts, use a high-heat clear instead.)

You can also try stainless-steel bolts, nuts, and washers wherever possible. With the price of 18/8 these days, they may cost as much or more than chrome, but they'll likely last longer. A major hang-up is that a lot of Hog hardware is an oddball thread like ¼-24. Sometimes, like for oil pump bolts, you can buy standard ¼-

20s longer than what you need, cut off the ends down to the blank shank, and thread what is necessary with a ¼-24 N.S. die.

Cast-iron parts like lifter stools and barrels are a bear to chrome-plate because of the rough surface and porosity of the casting. Aluminum metal spray is one way to rustproof these turkeys and has the added benefit of a smooth, frosted look that masks surface imperfections and slightly improves heat dissipation. Block off interior and machined areas, since metal spray gives a fairly rough finished surface.

Rocker box covers and other aluminum stuff look almost as good bead-blasted as polished and plated. Just be sure as hell you thoroughly wash those glass beads outta threads and recesses before you bolt any beaded parts up to your sled.

And if you got a righteous rat, you can probably skip this whole number. A few constant oil leaks and a little black paint have kept many a street sled rust-free for years — with a lotta brew money left over.

— squinteye

Mornin'-After Comfort



Anybody out there feel- ing like an old banged- up bucket of alligator shit along about now?

And for no reason, right? All ya did was putt three days straight with-
out sleep, put away a few hundred
shots of Jack with quart-size beer
chasers, ball ten or eleven chicks,
spend one whole night layin' out in
the rain because ya couldn't stand
up, plus a few other activities you
wouldn't wanna write Mom about.

And, can ya believe it? Now ya
feel like you're gonna die! All over
a little weekend fun, fer fuck's
sake! Hell, a few years ago you
could have blown a hole in it for
three months straight and not felt
anywhere near this screwed up.

Let's face it. Those of us who like
to get down are likely to wear our
parts faster than yer average citi-
zen. Remember what they said

about the Master of the Hearty
Partiers, Errol Flynn, when they
autopsied his ass? Chronologically,
he was only in his fifties, but the
docs said his organs were all in
their eighties.

Well, don't fear — we're here
with some ways to help put your-
self back together without having
to give up all those juicy habits
that make your liver quiver for real.
Before we go any further, we'd
better slide in what you might call
your basic disclaimer. What you're
gonna read in this article is neither
medicine, nor the practice of
same. It's just some shortcuts from
two old drunks to some more old
drunks. If you're really sick or really
in pain, don't fuck around with any
of this bullshit. It's not the answer
to anything serious, it's merely a
few ways to get back to the party
without feelin' so ranked out.

So pop open a brew and let's
talk a little about the ravages of
alcohol. (By the way, if you've been

up all night drivin' the porcelain
bus, and feel like that brew would
just come right back up, mix it half
and half with cold tomato juice.
That's the original Bloody Mary
and stomach settler.)

There are lots of ways that
legendary drinkers we've known
and loved went about tryin' to
make up for the side-effects of old
Jack, just so they could guzzle
more the next day. Disgustingly
healthy as this may sound, a lot of
them took vitamins. B-1 is sup-
posed to be real good for boozers,
and so is at least a thousand milli-
grams a day of vitamin C. We
ain't suggestin' that you start shoot-
in' up with celery tonic and pranc-
in' around in jogging suits and
running shoes, but a daily multiple
vitamin (better yet, a megavitamin)
may keep you from feelin' so
thoroughly fucked after a good
blowout. However, you've gotta
do it all the time. You can't drink 19
gallons of red

Continued on page 91

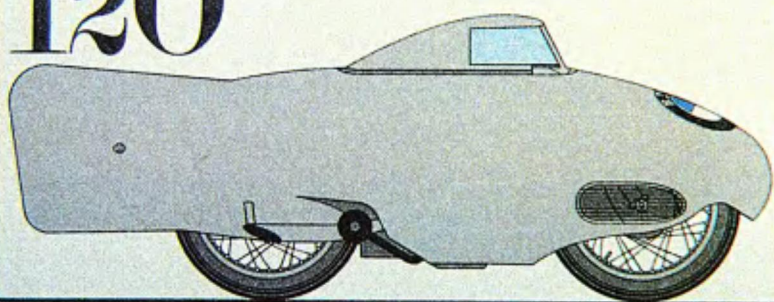
STAMPED IN STEEL

"...You can climb on your bike and check out stamp shops until you find what you need — it's a lot like grubbin' for parts at a swap meet."



DEUTSCHE BUNDESPOST · FÜR DIE JUGEND 1983

120⁺⁶⁰



BMW WELTREKORDMASCHINE 1936



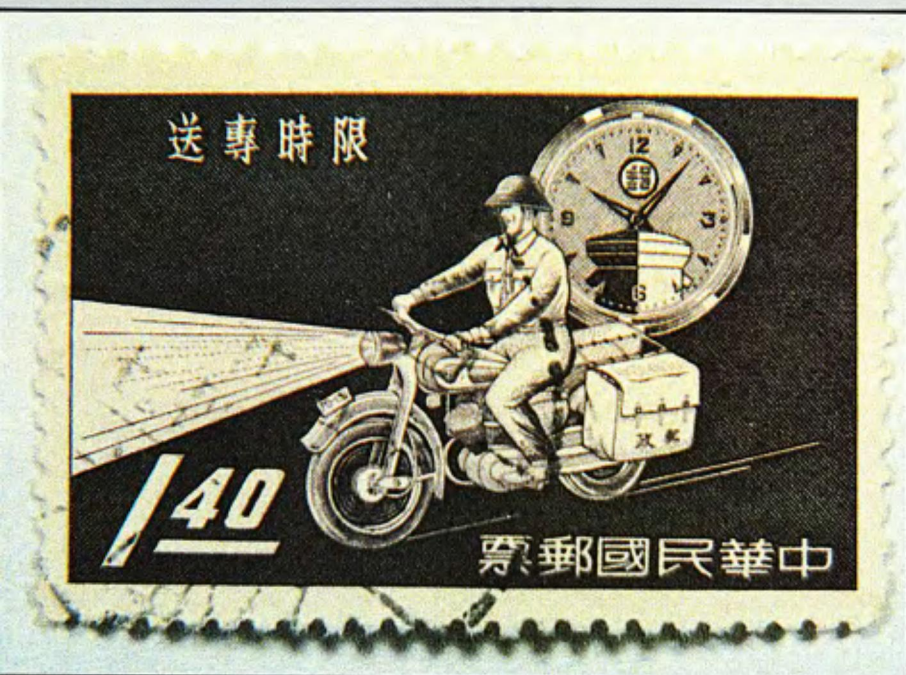
Nowhere has the history of the motorcycle and its almost unlimited uses — in war, on the track, in business, or just plain book-in' around — been set down as completely and colorfully as on postage stamps.

If you really got into collectin' and got damn lucky (and spent some bucks), you could assemble photos of different bikes and riders (some famous) from over 30 countries and spanning 80 years.

Many early bike designs were created by tiny

Continued on page 105

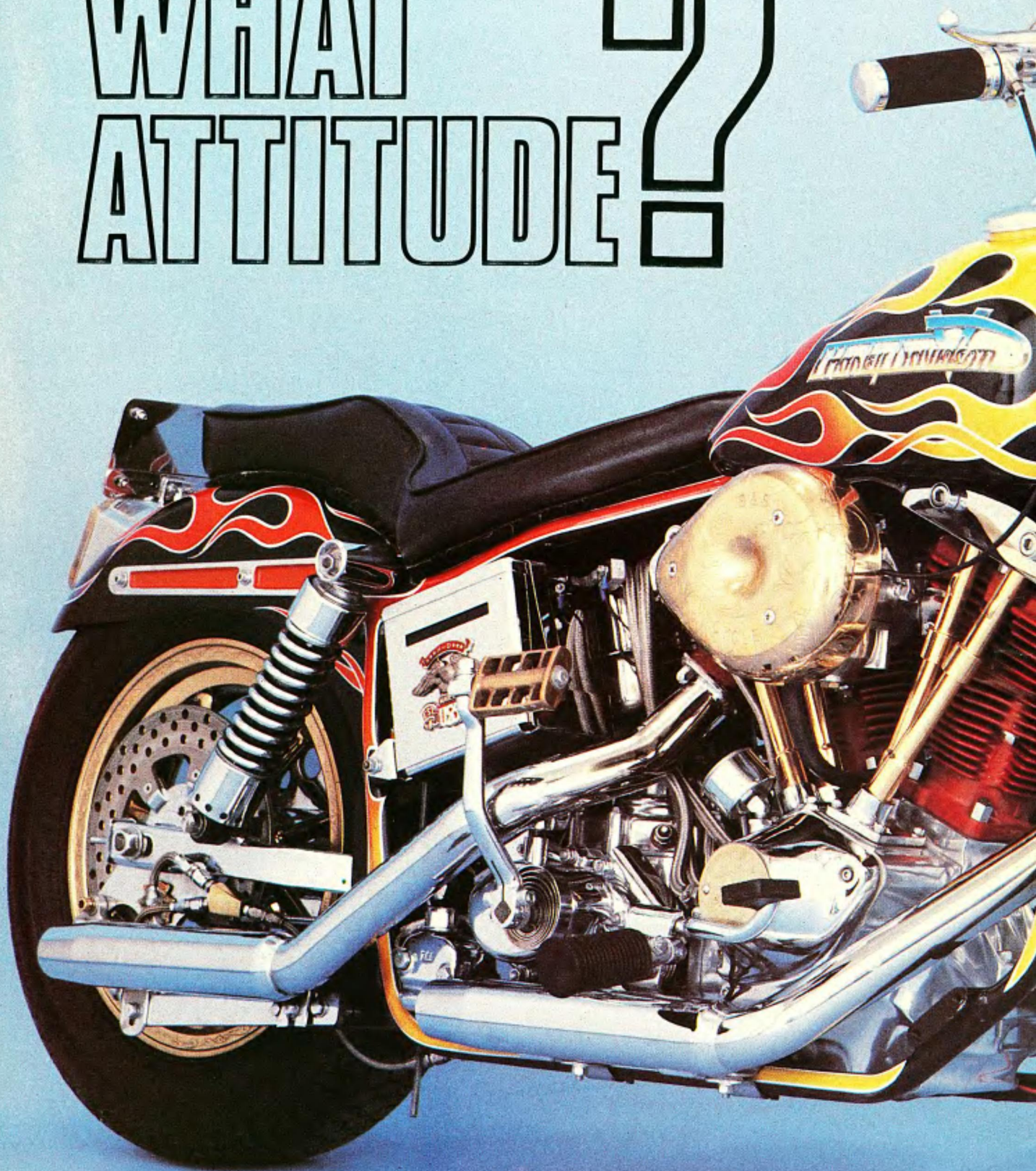




Photos by Raymond Schuessler



WHAT ATTITUDE?





**"There's a little black spot on the sun today.
It's the same old thing as yesterday.
There's a butterfly caught in a spider's web.
There's a skeleton choking on a crust of bread."
— The Police**

You've been bustin' yer butt for weeks tryin' to complete your dream ride. Tyin' up all the loose ends. The chrome's back, the paint's finished, it's just about all assembled and finally, you figure, you should be able to relax and kick back. But the hassles continue. The bike-building process has taken up the slack time that used to be filled with headaches from work, naggin' from the boss, and recently,



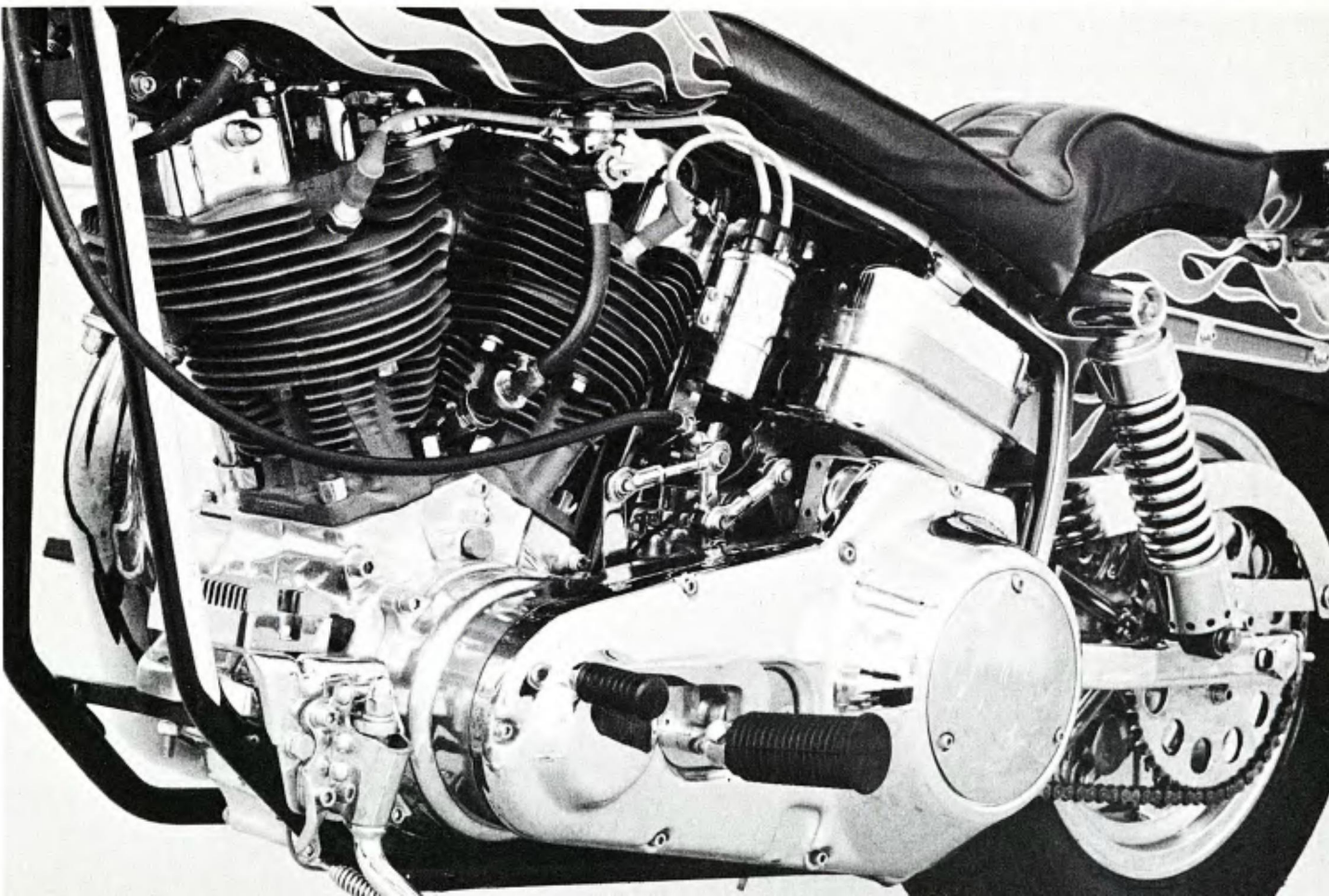
raggin' from the ol' lady. She thinks you've forgotten about her. Hell, she's probably right. Whatdafuck, if ya didn't want her around, you'd have kicked her ass out of the pad. Dumb broads — they lose sight of what's important.

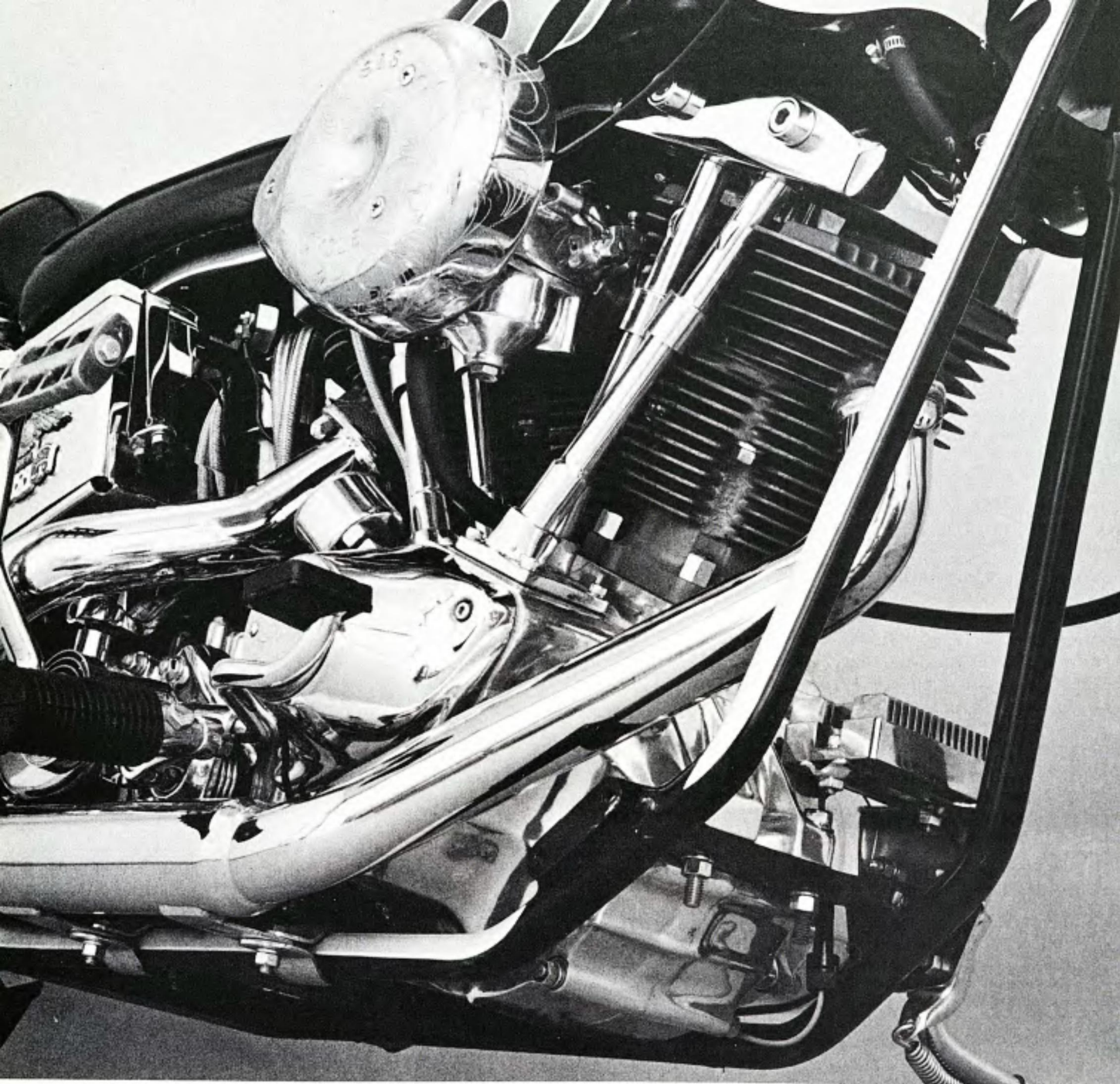
Your own bros start givin' ya a ration of shit about an attitude you're promotin'. "What attitude?" you reply. "Doesn't anybody understand the strain on my brain?" It's time to hit the road. Air it all out on the asphalt. Put all the shit behind you.

The scoot is finished and the ol' lady is, too. Too much harpin' got her the boot. Only one more alteration on the sled and it'll be highway time. Gonna take off the rear pegs. Don't want anyone back there. "This trip is for myself," you mutter to yourself. "If she couldn't handle it after all the time we spent together, there's no way some new fox will. Yep, this ride is mine, and mine alone."

Leaving the job, along with the humdrum of the city, behind, you are ready to take a putt through what is arguably the finest riding country in the land. Things begin to pick up. The bitterness of the breakup and the recurring thought of your bros and their "attitude" statements haunt your mind as the 16-inch Avon leads you off the Interstate onto Highway 88, northeast out of Stockton.

It's hot out, but the bike is runnin' primo. Everything is fallin' into place. The dual discs are the hot setup when you need to hit 'em hard





to avoid a deer — no problem. You're packed light: a sleeping bag, collapsible fishing pole, a few spinners. You're going to where you know you can get away from it all.

The small towns pass by like a movie. Gas up in Jackson, preparing to see the Gold Country. Sleepy burgs like Sutter Creek, Plymouth, River Pines, Somerset, Dry Creek, and Grizzly Flat come to life as the 80-cubic-inch engine announces your arrival. Downshifting is quiet with the belt as you keep a lookout for the Heat, even though you're street legal and straight. No stops, no hassles.

Soon you've made it to your own spot in the sun. You have your own little knoll that the

scoot rests on, staying in clear view while you're down below, snoozing, with a line in the water, a chrome Colorado spinner tickling the trouts' curiosity. Later you might go rock diving or sliding down the moss-covered natural slip 'n' slide. But first it's time to kick back. Enjoy the first putt on your new scoot. The one you did yourself at great cost, mentally and financially.

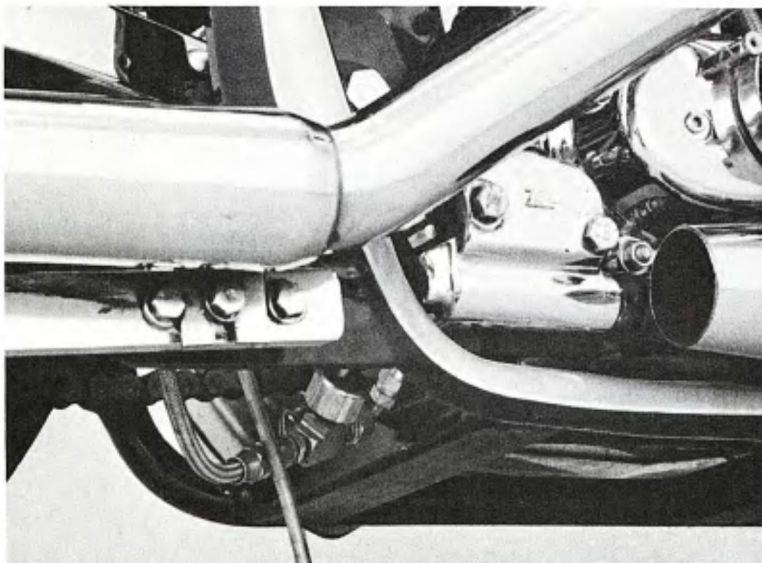
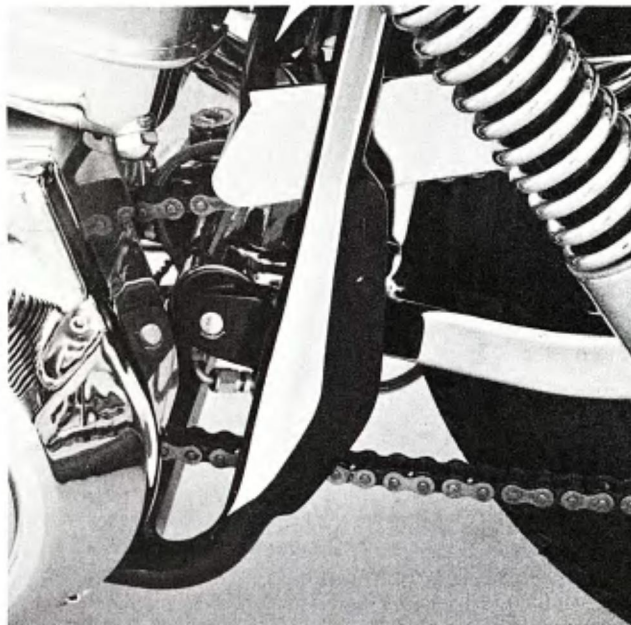
Morning comes early. As one eye opens, the first sight that floods into your brain is the glistening flame paint on the tank of the jewel on the knoll. At this point you know it's all been worth it. And you wonder back to, "What attitude? I feel fine." Saved by the putt.

— Ferret

Owner: Ron Simms		City: Hayward, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Bay Area Custom Cycles		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 Harley		Builder: BACC/John Machesky	
Model: BACC Special		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 35 degrees	
Assembly by: Bob Gomes/BACC		Stretch: 1½ in.	
Time: six weeks		Other alterations: custom	
Chroming by: anyone		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Drag Specialties	
Year: 1983		Risers: FXE	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): BACC	
Rebuilder: BACC		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: stock	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: BACC		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: stock	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbob	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: 4-qt.	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: BACC	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Fubar, 2-in. FXE tapered		Height: 2 in.	
Muffler(s): Fubar		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews, close ratio		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1983		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: stock		Builder: Machesky/custom triple trees	
Engine sprocket: 8mm Primo belt		Special features: custom triple clamps	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 15
Molding: Keith McCaffery		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: Horst		Rim width: 2½	Rim width: 5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: flames			
Other special modifications: Performance Machine wheels and discs.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Parting Gift

by Carl Kohler

After seeing that my old man was comfortably propped up in the big leather chair — out there on the screen porch where he could gaze across his land and the small lake he loved — I went back into the kitchen where the weary-faced country doctor was sipping coffee.

"Okay," I said, collapsing into a chair opposite him, studying his lined faced and droopy eyes. "Let's have it, Doc. What's wrong with my pop?"

"Too much life for too long," he said, smiling sadly. "Man gets worn out with livin', Ricky."

I smiled at my scuffed boots. It had been a helluva long time since anybody had called me Ricky, but then, this dedicated old poop of a sawbones had known me longer than most, considering he had delivered me into this shitty world. I suppose I looked a lot different to him than I had on that long-ago night, thirty-one years before — or even from the last time he had set an arm I'd busted.

"How much longer has he got?" I asked flatly.

Doc shrugged. "I'm not God."

"Can't you just gimme a professional estimate?"

"You in a big-assed hurry to leave or something?" The wise old eyes glittered briefly with anger, and I remembered that it was my old man who had helped Doc through medical school.

"Nah," I said quickly. "I ain't goin' anywhere. At least, not until he's got his strength back — not until he looks a lot better than he does right now. Should I rent him a nurse?"

The tired medic shook his

head and got to his feet, reaching for the well-used leather bag on the table. "He doesn't need a nurse. I'll give you my honest opinion, Ricky. He might last another year, but I doubt it. He's eighty-seven. And he misses your mother. Men who marry late in life are often closer to their wives than most husbands, for no special reason anybody's ever been able to figure out."

"They ain't like we was in my time, ya unnerstand. But ain't they beautiful!"

I sighed tiredly. I'd ridden better than seventeen-hundred miles — nonstop except to piss, shit, and buy gas — since receiving Doc's telegram. Now fatigue surged through my squat carcass in continuous spasms. My damned hands and ass still vibrated with ghostly tremors from the panhead I'd stopped riding an hour ago. I demanded, "How fuckin' long, Doc?"

"Maybe any minute," he mumbled, heading toward the side door and the battered sedan parked beyond it. "Give me a call if you need me." Then he was gone.

Pulling my boots off, I waggled my aching toes and felt no real relief at all. I got a cold beer from the antiquated refrigerator and popped it open, carrying it onto the screen porch. Moving silently closer to my old man, I stared down at him. He slept peacefully, snoring gently, his jaw slack and reveal-

ing his toothless gums. Here was an old dude who'd done it all for me after my mother had succumbed to a damned germ while I was still a snotsucker. Yeah, he'd handled the whole chore of raising me and my kid brother. I thought about his pride and joy: that collection of Hendersons and Indians probably still gathering dust and rust in their special shed behind the house. He'd had women for damn sure — but he never married any of them. They came and went like the seasons, serving their purpose, but never allowed to stay by a guy who had only enough love for one good wife and the pair of hard-tailed kids she'd given him.

Sipping beer gone warm, I belched softly. Might as well let him sleep right here, I thought, draping a blanket over the thin, lanky body. He stirred restlessly, his scrawny, heavily tattooed arms slumping atop the light blanket, then moaned softly. A moment or two later the raspy snoring resumed.

Gratefully, I sprawled on the sagging couch at the other end of the porch, gulping the beer can empty. I was too wiped out to do more than shake a threadbare quilt open, wrap it around my quivering muscles and let myself reel dizzily into the grogginess that slowly numbed my skull toward sleep.

Hearing the thumping at the front door, I figured it was Darrell, my kid brother, and I was startled to think he had made it from L.A. that fast. Stepping out of the shower's soothing blast, I turned it off

Continued on page 98

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



TWIN-BELT WIDE GLIDE HOME AT LAST

After almost a month of waitin' for some unknown 18-wheeler to crawl its way from California to New York with his bike, Howard Carswell, the winner (Easyriders #124) of our factory prototype Hog, recently got to throw a leg over his new cycle for the first time.

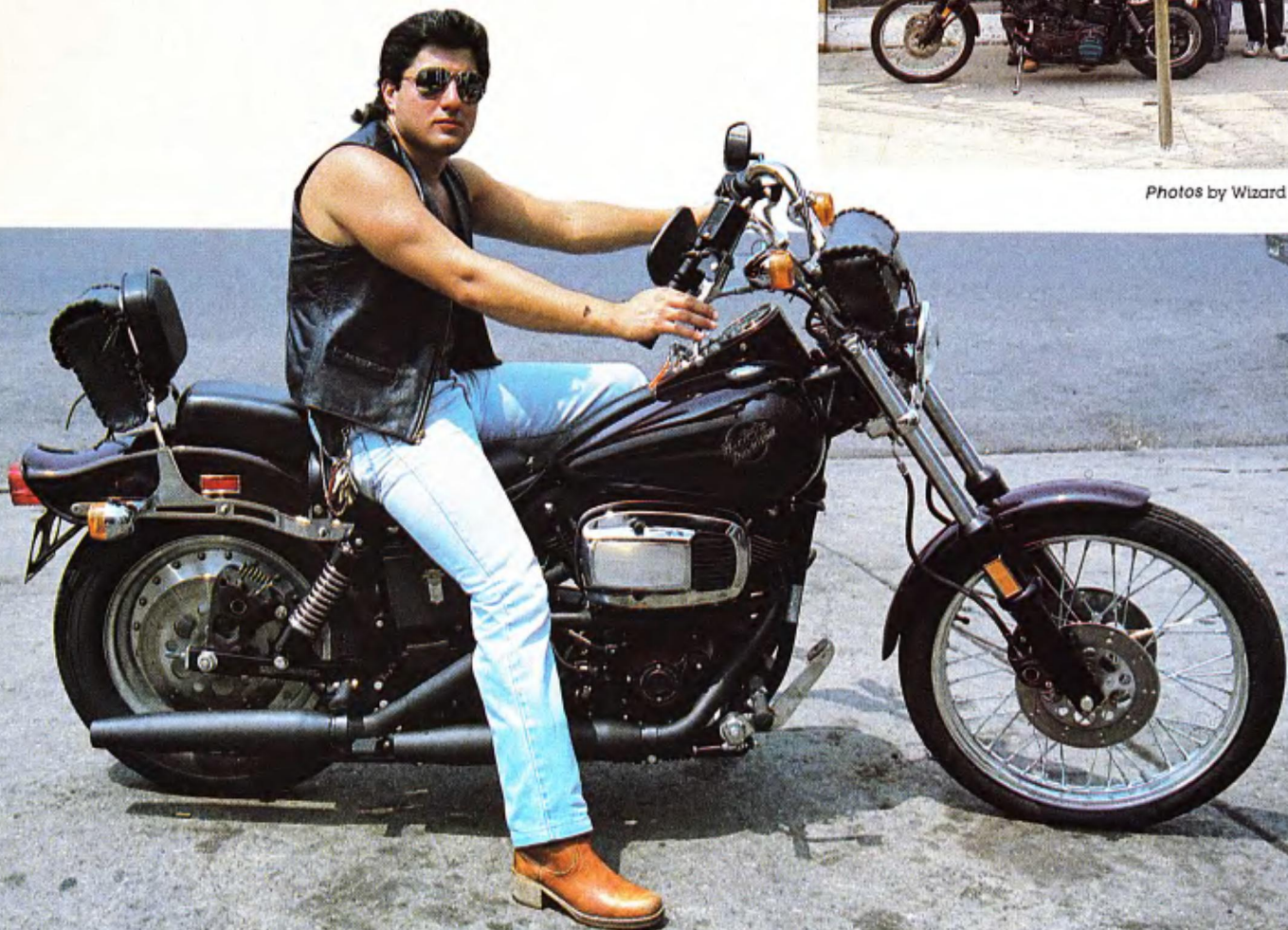
Thanks to the good folks at Brooklyn Harley-Davidson, the bike was uncrated and set up in near-record time — after which it was strictly Howard and the Harley versus the NYPD and the potholes.

Why would the NYPD be so interested in a lucky biker like Howard? "No plastic pail is gonna keep me from gettin' 100 percent into the wind the first time I ride this bike," Howard said an instant before roaring off, bareheaded, on a shakedown run. "I'll try to live with the damn lid law the other 364 days of the year, but this day's for freedom."

Ride safe,
The Editors



Photos by Wizard



Judge strips bikers of rights as citizens

The headline in the London, Ontario, *Free Press* said it all: Judge Rules Bikers Not Equal.

Ruling in a case where a biker was arrested for possessing a handgun after police stopped his station wagon for a seat-belt violation and — upon seeing the biker's Holo-

caust MC colors in the wagon — proceeded to search the car without permission or a warrant, Judge G. Killeen said bikers "can't expect the same treatment from police as the rest of society when it comes to searches."

The biker's attorneys had argued that the seized

gun should not have been allowed as evidence because the search of the station wagon violated the Canadian Charter of Rights provisions against illegal search and seizure.

Defense attorney Fletcher Dawson, who will handle the biker's appeal, noted that the verdict (the

biker, Clifford Tryon, was sentenced to four months) makes it seem that "the police can search any member (of a club) at any time in any place. The potential danger," the lawyer added, "is that the reasoning could also be extended to other groups in society."

Easynews



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

Someone once said this a free country. Mr. Someone, meet Ms. Kathleen Alling, attorney at law.

Ms. Alling, the state's attorney in Jefferson County, Illinois, doesn't believe, it seems, that bikers have the same right to celebrate Independence Day as other citizens. Why should they? In the opinion of many bikers, Kathy Alling and her kind don't think scooter pilots should be allowed any independence to celebrate.

The controversy started when Ms. Alling waited until three days before the Fourth of July weekend to request a restraining order prohibiting the "Little Muddy Blow-out," a July 4th bash organized by the Storm Riders of Sesser, Ill., from taking place as planned.

According to Lehman Krause, the judge who issued the restraining order, the party — which was to have been held on a private farm owned by one of the Storm Riders — posed "a clear and present danger to the people of Jefferson County."

After the restraining order was issued, many bikers felt that Ms. Alling stabbed them in the back again by holding a press conference on private property about one mile from the proposed party site. At this press conference — which bikers were kept out of by police threatening to arrest them for trespassing — Ms. Alling seemingly attempted to inflame the public against the bikers by claiming to have "intelligence reports" from all over the state that the party, which organizers had hoped would draw 500 bros and sisters, would be attended by so-called cycle "gangs." Naturally, since the state troopers under Ms. Alling's control would not let any bikers near the press conference, the media was presented with only one side of the story.

"We were told by Ms. Alling we could attend the (press) conference," one biker said. "Then when we got there, we were escorted away by police."

One of Alling's assistants, J.R. Deuel, tried to pass the one-sided press conference off as a "misunderstanding." "The Storm Riders thought they were invited to the news briefing," Deuel said. "Ms. Alling told cyclists who showed up they weren't allowed on the briefing site because it was private property."

Meanwhile, Jefferson County sheriff's deputies and Illinois state troopers manned three 24-hour-a-day highway checkpoints set up solely to turn away bikers who hadn't gotten the word.

There are several questions raised by the above, such as the propriety of public officials hiding on private property to hold press conferences. Don't they have offices? Are secret "private property" trials for criminal offenders the next step? Couldn't the massive number of cops used — around the clock — to turn away law-abiding bikers have been better utilized in patrolling for drunken cagers that whole heavy-drinking holiday weekend?

There's one question many bikers in Illinois — particularly ABATE members — might be interested in that we can answer: The office of Jefferson County, Illinois, state's attorney comes up for election in November, 1984.



Photo by Mike Lichter

'Artistry in Iron' bombs out

A workman examines part of the \$50,000 in damage caused by a bomb that tore through the entrance of the Big Four building in Calgary, Canada's Stampede Park right before the start of the '83 "Artistry in Iron" show. Fortunately, none of the millions of dollars worth of custom bikes inside were damaged, but a nervous insurance outfit did ax the races set for that weekend. And the show itself was reduced a few bikes displayed in a rented tent. Not cancelled — unstoppable, in fact, — were the big campsite parties at which bikers from throughout the U.S. and Canada made the best of the three-day run — bombing or no bombing.

Biker awarded \$3.5 mil for defective seat

A New Jersey cager and an auto parts store have been ordered to pay a 33-year-old biker \$3.5 million in damages for injuries suffered when his bike struck a cage making a left turn in front of him.

Lawyers for David Frank Laurenti successfully argued that the auto parts store was as liable for damages as the cager, because they had negligently rebuilt Laurenti's scooter seat without using new foam and passenger grab straps. The worn-out condition of the supposedly rebuilt seat caused Laurenti's passenger to crash into him with such force that Laurenti became paralyzed as a result of spinal damage.

According to his lawyers, had the hump between the rider and passenger seat been

reupholstered with new, firm foam — as the auto parts shop had promised to do — the passenger would have hit Laurenti with a diffused force insufficient to cause serious injury.

To add heartbreak to injury, Laurenti's wife served the biker with divorce papers just two weeks later — while he was still in intensive care. She also left him their two children.

"Mentally, I couldn't handle it," Laurenti says of his discovery that he was about to become a single parent with two children to support — and no chance of ever walking again. "It's a good thing I was heavily sedated at the time."

Fortunately, a 27-year-old intensive care aide, Barbara Caracciolo came to know the man inside the bandaged-up biker during the time he was in her care. And the more she came to know him, the better she liked what she found. Love began to grow in that hospital room — by the time he was released, David and Barbara had decided to make a mutual life for each other and their children (she has one by a previous marriage).

Hopefully, the sizable jury verdict will help ease the pain and strain of that life.

Koch blasts N.Y. bike ban

New York Mayor Edward Koch has come out strongly against a proposal that would ban bikes from certain Big Apple streets during the nighttime hours.

Responding to a letter from well-known publisher/bike enthusiast Malcolm Forbes, Koch said, "I am sure you will be pleased to learn that I do not support

this or any similar piece of legislation. While there are motorcyclists, particularly those who have modified their exhaust systems, who... create a noisy and disruptive public menace, their actions should not infringe upon the rights of the majority of cyclists who obey the law and do not disturb the neighborhoods through which they ride."

Killer-cager nailed — second time around

Robert McIntosh, who ran down and killed a Florida motorcycle cop (ER #121, page 11) last New Year's Eve, has been convicted of manslaughter and faces a sentence of up to 15 years in prison.

In addition to the manslaughter charge, McIntosh was convicted of not having a valid driver's license and failure to yield.

Despite the fact that Patrolman Jack Schnell was the second person whose life the 53-year-old McIntosh had snuffed out — he ran down a soldier in 1972 and drew the

heavy penalty of a \$250 fine — even the prosecutor seemed shocked that the jury voted for a manslaughter conviction. "He isn't a criminal," Assistant State Attorney Wayne Holmes told the press, "not in the

sense of burglary or robbery."

Perhaps Holmes ought to spend more time reading his law books. Schnell had a breathalyzer reading of .31 when arrested — three times that required to break the law.

Meanwhile, it remained for the victim's widow to put the whole case in perspective. "I'm not a vindictive person," Mary Schnell said. "But it does upset me that the courts didn't do their job the first time."

Cop wins suit against helmet firm

An ex-cop, crippled when his so-called safety helmet "bounced" off his head following a collision, has been awarded \$384,100 in an out-of-court settlement of his lawsuit against makers of the helmet and its components.

In his suit, Jack Sweetman, 32, contended the maker of the helmet liner, Preferred Plastics, Inc., was primarily responsible for the severity of his injuries — including a fractured spine — because the helmet liner allegedly failed to meet federal "Impact attenuation" specifications and was too thin to offer adequate protection in an accident.

Other defendants in the case included Jefferson Helmet Co., the lid manufacturer; Rau Fasteners, who made the clips used on the lid's chin strap; and Nathan Gibson, driver of the cage.

Under the terms of the agreement, Preferred Plastics will pay \$350,000, with the other three defendants making up the difference.

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
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☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
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Name, nickname, or mark _____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Insurance bozos try to ban H-D's modulating headlights

The dildos at the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety are on the march again.

Having — along with the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration — spearheaded the push for mandatory helmet laws and other restrictive anti-motorcycle legislation, the IIHS, as the giant insurance companies' front group is called, is now declaring war on Harley-Davidson's plan to offer bikes with modulating headlights (headlights that constantly flicker slightly to get cagers' attention).

Despite years of trouble-free testing by Harley and three years of study by the Department of Transportation, the

IIHS has decided that modulating headlights on bikes may cause epileptic seizures, nausea, dizziness and unconsciousness.

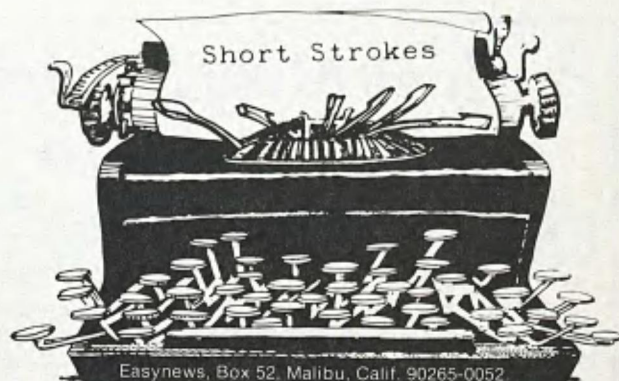
"It is a well-documented fact," the IIHS brain trust wrote, in opposing Harley's bid to get the new lights legalized, "that pulsing lights, over a wide range of frequencies... can cause serious, relevant abnormal reactions."

If that's a well-documented fact, it's one of the most obscure well-documented facts ever to become well-documented — among those calling the IIHS's "fact" nonsense were prominent neurologists and the Epilepsy Foundation.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-If over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



Ohio bikers are gearing up to fight a legislative attempt to reinstate a **mandatory helmet law**. The proposal, HB-118, would also apply to mopeds and snowmobiles. . . Florida bikers are now paying an **extra dollar** to get their drivers' licenses. The extra buck allegedly **covers** the cost of a motorcycle skills test new riders will have to take, beginning Oct. 1, 1984.

Not All Cagers Are Nerds Dept: An Omaha, Neb., man, Robert Pierce, **wrecked his cage** by using it as a battering ram to **push a van** off a biker who was pinned under his bike after a crash. . . Washington and Hawaii are the **latest states** to open their freeway **carpool lanes** to bikes. States that don't allow bikes on those so-called high-occupancy vehicle lanes face the loss of federal highway funds.

You can get a **free biker awareness bumper sticker** by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to R.L.D. Ent., Box 143, Winter Hill Branch, Somerville, Mass. 02145-0143. Organizations, bike shops, etc., can get 500 stickers — imprinted with their name — for \$115. . . Georgia now **requires** bike riders to carry **liability** insurance on their bikes.

Apparently, we should have saved our contact lenses warning (ER # 122, page 45) for the next April Fool's Day issue. According to most experts, including the American Optometric Assoc., **electric arcing** from welders **cannot cause contacts to bond** to the eyeball. The same fictitious injury reports that conned us also snookered safety directors at some of the largest companies in the entire United States.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation reports that **New Mexico, Maryland and Texas** have passed self-funded rider education laws. All three enactments increase bike registration fees and Maryland's, in addition, reserves all new motorcycle drivers' license endorsement fees for its education program.

And finally, in order for **New York City** to consider banning bikes from city streets at night, it had to receive **legislative permission** to deviate from state laws regarding bikes. Former State Rep. Charles Schumer obliged the Big Apple bosses by sponsoring the appropriate legislation in Albany. At this writing, Schumer, now a U.S. congressman, has problems of his own: A special prosecutor is investigating him for allegedly misusing state money and employees in his 1980 campaign for the House of Representatives.

Why not help us pass the word 'bout bikin' news in your area?

Every month we try to print everything of interest to bikers that we can cram onto these pages. The problem is that only you know what's happening in your part of the world. Help us spread the word by sending us news clips from your area. Mail 'em to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Please include date of the clip and name of the rag it came out of.

Meet Miss Harley, Regina Smith

Eat your heart out, the new Miss Harley-Davidson has been named and she's Regina Smith, a blonde beauty from Clinton, Ohio.

"Being Miss Harley-Davidson is similar to being Miss America," Regina says. "There is glamour, photographs, autographs and . . . representing the world's most prestigious motorcycle." Regina says she thinks bikers "are very down-to-earth individuals; they are in a class by themselves. I have been adopted into an American corporation which is now like a family to me. It's an honor to represent it."

In other Harley news, Clyde Fessler has been promoted to general sales manager (he will continue to run Harley's racing department on an interim basis) and Thomas Bolfert has been appointed manager of special promotions for the company. His job will be to convince riders of competing bikes to switch to Hogs.



No slack for hero biker left-turned by cage

Here are those words again: "No charges were issued against the driver of the car."

This time, the case has an ironically ugly twist to it, as the biker who was killed had recently been hailed as a hero for his rescue of two drowning women.

The biker, Keith Davies, 23, of Bryn

Mawr, Pa., was killed when a cage made a left turn in front of him, causing his bike to hit the cage and become wedged underneath it. In refusing to issue a citation to the cager, Katherine Goss, 19, the police said they couldn't understand how the bike had gotten wedged under her van.

Just a few months before his death,

Davies was praised by authorities for jumping into a dangerous rip tide off the Ocean City beach in order to help police officer Mike Mulroy rescue two women who were caught in the undertow and being dragged out to sea. A second bystander who attempted to help in the rescue attempt drowned.

Rumble with cops perils Aussie race classic

A violent confrontation between Australian bikers and police has cast a long shadow over the future of the annual spring motorcycle race at the Mount Panorama track near the small town of Bathurst in New South Wales.

The disturbance, which eventually resulted in injuries to 81 police officers and 259 criminal citations issued to bikers, apparently began when a cage — or several cages — ran over some bikes in a parking area. The angry bikers responded in kind — overturning and burning one of the cars — and the police, wielding batons and carrying riot shields, moved in. As near as anyone can figure out (no two eyewitnesses seem to agree on *anything* that occurred), five hours of free-for-all hell then broke loose.

Immediately after the Saturday night fight, which was labeled a "shame" and "riot" in the Australian scandal sheets, NSW Police Minister Peter Anderson said he was considering banning the Bathurst race — part of the Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix circuit.

Anderson's suggestion of a ban was quickly picked up and supported by various local clergymen, including one who called the race meeting "a ritualistic meeting of a cult."

Displaying a cheerfully different attitude from their counterparts in U.S. cities like Sturgis and Laconia, however, local

officials in Bathurst rallied to the support of the event.

Mayor Max Hanrahan called Anderson's threat of a ban a "knee-jerk reaction" and vowed that the local city council would resist any such ban. It would be ridiculous, Hanrahan said, to outlaw "probably the most exciting motor racing carnival in Australia."

Siding with the mayor was Bathurst Chamber of Commerce President Peter Flude. Noting that the event brings "a lot of money — from \$3 to \$5 million over the four days — into the town," Flude said

that the chamber would continue its traditional backing of the event and would work with its members (which include almost all area bar and liquor store owners) to control liquor sales.

Even the president of the NSW Police Association (the cops' union) came out in favor of continuing the races — as long as the number of his outfit's members at the track is increased from 90 to 180.

"It would be unfair," top cop John Greaves said, to penalize the majority of the 25,000 race fans at the event because a "small group" got into a hassle.

Wisconsin digs into jeans in support of 'Motorcycle Safety Awareness Month'

Oftentimes, a governmental proclamation isn't worth the paper it's printed on, but the state of Wisconsin really put its money behind its mouth last July when Gov. Anthony Earl proclaimed that month as Wisconsin's Third Annual "Motorcycle Safety Awareness Month."

In honor of the occasion, the state transportation department put together a professionally produced series of exhibits, posters, leaflets and bumper stickers stressing the concepts of "equal rights for bikers" and sharing the roads.

Also, this year — for the first time — the department of transportation spent a

considerable sum providing TV and radio stations throughout the state with press kits detailing the fight to make the roads safe for bikers and containing scripts for public-safety announcements based on the theme "watch out for bikers."

According to Ronald Thompson, manager of the state bike-safety program, "many advances have been made during the past three years" as a result of the continuing "safety awareness program." Because of this, the Motorcycle Safety Foundation has honored Wisconsin as having the outstanding motorcycle safety program in the U.S. for the past two years.

Asstrology

Astrological Profile For Scorpio

Scorpio has a reputation for being the sign that rules sex, plus nurturing a mean temper. Don't let that "hot to trot" attitude fool ya — this one is powered by hot ice. He can be cold and calculating when he doesn't get exactly what he wants. What's more — this mean mutha never forgets (or forgives)!

Scorpios are way out front in the willpower department and can wait for years to get even, so don't underestimate them. They have their own set of rules and often take justice into their own hands. If it takes being a tad sneaky, they'll go that route, too.

If you think you know your Scorpio ol' man (or ol' lady), think again! There's a side of Scorpios they prefer to keep secret. They usu-



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

ally keep their deep inner thoughts and feelings to themselves and won't tolerate having their privacy invaded. One other thing, they can dish out the insults, but they can't take 'em (even jokingly).

Some famous Scorpios are: Richard Burton, the Fonz, Michael Landon, Charles Atlas (the body builder), Grace Slick, Art Carney, Jonathan Winters, Dick Cavett, and the late Grace Kelly — plus Count

Dracula with his famous oral fixation.

Scorpios are susceptible to sore throats, nosebleeds and strains in the gonads. They also tend to catch "the gift that keeps on giving" easier than others and they usually pass it around before their faucet starts dripping. Be careful.

Scorpios tend to overdo in the sex, booze and drug departments. They are extremists and seldom do anything half-assed. Their motto is: "If it feels good — go for it" and fuck what other people think.

Scorpios are suspicious, skeptical hardasses who seldom give in, but their loyalty leaves no stone unturned. They will fight to the finish for a friend and expect the same in return. They are hot fucks and loyal running partners who'll be there no matter what time you call. Hang onto this one.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ This is the month when paybacks are heavy on the agenda. It's time to return a few financial favors, plus a fuck or two. Tight partners drop in for some divvying up of that primo stash you've been hoarding. Paying your dues with bros is future security in the favor department. It also helps 'em remember your name isn't "asshole." Dip in and be generous.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Has your sex life petered out on you? Have you forgotten which hole is for what? Are you hearing "go fuck yourself" more often lately? Best check your breath and change your shorts — then do something about that limp attitude of yours. Otherwise, don't expect too many handouts for your hardon this month. Straighten out your act or jack off.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ This is the time to be selective and not settle for second best or sell yourself short. You should be up to your armpits in choice options now. The key is not to shoot your best shot first, but reload a few times first — then give both barrels at once. Blow some minds now. You should mingle before you make up your mind.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ You could find yourself in a sticky situation unless you trash some recent plans. This involves taking a backseat to your ego, but it's better than being behind bars. Don't rub rumps with anything illegal, no matter how slick you are. If you do, better start knitting yourself a cock sock — and don't say I didn't warn you.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ If you're already knee-deep in nookie, roll up your sleeves 'cause there's more to come! You may have to call in the pussy posse, or at least a helping hand. Grab yourself a lip-lock and start doing deep knee bends. This month you're a one-man gangbang. Double up on your vitamins and check out where you plant your pecker, or you'll end up with a pain in the poopchute.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Financial fuck-ups finally cut your ass some slack and you can face up to a few bros you've been avoiding and having to hand excuses. (Excuses are shitty, like assholes — everybody has one and most of 'em smell.) This is an easy come, easy go period — so hang onto some change for an emergency, or at least to call for bail or butt.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Assert yourself and don't take "no" for an answer. Your brain power is in peak performance for the next three-month period. Try picking it and you'll find yourself in the winner's circle. A word to the wise — don't get too overconfident and fall for deceptive schemes near the 30th. Be sure to think twice and then sleep on it before putting out bucks.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Happy birthday! Time to celebrate till your birthday suit bulges. Get loose with the juice, fart in a few faces, screw till you soak your socks and barf in your boots. But hold the line on turning your place into a free-for-all feedbag or your budget will take a beating. Save a few inches for your favorite piece of tail and try wearing out your worm.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ This could be a hectic month, but don't let it turn your ass into a basket case. Instead, flow with the fuck-ups, roll with the punches and don't go off half-cocked. Ignore as much bullshit as possible — otherwise, you'll miss lots of chances to keep your dipstick well lubricated and to get your head bent on a regular basis. Take it easy.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Get off your poopchute and dust off your dancing duds — it's time to shuffle and shoot the shit. Give yourself a break and blow the cobwebs off your crank. Better yet, get some horny honey to dust off your dong between her thighs. If you can't take off for more than a weekend, take advantage of all four this month and give 'er hell! Enjoy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ This month you figure out the source of a minor mindfuck that will fizzle out in your favor. It's not as easy to put the squeeze on recent aches and pains. Don't try, especially if it's a flare-up of an old injury. Head straight for the nearest sawbones in town and heed his advice. When Mother Nature gives you the high sign, best sit up and take notice.

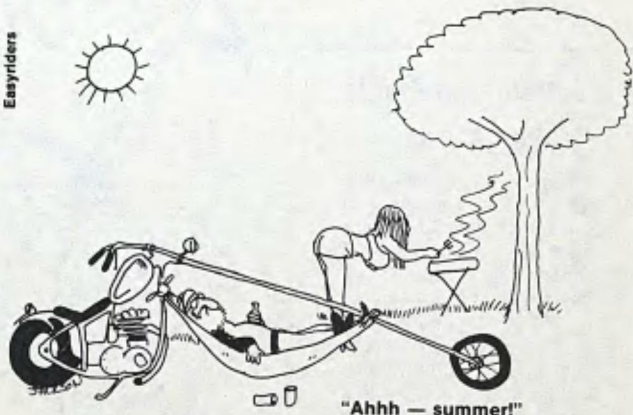
Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This month push turns to shove unless you're willing to compromise. If it involves a change of residence, put on your ass-kickers and wade in. A few knots on the noggin are better than a major fuck-up. Otherwise, throw a few if's, but's and maybe's up for grabs. This will give ya some well-needed time when it comes to decisions later.

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.

Easyriders



"Ahhh — summer!"

An old, very old, biker was having trouble getting it up so he went to see a doctor. The doc said that with a small operation, he could replace the biker's glands with monkey glands and the biker would be as good as new. Since it cost only \$500, the biker went through with it.

Two months later the biker's ol' lady showed up at the same doctor's office, complaining that her ol' man was wearing her out with his new monkey glands and that she wanted an operation that would enable her to keep up with him. The doc examined her and told her he could fix her up for \$5000.

She got righteously pissed and demanded to know why the biker's operation had cost only five bills while hers was going to cost five grand. "Well," said the doctor, "your old man only needed new monkey glands, but you need a whole new monkey!"

—Fernando Juarez, Mexico

Pussy is like fish. It tastes better after you clean it.

—Mike Albuquerque, N.M.



"Does she swallow?"

Tom visited his doctor and told him he had a problem 'cause he and his ol' lady never came at the same time.

The doc told him that some time ago he and his wife had had the same problem. The doc further explained that he handled it by placing a .45 under the pillow, and just about when he was ready to come, he'd fire the gun and his wife would come at the same time.

Tom decided to try the doc's method.

About a week later, the doc met Tom walking down the street and asked how everything was going.

"Well, Doc," Tom replied, "I went home that day and put my gun under the pillow. That afternoon, my ol' lady was in a playful mood, so we went to bed. We played a while, then started making out. Just as I was about to come, I fired the gun just as you suggested."

"Well, what happened? Did it work?" asked the doc.

"She shit on my face and bit the end of my dick off!"

—Jay Collier Albuquerque, N.M.

Easyriders



"I would advise you not to take up jogging — unless you want to flop yourself to death!"



"If this shot don't get me 'In The Wind,' I'm gonna give up!"

Then there was the biker who wanted to get something for his ol' lady, but no one would start the bidding.

—Charlie Modesto, Calif.

Roll is no good if it's too soft — and the same goes for bakery products and asswipe.

—Jackie-O Woodland Hills, Calif.



"I don't care if it is a world's record, I don't want to see a booger!"

Did you hear that E.T. has a new girlfriend? Her name is E.Z.I.

—Barbara Newhall, Calif.

Question: What do a whore and an inexperienced cowboy have in common?

Answer: Neither of them can keep their calves together.

—Bill Somers, Conn.

The lights in the apartment were low and so was the music. "You say you can read my mind?" the handsome young biker demanded.

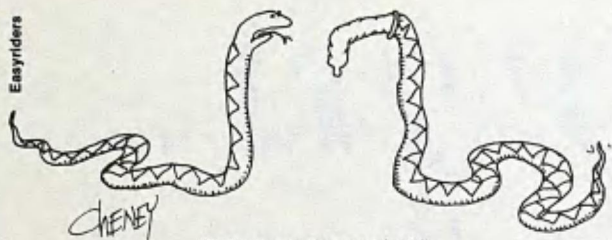
"Yes," replied his beautiful date.

"Okay," he challenged, "go ahead."

"No," she said. "You go ahead."

—Leonard Sarasota, Fla.

Easyriders



"Is there someone else?"

Friend: I saw a young fellow trying to seduce your daughter last night.

Father: Did he succeed?

Friend: No.

Father: Then it wasn't my daughter!

—Bart
Hagerstown, Md.

A performance survey was taken at the typing pool of a large company. Fifty percent of the typists were excellent; thirty percent were good; the last twenty percent were just hunt 'n' peckers.

—Recovering
Black Hills, S.D.

Q: How fast can a woman go while making love?

A: 68 miles per hour. If she did 69, she'd blow a rod.

—Karen
Chino, Calif.

The prospect sat at the bar holding the scandal sheet and quivering. "I got it!" he finally blurted out.

"You got what?" the bartender asked.

The prospect pointed to a picture of a near-naked starlet. "I got ESP," he said. "I've been having wet dreams about her for two weeks and now it says she's pregnant."

—Dummy Hoyer
New Bedford, Mass.



"You certainly have a cruel sense of humor, don't you, Doctor?"

They met in a singles bar and decided to go over to her place and further their acquaintance. "But I gotta warn you," the chick said. "I'm kinky."

"No prob," the dude assured her. "I am, too."

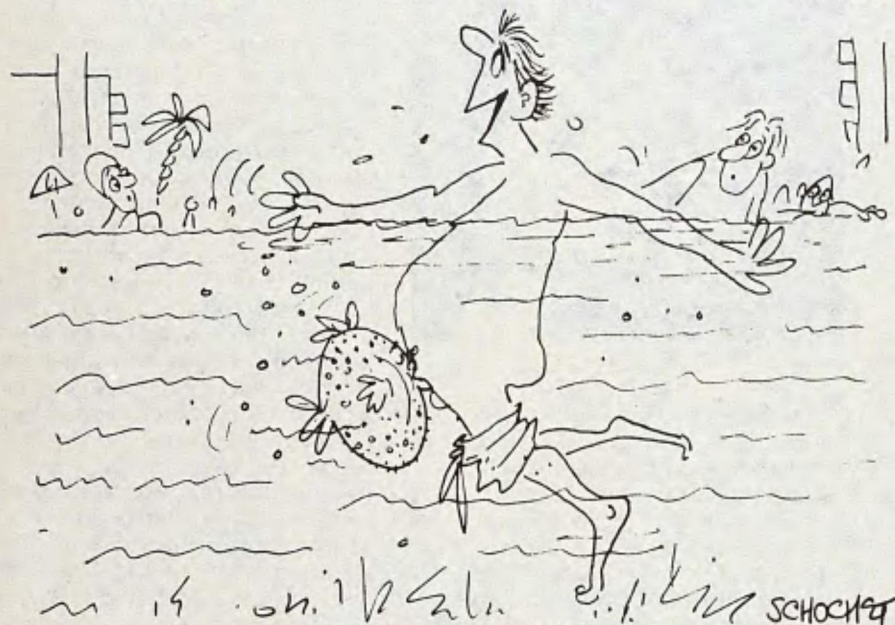
"I mean I'm really kinky," she replied.

"Hey," the dude answered, grinning wildly, "so am I, baby!"

Once they arrived at her pad, the chick excused herself and went into the bedroom. When she emerged a few minutes later, she was all decked out in leather and whips and chains. At that moment, the dude got up to leave. "Hey!" yelled the chick, "where are you going? We haven't done anything yet!"

"Oh, yes," answered the dude. "I peed in your purse!"

—L.A. Jack
Rockford, Ill.



"Woweeeee — it's a blowfish!"

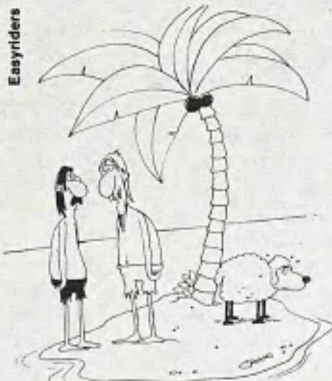
A city slicker went out deer hunting, got lucky and nailed one on the first day. A veteran of the sport heard his shot and ran across the city slicker dragging his kill out of the woods. The dude was having a hell of a time of it — he had the drag rope tied to the deer's tail and the deer's legs kept catching on trees and brush; then he'd have to yank like hell to pull it free. He hadn't dragged the animal fifty yards in an hour and a half. The veteran sportsman laughed and asked the city slicker why he didn't tie the rope on the buck's horns and drag it out the other way.

The city slicker wasn't to be fooled, however. "You can't be serious," he replied. "This is the direction out of the woods, not the other way!"

—Sammy
Nederland, Tex.

Hookers hate the recession most because they know they have to drop their prices before they can drop their panties.

—Tom
Seattle, Wash.



"So tell me, what're we gonna do — fuck it or eat it?"

A biker goes into a drugstore to buy some rubbers and asks how much they are. The young clerk tells him that they're \$3. After a few seconds she says, "Oh, yeah, and then there's fifty cents for the tax."

"Never mind the tacks," he retorts. "I'll wire the fuckers on!"

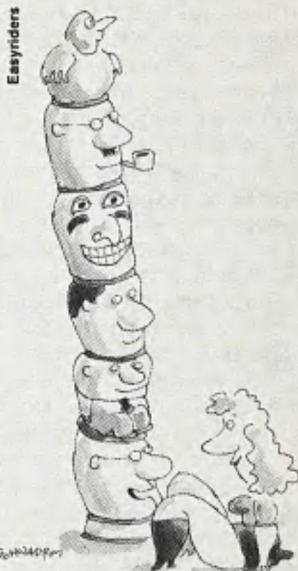
—T-2
Markleeville, Calif.

You'll know the honeymoon is over and romance a dying flower when she comes in to take a shit while you are in the shower.

—Candy
Long Island, N.Y.

There's a new book for women on the market about how to improve their bust measurements; it's called: "Tips About Tits."

—Harry
Stockton, Calif.



"Thanks to you, Miss Sammler, I no longer mind being low man on the totem pole."

LOCKUP

by Boomer

The prestigious American Bar Association has thrown its considerable weight behind a program to reduce prison overcrowding *without* building more and more institutions to lock up more convicts. In its report to the ABA House of Delegates, the association's Task Force on Crime stressed that over-crowding could best be cured by changes in sentencing policies rather than by enlarging prison capacities. The task force also strongly urged that the federal government provide financial and technical help to enable state and local governments to bring existing institutions up to constitutional standards.

In coming up with its recommendations, the ABA task force disagrees sharply, in many areas, with the attorney general's Task Force on Violent Crime, which had concluded that providing federal funds for building more state prisons and local jails is "the number one criminal justice priority." (What building lockups has to do with "justice" is something probably only a lifelong politician could explain.)

Regarding the recommendation that the feds spend \$2 billion to build cells, the ABA group says, "the [attorney general's] Violent Crime Task Force has disregarded existing knowledge about the relationship between crime rates and penalties and has assumed that more is known than is actually known. . . There is no solid evidence to support the conclusion that sending more convicted offenders to prison for longer periods of time will deter others from committing crimes.

"Moreover," the ABA report continues, "inasmuch as only a small proportion of offenders are apprehended — much less prosecuted and convicted — there is little reason to expect that greatly increasing the number of convicted offenders who are sentenced to imprisonment (or lengthening the average sentence) would have a corresponding effect on crime rates. A person contemplating the commission of a crime still would face a low probability of punishment.



"Were the Violent Crime Task Force's proposed approach to be taken seriously, the costs would be staggering. The nation cannot afford to undertake a substantial program of prison expansion. According to our estimates, a capital expenditure of \$11 billion would be required to increase capacity by 50 percent and \$22 billion would be required to double existing capacity. The corresponding increases in annual operating costs would be \$3.4 billion and \$6.8 billion, respectively. Even then, there would be no assurance that crime rates would be substantially diminished. A recent study for the New York legislature concluded that prison expenditures would have to be increased by 274 percent to bring about a 10 percent decrease in violent crime.

"The Violent Crime Task Force approach also has strategic shortcomings. Construction is a long-term process; to build a new facility takes roughly five years. There is a distinct possibility that crime rates will drop in response to demographic changes shortly after the proposed prison expansion has been completed. It is well established that juvenile and young adult offenders account for a disproportionately large share of criminal activity. As

the average age of the population increases due to declining birth rates, it is reasonable to expect a tendency toward lower crime rates. One study has estimated that the incarceration level will peak in 1990 and decline thereafter in response to population trends.

"If this is true, the proposed increase in prison capacity may become unnecessary shortly after construction has been completed."

The two main tools the ABA report recommends for eliminating overcrowding are 1.) the implementation of programs designed to convince judges to impose sentences that "call for the minimum sanction which is consistent with the protection of the public and the gravity of the crime"; and 2.) the use of federal money to develop alternatives to imprisonment "for individuals presently housed in correctional or jail facilities who do not need to be confined to protect the public."

The ABA task force, in fact, recommends that federal support for new prison construction be almost entirely limited to the replacement of existing substandard institutions and be used to expand prison capacity only in special cases and after all other alternatives to incarceration have been considered. In addition, the task force proposes that federal and state funds for prison building projects be withheld unless the space under construction is guaranteed to meet constitutional standards.

The task force also recommended that federal funds be used to expand prison educational and vocational programs and that expanded classification systems be developed so that no prisoner need be held in a maximum security prison unless the severity of his offense or chances of his escape merit such restriction.

So there you have it. Two big, expensive studies on the prison crisis and they've come to completely opposing conclusions. One, the attorney general's, suggests we spend money like the defense department to build an ever-

Continued on page 115

Tough Luck

I've been locked down so long, I'm startin' to see things. Just yesterday, I looked at my cellie and he looked like you. What should I do?

T. Fly
Mansfield, Ohio

- Pray he don't start smellin' like me.

From The Fleet

I heard you can do deep kneebends on a fire hydrant, put your lipstick on with a paint roller, clip your nails with a bolt cutter, that you've already fucked more bikers than the California Highway Patrol, and can suck-start a Harley. Are these things true?

Klip
USS Brooke, at sea

- I use a spray gun for the lipstick.

Sit And Think

My ol' man is saving his dollars for his first scoot. Should I help him save? Buy one for him? Or just sit on his face?

D.F. Big Bear
San Diego, Calif.

- Depends on how long his tongue is.

Really Needs It

I really do need some advice! I am living with an ol' man who says that he loves me, but never proves it at all.

I have to beg him for a hug or a kiss, so you can imagine how hard it is for me to get fucked. Tell me, if you had an ol' lady who loved you, cooked, cleaned and wanted to fuck you any chance she could, would you treat her like a piece of furniture?

I love to 69, but my ol' man doesn't. Can you believe that he has only eaten me out one time in six months? We don't even fuck anymore. I might have better luck with my dog — at least he has a tongue.

Should I tell the ol' man to jack off by himself or should I stick with him? (I wish that he would stick me!) All bullshit aside, I really do need help.

Horny Bitch
Wayne, Mich.

- Stop beggin' an' show some pride — it might turn him on.

Piece An' Quiet

During a run not long before I found myself doin' time,

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



I found myself leanin' back against a tree relaxin' and gettin' slightly fucked up, when all of a sudden this ugly bitch with tits like the Grand Tetons and a pussy I could have ridden my Hog through, came rip-roarin' through camp, chasin' the meanest-lookin', ugliest fuckin' bear I ever did see.

Knowin' your reputation for fuckin' man and/or beast, I was sure it was you. So tell me, did you catch that fucker? Or did I smoke too much good shit?

Bones
McAlester, Okla.

- That wasn't no bear. It was Spider after he found out (the hard way, ha-ha) that I was on the rag again.

Lovin' An' Losin'

I have something that's been bothering me a long time. I need an answer and need it bad.

I had a damn good ol' man

who got a life sentence for a murder he didn't do. He and two of his bros were sent up, but neither of them did it either. The dude who did do it admitted the deed, but the cops accused him of perjury and pinned it on the three bikers.

At the time all this happened I was in California, so I immediately hitched a ride back to New Mexico and went to work in a club, so I could make money to pay my ol' man's lawyer. I tried my best and stuck it out, 'cause I love him bad, but after the trial, after I saw there was no way of helping him, I split.

I was just getting so bummed out I didn't know which way was up. I love him and his bros and I don't want them to think otherwise, but I couldn't handle all the pressures anymore. Do you think I was wrong to get out of something that was tearing me up, or should I have stayed and gone crazy?

I didn't want to see any of them go and I tried. I love each and every one of them and would do anything for them, but they won't even talk to me and it hurts.

I need some kind of answer. I know I'm not the first person to be in this kind of situation and I think a lot of other people also need an answer.

Sweet Leaf
New Orleans, La.

- Sometimes love just ain't enough of a weapon to fight the straights with once they've made up their minds to come down on some biker an' his loved ones. Get yer shit back together, line up with the rest of the visiting-day crowd, an' hope for the best.

Pimply Eruption

I heard it was your pimply face, fat-ass body and smelly, crab-infested box that made Mt. St. Helens erupt and puke all over half the U.S.

Magic Fingers
Marion, Iowa

- Could I help it if we were camped near a volcano when Spider got horny?

Gimme A Break

I never could afford a Hog, but I will make a deal with you. If I can fill your stinking, slimy cunt, you've got to give me yours. If I can't do it, I'll live in that bottomless pit for a month.

G.M.
Pratt, Kan.

- Ya want a free ride, but if ya can't get that you'll settle for free rent. Gimme a break. Do I sound like I just rolled off the potato wagon yesterday?

Natural Fact

Tell me if it's true that your snatch is really bigger than the Grand Canyon, and that when Spider tries to jump it with his scoot, he never makes it more than halfway and then has to spend almost a week climbing back out?

Rob W.
Jefferson City, Mo.

- He rides one of the mules out.

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. ■

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

"I like 'Gore Gore Girls' because it combines very low-level comedy with extreme violence, and it just has this whole feeling of hatred for the human race which I sort of like."

—Bill Landis

With the record market being dominated these days by dreadful bullshit from the likes of Michael Jackson and David Bowie, it seems like a good idea to take a breather and talk about something else. Accordingly, I'm devoting this issue's column to one of the most off-the-wall publications you'll ever run into, the *Sleazoid Express*.

Sleazoid Express is a monthly (more or less) newsletter devoted to the worst movies being made. Now, I'm talking worst here, bros — exploitation movies about gang rape and terror and blood and guts. Movies about bikers, killers, perverts, and weirdos. Kung-fu crap and "splatter" flicks featuring stab-a-minute action, as well as pseudo-documentaries about the bizarre underworld of sex and ritual animal slaughter and self-mutilation. Movies about Nazis and drugs and

fucking and sucking and decapitation and eye-gouging and... well, you get the idea.

Unless you live in New York City and are willing to frequent the scuzzy little theaters along 42nd St., chances are you'll never be able to see most of this stuff. I'm not talking about mainstream horror flicks like "The Shining" or "Friday the 13th." I'm not even talking about slightly harder-to-come-by stuff like "Night of the Living Dead" or "Motel Hell." No, I'm talking about movies like "Karate Killers on Wheels" and "Gore Gore Girls" and "Night of the Bloody Apes" and "The Headless Eyes" and "Meatcleaver Massacre" and "Blood Sucking Freaks" and "Torture Dungeon."

Sleaze, of course, is a tough term to define. Most all of us have run into our share of sleazy women, for example. You know what I

mean: baggy tits, flabby gut, greasy hair, a pussy that smells like moldy cat food, breath that would peel the chrome off a headlight, armpits that look like she's smuggling tarantulas, and so on. But chances are that some poor spud thinks she's a real knockout and can't get enough of her. Sleaze movies are similar — if they're really sleazy, they transcend being bad and become, in some odd way, enjoyable. Anyone who's found himself awake at 3 a.m. watching — and digging — something like "Godzilla vs. the Mexican Mole People" knows what I mean.

This particular underbelly of pop culture is the subject matter of the *Sleazoid Express*, a truly unique publication started in 1980 by Bill Landis, a New Yorker who's made the cruddy theaters of 42nd St. — the sleaze capital of America — his special turf, and whose wry wit and scholar's interest in rotten flicks permeate the pages of his newsletter. Landis, an NYU graduate and former computer analyst for the New York utility company Consolidated Edison, now devotes his time to writing hardcore porn scripts and publishing the *Sleazoid Express*.

Is "sleaze" just another word for "bad"? Well, not exactly. For instance, a

made-for-TV movie can be bad, but that doesn't automatically make it sleazy. Real sleaze has a certain style (and even genius) all its own. Inept actors, ridiculous and/or incomprehensible plots, and shock for the sake of shock are just a few possible characteristics — if there's no excuse for a movie, then it may qualify as sleaze. When I asked Landis himself to define the word, he said, "It has to do with an attitude. It has to do with candor, while pandering to things that a major studio cannot or will not show. It has to do with effects, with catering to sex and violence."

As I said earlier, these bedrock sleaze sagas will probably never show up in your town. For one thing, the distribution is peculiarly regional. You can, of course, catch them in the crumbling puke palaces of Times Square — movie houses reeking of piss, places where your shoes stick to the floor, held there by some ungodly substance that you don't want to touch, where every other seat in the joint is trashed, and broken springs protrude through the padding, digging into your ass while you watch tawdry images on a torn screen. Oddly enough, the other primary area of the country where these movies tend to crop up is

Continued on page 106



Old Hog Pump

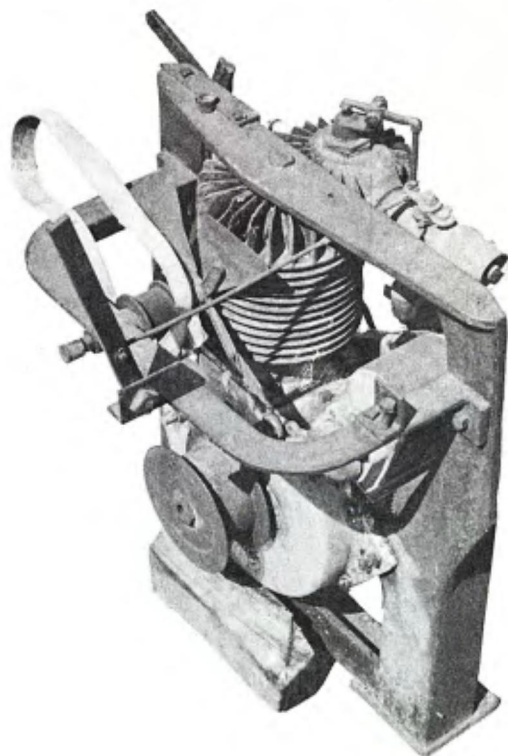
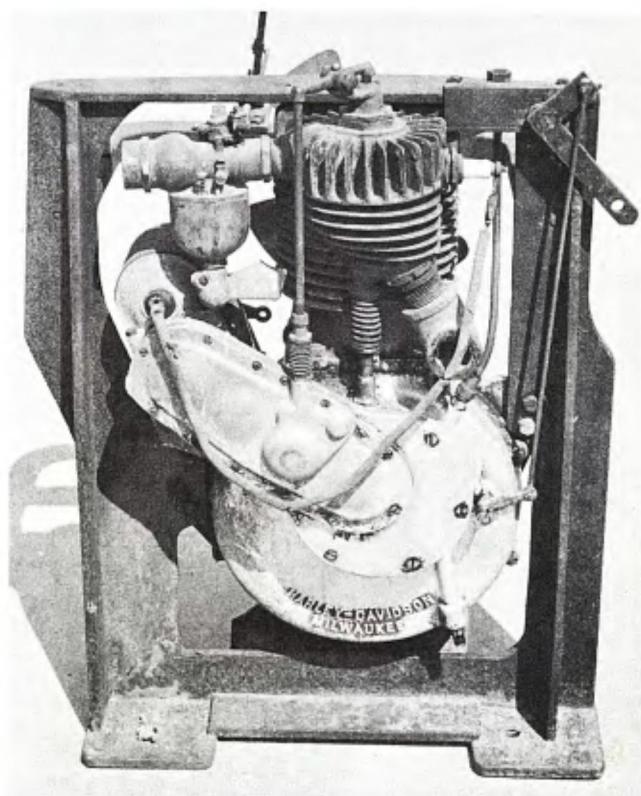
Though they're often fondly referred to as tractors, not too many Hogs have ever been used for agricultural purposes — except maybe for delivering certain varieties of weed to market.

This single-cylinder Harley engine from the mid-teens, however, has a long history of helping make part of Southern California's dry, dusty Imperial Valley bloom with the lush greens and golds of farm crops.

Seems that back around 1915 some bike-lovin' 17-year-old, anxious to get away from the farm and into some action, went off to join the British and French in fightin' World War I. His father, who'd never liked that newfangled two-wheel thing very much anyway, got so pissed at losing a farmhand that he decided to get even with the kid by putting the bike to work in his son's place. An hour's work with some wrenches and he had a new engine for the water pump that kept his irrigation ditches filled during the dry season.

And out in the fields that hard-workin' Hog stayed — keepin' that water pump gushing decade after decade — till Mike Egan found it and put it on display in his shop.

—Boomer



COMIN' UP SHORT

By Tiny

It was Friday night and I was sitting in the Blue Room nursing a beer. Now if that sounds like I was living it up in some fancy lounge, let me set you straight, because nothing could be further from the facts. The Blue Room is a strange little bar that used to be known as Robbie's Roost. Back then it was an okay place, serving a good bunch of folks that included a fair number of bikers. Then Robbie dies, and his widow decides to add some "mood." She has the joint totally redecorated — blue paint, blue upholstery, blue carpet, even blue lights. Naturally, she renames it the Blue Room.

Well, have you ever tried drinking while completely immersed in blue, bro? It starts getting to you after a short while, and by the end of the evening, suicide seems too fuckin' jolly to contemplate. To make matters worse, there's no jukebox at the Blue Room, just canned organ music. As a result, the only customers the place attracts are morticians and folks who are bottomed out and still looking downward. This tends to rule out your regular fun-lovin' biker except under special circumstances, like when his scooter disappears into the night without his consent, or

when he's overdue in repaying some bucks to a big, mean bro, or when he's got a dose and his ol' lady wouldn't understand. Shit like that. That's when the Blue Room seems just right.

Anyway, it was Friday and I was nearly broke. Normally that wouldn't have depressed me all that much, but the condition was starting to get chronic, so there I was, sitting there watching the bubbles rise in my brew. The organ music had just died down, allowing the blubbing of a big trucker over in the corner to be heard, when the door opens and in walks none other than Weird Marvin.

Marvin is a semi-biker. You know the kind: a guy who buys a scooter, copies the dress, but is never quite with it. Marvin is sort of like a jackal that trails along after the wolves, picking up scraps. Now I have to admit that he's damned good at it, because he can lay a tale of woe on you that'll have you believing that it's been a week since he's had a meal. Next thing you know, you're a couple of bucks poorer. What allows the creep to mooch constantly without ever getting stomped into a puddle of muck is his face. He's got the most sorrowful mug I've ever seen.

I should point out that Marvin didn't come to be called Weird Marvin because of his mooching. It was his involvement in what he refers to as "the occult" that got him pegged as strange. I never paid much attention to his bullshit, but I remember once hearing him say that he was an apprentice or initiate or somesuch like that.

At any rate, as soon as Marvin could distinguish one foot from the other in the godawful blue gloom, he spotted me and headed in my direction. Shit, that was all I needed.

He eased onto the stool next to me. "How's it goin', bro?" he asked.

"Marvin, if it was going at all, I wouldn't be *here*, would I?"

Marvin looked around. "Place ain't so bad," he remarked. He was lying. I saw him shudder as the tomb-like ambience and the undertaker music started to work on him.

"Not if you happen to be dead," I replied. "So what brings you into this realm of cheer?"

He ignored my sarcasm. "I've just been accepted into a very important occult organization and I thought I'd celebrate with a brew or two."

I almost

Continued on page 110

**"For a few lousy
bucks I could've
been a boon to
womankind,
with an un-
ending sup-
ply of nookie
as a result."**



Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$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 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 Oct. 30th. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #125 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



PEST

LYLEAH



GILLIAN



DONNA

KATHY



CANDICE

MERRILEE



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 _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

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.

IN THE WIND



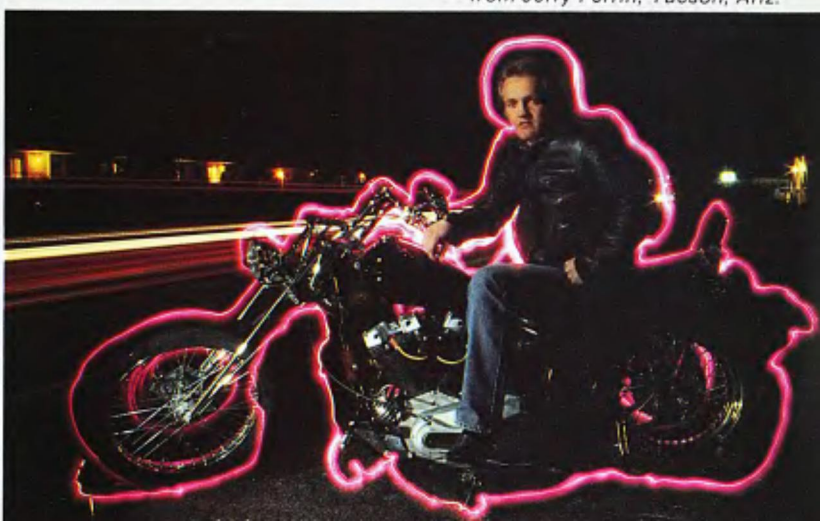
— from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

— from Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.



— from Davey Sprocket, Danbury, Conn.

— from Jerry Ferrin, Tucson, Ariz.





— from Bob Touchette, New London, Conn.

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 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the high-

way 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 Ademomeso and the Tomatoes, Quartz Hill, Calif.



— from *Dirt and Weege*, Cape Cod, Mass.

— from *Cathy Sharkey*, East Warren, Me.



— from *Cecil Upton*, Nicholasville, Ky.



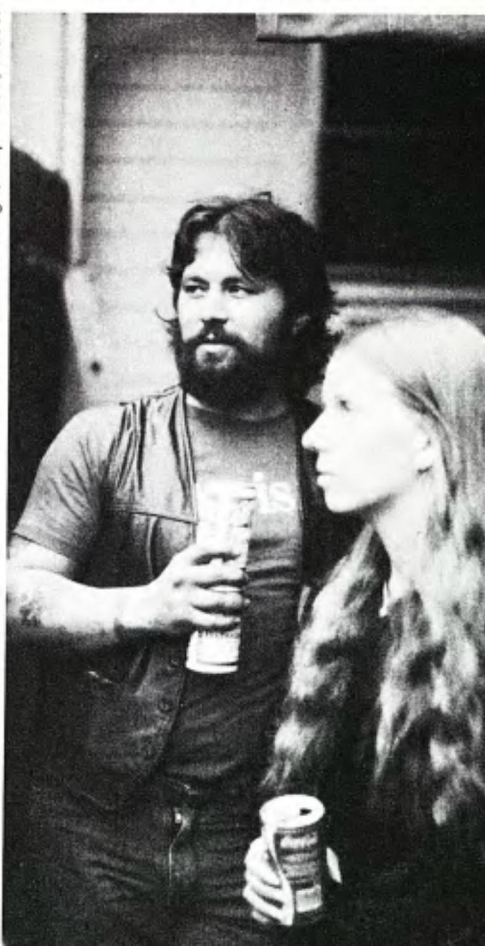


— from Doug Aalto, Danville, Me.

— from Gerald Sires, Bridge City, La.



— from Dirt and Weege, Cape Cod, Mass.





— from Rick Floding, Detroit Lakes, Minn.

— from Cecil Upton, Nicholasville, Ky.

— from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



— from Rocky, Martinez, Calif.



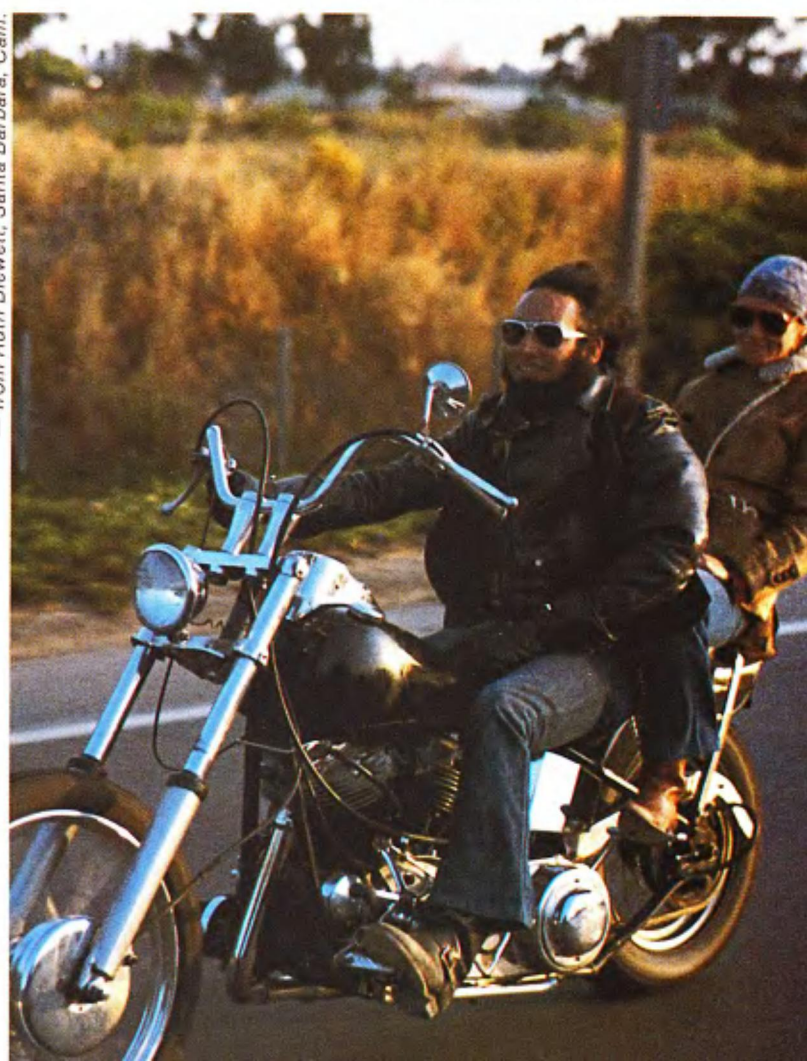


— from Joe Abal, Tallahassee, Fla.

— from Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.



— from Ruth Blewett, Santa Barbara, Calif.







HOME ON THE RANGE

"Like their predecessors, proud,
independent and free. . ."

We've often been called the last American cowboys, proud heirs of a tradition going back to the early days of this nation — the days before it even was a nation — when the Spanish conquistadors first introduced domesticated horses to North America.

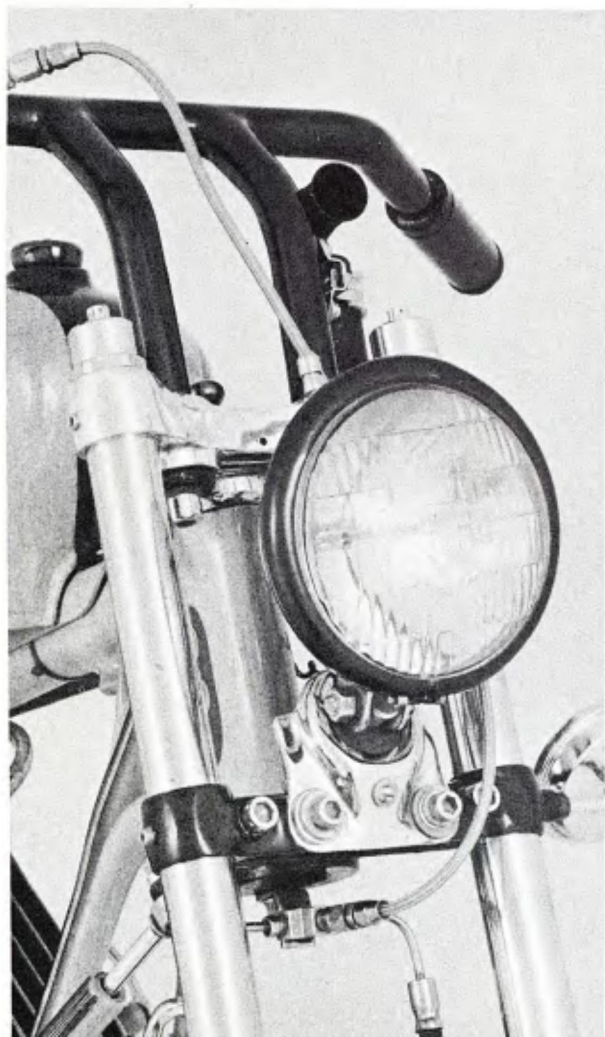
"The last American cowboys." Like their predecessors, proud, independent and free. . . living hard, playing harder and working when they have to, but never settling in one place for any too long.

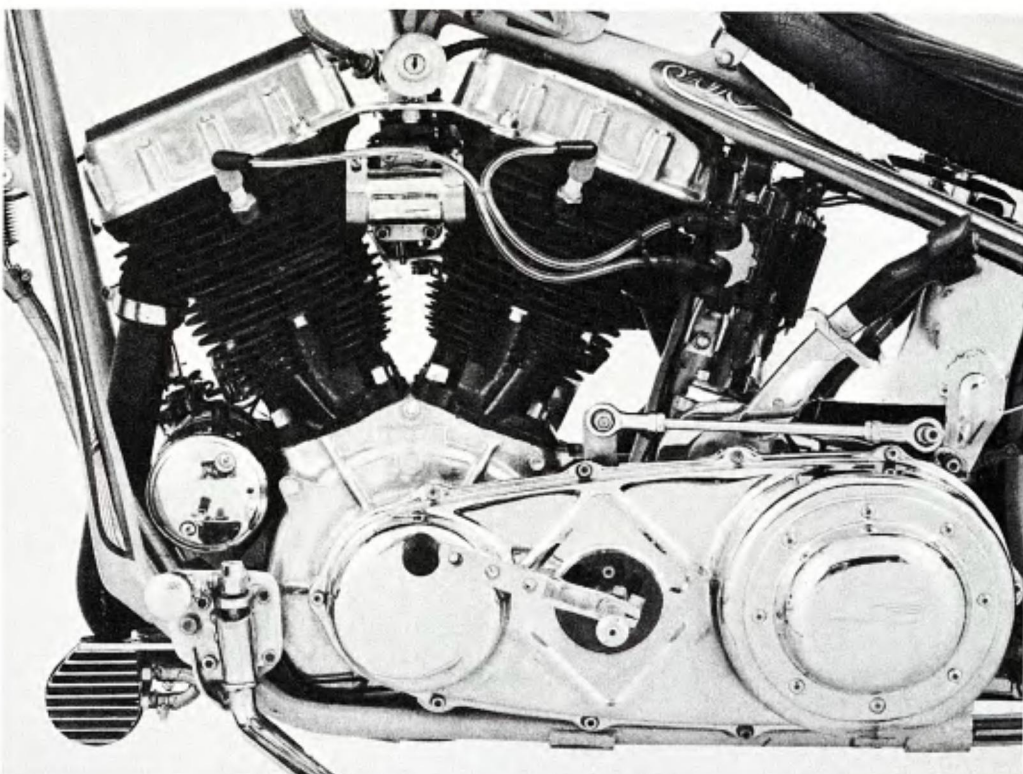
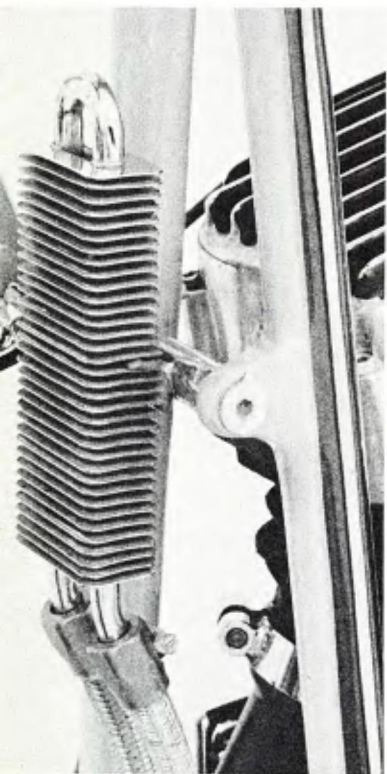
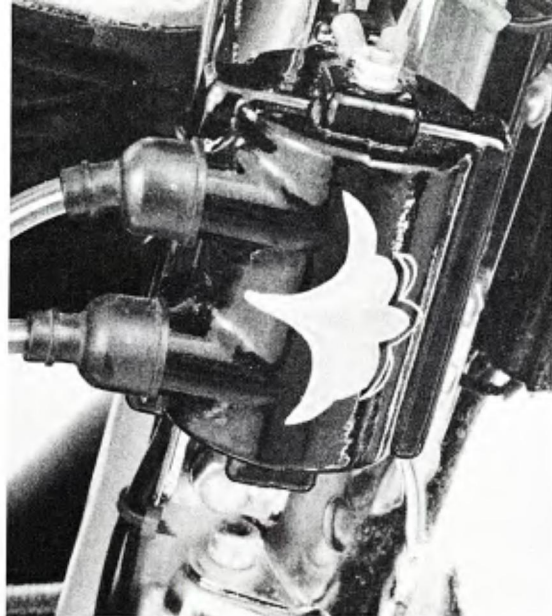
The career of a saddle tramp, then and now, in five

words or less? An old cowboy flick did it best: Hired, fired, and moved on.

In addition to attitude, there were many tangible similarities between the steer punchers of the early West and the Harley riders of today.

There is the matter of names, for example. How





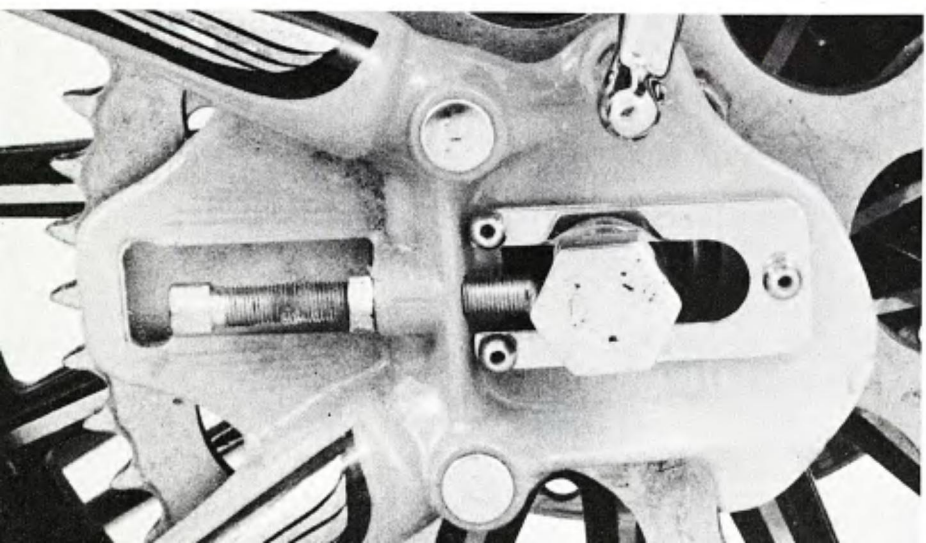
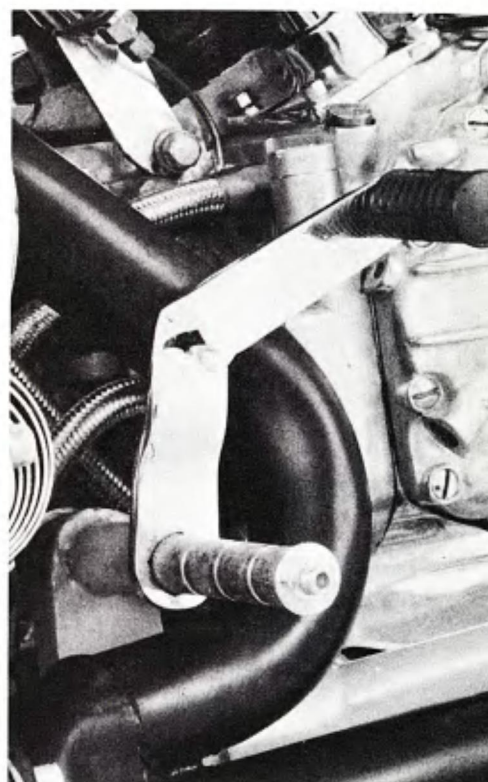
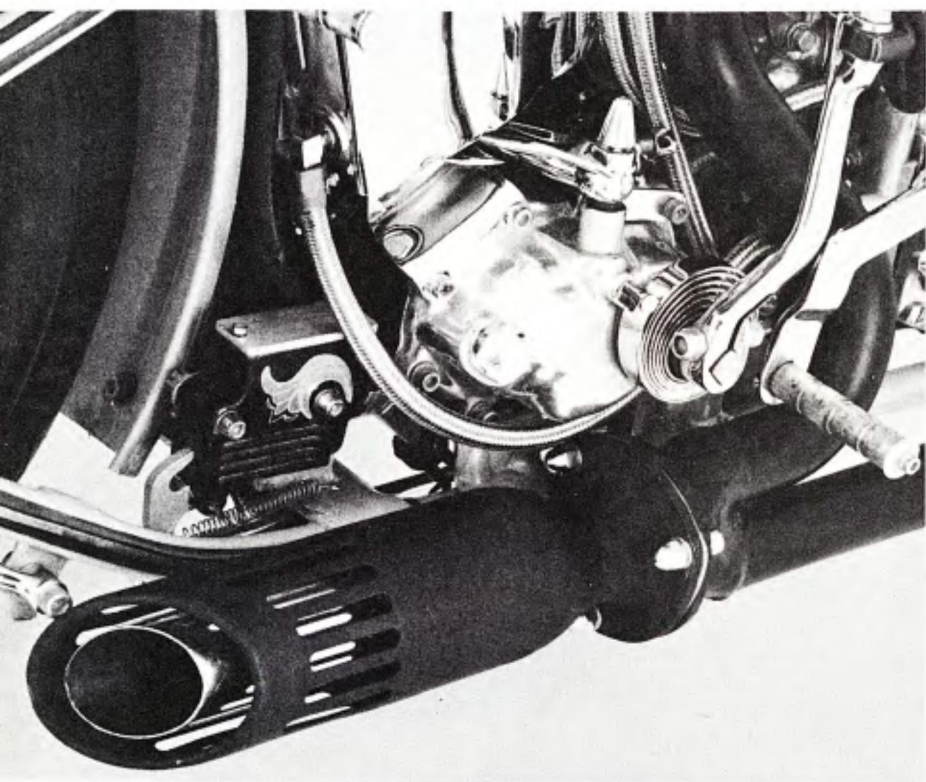
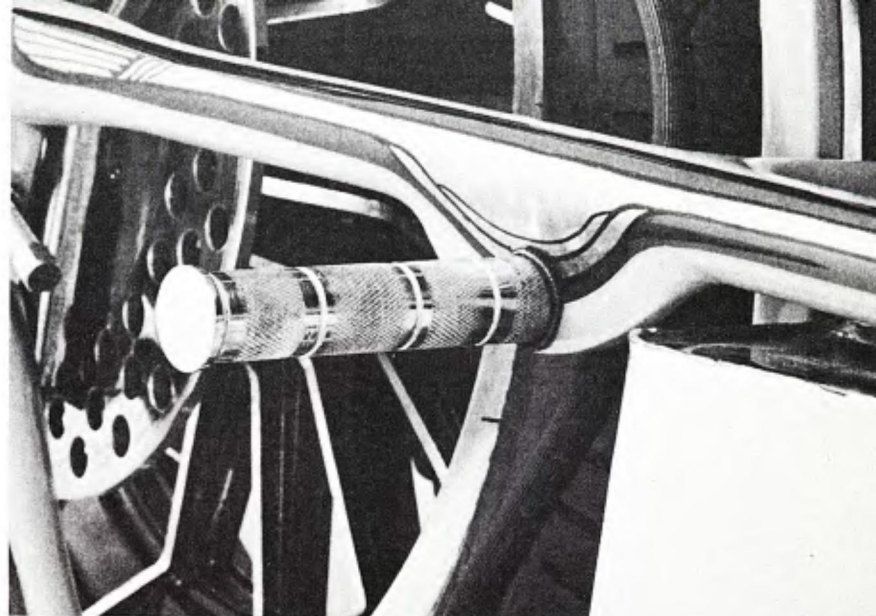
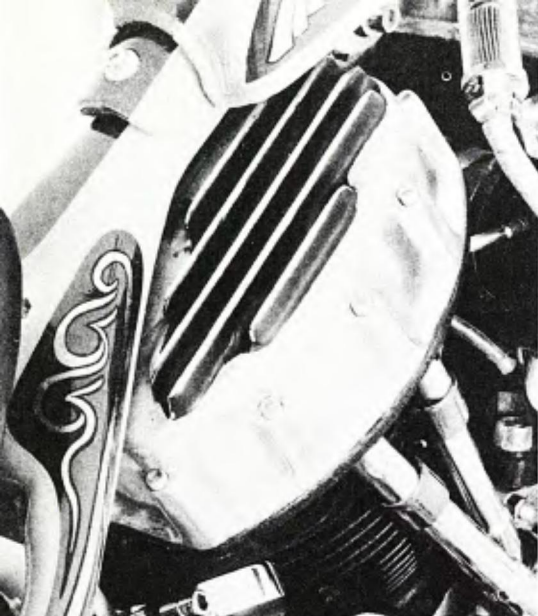
many cowboys did you ever hear of who went by monikers like Alexander M. Haig, Jr. or Richard Milhous Nixon? Instead, they were likely to call themselves things like Alkali Jones or Cactus Pete. Buffalo Bill, Big Nose Kate and Wild Bill — those are cowboy names — names picked to fit the bearer — just like biker names.

There was even, for 20 or



more years, a group of traveling cowhands whose reputation alone struck fear and loathing in the hearts of half the West. Had their cayuses been mechanized, they would surely have been the world's first bike club, known — simply and descriptively — as the Bad Men from Bodie.

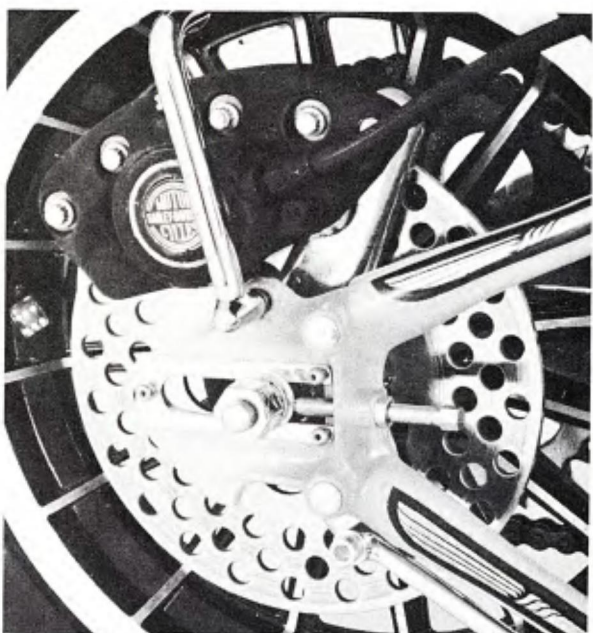
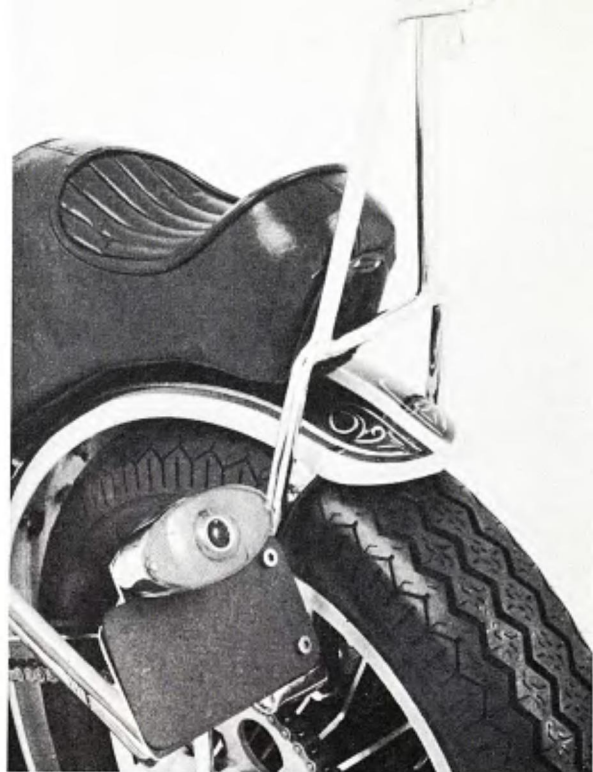
Similarities abound. The lean, fast mustangs (from



mesteno, the Spanish word for stray) the cowboys most often rode weighed in at about 700 pounds — just like a lot of Harleys. And, by all accounts, these horses had strength and determination matched only by their stubborn dispositions — some days they wanted to start and some days they had to be kicked a lot.

And, naturally, there was a

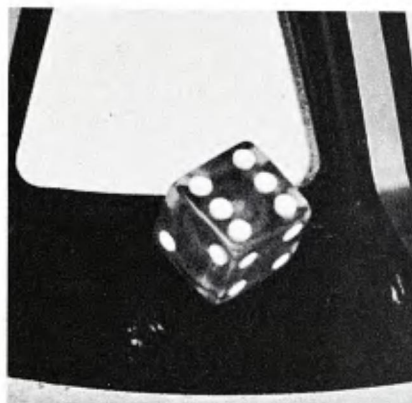
Owner: Jhon Kessinger		City: Kansas City, Mo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: panhead		Type: hardtail	
Value: \$8,000		Rake: de-raked to 25 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 1 in.	
Time: 14 years		Other alterations: various mounts added	
Chroming by: A&A Bumper (Bub)		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: one-piece drag/owner	
Year: 1957		Risers: none	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): 5-in. ribbed rear, bobbed front	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Catseye/blue dot	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: knurled	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: knurled	
Pistons: Dixies, .030 over		Electrics: 6-volt, custom	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: modified Sportster	
Heads: oversized valves		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: dry sump, cooler and filter	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: diamond compensator-type	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissybar: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Pipes: one-piece header/owner		Height: 1 foot	
Muffler(s): it's there		Material: 5/8-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt/Dale Sanders		Type: H-D narrow glide	
Year: 1957		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: hand		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: oh, yeah	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D mag	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: owner/Jhon's Custom Paint		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: poorboy brown pearl, candy red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: murals, gold leaf and striping by Jhon's Custom Paint			
Other special modifications: rear axle adjusting plates, steering damper, electric foot-clutch holding unit by Ben-Ther Bros., drilled discs.			



Photos by Mike Lichter

group of men — specialists — who did nothing but “break” those horses and make them fit for cowboy work. Just as there are today a number of specialists who take raw Milwaukee iron and “chop” it into a form suitable for bikers.

Given the long, strong bloodlines running from biker to cowboy, it's no wonder that master-painter Jhon (correct spelling) Kes-



singer reached back into the world of the Old West when it came time to repaint this '57 pan. Like Jhon says, “The best thing about this bike is its lightness” — a statement echoed by more than a few cowhands as they rapped about their semi-wild mustangs of long ago. (Oh yes, check this issue's centerspread.)

—Gandy Dancer





BLONDE ON BLONDE







When I was a kid we used to talk a lot of trash — just like the kids who came before us and the kids who hang around outside 7-11s hustlin' beer and runnin' their mouths today.

We had all kinds of ways of sayin' things that nobody outside our own group would ever understand — in fact, a lot of us in the group had no idea of what some of the shit meant, it was just something for us to say.

Something to say, filled with heavy, deep intellectual meaning. Things like "bite the bag" or "I done the deed." Phrases that have gone down in history: "roaring off in a cloud of mouse milk" or "How's your fern?"

And, of course, we had our own way of sayin' that things

were in great shape, right on, and doin' good. In those days if something was great, we said it was "far-fuckin'-out" (that expression *has* endured a long time), or that it "smelled like a rose," or — the all-time favorite — we had it "made in the shade."

Some of those little figures of speech, like "smellin' like a rose," were pretty easy to figure out. Others, like "bite the bag," were — to say the least — somewhat obscure. But there was one expression I reckoned anyone could figure out, one way of saying something was working out well that meant exactly what it said. The phrase? "Comin' up golden."

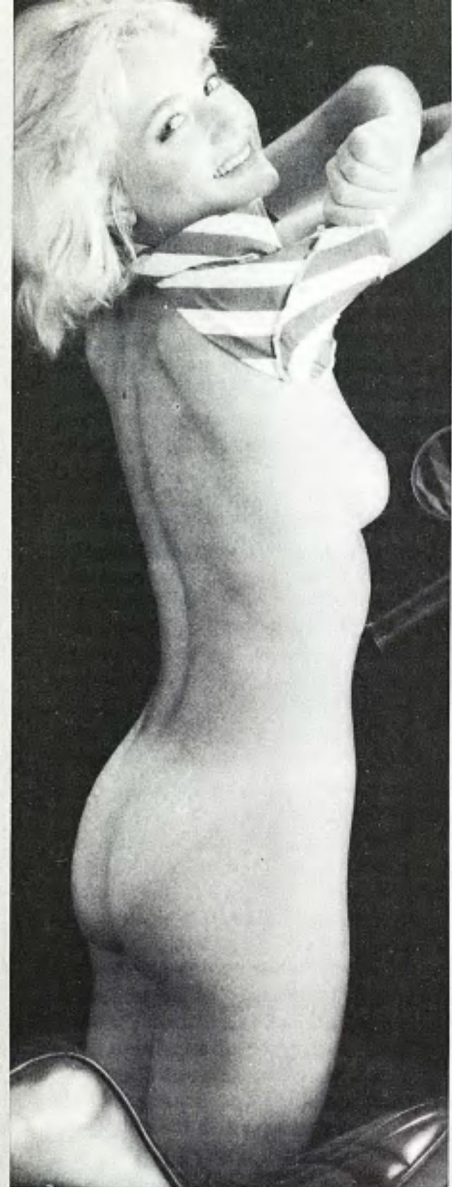
Then I saw Melissa spreading and stretching and oozing her bike-lovin' bod all over

this primo Indian and I realized I'd been wrong all these years. "Comin' up golden" isn't a statement that things have finally turned around and are goin' your way. "Comin' up golden" is a full-bodied hunk of blonde scooter trash, packing on the back of a hard-charging golden-yellow classic American bike.

Comin' up golden is a sun-drenched sweetie who's been around enough to have learned that bikers and bikes form the heart and soul of the best world she'll ever know. Comin' up golden is Melissa, layin' spread out over the bike and waiting for a motorcycle man to come take her for a ride — of one kind or another.

Let's face it. A biker's whole life is spent — to steal an advertising phrase from some





Photos by Pete Chioldo

beer company — goin' for the gold: the gold of sunrise on an empty highway, the golden glow of good friends around a campfire, the gold of some honey's hair hangin' down over his body.

Goin' for the gold, it's one of the things bikers do best. And Melissa — blonde, big-titted, with a set of legs made for hard squeezin' and a bike as yellow as the Comstock Lode — is, as we used to say when I was a kid, golden. Indubitably.

Melissa, golden girl on a golden bike. On your marks, bikers: Ready, set, go for it!

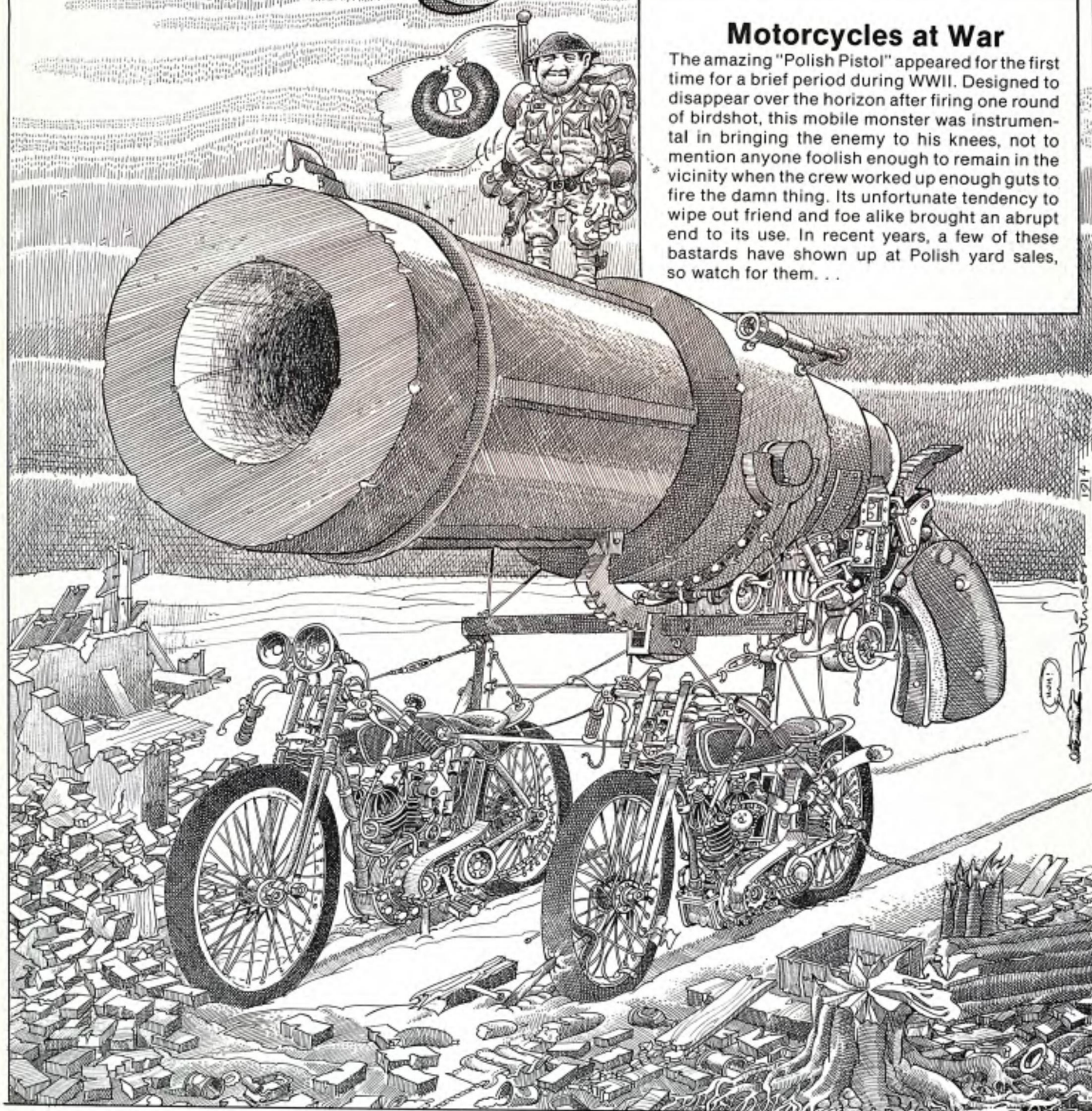
— Perfesser Prune



MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES #453

Motorcycles at War

The amazing "Polish Pistol" appeared for the first time for a brief period during WWII. Designed to disappear over the horizon after firing one round of birdshot, this mobile monster was instrumental in bringing the enemy to his knees, not to mention anyone foolish enough to remain in the vicinity when the crew worked up enough guts to fire the damn thing. Its unfortunate tendency to wipe out friend and foe alike brought an abrupt end to its use. In recent years, a few of these bastards have shown up at Polish yard sales, so watch for them. . .



This issue I'd like to rap a bit about joining. Vietnam vets are noted for a lot of things, some good and some bad — but one thing we are especially notorious for is being "non-joiners." We seem to mistrust organizations, any kind of structure or system that has ranks or leaders or echelons, etc. It's true; we sure as hell are non-joiners.

But along with that fact goes an unanswerable question: Who the hell can blame us?

Let's take a ride — back in time to when we last "joined." Whether we were drafted or voluntarily enlisted, we ended up in 'Nam, did our bit, tried to be part of a team, part of the nation, part of the effort — all that crap. And when we got back, a hell of a lot of us followed in the tire tracks of tradition: We headed straight for the American Legion, VFW, DAV, you name it. Our WWII fathers were now going to be our veteran-brothers, right? We'd hit the paddies and the hills and the swamps, and we'd been part of the effort and on the team, right?

Shit!

Let's take a hard look at what really happened, man. We went off to service like cattle and never became part of any team until we got to our units in 'Nam. We didn't, on the whole, go over as regiments or divisions or whatever; we got our orders, reported in to some post and shipped out — mostly with guys we'd never met or trained with. At places like Bien Hoa, for example, we were each just a "replacement" in an ocean of strange faces. Then some "chairborne stranger" at a typewriter filled his quota for the day by typing names on orders, probably totally at random, or maybe according to whichever units had been hit the hardest lately, and there you were, Pvt. Sad Sack, hearing the announcement: "Following named personnel are assigned to..." Then came your last name first/first name last and your "last four." And off you went to whatever unit you were assigned to.

Remember that shit? You got to the unit doing a duffel-bag drag. Brand-new boots, uniform, and face. Then you saw the tattered fatigues, the tired, weather-beaten faces and those damned crazy-lit or blank sunken eyes on the old-timers — and you felt like a friggin' year-old suckling. But eventually you got

"baptized" and become part of a team — just to stay alive!

We left the field one at a time and were herded home with more strangers. Lonely. And we stayed lonely. Hell, yes! At first, we did try to — what do you want to call it? Get back in the fold? But what happened in the majority of cases? Maybe if you returned to Patriot City, U.S.A. (population around 300), some folks had noticed you'd been gone. The one little Legion post was, for a lucky few, the place to belong. But the rest of us might as well have returned to Bumfuck, Egypt.

I tried it; I joined the Legion — nobody cared to talk to me. I joined the VFW; worse yet, somebody *did* talk to me. Bought some WWII fat-ass non-combatant a drink and he actually asked me how the hell I'd gotten into the VFW when I hadn't "been to a foreign war." DAV got me, too. I was exiting the VA once and their rep asked if I'd been to 'Nam, been wounded, had malaria, etc. I said I'd been lightly stung, and had had two bouts with two kinds of malaria. Well, now, if I'd just join the DAV, he'd push for a 10 percent comp claim for the malaria. He made it sound like I owed it to other 'Nam vets to do that fight. The real story, probably, was that since we weren't getting comp for malaria like the old boys had, it could start a backward slide in vets' bennies and hurt those heroes who'd won The Big One.

I went to a VA hospital, too, on the advice that I needed to "get a file established." Took a physical, received a file and a "C-number." Okay. But the next time I went to the VA — to request dental care — some s.o.b. of a pencil-pusher saw that little C-number, and point-blank, man, accused me of trying to defraud the government and shit like that! He didn't even go get my file; he just determined that my C-number indicated I was a *World War II vet*. Eventually, however, he did check out my file — right after he called me a liar and I jumped up and delivered a resounding hammer-fisted blow to his desk that sent his in/out box flying a foot in the air. Between my nikkyu in Shotokan karate and my rather well-developed DI's voice he got motivated — and discovered that some jerk had given me the wrong beginning digits for my C-number.

And so it went. What the hell was the use? You tried to be one with the men in the old vets' organizations and were barely tolerated, or were accused of not really being eligible for membership, or were even berated for "not winning the war." You're with me on this so far, right?

So, we began to hide — in self-defense. If you did find a Vietnam vets group, it most likely existed on a college campus (a wonderful place for a 'Nam vet to visit in the '60s — but he wouldn't wanna live there). Even then, it was apt to be the VVAW, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Fine — if you felt the same as they. But what if you didn't go to school and/or were still proud of your tour and not ready for us to call it quits over there?

Well, times have changed. The older organizations are mellowing and actually fighting for us. More and more because they really do care and have finally figured out that we, too, are veterans — of a real war. (Since 'Nam isn't now and never was the 51st state, it was even a *foreign* war, too!) Of course, one reason that we're being recruited is because a majority of these guys have one foot in the grave and the other on a fresh cow chip. Where go their orgs when they, uh, slip — if we don't carry them on?

Whatever. They're trying to do right by us now. Thing is, we really should belong — and stop this wandering and going it alone. The time's ripe to do something for ourselves and help our older brothers. We're in it together. If the road-runners to Canada could be forgiven, can't we accord the same absolution to fellow vets? Not all of them were against us, anyway. Give it a shot, man. Numbers talk in Washington, you know.

Strong veterans' organizations are practically our only hope when it comes to a brawl with the government. You can easily find a chapter near you to join as far as the DAV, VFW, American Legion, and the others go. Even if you only carry the card and pay your dues — hey, it's really for your own good.

However, there are now some organizations that are comprised of all or mostly 'Nam vets. True, there are a lot of piddling little splinter groups around, but there are also some pretty heavy groups that have

Continued on page 116

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$12 to Prison Subs, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Folsom convict wants to write to anything with a hole instead of a pole — perhaps get married and fight loneliness together. Ron Fletcher, Box B-71296, Repressa, CA 95671.

California biker bros busted in Nevada. Lonely and need mail from friendly and/or foxy women. Lancelot G. Maynard (w/m, 6'1", 190 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, age 28) and David Willkamm (w/m, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown eyes and hair, age 28). All letters answered; letters with photo first. Nevada State Prison, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702.

White outlaw needs correspondence and visits from sweet ladies, 18-35. Will reply to all. Doug Stephens, C-46560, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 31, with freedom in mind soon! Easygoing with plenty to offer that special lady. Considered good-looking, well-mannered and seeking the same for lasting relationship. Must be sincere, dedicated and a one-man woman, 18-35. No games and your past not important. It's our future that counts! Special people belong together; is my "Sunshine" out there? Send recent photo, will do the same. Gary "Magnum" Nelson, C21274, D.V.I., Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Aussie, 25, 5'11", 169 lbs. Doing two in the land of Oz. I've had two short months of freedom between this lagging and the last one, and I'm starting to forget how good a woman can be. I need letters and pictures from you sweet honeys something desperate. So c'mon, lovely ladies, do right by a staunch Aussie bro. All answered. Phil LeGras, 730, M.T.C. Long Bay Penitentiary, Box 13, Matraville, Sydney, Australia 2033-10.

My brothers, this is Crazy Sue from San Berdo. I'm down in Colorado, fighting a Murder 1. I'd appreciate any of my strong white bros to write. JC, please write. Susan Brown, Box 70, Golden, CO 80401.

Seriously! Does anyone want to write a broke, downed biker? I'm white, 30, need scribbles, flicks, and stamps. Write John Francis 13400, Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, NV 89701.

Sexy, strong, and sweet — good lovin' can't be beat. Leo, 26, tattooist, biker and ex-carny. Brown eyes, curly hair and beard. Need artistic fox to build life and Harley together. Max out my sentence in May '84. Please send picture for reply. David G. Fountain 13455, Box 1497, Bismarck, ND 58502.

Attention, Aryan sisters: Poor white trash from So. Calif. stuck out in this redneck swamp country. Can see daylight at the end of the tunnel, but need to get some kites and flicks from chicks; fine, funky or fat. I'm 5'11", 185 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair. Jimmy "Hungwell" Cox 83747, Camp C. Tiger 2, Angola, LA 70712.

Lonesome West Coast tramp in need of lady with heart. Age and looks unimportant. Kris Liggett 95566, Box 260, Lexington, OK 73051.

Three downed bros in the box without mail or visits. Got one year in the box and two to go. Been lonesome for too long. Looking for fine, sincere young ladies to correspond with. Only ladies with a heart need reply, so drop us a line. John "Red" Liferi, 80-A-2770; Chuck "Outlaw" Nichols, 79-B-1610; and Mike McKenzie, 80-B-1575. Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

W/m, 27, good-looking, down for 10. Have always been and always going to be a rough, down-to-earth, crazy biker. Wants foxy chicks to write to, etc. Ted "Spike" Rohme 287217, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584.

Tall, slim, brown hair, blue eyes, 23, w/m down for one more year. Looking for that special woman to get it together with. Interested? Send letters and pictures to Michael A. Ybarra, Box C-32347, San Quentin, Tamal, CA 94964.

Downed bro, 20 and white. Seven at Folsom. Lookin' for local ladies for visits and support; females anywhere for caring letters. B. Nichols, Box 55646, Repressa, CA 95671.

Sagittarian, 25, 5'10", 185 lbs., brown hair and eyes, w/m wants to hear from women any age. Send picture if possible — will answer all. David Alto 341643, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77581.

Two downed bros needin' letters and flicks from serious-minded foxes, 19-30, who would like to get together when we're sprung. Carl "Thumper" Clark 5972, and Scott Pettitt 5675, Box 3000, Drumheller, Alberta, Canada T0J-0Y0.

Biker, 30, down for a stretch. No bikes in this prison, not even a wrench. I'm looking for a stand-up woman, together and tight. Only needs to be able to read and write. I like big tits, but I'll settle for small. Write me 100 letters and I'll answer them all. Italian, 180 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, into Harleys, music and the good life. James Tavanese 081111, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Longtime biker from P'cola, Fla., 31, 6'1", 190 lbs. Need correspondence, friendship, whatever, with ladies! John F. Hobbs 083055, Box 221, 63-117, Fairfield, FL 32083.

W/m, 31, doing four more to freedom and the wind. Need some w/f to share some rap and bridge the gap of love lost. Raymond T. Vaughan, Jr., Box B-39443, Florence, AZ 85232.

White, mature, good-looking biker seeks letters and pics from young, together gal. Free to ride in a few months. Loyalty expected, and given. No liars or "toad" lovers. Preacher McKinley 97184, Rt. 1, Box 8, Helena, MT 59711.

Down, but not out, w/m, 34, 5'11", brown hair, green eyes, well built. Looking for someone to love. Can travel in 6-8 mos. Harley woman only. D.J. Gall, A-91677, 100 Hillcrest Rd., E. Moline, IL 61244.

Wanted: Fun-loving and sincere outlaw lady for possible long-term relationship. If you're tired of friends and lovers letting you down and taking you for granted, write me and let's find that special something together. Age and looks unimportant. Flicks would be nice. Tom "Patches" Coke, Box B-93681, Tamal, CA 94964.

Two bros (Pomm and Aussie) doing their time in a jerry joint. We're desperate for anything English to read. Will pay, if necessary. Looking for contact with bros and chicks inside and out. We are quite lonely in this damn joint. Lots of jerries around, but... D.E. Clodo, Justizvollzugsanstalt, Aachener Str. 47, Box 601, D-5308 Rheinbach, West Germany.

Ladies, sluts, whatever. I'm down 6 1/2 so far, 2 1/2 to go. I need letters and pics (nudes, too). I got no people, so if you live near, maybe a visit and a feel. 17 to 101, all answered, settle down? Ed "The Bushdiver" Brosky, R4327, Box 200, S.C.I.C., Camp Hill, PA 17011.

White female, 29, doing time, would like to share time, thoughts, dreams and letters with males doing it hard. This is not my world, so need mail to escape. All letters answered — one thing, all our mail is censored by straight officers. Patricia Dueckershoff, Bandyp Women's Prison, 100 Middle Swan Road, Guildford, West Australia 6055.

Attention: Make me an offer I can't refuse. W/f, down, but not in the least bit out. Will make turf in 6 mos. I'm 5'10", long hair, hazel eyes, great smile and legs. Scorpio all the way. Will answer all letters. Can and will relocate. Brenda Cowan 117339, Box 11492, Okla. City, OK 73136.

W/f, Scorpio, 26, long brown hair, brown eyes, doing time. Would like to hear from all you bros. I dig rock and roll and baby blues. Hot, horny and ready. Debbie Tinsley 2022, Chillicothe Correctional Center, D2-S13, 1500 W. 3rd St., Chillicothe, MO 64601.

Female, 24, locked up and lonely. Will be getting out this year and would like to get back in touch with some bros, like the ones in Dayton and all my friends who don't know I'm here. Please write and send pictures if you can; I will answer all letters. Julie Portala 150817, PC1 #301, Box 147, Lowell, FL 32663.

W/m, 32, locked down for another two or four. I'm not looking for a Bo Derek-type. Looking for a righteous woman, 18-42, who'll help me do this time till release, then ride and party by my side. Need a woman in the New England area who'll write and visit me. Rugrats are welcome. Warren "Fingers" Nascimento, Box 150, Block 10, D.S.O., Walpole State Prison, So. Walpole, MA 02071.

Warlock 19er, 30, stuck in Pittsburgh. Blond hair, blue eyes, long beard and loves to eat cunt! Needs flicks, mail and visits. Bob "Mudman" Simon, F7784, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

Animal in cage, needs female trainer. No experience necessary, will train. Please write for more info. Ronald Burt 41457, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/m, 100% honky, down for 10, got 2 in. Need to hear from women, 8-80, fat, skinny, short, tall. Just take a little time and drop me a line. Will answer all. Rick Shackelford 43872, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Two downed w/m bush-rangers from "down under." 23 and 20 yrs. old. Looking for righteous of ladies to drop us a line. Send flicks to straighten pricks. Stephen Myee and Andy Keenihan, c/o Box 441, Ft. Lincoln, South Australia, Australia 5606.

Down biker coming to the end of this bid. Need a good ol' lady to party with when I get out in '85. W/m, 27, brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'1", 200 lbs., well built. Will answer all letters and send pics. Tony Musetti 81A1764, Box 8, (H.U. 114), Otisville, NY 10963.

Wanted: foxy female to write to these two lonely white boys incarcerated in one of many lonely prisons. Letters with flicks answered first. Write to Greg "Tattoo" Bayson, L37849, and Bert "Zoso" Turner, N37851, Vandalia Correctional Center, Box 500, Vandalia, IL 62471.

W/m, 25, brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'1", 167 lbs., lonesome. I would like to hear from young ladies, 18 to 26. I'll answer all letters; would also like photo if possible. Snake, aka Donald McVay 107-142, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036.

W/m, 22, 6'2", 225 lbs. I'm white and ride a bike. My Harley stopped in this redneck state and I ride only in the past for now. So, ladies, drop this tramp a kite and a flick so I can write back. Rick Stole 16448, Box 607, Mas., Carson City, NV 89701.

Attention: White women only! I'm a white boy, 28, doing time in this lonely cell. I'm 6'1", brown hair and beard, blue eyes. Got 18 mos. left and am looking for a fine lady to brighten my days. Want to put a star in your life? Then give this Orange County boy some action. No fat chicks. Rugrats just fine by me. Kenny "Crazy" Wagner, C42562, Box 500, 318, Chino, CA 91710.

White bro down for a long one, 32, 5'8", brown hair and eyes, 150 lbs. Need some foxes to brighten up my days and nights. Letters a must. Photos a nice bonus. Will answer all. David Harris, C-92823, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434.

Downed bro, been down for five, only a couple left to go. I'm 24, 6'4", 190 lbs., with brown hair and hazel eyes. I need a righteous lady to stand by me until I get out, then ride behind me when I'm free. So all of you partyin', puttin', freedom-lovin' ladies who know what true loneliness is, write me a letter and send some pics. I'll answer with same. Gene Weirich 14668, Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

Two slick chicks got busted by the Man, but are coming out soon with a new plan. Real good-looking and need to get something cooking. Rosemary Jetton 95912, and Brenda "Sunshine" Riley 111092, Box 11492, Okla. City, OK 73136.

W/f, 20, in prison and very lonely. Would like for any of you guys out there to write; will answer all letters. Send photo with letters to Shari McDonald 115696, Box 11492, Okla. City, OK 73136.

W/m outlaws, ages 35 and 40. Need two outlaw women to take care of business for them while they're down. We, in turn, will take care of you when released. Must have heart! Do you qualify? Richard "Solo" McClure, B-80333, and Gene "Lodi" Blake, C-61030, Repressa, CA 95671.

W/m, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", 160 lbs. Wants mail from all you horny ladies — looking for relationship in the end. Patrick Cantrell, C-56670, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

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 **Jim "Baby Huey" Ewing**. You went through 'Nam and died needlessly in the U.S.A. Your kid is okay. We love and miss you. Ride free forever. Your brothers and "Little Sis" from CVA-43.

In loving memory of **Frank Thoman**. Memorial Day weekend, 5/28/83 — until death do us part and it did before we got there. Until we meet in Harley Heaven, we'll always miss and love you deeply. Sandy and Joshua, Casper, Wyo.

In loving memory always of **"Crip" Lt1 Ron Lopez**. Born 6/15/38, murdered March 1983. He kept his mouth shut and did his time. Whatever his faults, he was loyal! He stepfathered my now-deceased son, and even though we'll never get to trike our daughter cross-Canada, he will ride in my imagination and heart for eternity. The best crime a wife ever had — may I always live up to your ideals, not your deeds. With love, Sherry and The Plum.

In memory of **Jose Alexander**. The man had to pull the plug 6/23/83. You were dearly loved and will be missed by all. ABATE of Alaska.

Here's to lowrider **Robert David MacKercher**, whom we all loved. You met with an awful accident, but I'm sure we'll meet again in Harley Heaven. Love ya, Princess, BoBo, Little BoBo, and Pack Rat.

With fondest and loving memories of **Steve (my young pup) "Mad Dog" Fitzgerald**. We all love you and we'll never forget you. I'll see ya in time. Lady 8, Eight Ball and all your family, brothers and sisters of the Kingsmen MC, Duale, Md.

In loving memory of **Wolff**. We miss your ass for sure and wish you were still riding hard here. Your ol' lady Melody, Jamie, your best friend Panhead Mark, and your good buddy Smutter.

In memory of **"Yankee John Gibson"**, a loved and missed Satans Tramp MC rider from the Panama City, Fla., chapter. Lived and died on his shovelhead, Memorial Day weekend, 1983. I'll miss you, my only blood brother, Slick.

In memory of **Steven R. Tidd**. Remembered by your friend on the road — Larry "Tumbleweed" Cardwell.

One daughter to the wind, 3/22/66 to 6/12/83. Center-punched by a fucking idiot in a cage. May your ass burn, fucker. Ride on, **Angel**, ride on. Your dad, Fly.

In memory of **Lurch**, a master of mind-fuckery from Milwaukee to Oregon. No one to get in our faces now. No one to take your place. You were best at your craft and you showed us all. Love, Munchkin.

In loving memory of **Lee Miles**, who died 8/28/82. We all love and miss you. You will always be remembered. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Sadly missed by wife Nancy, Jason, Joshua, Jim, Vicki, Terry, Marilyn, Denny, Warren, and all your bros.

In memory of **Richard M. Clark**, a man who fought the Vietnam War, but still lost, 2/3/48-5/26/83. A true hell-raiser who will never be forgotten. Love ya. Rennie, Chris, Gus, and family.

In loving memory of **Rick Prince**, born 8/5/49, who took his last ride on 5/8/83, because of a senseless cancer. There are no words to express our loss, but you will always be remembered and loved. Ride free, brother. We love and miss you. Harold, Vickie, Mom and Dad.

In memory of **Mark "Buzz" Snyder**, 5/28/83. Missed and loved by all who knew him. May you ride on and live free in Harley Heaven. You're always on our minds. Love, your friends and brothers in North Dakota.

In memory of **Gary "Gimp" Leone**, Huns, Bridgeport, Conn. You rode hard and died free. For all those who knew you, you were a true bro. Someday we will all ride the same highway together. From your bros, Don Lindsay and Jim Reardon.

In memory of **John "Seewood" Seelan**, lost May 26, 1983. A brother to all of us. You'll ride with us forever. Slob and all your Minn. bros.

In memory of **Eugene "Dutch" Ayers**, president, Canton, Ohio, chapter, Road Agents Brotherhood MC, 6/1/81-11/30/82. Save the best bikes for us, bro. From the club.

In loving memory of **L. "Gypsy" Cobb, Jr.**, 3/18/49-1/19/83. You were the best husband and best friend anyone could have. We love you and miss you. Like you always said, "It's never goodbye, just so long for now." Till we meet again, darling. Donna.

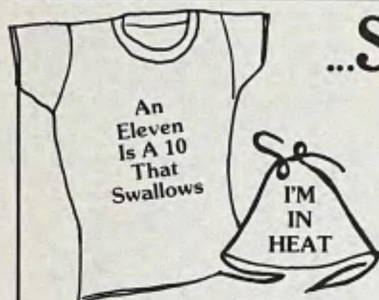
In loving memory of **Bill "Scarecrow" Calvert**. Crow was biker through and through, a fire-eater, with a love for the burning wheels and pulsing engine of his bike. He stood tall and took care of his bros. Chris.

In memory of **Helen Morgan**. For a righteous lady who never should have died. I'll love you always. Soon, baby, soon. Your man, Bill.

In memory of **Dominick**. You touched our lives and hearts and taught us such important things. All happiness brings you to mind. Thank you for being you. We love you. Maureen and Stefanie.

In memory of **Vern "Ohhh Baby" Otten**, 4/5/82. Though you went first, love is eternal. We'll ride again together in Harley Heaven. Sadly missed by your ol' lady Steph, and the Malley's Gang.

In memory of **John L. Kimble**, 11/11/80. Bro, it's too bad we never had a chance to ride together. But we will ride together on the dark side. Your bro, "Fritz" Kimble, and the animal.



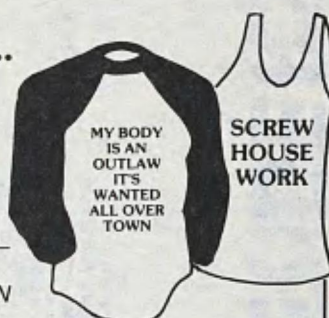
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go 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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BOOK REVIEW

Cult of the Harley Davidson

By Tex Campbell

Cult of the Harley-Davidson by Gerald Foster is an appealing-to-the-eye picture book devoted to America's favorite motorcycle. It's a slick, well-produced, large-format paperback with the look, heft, and binding of an expensive coffee table book.

While the book contains pictures of many old, new, and customized Harleys, *Cult of the Harley-Davidson* doesn't pretend to be a "history" of the H-D company or of the motorcycles it produces. Instead, the book is a photographic "appreciation," a visual tribute to a treasured American artifact and social phenomenon — the big

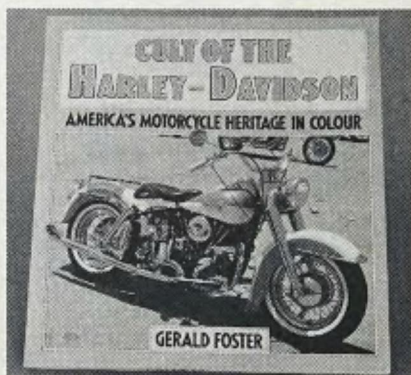
V-Twins from Milwaukee and the people who love to ride them. All this is to say that there's basically little form or organization to the book, but that's okay. The volume is infused throughout with the author's enthusiasm and thus will appeal to any Harley rider or admirer.

Gerald Foster is an Englishman, but he's clearly in love with Harleys and the American bike scene. His fascination with the American motorcyclist and his appreciation of Harleys old and new are evident from cover to cover in the brilliant color pictures that sometimes seem almost to leap from the page. The color is vivid and the pictures make

up a cross-section of the Harley phenomenon: everything from the old brick H-D factory in Milwaukee to cop drill-team stunts to rat bikes to toy runs to a biker wedding, and so forth.

There's not much text to accompany the pictures — just a short introduction and some brief photo captions. That's all right, however, since the striking color plates are the focus of the book and don't require lengthy explanations.

Cult of the Harley-Davidson sells for \$9.95, plus \$2.95 handling and mailing, from Motorbooks International, Box 2, 729 Prospect Ave., Osceola, WI 54020.



Black T-shirts with White Designs



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!

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(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)

Missing Link

Continued from page 29

is the easiest place in the world to get food stamps.

Being the kind-hearted horny bastards that we are, we tell 'em that we'll take 'em there. Eugene is only three hundred miles away at that point, but it takes us two days to get there, due to assorted phony breakdowns, piss and liquor stops, and numerous amorous carryin's on. When we finally do get there, I have a serious medical problem. There are these creatures that have taken up residence in my crotch and they're having a field day nibblin' away. Bobby says I ought to feed and raise 'em, and sell 'em to a seafood restaurant, but I nix that idea. If I fed 'em and raised 'em, I'd probably get emotionally attached to 'em and it'd break my heart to have to sell 'em. A good dose of A-200 solves the problem.

We drop the crab farm and her girl friend off at the welfare office where they jump in line with about 150 other hippie-type people and we putt on our merry way.

Ten minutes later we're sitting in a bar, drinking shots and answerin' questions for the locals, issuing statements like, "Yes, we rode our motorsickles all the way from California. No, they ain't all that dangerous." And, "No, the patches on our backs don't mean we go around looking for trouble all the time." And, "Yes, we'll take our business somewhere else, asshole, just as soon as we're done drinking. . . when we're good and fuckin' ready — not one minute sooner. . ."

So a few minutes later we're sitting in another bar across town, licking our wounds. It only got nasty at the other place when Bobby told some woman there that she reminded him of something he'd once seen floatin' in a sewage-treatment pond in Love Canal, New York, and she turned out to be the wife of the bartender, who is related to every other sonuvabitch in the bar.

Anyhow, it's in this new bar that the beginning of my tale ends and the middle begins, with Bobby and me totally, completely, 100 percent, falling-down, step-on-our-hands drunk. And it's in this bar that I first met her — the Missing Link. The way she popped up out of nowhere is what first caught my attention. One moment the stool beside me is empty and the next she's firmly planted on the seat, ordering a drink.

Me being the expert appraiser of womanstuff that I am, I quickly look her over and decide that she's for me. She is exquisite. Two arms, two eyes, a nose and a mouth — and all of 'em are located in the right places on her anatomy.

Furthermore, I could tell that she was a sharp and intelligent woman by the way she sat on the edge of her seat and hung on to every lie that I told: "Why, yes, I *am* actually a rich cattle rancher from Northern California, but I like to dress down and get into the seamier side of life so I can stay in touch with the masses." I later learn that she was sitting on the edge of her seat because she is only four feet-eleven, and has a bad case of itching hemorrhoids.

I, at first, recommend some of

Easyriders



"I was at a party, everyone was really wasted, and Crazy Shirley tried to make it into a bong."

Doctor Jinx's Two-Ball Root Injection, but she says she'll settle for Preparation H. Undaunted, I continue to ply her with rotgut and a glib tongue, and I'm really making measurable progress when Bobby interrupts with his next mind-bender. He has some relatives up in Portland and since we are this close, we should drop in on them.

"Bobby," I say, "don't you realize there's a big mountain up that way that shoots lava and boulders at humans and bikers alike? And besides that, Portland's over a hundred miles from where we sit at this very moment?" Yeah, he knows, but he says the mountain just took a big shit a couple weeks before and it's cool now and he wants to see his relatives. Okay, if ya want to, we'll go, I tell him. Later.

By that time Effie — that was her name, Effie — was almost as drunk as we were, so she readily agreed to pack with me to Portland, providin', of course, that I would bring her back to Eufuckingene, which, of course, I said I would do. We set out on our trip full of booze and laughter, with me and Bobby fully expecting to be in the girl's pants by the next rest stop. And we were. The gruntin' and groanin' and moanin' set my mind aflame with desire and I told her I was going to give her twelve inches and make her bleed. Her eyes widened with anticipation and I could tell that she craved it. But to do what I'd said I would, I'd have had to fuck her twice and bust her in the nose. Between myself and Bobby, we musta diddled that dingbat in every way possible, but she would not or could not be satisfied.

I bought more booze at a nearby liquor store and we spent the rest of the night and most of the next day at that rest stop, drinking and balling, hidden from prying eyes by a small grove of trees.

At approximately five p.m. we left for Portland, still inebriated, but completely drained of our sexual urges for the moment. We arrived in Portland around nine-thirty that night and spent about an hour hunting for Bobby's relatives' house. When we finally found it, we pulled our scoots around to the back and rolled out the sleeping bags. Effie immediately climbed into one and fell asleep. We went inside and gabbed for about an hour or so and then we, too, went outside and went to sleep.

When I awoke at dawn, Effie was completely down inside the bag and snoring softly so I decided to let her sleep. I woke Bobby up and the two of us went inside and sat down to a

Take To The Air



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes the fallacies
of helmet laws.

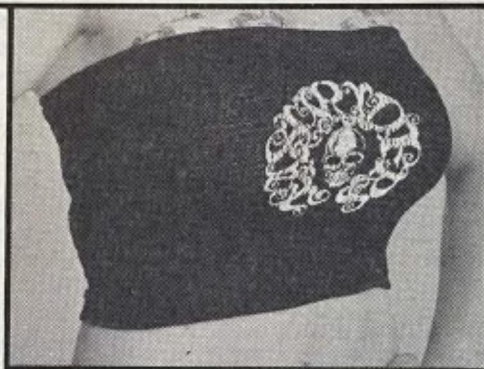


Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents...
and why.

Remember the TV commercials we raised all that money to produce? Well, they're all ready to go and available to you at cost: \$16 apiece. There are two professionally produced, 30-second spots: 1) Watch Out For Bikers — how cycle/cage accidents happen... and why; and 2) Let Those Who Ride Decide — a biker describes the fallacies of helmet laws.

Both spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. To order, send a check or money order for \$16 per tape (be sure to specify whether you want #1 or #2) to **Easyriders Bike Commercial, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.** We pay postage in the U.S.

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So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sight-seeing in bandit black or rogue red.

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Circle Color desired BLACK or RED

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				Calif. Tax. 6% \$
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breakfast fit for a king, or at least for two road-weary tramps who were seeing their first sober day out of the last three. I really felt good. Sober, head on straight and ready to face the world — what I wasn't ready to face was Effie.

I was takin' a piss when the bathroom door opened and this thing came in and turned on the shower. It was dressed in human being-type clothing and was shaped similar to a human being, but all similarity ended there. It scared me — I ain't gonna lie about it, bros — it scared me shitless. I pissed down my leg as I made a very quick exit.

I found Bobby's uncle and told him that his orangutan had gotten loose from its chain. "I ain't got one of them things," he says. "That's your woman friend," he says. I look at Bobby and he's in convulsions.

"Come on," I says. "You're pulling my leg, ain't ya? I wasn't that drunk, was I? Me? The guy who only messes with fine fillies of pure stock? Me, the star-player?"

Ugly is a kind word for this creature. I mean, I've seen women who have been hit with the ugly stick, but this woman has been severely beaten with the entire ugly tree.

She has more hair on her body than any ten men. And the main reason she's so short is because her legs have what appears to be a thirty-six-inch bow in 'em. Her teeth are a deep dark shade of puke-green and a mole the size of a silver dollar overhangs one eye. (She could call herself Effie, but she'd righteously earned the nickname Spot.) I mean, we're talking big ugly here. Reagan would begin to approve of abortions if he ever saw this beast.

I'd seen her panties laying on the bathroom floor, with shit stains in 'em that would do a bona fide wino proud. Now I had to take another look at her. Maybe I was still drunk.

Easyriders



"And, Sidney, here's that blowjob I always promised you."

But no. The tips of her fingers hung down a good two inches below her knobby knees and she walked kinda slouched over. Looking at her, it dawned on me that I may go down in history not only for having a great lapse of discretion in picking up women, but also for discovering what anthropologists refer to as "the Missing Link."

I could easily picture in my mind some scientist, years from now, lecturing his students. In a huge beaker before him would be Effie, perfectly preserved. I could just hear the spiel. "This specimen was discovered by a destitute drunken biker, wandering the streets of Eugene, Oregon. After making his discovery, the biker was carted off to an asylum for the insane. Up until then, it was thought that this specimen had been extinct for several million years. It is only now, in fact, extinct — thank God."

Keeping a watchful eye on the Effie-Spot creature, I gave fervent thanks to whatever Superior Being was currently in office that I had not eaten pussy on the trip up to Portland. I absent-mindedly wondered aloud what I could possibly have done to deserve being afflicted this way, and Bobby answered that it was probably payback for stopping in at that rice-burner shop and looking over the scoots. I thought that a little harsh since I hadn't been planning on buying one.

The ending of this tale begins where the middle ends — with Effie and the question of what to do with her. I had given my word that I would take her back to Eugene.

Now, I'm a man of my word, but, bros, I'll tell ya the truth, taking her back to Eugene on my putt was just too much to ask. I love my scooter. That panhead has taken me over a lot of miles and never given me any trouble. If I were to pack this monster on my scooter while I was sober, it would refuse to ever run again. I simply couldn't abuse its integrity like that and expect to get away with it.

I broke the news to it — uh, I mean, her — that I would not be taking her back to Eugene, that she would have to find some other means of transportation. I didn't want her to be broke, and knowing she didn't have any money of her own, I gave her a quarter out of the kindness of my heart. (Phone calls are, after all, still less than two bits.) Well, I'll tell ya, she got all indignant and had the balls to call me an animal! I suggested that she call the humane society, that maybe they could arrange transportation back to Eugene for her, or failing that,

they could at least arrange to put her to sleep.

I left her standing on a street corner in Portland, her body hair rippling in the breeze.

The trip back to Gridley was uneventful for the most part, except for a couple of speeding tickets. Oh, yeah, and a slight detour near Coos Bay, Oregon, when Bobby and I stopped to take a whizz and smoke a joint. See, I stepped off in the bushes to piss, spied a pair of women's shit-stained panties, thought we were being followed, and did a seven-hundred-yard wheelie getting the fuck out of there.

Since getting back to Gridley, things have calmed down considerably, although the whole thing has caused some changes in my lifestyle. Fortunately, no one knows about what happened and Bobby can't tell, because he had the beast, too. I don't drink 101-proof whiskey anymore, 'cause I figure anything that will get you fucked up enough to do what I did and not realize it until it's too late, is too dangerous to drink. I also pay a lot more attention to my wife. She doesn't understand why, but she likes it. And last, but not least, I don't let the dog in the house anymore. ■

Visiting Hours

Continued from page 18

whole battle. When they see Kitty all covered with blood, they call the cops. The cops come. Bob goes to jail. Kitty goes to the hospital, an' it's damned near a week before we get the whole thing straightened out. Only trouble is, Bob was sittin' on his scooter when the cops arrived, so they impounded his bike, an' now guess what? Nobody knows where the fuck it is. It took us three days to find out, an' when we did, it was clear over in Santa Monica in an impound yard with a bill for over a hundred an' eighty bucks.

"You heard about Philly — you know — Dinko Philly? After his funeral, everybody was hot to get the cage driver, but when the jury found him innocent, there wasn't much anyone could do, 'cept remember another good bro lost.

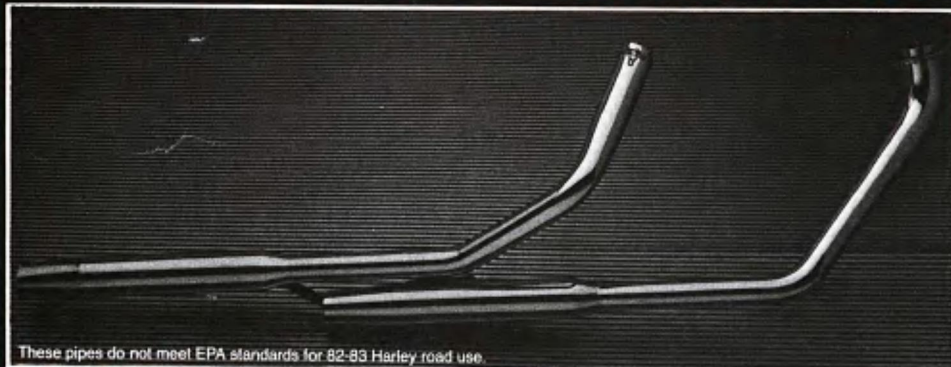
"A bunch of us went up to Fresno a week and a half ago. Big John's ol' lady had a kid, so we went up to party with him. The kid's an ugly little bastard, but then, his ma ain't no beauty-contest winner, so what can you expect? Don't get me wrong — I'm not jealous just

because you used to lay her every chance you got — along with everybody else in the San Joaquin Valley. It's just that she ain't got no class. Do you know that when the kid started bawlin' for supper, the bitch took him in the house an' closed the door before she fed him? Ain't nobody hasn't seen her tits. An' I mean, *nobody!* Cops, straight dudes, bikers. Probably even the local Cub Scouts. She's shown herself to more people than Linda Lovecock, or whatever her name is. Which is somethin' you can't say about me, an' while we're on *that* subject, I've got a surprise for you. Look at this."

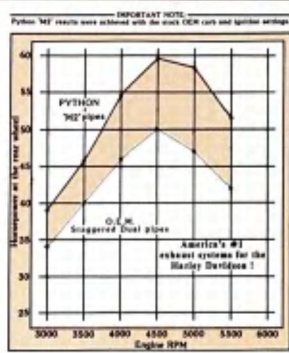
Cheryl leaned forward and untied the straps of her skimpy halter-type blouse, exposing her firm, globular breasts. A wreath of tiny roses surrounded the left areola.

"You like it? I thought you would. Big tough guy, ain't ya? You've always been a sucker for titties, tat-toos, and roses. Especially roses. Ever since that first night we met, when the old lady caught us ballin' in her flower garden between the houses. God! Remember how she screamed at us, an' the neighbors all stuck their heads outta their windows an' somebody hollered,

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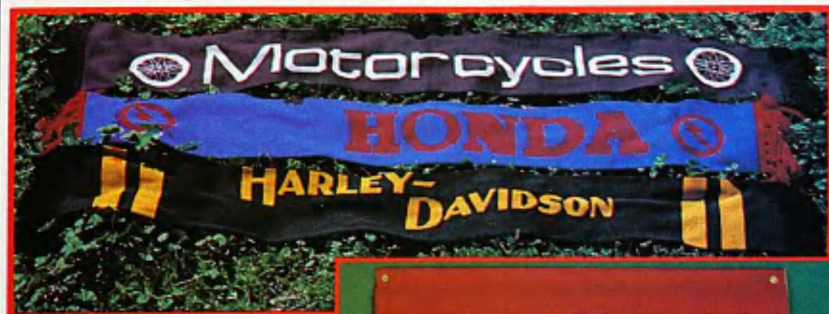
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Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

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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PAISANO PRODUCTS
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'Call the cops!' I thought you'd never get your bike kicked over with your pants down around your knees like that. Wonder if the old crone found somethin' useful to do with my panties. I left 'em hangin' on one of her rose bushes. Last pair I ever wore, thanks to you." She readjusted her blouse and frowned, putting a hand up to either side of her head, in dramatic despair.

"The kids have been drivin' me nuts lately. Jimmie don't want to go to school, so I've gotta take him every mornin' just to make sure he gets there. Then he doesn't come home *after* school, so I've gotta go lookin' for him, an' he's always down at the Harley shop, just hangin' around watchin' 'em fix bikes. I told the guys to chase him home when he comes in, but they think it's cute the way he's always talkin' about bein' a biker, like his daddy.

"An' Marcie — forget her! She's gettin' to be a real *brat*. Twelve years old — you got that? Twelve fuckin' years old. Had her first period three months ago an' thinks she's a woman of the world. Now I've gotta watch her like a hawk. I think she's givin' off fumes or somethin', the way the boys have been hangin' around. Every time I open the back door, I knock two or three of 'em off the porch. An' she's got tits like a twenty year old. Remember Roxanne? The stripper? That's who Marcie looks like. Yeah, Roxanne, the one with the innocent face an' the big tits. She'll probably wind up just like Roxanne, too, ridin' off with some asshole on a Sporty. I don't know what this world's comin' to.

"Oh, look at this. It's a surprise." Cheryl opened the picnic basket and took out a magazine. She leafed through the pages, then folded them back and held it up in front of her. "Fritzie's scoot. Pretty, ain't it? After about ten tries, he finally got enough of the oil wiped off so that they'd come an' take some pictures.

"That little flat-chested bitch is Mary Ann — Bozo's mama. Trash! A head-hunter. She'd suck the rubber grip off a handlebar if ya gave her half a chance. But that's Fritzie's bike, anyway. I knew ya'd like seein' it." She put the magazine back in the basket and took out a small, white cloth, which she spread out on the grass. Next, Cheryl took out a large sandwich, wrapped in oily yellow paper, a rectangular cardboard cup containing french fries, and a can of Coors, which she opened and set down on the cloth. She opened the wrapper covering the sandwich, took one small bite, then held it out at arm's length, grimacing.

"Will you look at that? Just look at it! A 'Big Whopster,' that's what they call it. Remember when they first started advertisin' 'em? A full quarter-pound of meat. Now look. Nothin'. It's that damn Ronnie an' Nancy's fault, I'm tellin' ya. Everybody says so. The whole country is goin' to shit. I give bigger pieces of meat than this to the dog. Fucker won't even go near dry food any more. He wants those hamburger patties that come wrapped in plastic. Spoiled bastard! I know he wouldn't eat this shit — it's only good enough for people." She took a couple of bites and washed them down with gulps of beer. When she finished eating, she picked up the empty cartons, the can and the cloth, and put them back in the picnic basket, and then she stood up and stretched.

"Do I look any thinner?" she asked, turning around. She held out her arms and spun in a circle, her head back, long, dark hair swirling. "I ain't exactly been on a diet, but I've been layin' off junk food — except for just now. I'm tellin' ya, most of the guys in the club won't have nothin' to do with fatties, an I wanna ride. I'm goin' up to Frisco day after tomorrow with Rip an' Beaner an' Molly. I'm goin' with Rip. I'd go with Smokey again, but you know me — there ain't nobody gonna make me their steady ol' lady." She dropped down to her knees on the grass again, and crossing her arms, grasped each side of her blouse and raised it up over her breasts, working her arms out until it hung like a scarf around her neck.

"Do you like 'em? I think the tattoo really sets 'em off. Pretty soon I'll have the other one done, but fuck, it hurts. Smokey wanted me to get his name tattooed on my ass. Can you believe that shit? It'll be a cold day, lemme tell ya." She leaned forward, cupping each breast in her hands. "Like 'em?" She jiggled them teasingly, laughing, but suddenly

she drew back, uttering a little sound of caution.

"Oh, oh! Look out!" She worked her arms back into the blouse and pulled it down to cover her breasts once again. "There's a guy over there," she whispered, motioning with her head but not looking directly in his direction. "I think he's comin' this way. No, wait a minute, it's okay, he's goin' the other way. It's just an old man rakin' leaves. I oughta stand up an' flash him, just for the fun of it. Naw, it'd probably give him a heart attack." She changed position on the grass, plucked out several handfuls, glanced nervously toward the way she had come.

"I've gotta be goin' pretty quick," she said. "I left Smokey sittin' out there on the road on his scooter. It ain't nothin' serious, so don't worry about that. He's just another free ride. But he'll be gettin' impatient. Don't worry, I'll come back every month to see you. I won't forget. I won't let you down. You know you're the only man I'll ever love. You know that, don't you?"

She stood up, smiling broadly. The words made her very happy. "You knew that all along, didn't you? I didn't even have to say it. Well, here's a kiss until next time, but I'll be back. Honest. I will be back, so don't worry or nothin', you hear me?" She brushed some strands of grass off her Levi's, then picked up the picnic basket and stepped closer.

"Here's a kiss for you, until next time," Cheryl said, again. "There'll be more. There'll always be more for you, sweetheart," she said, smiling. She bent over and placed her lips against the smooth top of the cold marble headstone, letting them linger there for a moment before she stood up again, and then, without looking back, she started back across the lawn and down the hill to where Smokey was waiting for her. ■

Easyriders



"This chick is a real cocksucker."

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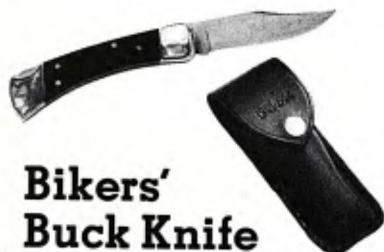


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California residents add 6% for the man. APO, FPO, Hawaii and overseas add \$3 extra postage.
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Soapbox

Continued from page 11

might lobby for is a brand-new California law that allows victims and victims' families to get involved in sentencing procedures.

Fittingly enough, one of the first people to take advantage of the new law was the mother of an 18-year-old, who, along with his girlfriend, was killed when the bike they were on was run down by a drunken off-duty security guard.

Under the new law, the probation department — which in California is responsible for making sentencing recommendations to judges — is required to notify the victims of their right to appear in court and present their case before a sentence is handed down.

In this particular case, the mother had heard from a victim-assistance-program worker that the probation officer assigned to the case was planning to recommend probation for her son's killer — so she exercised another right guaranteed by the new law, the right of a victim to demand a meeting with the perpetrator's p.o.

"He wanted to talk to me on the telephone," Mrs. Saundrah Ross says. "I insisted on a meeting."

The first question the probation officer asked Mrs. Ross was how she "felt" about her son's killer getting probation. Mrs. Ross replied by showing him a picture of her son.

"When my son left the house that morning he looked like this," she told the p.o. "And at 12:55 a.m., he looked like that," she went on, displaying a photo of her son's broken body lying beside the road. Eventually the p.o. recommended a state prison term for the cage driver, and after Mrs. Ross appeared in court and gave the judge a petition urging him to mete out a prison term, the cager was sentenced to three years.

Too often in cage-bike collisions, the judges and juries are never brought face-to-face with the fact that the dead or crippled biker had a spouse, had children, had parents. Too often — far, far too often — defense attorneys are able to twist the facts until the court almost believes that the killer-driver sitting at the defendant's table hasn't done very much wrong at all.

A law that gives the victims their day in court brings the full tragic impact of the "wrong" directly into the courtroom and should, in many cases, be instrumental in stiffening penalties for highway killers.

— Trampo



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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Mornin' After

Continued from page 31

and then pop a few vitamins and expect to place in the high hurdles that afternoon. The vitamins have to build up in your system. And don't get turned off by this idea just because of the average assholes you know who are into the physical fitness jerk-off. Alcohol does burn up stuff in your system (not to mention brain cells, but surely anyone who reads this rag has plenty of those left), and vitamins are one way some real swillers try to replenish what they've lost. So if the booze is really starting to rattle yer bones, it couldn't hurt ya to give this a try.

Papaya is another traditional drinker's buddy. Its damned near voodoo-like qualities are supposed to shut down the booze blues — that dirty sax playin' in your innards. We found out about papaya from two of the toughest drinkers we've ever met, a bro and his ol' lady from the South Pacific. At home, they each ate a papaya every day, and if they couldn't get that, they'd chew at least two papaya enzyme tablets. You can get the tabs in a drug store or market vitamin department. In telling this tale to another boozers, we found out a lotta drinkers already know about papaya. The fruit contains papain, which is supposed to be soothing to the stomach, liver, pancreas and gall bladder. The dude from the islands swears he starts gettin' all sorts of pains and bad reactions if he boozes and doesn't gum down some papaya or enzyme tablets after the ball is over. That's his story, but whatever it does or doesn't do, it's strictly a natural substance. By the way, if you're planning to enter the Belching and Farting Olympics next summer, avoid papaya — the enzymes are supposed to be great for gas problems, too.

Another folk remedy among drinkers is something called nettle tea, which is just an herb you make into a regular cup of tea. It tastes pretty much like shit, but can be disguised with sugar or honey or lemon (if ya like cream in your coffee, try a shot of that in this tea). Nettle tea isn't only for the ravages of booze, though. It's also supposed to be soothing to the guts, and helps keep everything humming. We heard about it from a Canadian biker who worked with us a few years back in the repo business. He got kidney hassles from bikin' too much and ridin' too much and just shakin' around generally, not to

mention over-partyin'. When he'd get to feelin' bad, he'd drink some of this tea. If he was really bothered, he'd do the whole program: a quart of tea a day for several days. Both of us tried it and we gotta agree with him. One of us even uses it regularly for some minor shit left over from a bout with hepatitis.

But, and this is a great big but (don't ya just love 'em?), unless you're into herbs and really know exactly what you're doing, don't fer fuck's sake grab up something out of someone's garden or out in the woods and make tea out of it just because it's nettle. There are lots of different kinds of nettles, and some of them are dangerous as hell. Go buy some nettle tea at a health food store. We know ya don't wanna be seen in that kind of place, but look at it this way: Think of all the fun you'll have when the customers are staring at you while their goat cheese popsicles melt down the fronts of their homespun shirts. Fuck 'em, just get yourself the tea. It doesn't come in bags (that we know of), so you'll have to strain it; and don't make the tea stronger than the directions on the box suggest, because you could get a real gripe in the guts.

Since we were talkin' about kidneys back there, we should throw in a couple of more thoughts on the subject. It ain't no state secret that booze is *real* hard on the kidneys, and that the kidneys are kinda important since you'll be totally fucked if they get fucked. One of the best ways to help them hold up under the extra stress of partying is to stay the hell away from salt! Also, drink some cranberry juice every day. It's a natural kidney flush. So is asparagus.

Another shared problem of many boozers and bikers is 'rhoids — screamin', flamin' 'rhoids! And when you're both a drinker and a bro, hang onto yer head; yer ass probably belongs to Preparation H already. If you suffer from a bung-hole that feels like the Japanese flag looks, you probably know best what particular product helps put out the fire. But here's one trick you may



"It's for display purposes only, lady!"

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not have tried, possibly because it sounds gross enough to make a proctologist puke. We're speaking of the old massageroo. 'Rhoids go all the way up inside, and one way to ease the pain is to — now we're going to put this real daintily, so yer aunt can read it if she wants to — what you do is massage your asshole, and not just the outside. We're talkin' about a real thorough job. Use some vitamin E as a lubricant during the massage, and you should feel the rectum relax and some of the spasming stop. Then, since you happen to be up there anyway, open a couple of E caps with a pin, and send them right on up the chute. This isn't going to cure anybody's 'rhoids, but it's been known to really cut down on discomfort for those game enough to try it. If you want to be proper and correct, you can go to the drug store and buy what they call a finger cot to protect your lily-white hand. Or you can hang tough and really gross out your bros when they ask ya what the hell's under your fingernails. Best idea yet is to get yer ol' lady to do it for you. She will, if she really loves ya (tell her we said so), and the whole thing could turn into one helluva get-down!

Another way to help out a bat-

tered lower tract and its poor ol' tattered exit, is to neutralize the diarrhea or constipation caused by partyin'. Both of these ailments always feel like they're busy rippin' ya a new asshole, and much as we hate to give away any free advertising, there's a vegetable compound available that you can take for either condition. It's not habit-forming, it's all natural, and what it does is give you a normal bowel movement no matter where you're starting from. A doctor we know told us, "Whether you're trying to pass an apple through your rectum, or having diarrhea by the gallon, this product does its best to create a happy medium." The stuff is called Metamucil, and we personally know one bro who takes it for constipation, and one chick who takes it for colitis, both on the advice of their doctors. Those two conditions are sure at both ends of the spectrum (there's a pun in there somewhere, but, thank God, it escapes us), and you can take the stuff several times a day if you need to — and you don't need a prescription. It ain't no fun to drink, but the fizzy kind in the little packages is less shitty, though it costs more. Now, we've given them enough free space.

As long as we're talking about what's available over-the-counter, good old Pepto-Dismal is real effective if yer dry-heavin' from a bad night, or if you have a little heartburn from that warthog you guys roasted. If you have gas pain in the lower tract, with or without diarrhea, a product called Di-Gel is good for moving into your system fast and helping clear up that fun problem.

Getting back to vitamin E, it's also good for your heart. There've been a lotta books written on that subject, so check 'em for details, if you're interested. E's good for your hardon, too.

Sadly enough, the ol' limpstick syndrome is one of the most devastating symptoms of bein' partied out. It's one big fuckin' bummer to get all revved up, have someplace luscious to go and end up with



"I know it's natural for dogs to chase cats, but he rapes them!"

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GENUINE Dirty Shirts

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Tell Them to Get Off Your Ass. Sam's in full color on back of white T-shirt.

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NEXT TO ME CHICKS PREFER A

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5. **SIT ON A HAPPY FACE**

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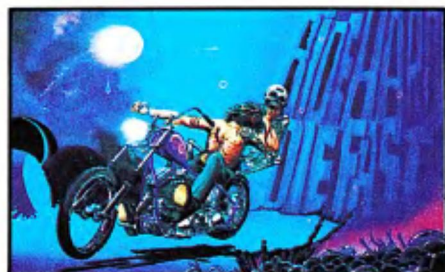
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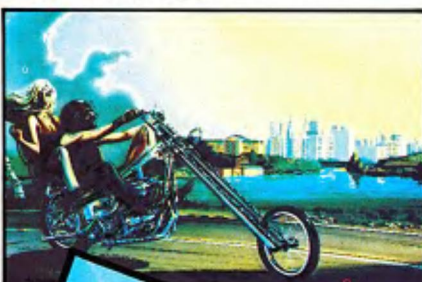
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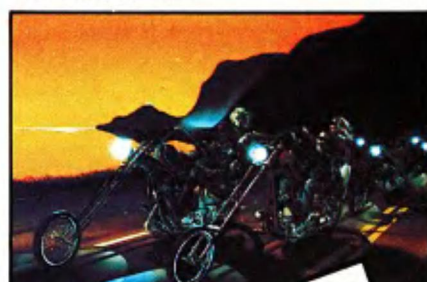
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By W.G. STONE
as told to
G. HIRLMAN

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A DELL PAISANO BOOK

marshmallow-in-the-piggy-bank time. Well, if it's any consolation, you're not alone! Heavy partying can take the starch right out of anyone's rod, especially as you get older. A lot of us bros who have this problem ought to get together and rewrite the old song "Let's Get Drunk And Screw." We can title it "Let's Get Drunk OR Screw!"

Drugs, even pot, are also sometimes a lot better for the big head than the little one.

These are temporary problems, fortunately. Permanent (or what seems pretty damned permanent) impotence also has its causes — like kidney trouble, constant heavy drinking, dialysis, certain medications, including some blood pressure pills (which can be changed to another type), uppers and/or downers taken steadily, etc. But the really fascinating thing about impotence is that researchers feel that 90 to 95 percent of the time it's coming from the other end of the bod. Not the created kind of impotence we've just been babbling on about — the kind where you haven't been doing any of the above and you still have a lay-down in the stretch. That, they say, is psychological at least 90 percent of the time!

We talked to a sex researcher, and he suggested one way to find out whether impotence is physical or psychological. He feels that if a bro doesn't wake up to the old morning whanger, there can very well be a medical problem. If you're still pole-vaultin' up to greet the new day, but the damn thing won't work when yer motor's runnin', well — if you're gonna have anything examined, it probably doesn't need to be yer dick. If the condition hits you only when you're blasted out of your bird, or recovering from a recent assault (also known as the Barstool Flang), forget worrying and fit the humpin' in later.

Sometimes when you start lookin' into things, you find stuff you weren't lookin' for, and learn a few facts you wish ya hadn't. We were gonna do a funny bit about premature ejaculation (that's fancy talk for



"Now, he's a beer drinker's beer drinker!"



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Easyriders

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There's legs and there's L-e-g-s. L-e-g-s will stop a beer-drinkin' bro at 300 paces; legs won't get a second glance from a horny convict. The same's true of boots. There's boots and there's **NASTY FEET**. **NASTY FEET** are the undisputed kings of the road, meticulously handcrafted by Chippewa out of specially treated

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comin' at the drop of cunt hair), but in chatting with this same sexpert, we came to find out there ain't nothin' funny about it. We both thought it might be due to old age creepin' up, and had a great list of helpful hints — like the ice-in-her-mouth trick to cool you off, or the bowl-of-ice-by-the-side-of-the-bed trick (you put your toes in it to get yer mind off blowing yer top). That kind of stuff. But our source says that's not going to help — except it might make the fuckin' last longer if ya don't have a real problem in the first place. Just about anything — from thinkin' about football scores to takin' a deep smell of some old socks — might help to cool your jets.

But (and here's another one of those great big butts), if you're a 60-second man as a general rule, this problem is not caused by anything physical, or by an overloaded libido. The sexpert says it's a power-play, a control mechanism. It's not a conscious effort to say, "Fuck you, honey — I'm gettin' mine," it's coming from a lot deeper than that, way back in your sub-whatever, and it's often an angry, aggressive act.

Believe what you want, but that's what the man said. He also said that one of the best ways to begin solving this kind of problem is to admit it is one. And that's a problem in itself because not being able to really get down together and get things cookin' on a slow burner is the hardest thing to get an ol' lady to be honest about with her ol' man. There are lots of good reasons: She loves him, she's afraid he'll get pissed or be embarrassed, or leave her. But the fact remains — premature ejaculation is a real problem. It's the reason many relationships fall apart — because the ol' ladies involved can easily lose interest in sex altogether, or ride off with some other dude. It ain't a lot of fun writin' about this, and it sure as hell wasn't what we expected to hear when we tried to do right and research the damn subject in the first place.

So if you'll pardon us now, we're gonna go get a drink.

Or screw.

— Wid and Diamond Back

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 in biker black or virgin white with a red logo; please indicate whether medium or large size. To order, send **\$4.95** to **Easyriders Products**, Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. (Sorry, not returnable.)

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Easyriders



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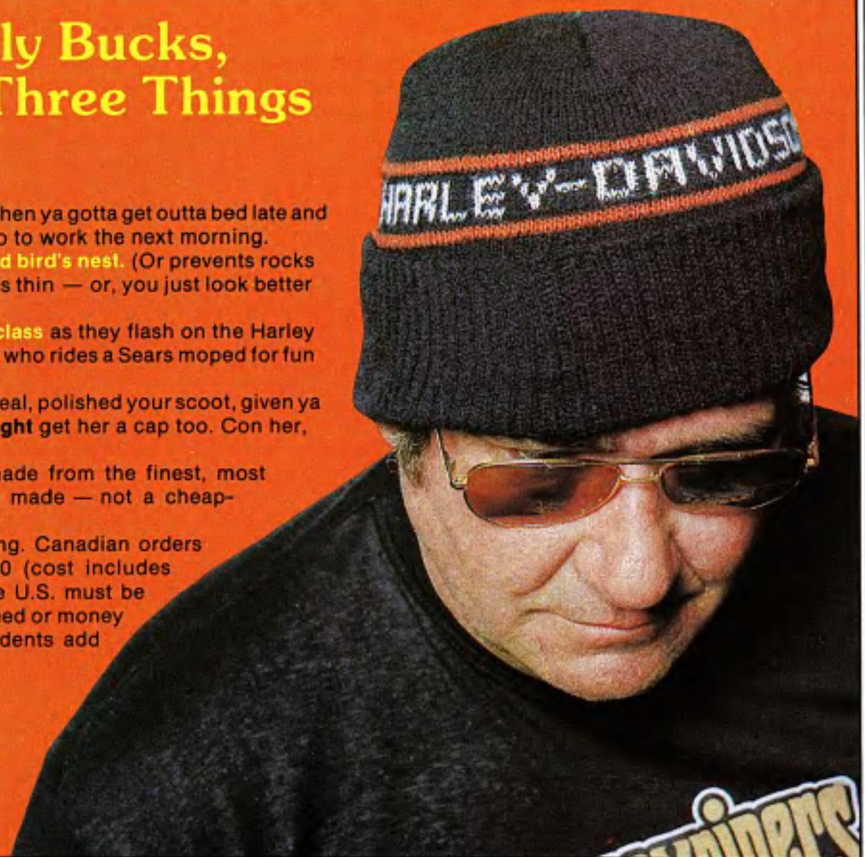
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2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

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Parting Gift

Continued from page 40

and stumbled in the direction of the front room, hastily covering my nakedness with a bath towel.

It wasn't Darrell.

Three bikers, all of them a tad younger than me and flying colors, stood just outside the door. Behind them stood a badly dented van. A horde of men astride their scooters, and shapely women still straddling the machines or clowning around as they pantomimed their cramped muscles, filled the drive. More bikes and riders were entering the gravel driveway, engines crackling on the early morning air.

"You the new owner of this place, maybe?" asked the guy with the thickest beard.

"No," I answered.

"Then we wanna rap with the ol' fart who owned the place last time we was here."

"He's sick," I said.

"Kin ya ask him about us rentin' the far side of that little lake over there?" Thick Beard suggested, grinning and showing the loss of some front teeth. "It's our favorite spot in this parta the country, man. He rented it to us a few months ago."

A movement to my left caught my attention. A gangling member of the group had hauled out his dork and was aiming it into the empty planter along the front of the house — the planter my old man had built with his own hands to contain the flowers my mother loved to grow.

"Hold yer damn water!" I yelled, knotting the towel tighter around my hips and lurching forward, past the trio of outlaws. "Piss anywhere else ya like — but not there!"

"Oh, yeah?" Gangly eyed me, grinning viciously. "How about if I pee into yer towel, fuckhead?"

In two swift steps I reached him, swung and clouted the mouthy bastard's face into a fountain of blood, and watched him topple, pissing all over himself as he landed sprawled on his back.

"Let's cooperate with the man's request, Diddler!" laughed the dude with the thick beard.

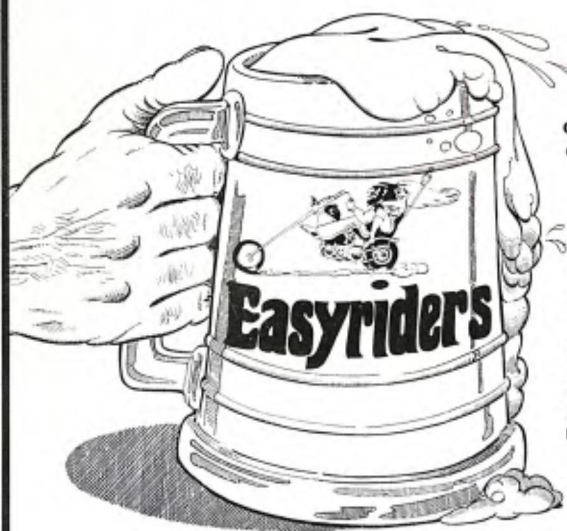
"I'll be right back," I said, reentering the house and surprised they let me do it. "Hang tight."

"Ain't nobody tighter than us!" laughed Thick Beard.

Pop hadn't touched the bowl of oatmeal I'd set on the TV tray beside him. He looked alert but yawned several times as I approached him.

"Buncha bikers here, claimin' ya rented the lake to 'em fer a camp-

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site," I informed him. "They wanna rent it again."

He blinked rapidly, the moist blue eyes blank for a few seconds. Then his narrow faced brightened with remembrance. "Sure," he wheezed. "I remember that bunch! Real good boys and gals! They're welcome to use the place again — as long as they like!"

I returned to the front door. "It's all yours," I said, eyeing the one they called Diddler, who glared at me from a distance but made no move toward the house or me.

"Last time, he let us plug into that light pole out back," Thick Beard said, "so's we'd have power fer our music and other shit."

"That's okay, too," I said.

"One thing, man," Thick Beard thoughtfully scratched his whiskers, grinning at me wryly. "Ya better keep yer distance until we split. Diddler there ain't stapled right, see? We can't guarantee his behavior now that ya embarrassed him in fronta our people."

"No problem," I replied.

"Give the old dude our thanks. We'll see that the area we use is cleaned up before we leave," Thick Beard turned and led his companions toward their waiting machines.

I shut the front door, went to a window and watched the noisy caravan of bikes flowing past the house and garage, following the deeply rutted little dirt road leading down the hill to the lake, dust billowing behind them as they went.

Leaving the window, I went to the pile of clean clothes I'd unpacked from my panhead, got into them and returned to the porch. Pop was struggling to sit up.

"I wanna see 'em," he gasped.

I propped him up higher, making sure he wouldn't fall out of the big, high-backed chair.

"Where's my damn glasses? I can't see fer shit like this, Ricky!" he complained, squinting.

I found his glasses. Helped him put them on. He gazed with a blissful expression at the line of bikes snaking down the road to the glittering water. "Ain't they somethin'!" he said softly. "They ain't like we was in my time, ya unnerstand. But ain't they beautiful! A whole tribe of motorcycle people gonna have themselves a wild old time down there."

"Yeah, I know what ya mean, Pop."

Abruptly, the rheumy old eyes lifted to my face. They were clear with intelligence and awareness now, and he peered at me intently. "Listen, I've sold off some sections on the east side — forty-grand worth — and it goes to your brother. But my bikes and the rest of this place go to you."

"Now what kinda bullshit is that? Only the good die young, fer crissakes, Pop! So what's all this —"

He sagged in the chair, smiling bleakly. "You're not a little kid anymore, Ricky. I know what's happenin' to me. I ain't got much longer. Maybe I can't hang on until Darrell gets here. I just wanted ya to



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know what I arranged last year. Them old machines wouldn't mean a damned thing to Darrell."

"We'll discuss it ten years from now," I said sharply, unnerved by his factual tone. "You'll scare the livin' shit outta Darrell, talkin' like that. Wh-why, hell, Pop, you know we couldn't tell the fuckin' time of day without checkin' it out with you first!"

Impatiently, a skeletal hand groped around the table beside him, knocking it over. "Get my binocs," he said thinly. "Want them binocs so I can watch all them purty little ladies while they're playin' bare-assed in the water — and later, when all the screwin' and doin' starts!"

I hunted around and found him the binoculars.

* * *

Darrell was furious.

He strode purposefully into the kitchen, where I sat quietly toking and sipping with my bare feet propped up on the table, and his chubby face glowered down at me.

"This is ridiculous!" he snapped. "That poor old man should be in a decent hospital where they can give him proper care — not wasting away here, in this house, without even a nurse to look after him!"

"He knows he's dyin'," I said calmly. "He wants to do it here, with as little fuss and bother as possible."

"Well, that's just not right!"

"Doc Henley thinks it's right."

Apparently, they decided it should be that way. I think it's okay if that's what the old man really wants." I paused, to sip a little more whiskey. "Only you don't buy it on account of it's costin' ya time and trouble."

"What's that supposed to mean?" He went to the refrigerator, getting the pitcher of fruit juice and pouring himself a glassful.

I studied Darrell: The sharp business suit with the stylish cut and the flashy diamond lodge pin, all the matching accessories — tie, shirt and breast-pocket handkerchief all the right shades to harmonize with his medium-brown flannel, even the glossy shoes — what he wore looked imported and expensive. My brother, the super real-estate executive who had energetically conned his way into the upper echelons of the business world. Now, at the age of twenty-six, he was already an important guy with exactly the career status he had craved ever since he had been just a squirt and vaguely ashamed of the ol' man and me. He'd gained weight. There was also a brittle quality to his personality that hadn't been there when I'd last seen him about three years earlier. Carrying his fruit drink, he came over and sat down at the table.

"Come on," he urged sarcastically. "Stop talking in riddles, Rick. Spit it out. Be plain!"

"I already did," I chuckled. "You're a time-is-money guy. Comin' here and waitin' fer the old man to die might cost ya a coupla days —



CHENEY

"What other distinguishing features does he have?"

maybe as long as a fuckin' week — and that could ruin some big-bucks deal. Right?"

"Yeah, well, it's true I left a few things in a mess. I had some important arrangements pending," he admitted, averting his eyes. "But I dropped everything and came anyway, didn't I?"

"That amazes me," I told him, grinning broadly.

"What does?"

"That you bothered to show up at all," I replied.

"Frankly, I came to be sure Dad had somebody here. For all I knew, you were drifting around somewhere on that damned motorcycle, playing the same macho biker routine as you have for years."

"Fuck you, fatso," I said distinctly.

"So what do I find? My dad in serious condition. A broken-down country quack who's content to let him die at home in increasing discomfort. And a brother who's a professional bum, boozing it up because he really doesn't give a shit — except for whatever he'll inherit that can be converted to cash for gas, gash and dope."

Rage churned inside me but I maintained, merely shifting position in my chair and looking the snotty, superior-acting asshole in the eye. "Watch that smart fuckin' mouth of yours, Darrell," I advised him. "You've expressed your opinion. I read it loud and clear. Now back off or I'll bounce yer lardy butt all over the property until you're such a ripped and bleedin' mess that none of yer fancy-assed friends and associates would recognize ya!"

Somewhat nervously, he moved his chair away from me.

"Well, I still say letting the man die at home is a pathetic —" he began piously.

"Can it, shithead!" I growled. "He wants it that way and he's gonna have it that way. I happen to know this is the first damn time you've been near this house since you boosted that four hundred he kept on hand, and took off like a thief in the fuckin' night."

"It was a loan," he muttered lamely, looking uneasy. "I fully intended —"

"Bullshit. Ya kiped the cash. Ya split. Everytime I've been by here, the old man has let a bit more of it leak. Ya broke his heart, because you were actually his favorite, ya asshole." I relit a roach with hands that trembled uncontrollably. "Tell me, do ya still think I mean what I say when I give my word?"

A trapped look flitted across his pudgy face and beads of sweat

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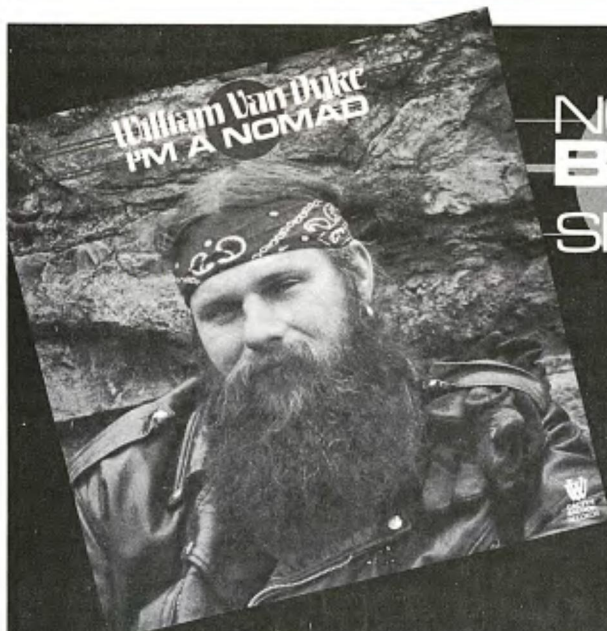
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formed across his forehead, clear back into the strands of thinning hair combed carefully over his balding skull. "Y-yes, I kn-know your word is good," he mumbled, staring into his fruit juice like it contained some answer he desperately needed.

"You're gonna stay put until he's gone, if it takes six months," I said in almost a whisper. "You're gonna be kind and patient and cheerful to a dyin' ol' dude who happens to be a better father than a prick like you deserves. The first time — I repeat, first time — ya give him any crap or ya try splittin', I'll put ya right in that stinking hospital ya seem to think so fuckin' highly of. Got that, dear brother?"

He swallowed hard, nodding and perspiring.

Just then, I heard Pop calling my name. With a last, what I hoped was chilling, glance at my shit-ass brother, I grunted to my feet and headed toward the porch.

Pop lowered the binoculars, his face turning toward me as I bent over him. His breathing was strange now. Not truly labored, but more like he'd been running and was just out of breath.

"Just lookit 'em!" he said thickly, shoving the binoculars at me.

I looked, adjusting focus until I saw all the nude bodies outlined against the glare of blazing bonfires. Things were getting interesting over at the biker campsite. They looked and moved like churned-up beings who had reached a level of frenzy where it was time to shit or go blind, orgy or kill something. Having attended such parties and experienced that particular level of partying down first-hand, I recognized it instantly. The sight tingled through me.

"Yeah, Pop," I said without removing the binoculars from my eyes, "it's gettin' kinda wild, all right."

"I can't hear their music," he complained.

The rockabilly music hung faintly on the night air, pulsing like a distant heartthrob.

"Rick, I know you're a solo rider, a loner and proud as anything," Pop panted, "but I'd appreciate it all to hell and gone if you'd go down there and ask them to turn the volume up a little."

Lowering the binoculars, I peered into his face, suddenly seeing death waiting in those tired old eyes. *Shit*, I thought, a brand-new pang slashing into me like a blade I'd never felt before, *he's slipping away!*

"Ya really dig that music, don't ya, Pop?" I said, putting my hand on his bony shoulder.

"Yeah, I do," he admitted. "It sounds the way I felt when I was young and full of piss and vinegar. It's got that real don't-give-a-damn sound."

"I'll ask them," I promised.

For a few seconds I thought about sending Darrell down there with the request, but it would have been like tossing a lame puppy to a wolf pack.

Going through the house, I passed Darrell stretched out on the living room sofa. His head lifted and he had a worried expression.

"Stay with Pop while I'm gone," I ordered. "I'll be right back."

"What's wrong?" He sat up abruptly in alarm.

"I'm not positive, but I think Pop's ready to slip over the edge of this life. In case he goes before I can get back, I don't want him to be alone. Now, git your fat ass out there to that porch!"

I left the house, jogging toward the horde of bikers cavorting madly around the distant glow of flames that danced against the darkness. I figured I could be there and back again in the same amount of time it would take to start a cold engine and putt down to the lake.

I've never been more wrong in my whole fuckin' life.

* * *

"Say again?" yelled Thick Beard over the din around us.

Grabbing his heavily muscled arm, I led him farther away from the insanity of noise created by high-volume stereo music backed up with the shrill and raucous voices of possibly sixty or seventy spacy people in the process of going even more nuts than they realized.

He didn't resist, coming along cooperatively until we stood beside the water some hundred yards from the milling, shrieking bikers and their women.

"What's happenin', man?" Thick Beard demanded, jerking his brawny arm loose from my grip.

"I got a request from the landowner," I said.

"Oh, ho!" he laughed, but his face was turning ugly. "Too fuckin' much noise, huh?"

I shook my head and he looked stunned with surprise. He shot a quick yearning glance toward the nearby mob who were clumsily forming a confused orgy.

"My old man wants the music turned up," I told him.

"Up?" He smirked, to cover being bewildered.

"Listen," I said, "my father's dyin', see? He may only be a few heartbeats away from the last breath. He

loves the fuckin' music, but his hearin' ain't so good. Can ya please an ol' dude and turn the volume up any higher?"

"Gotcha!" he beamed. "Can do!"

"Appreciate it," I mumbled.

"Don't give it another thought."

Just then his entire expression switched from amiable to horrified as he focused on something directly behind me. Without hesitation, I flung myself sideways toward the lake, plunging into the cold water with a huge splash.

Something smacked the water's surface where I'd been, a tenth of a second after I rolled away to my left and got my feet under me again.

It was ol' Diddler, trying to brain me with a nice and hefty tree limb that he'd probably found lying on the ground. He swung the club downward again with a viciously lethal force, but I managed to jump clear without losing my balance. Finding that he'd missed again, Diddler waded into the shallow water and came after me.

I caught a glimpse of Thick Beard standing on the narrow beach, looking helpless or maybe just simply watching the whole scene. I couldn't be quite sure.

"I don't wanna hurt ya," I cautioned Diddler.

"I'm gonna kill ya real dead," Diddler said tonelessly, and the

madness in his face told me that he meant to do exactly that — waste me by beating my skull to a bloodied pulp until my brains were mere fish food. "Ya made me piss all over myself in front of everybody!"

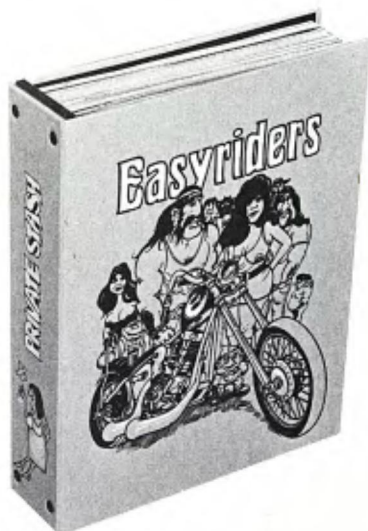
He moved forward, swinging the club in great sweeping arcs as he came. I could see the screwball was plenty talented with a club. There was every chance he'd succeed in nailing me with one lucky swing — and if I went down, I was dead.

I veered sideways, escaping another whistling swing of that club, and lurched into a stumbling run for the water's edge, wobbling and staggering through the knee-deep shallows.

Diddler was right behind me, but I gained some time and distance in a last-minute spurt of added speed, whirling around and facing him the instant both my feet were planted on dry, solid ground.

Diddler rushed me, murderously swinging the deadly club.

I dove at his feet, hearing the club thud into the spot where I'd been and feeling the impact spray sand. Two rapid jabs of my clenched fist into the backs of his knees brought Diddler collapsing directly onto me, still wildly flailing that damn club in all directions. Rolling away from him, I raised my right leg and foot — bringing them close to my



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body in a recoiling position, tensing them and aiming carefully — twisting my body and kicking hard, sending my booted foot directly between Diddler's momentarily opened legs — and into his defenseless crotch.

He screamed and fainted, sprawling limply face-down. The brief sound of his agony had been smothered by the noise of music and chaotic lust nearby.

Getting to my feet, I studied Thick Beard. He held up both hands in a no-contest gesture and I relaxed, shaking with a nervous reaction to the realization of just how close I'd been to being battered to death.

"Stay as long as ya want," I said coldly. "But keep this psychotic sonuvabitch away from the house — or next time, I'll blow his demented head right off his shoulders with a shotgun!"

Grimly, Thick Beard nodded his understanding.

* * *

Two days afterward, I was alone in the house. I sat there, drunk but still feeling the brand-new anguish common to all orphans, I suppose. And remembering those piteously generous words the old man had hoarsely whispered into my ear just before expelling that last rattling breath past my head, which was lowered to his slackened, haggard face and dimming eyes.

Darrell hadn't heard them. I didn't repeat them. The straight, ambitious businessman will never live who could understand those words.

Now Pop's body awaited a funeral in the local mortuary. Darrell had split for the West Coast. Doc Henley had been by, twice, to squint at me and had apparently decided I was as sober and sane as I ever was going to be. Even the bikers were breaking up camp. Staring at the empty bottle of JD on the table, I'd just gotten to my feet to find a replacement jug when I heard the cautious rapping at the front door.

Opening it, I found Thick Beard. Beyond him, an unbroken line of scoots, packed for the road and bearing riders and passengers, wended its way toward the distant highway.

"We heard about yer old man," he said gravely.

I nodded, saying nothing.

"We're sorry, bro." He sounded truly sincere.

"He enjoyed the music," I said flatly. "It was good of ya to get it turned up. Anyway, I figger hearin' it made his dyin' somewhat easier, y'know?"

Thick Beard reached for his wallet, producing a fat sheaf of crisp new bills.

"We wanna pay what we owe," he mumbled.

"My old man was one of them early-day bikers. He loved bikes and everybody who rode one — bar none." I paused, swallowing the unexpected lump in my throat. "Ya don't owe a fuckin' thing, man."

A blank face registered bewilderment.

"Call it a parting gift from an ol' biker," I explained. ■

Easyriders



"There wasn't enough room on my application form, but I guess I should tell you that I love to suck cock!"

Stamped in Steel

Continued from page 33

companies that didn't last long (over 2,000 motorcycle producers have come and gone since 1894), and in many cases, not a trace of their work would remain if it were not for the illustrations preserved on postage stamps.

In other cases, a photo or drawing lying dusty and inaccessible in some far-off museum is resurrected and shown to the world, thanks to the stamp makers. For example, where could you possibly find photos or drawings of early German bikes such as the 1885 Daimler-Maybach, the 1901 NSU, the 1894 Hildebrand and Wolfmüller, the 1908 Wanderer, the 1902 Megola-Sport, the 1925 Mars or the 1936 BMW? On stamps, of course — easily obtainable stamps, issued this year (1983) in Germany.

Another recent (1982) stamp series of interest to bike freaks is one issued by the Isle of Man in honor of the famous TT Races. The series spans the years 1907 to 1981 and gives a thumbnail history of the race and views of the original tourist trophy — the Greek god Mercury poised on a winged wheel — and many of the bikes that have competed there.

In the U.S., the Postal Service has never issued a stamp commemorating bikes on their own merit. They have, however, issued a fair number of stamps with pictures of motorcycles as an important part of the design. Perhaps the most famous of these was a series of 10-cent Special Delivery stamps (one of which was immortalized by Dave Mann in the December 1981 issue of *Iron Horse* magazine), showing a mailman using a twin-cylinder bike to speed letters to their destinations. These stamps were widely issued at various times during the 1920s and are collectors' items today.

A collector's item-to-be is a U.S. stamp honoring the development of the motorcycle itself. Scheduled to be issued in late '83 or early '84, it will, according to the Postal Service, feature an artist's drawing of an early-model Pope.

If you're interested in collecting bike stamps (or any other kind), the best place to begin is your local library (also a great place to find young cuties itching to wiggle around on a P-pad for the first time). Most libraries have good books on the "how-tos" of stamp collecting and a copy or two of the Scott Catalog of Stamps, which

lists and gives black-and-white illustrations of just about every stamp ever issued.

Once you're ready to acquire stamps, you can look for what you want in ads in the hobby papers (such as Linn's Stamp Weekly, published in Sidney, Ohio), or you can climb on your bike and check out stamp shops until you find what you need — it's a lot like grubbin' for parts at a swap meet.

Another similarity to a swap meet concerns prices. Both the Scott Catalog and the various stamp newspapers contain price lists of various stamps in various conditions — mint, fair, etc. Dealers, however, will often try to get more than those prices if it looks like you really want the item badly, or if that particular stamp has become hard to get. Just as at the swap meet, it never hurts to haggle a bit. Generally, though not in all cases, you should be able to buy at less than catalog prices.

One brief caution. Like your bike, your stamps are an investment as well as an object of pleasure. Just like you have to treat your bike a certain way if you expect it to keep on lookin' and runnin' sharp, you've got to store your stamps properly to keep their appearance and value at the max. Any stamp store can provide you with protective sheets or album pages to hold your collection the right way.

And speakin' of holding things, we'd be failin' you if we didn't mention that all kinds of chicks are avidly into stamp collecting. Invite some chick up to see your collection and, with a little help from Brother Juice and Dr. Smoke, it shouldn't be too long before the stamps aren't the only sticky things spread out on the floor.

— Perfesser Prune



"I'm sorry, Donald, I promise I'll never fart again during anal sex!"

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Downtime

Continued from page 52

the deep South. That's right, smack in the middle of the Bible Belt, in little burgs where you'd expect to see nothing hairier than "The Sound of Music," sweating rednecks and their biscuit-fed girlfriends cruise to the drive-in to see triple-feature bills of "I Drink Your Blood," "I Dismember Mama," and "I Spit on Your Grave."

However, none of this means that you have to live in the Big Apple or Hambone, Georgia, to enjoy the *Sleazoid Express* — it's fun to read regardless of whether or not you've seen the movie being discussed. A couple of typical excerpts from the newsletter will show you what I mean: "XTRO has one effectively revolting scene. A woman becomes pregnant immediately and a grown man emerges from her vagina, biting off his umbilical cord." Or, in a review of "Ilsa — She Wolf of the SS": "The movie opens with Ilsa castrating a male inmate after he has failed to satisfy her. To prove her theory that 'a well-trained woman can withstand pain as much as a man,' she infects female prisoners with syphilis, puts maggots in wounds, crushes bones and scalds them." And about another film on the same subject, "Ilsa — Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks": "One of the most shocking scenes has Ilsa working over actress Haji: her breasts are crushed in a press, ants eat away her leg, and her demise is via a plastic explosive diaphragm that's triggered by a mechanized dildo."

I should be quick to point out that the *Sleazoid Express* isn't all lurid plot summaries. In point of fact, the newsletter is a well-researched critique of a specialized area of popular culture. The subject matter may be a little bizarre, but the text is often scholarly (and occasionally pretentious): "'Aze' has the feel of many a low-budget film, but intelligence is apparent here, as opposed to unintentional effects. Its cinematic syntax is both sophisticated and quite unlike any other movie. The dialogue is lean and convincing, and the narrative progresses via brilliant, disquieting imagery rather than linearly."

But don't let this highbrow stuff turn you off. Landis understands his audience, and his rag is consistently entertaining. In addition to the graphic (and often hilarious) movie descriptions, many issues contain gross-out photos from

sleaze classics — severed heads in a salad bowl, and all that. Moreover, the newsletter is presented in an appropriately sleazy fashion — Landis pounds out his reviews on a manual typewriter and the copy is printed just that way, warts and all. (I do wish he'd clean the keys on his machine once in a while, though.) And each issue is bound to contain one or two unintentionally funny lines, my personal favorite coming from a review of "Pink Motel": "The actor playing the lawyer's hair is obviously a toupee." Why they'd hire an actor to play the lawyer's hair I can't imagine — nor how they could fail to notice that the actor was a toupee. But such lapses are all part of the unpredictable pleasure of reading the *Sleazoid Express*, and to make a big deal out of such fuck-ups would be a cheap shot.

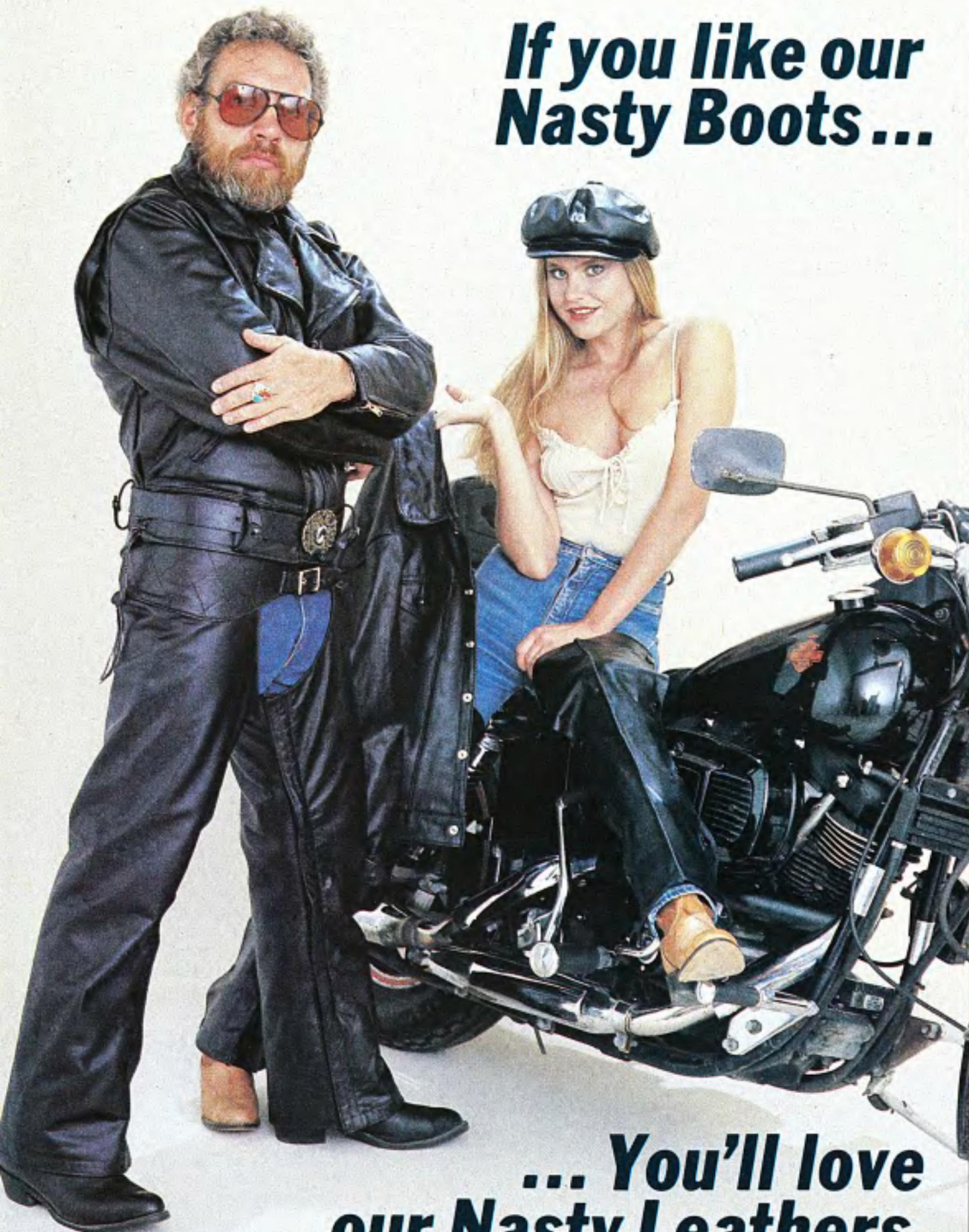
By the way, Landis is a fan of biker exploitation movies, a type of sleaze flick he regrets is no longer being made. His favorite of this type is 1969's "Satan's Sadists," starring Russ Tamblyn, about whom Landis writes: "Tamblyn, bloated, no-necked, wearing wire-rimmed, round, purple sunglasses and a floppy hat, is cast as a charismatic, nihilistic figure. This Hollywood burnout, whose mumbblings seem semi-improvised, is in this role a monument to paranoia and decay. The location atmosphere is unsimulated. The violence, with splashes of red coloring, is as grotesquely unreal as the rape scenes — with the actresses cringing in embarrassment before undressing and being humiliated by Tamblyn — are disturbing."

If you're at all into trashy movies and would like to read the best periodical publication on the subject, a year's subscription to the *Sleazoid Express* can be had by sending eight bucks to Bill Landis, Box 799, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009. ■

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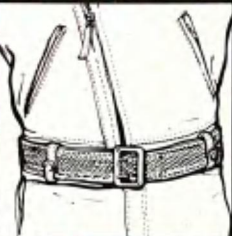


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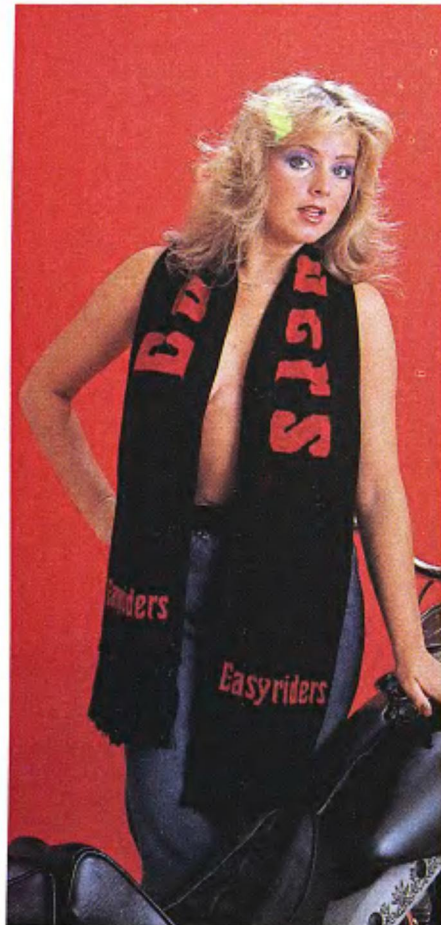
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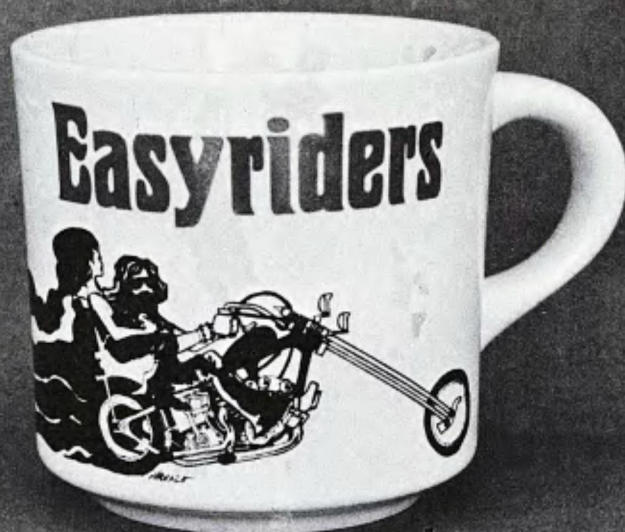


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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

and that could mislead the beginner into believing he doesn't need one.

I speak for many hundreds of tattoo artists around the world when I say your magazine would be better received and better supported if it did not contain advertisements for so-called beginners' kits.

Tattoo Artists Association
Glasgow, Scotland

☐ Your latest magazine special was dynamite. I'm writing about *Tattoos* magazine that came out this summer.

In my opinion, it's your best effort to date.

R.H. Harsch
Calgary, Alberta

Byline Missing

☐ Your story "Detroit To Mexicali" in the August issue was great. I once tried to break a bro out of prison, but I didn't do as well as those dudes. I wound up on the inside myself.

The only problem is you didn't tell us the name of the dude who wrote the righteous tale. Why? Was he afraid of the cops comin' after him?

Jungle Jim
Toledo, Ohio

■ The only thing he should have been afraid of was the sweaty fingers on our printer. We had his name, A. Clinton Inman, on the artwork when we sent the article to the printer, but it fell off somewhere between here and there.

Question

☐ If you're interested in helping out a future biker, please tell me what the number 13 means.

Confused
Hagerstown, Md.

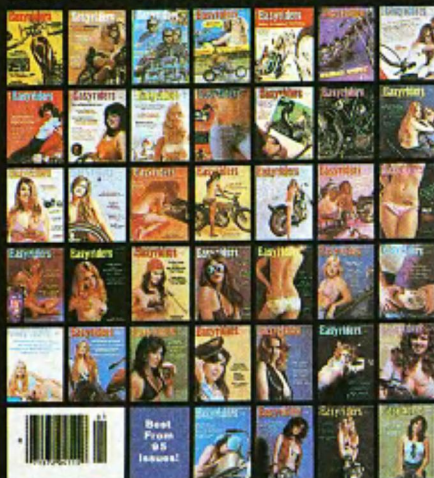
■ M is the 13th letter in the alphabet. It stands for marijuana, shit, pot, grass or weed.

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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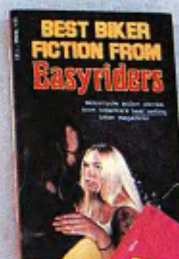
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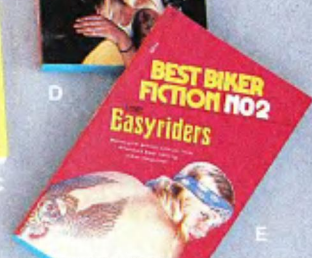
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D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
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Comin' Up Short

Continued from page 54

fell off my stool when he ordered a beer on his own. It was the first fuckin' time I could recall that the mooch hadn't launched into some sad story aimed at a free drink.

"I have access to some real power now," he continued, pulling a watch from his pocket. "Look here. This watch'll stop running twenty-four hours before your death. It's a great buy for only fifty bucks."

So that was it. Marvin had switched from freeloading to hustling supernatural horseshit. He probably figured he could get away with the watch rip-off because anybody gullible enough to buy it would likely kill himself trying to enjoy the last day.

"I don't want to know — I like surprises," I told him, hoping he would shove off.

He shrugged. "Gives you time to get your affairs in order. Here's another good one. A magic charm that's guaranteed to increase your income by at least twenty percent. At thirty bucks, it'll pay for itself before you know it."

Foolproof, I thought. If Marvin's suckers-to-be were all like me, they had no idea what their future income would be, so how would they know if it went up twenty percent? In my case, twenty or even fifty percent wouldn't amount to shit in my current circumstances. "Forget it," I told him.

Next, Marvin took a small bottle from his pocket and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "I know you'll go for this stuff," he hissed. "It'll make your dick grow."

Now I grabbed him by the front of his scruffy jacket. "You saying I need it?"

His eyes got real big. "Hey, no, bro! It's just that almost everybody can use another inch, that's all. No need to take it personal."

The truth was that I'd always felt that I could use an extra two inches at least, and was just a little sensitive about the issue. "Yeah, well, you're full of shit, Marvin," I said, letting go of him. "There's no such thing, so just buzz off!"

He slid off his perch and walked away, leaving me with the distinct feeling that he was getting ready to skip town. For sure, he'd be in serious trouble if he stuck around after peddling some phony cock-cultivator.

A few minutes later, I saw Simple Stan come strolling in. He's the only dude who comes to the Blue Room

when he's feeling good, but then, Stan is a special case. He's so dumb he couldn't find his ass with both hands tied behind his back. Dumb with but one exception — when it comes to airbrush art, the guy is top-notch. Although he's not a biker, he does so much custom work that the area bros all know him. Doc, one of our more intellectual types, says that Stan is sort of an *idiot savant*. That means he's stupid in every direction except one. The description fits Stan to a T.

It didn't take long for Marvin to home in on him. After a couple of minutes of conversation, I saw a few bills being traded for a bottle. If I hadn't been feeling so low, I would've stepped in at that point. Weird Marvin vs. Simple Stan was a mismatch if ever I saw one.

Two weeks later I had some green in my jeans, the result of unloading some real good weed for a bro who was new in town. I wasn't rich, but I was comfortable enough to putt on down to Dooley's Bar and give the chicks there a break.

The joint was fairly crowded, and I spent the first few minutes just greeting the bros I knew. Then I positioned myself at the end of the bar and eyed the unattached chicks. This was pretty fuckin' easy, because they were all bunched up around one table. I couldn't even see what the focus of their attention was. When Dooley brought my beer I jerked my thumb in the direction of the chicks.

"What's the attraction, Dooley?"

"You ain't heard?"

I shook my head. "No, I guess I'm the last to hear about anything. Fill me in."

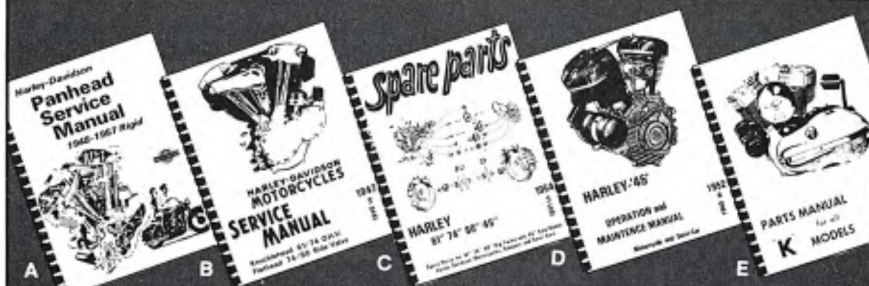
"Well, ol' Moose-tit Marsha got horny and seduced Simple Stan. Turns out he's been hiding something — the dude is hung like a horse. Ten inches or better accord-in' to Marsha, an' she's got an eye for those things."

Right away I thought about Weird Marvin's magic peter potion, then



"By Jove, Stocker, you've got to admire a woman who's willing to give a bloke a second chance."

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just as quickly I chucked the idea. It was probably a coincidence. I couldn't remember any chick ever going for Stan, probably because of his awesome lack of intelligence, so I figured Marsha had merely uncovered a good thing that had previously just been hanging around.

"So what are they doing over there? Competing for a date?" I asked, sourly.

Dooley laughed. "Shit. You know these biker chicks. If they were competin', an ambulance would be pullin' up out front. Naw, from what the barmaid told me, they're just workin' out a schedule."

"Schedule?"
"Yeah. Way I heard it, Ol' Stan is not only hung, but he's a regular damn machine. Marsha had to bail out of the action at three in the morning, and you've no doubt heard she's a pretty hardy piece."

"Holy shit."
"Funny, that's what Marsha said." I left the bar shortly thereafter and rode home in a fog of speculative jealousy.

The next Friday night I was back at Dooley's, happy to see that Stan wasn't there. My joy was short-lived, for it turned out that the only free chick, if you can use that term, was ol' Moose-tit. All the rest were evidently resting up either for or from Stan. I was horny, but not that horny. Just to be sociable, I sat next to her at the bar.

"How's things going, Moo. . .er, Marsha?"

"Shitty. I discovered that bastard, and now he thinks he's too good to screw around with me."

"You talking about Stan?"

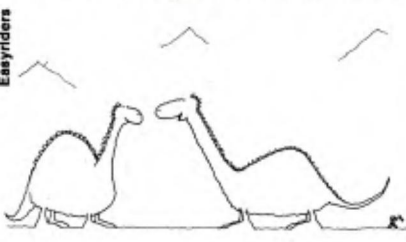
"Yeah — that asshole!" she said, draining her mug and then looking at it expectantly.

I took the hint and ordered two beers. "I heard he was sort of endowed," I said, almost against my will, but needing to know.

"Like a fuckin' baloney," said Marsha, with a faraway look in her eyes. "And it's even bigger now."

"What? Uh, I mean, really? How could it be?"

Marsha shrugged. "I dunno how. Growin', I guess. All I know is that



"I let them get real close, and then I fart."

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P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, Calif. 91301

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

"BIKER"

Big Pat says you can hide a ruler behind it." Her face brightened. "Hey, if it keeps growin', those young cunts will drop outta the runnin', won't they?"

I was no longer listening. If what she had said was true, then I'd missed out on a golden opportunity, for the growth must've been due to Marvin's potion. For a few lousy bucks I could've been a boon to womankind, with an unending supply of nookie as a result. I felt like heading for the Blue Room, but then it occurred to me to chase down Weird Marvin and find out his source for the wonder drug. I doubted that he knew the potion was for real. A chill ran down my spine as I realized there might really be something to the witchcraft bit after all.

It took me most of the following week to find out where the creep lived, and during the course of my investigation I learned that I was far from being the only one interested in his whereabouts. Seems Marvin had "sold" his scooter for a real low price to a whole bunch of different bros, getting a \$200 deposit from each one, with the delivery and pink slip promised as soon as a few details on the bike were taken care of. Eventually, one victim talked to another, and pretty soon they all knew they'd been screwed. Of course, the address on their worthless receipts turned out to be an old one. When I located another address for Marvin, off a bad check he'd written to a scooter shop, I didn't have much hope of finding him at home. He wasn't. A chat with the landlady confirmed my suspicions. Marvin had indeed split.

It occurred to me that even if Weird Marvin was a dead end, I might still be able to get some of the potion from Stan, provided he hadn't swigged down the whole bottle. I headed for Dooley's, planning on getting Stan's address from Moose-tit. When I arrived, I was surprised to see the joint loaded with chicks, every one of them looking down in the mouth.

"What's with the broads, Dooley?" I asked as I took a seat at the bar.

"It's Stan. He's been gone since last Monday, and nobody knows where he went. Left a lotta ladies with their appetites unsatisfied."

I looked around at all the glum female faces and realized that Stan would be a hard act to follow. This feeling was reinforced by the tape measures some of the broads had clipped to their belts. After a single brew, I talked to Moose-tit and got Stan's address, but she assured me

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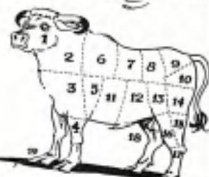
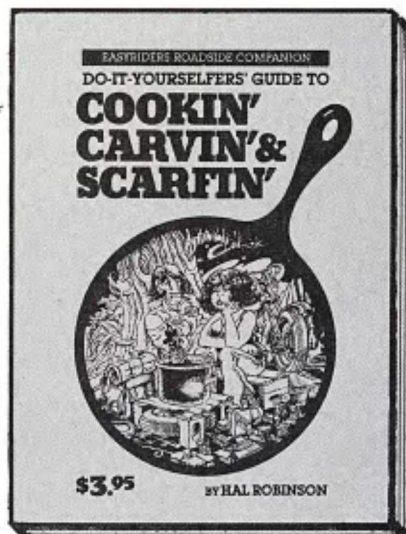
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Name Age

Address

City State Zip



he no longer lived there.

I wasn't about to ruin another weekend, so I gave up, got on my scooter and putted on down Santa Monica Boulevard. I remembered a bar out by the beach where I was sure at least one honey would appreciate quality as much as quantity. I was passing through Beverly Hills when I came up behind a big motor home. Now this in itself isn't the least bit unusual, but when I pulled into the other lane to pass I happened to glance over at the rig's driver. He resembled Stan. I took a second look, and sure as shit, it was Stan. He saw me, waved and pulled over. I parked my scooter and climbed into the RV.

"Stan, what'd you do, rob a bank?" I asked, looking around at the rather baroque and obviously expensive interior.

"Naw, I wouldn't do somethin' like that, man," said Stan. "I'm a movie star nowadays."

I wasn't sure I'd heard him right. "Say what, Stan?"

"A movie star. My crank just kep' gettin' bigger 'n' bigger. When it got to fifteen inches, these nice folks came by and said they wanted me to be in their movies. That's what I've been doin'. My crank's been actin'. Pays real good. I figured I'd buy one o' these here houses on wheels an' get out of paying rent."

I looked around more carefully. The rig obviously cost more than Stan would've spent on rent in one helluva long time. Still, it was a class way to go. "It's real nice, Stan," I said. "Uh, by the way, I heard that you bought a little bottle of something from Weird Marvin."

Stan grinned. "Sure did. That's what made my crank grow."

I crossed my fingers. "You don't happen to have any left, do you?"

"Oh, yeah. I just drank a little bit. Don't need no more than that."

I felt my heart skip a beat. "Could I, uh, buy what's left from you?"

"Aw, you can have it for free. I got my money's worth." He opened a panel in the console and handed me a small bottle. It was three-quarters full. I took it with shaking hands, thanked him profusely and we parted company.

I forgot about the beach bar. As soon as Stan pulled away, I tipped up the bottle, swallowing more than I had intended, then I headed back to Dooley's. On the way, I got to thinking about how the real loser in the whole mess was Weird Marvin. He'd gotten a few bucks for the potion, but Stan had gotten rich, laid, and who knows what else. Me, I was going to be the answer to a thou-

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CA 93022

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sand sweet chicks' dreams.

I ordered a beer at Dooley's, but I didn't plan on drinking it because I wasn't sure how alcohol would affect the potion. I just sat there, eyeballing some future lays. It was kind of like checking on turkeys as Thanksgiving approaches. While I feasted my eyes, my ears picked up a conversation between some of the bros. Seems someone from up north had seen Weird Marvin and knew where he was hiding. A vigilante group was being formed, and I was sure Marvin wasn't long for this world. The bros don't take kindly to rip-offs.

An hour passed, and I figured it was time to check progress, so I went into the john. When I came out, Dooley asked me if I was sick. Seems that my face looked terribly pale to him. Well, it also seems that the potion worked like some perfumes. You know, the way they smell good on one chick and bad on another, due to body chemistry?

Yeah.

Well, I'm joining the bros' posse. The others are planning to kill Marvin because he ripped them off, but I swear I'm going to get to him first. I figure I've lost more. \$200 is nothing compared to four inches. ■

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

increasing number of concrete-and-steel testimonials to the injustice of our system of justice and the futility of our departments of correction.

The second study suggest that cash-plus-concrete-plus-increased incarceration rates won't work. That our prisons already contain thousands of people who shouldn't be there and that our first prerogative should be getting those people back on the streets.

These two prescriptions for curing the penal plague are going to be widely argued in the months ahead. If you happen to visit a chapel some time, you might offer a quick prayer for logic and reason to prevail over ignorance and vengeance.

NEW, KITES AND DECISIONS

Ping-Pong

Using prisoners to play political football is nothing new. The latest example of inmate Ping-Pong happened in Kentucky recently when Jefferson County Corrections Secretary Richard Frey decided to shackle up 60 inmates and haul them to the

Kentucky State Reformatory near La Grange, even though he knew the reformatory was full and the inmates would be sent back to the Jefferson County Jail.

According to Frey, the expedition was intended to graphically illustrate the point that his jail is overcrowded (about 100 more than its 1000 capacity) because the state has refused to transfer sentenced prisoners to state facilities. Maybe so, but to us it still seems like no more than another incident of a so-called correction specialist treating prisoners like cattle. ■



"Good grief, your bike's only been in the shop two days!"

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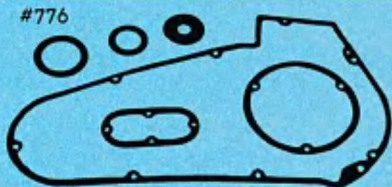
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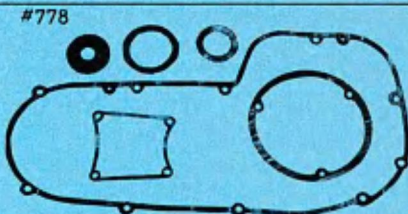
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 79

posts and meetings, publish newsletters and are actually physically right out there on the front lines in the media, Congress, and the state legislatures. We're moving and getting some things done; we're increasingly becoming able to put up a show of force on our own. But it's necessary to increase these organizations' memberships, if they are to keep on trucking to our mutual benefit.

And that's my service to you in this issue's column. You already know where to go if you're ready and willing to join the traditional organizations. Now I'll provide you with the addresses of some of the best Vietnam vets' organizations. We have *got* to pull together. Got to. Check these people out, even if you only carry a card and don't or can't make meetings. It doesn't matter what neck of the woods you're in, bro — join one or more of these organizations and boost the effort from afar. Besides, you need to keep up on the latest info and not even this column is going to be able to cover everything that's going down or cover it all in real detail. Sub-

scribe to the publications these organizations put out and you won't have to rely on the idiot-pamphlets the government offers. You'll get some real news and, in some cases, some good entertainment.

Okay, the organizations I'm giving you a lead on differ in their structure and ways of working. But those I'm listing are all worthwhile and doing *something*. They're all working for the same causes and can provide differing kinds of return on your membership investment. Feel free to write to any or all of these groups to see what they're doing and how they do it, as well as what you, personally, can gain through membership.

* * *

The Vietnam Veterans Of America
329 Eighth St. NE
Washington, D.C. 20002
(The biggest lobby group we have. Publishes a monthly newsletter and has some local chapters throughout the nation.)

Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange
Victims, Inc.
27 Washington Square North
New York, N.Y. 10011
(The elite, frontline fighters where Agent Orange is concerned. Newsletters published.)

Namvet Outreach Center
Attn: James Hoover
Box 2182
Gainesville, Fla. 32601
(Publishes a small newsletter. Mostly an outreach program, non-government funded. Serves you guys in the Florida area.)

The following are fraternal organizations that are very active in taking action and providing posts for local meetings:

The Veterans of The Vietnam War (VNVW)
National HQ — Attn: Mike Milne
Box 214, RD 2
Bald Mountain Road
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702
(A hell of an active organization with one fantastic newsletter! Most posts are in the Pa./N.J. area, but as a national organization, there are posts in states as far away as Mississippi. Check 'em out.)

The Texas Brotherhood Of Vietnam Veterans
Attn: Dan Jordan
7212 Sir Gowain
Austin, Tex. 78745
(The largest fraternal organization; serves mostly the southwestern states. No newsletter, as far as I know. Big! Just like Texas.)

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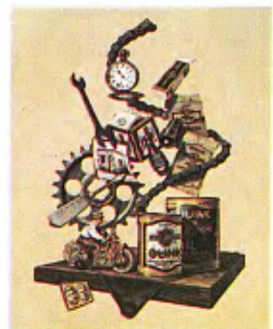
Once in a lifetime offer — \$62.50 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served — order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs. (COD's accepted with \$25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.) We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.



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Mackenzie Company

Box 29,
Calabasas, California 91302

The 17th Parallel

Box 656

Marlton, N.J. 08053

(Another organization on the order of the VVnW. Publishes a newsletter and serves the eastern states.)

Well, there you have 'em. Joining is up to you. Think about it.

One more item, if Agent Orange is of special interest to you. Besides contacting AOV in New York, you might want to write for a copy of the Veterans Of the Vietnam War Newsletter (Vol. 2, Issue 2 — the March/April issue). It contains a full 22-page article that takes you from the very, very basics of chemistry all the way up through what all those herbicides were made of and how they affect the environment and might affect us vets. It's worth having as a good lesson/reference. Price of the issue is \$2 postpaid. (See VVnW's address above.)

Now for the truly meaningful shit: the 'Nam Trivia Question of the month.

Vietnam Trivia Question

Q: For you Marines out there, see if you can fill in the blanks. The first unit of the USMC to land in 'Nam arrived there on March 8, 1965. It was the _____, but its unit designation was later changed to _____, because _____

A: The 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade; the 9th Marine Amphibious Brigade; the term "Expeditionary" had been used by the old French colonial forces and the military brains figured that wouldn't be a proper image to present to the Vietnamese. (Source: Vietnam Order of Battle by Shelby Stanton, U.S. News Books.)



"I ain't scared of you! Go ahead, hit me, I dare ya! I'll bleed all over ya!"



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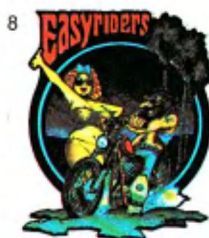
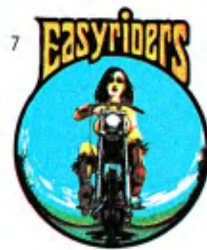
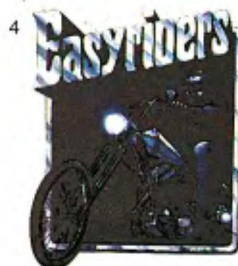
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like, or the proud magazine ya read — **Easyriders**.

If yer interested, they're American-made, the finest quality we could find, and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.



A Cap For Everyone!



Here's a top-quality, winter-style baseball cap. It's all solid cloth, as opposed to a netted, summer-style cap.

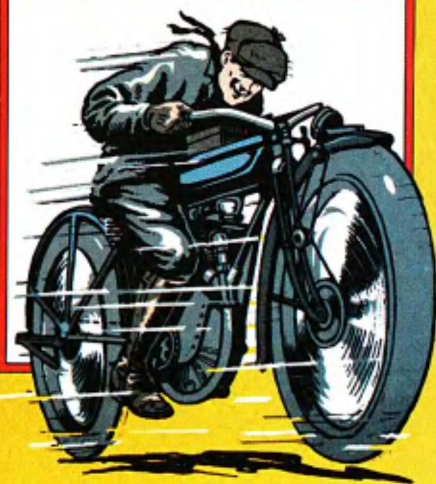
It has a two-color embroidered **Easyriders** patch sewn on the front. It has enough class that you can even get your ol' lady one. Cap size is adjustable so it fits all gourds.

Send to: **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301.
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Two-Wheel Tales

Test of Brotherhood

by Tempe Wezel

Now, March is a very good month to get your Harley running in Phoenix, and when it's your very first, it's even better!

School starts with my first test ride. Right off the kick I get some good citizen making a left in front of me. Just as I make it through lesson number one, lesson number two starts happening.

From out of nowhere this sinister-looking Sporty comes out of a side street and looks my new love over with the kind of lust that only a biker can feel. Now I was new but not stupid. This guy wanted to take my honey to live with him.

Weeks pass. I had started to run with four other loners and was feeling like I was a hot-shit biker who could do anything, anytime, anyhow. I hear about a party some guy who rides a Sporty is giving, so I invite myself.

I walk in the door and am greeted by some fucker I could swear I know — but I can't figure out from where. I tell him we'll talk later and jump right into the party.

At this point I happened upon two very fine ladies, wearing long dresses. They looked like they must have come off the richest mountain in this fine little valley of ours. One had the hot stare for me — she also had the kind of beauty that grabs you from the lowest point where your legs come together to the center of your very soul.

Well — I sleazed over and started to rap and she wasn't even slow to decide, "Yes, I'd love to go for a ride on your motorcycle."

Now her girlfriend don't like me even a little. I mean, this girl didn't even have any compassion for me as a human being — guess she was sure I was pure animal-type biker trash. I had done my best to leave that impression wherever I went.

Now, even as the words were rolling out of my mouth, my honey's girlfriend was doing and saying anything she could to squelch my pitch. Finally, in a last desperate attempt, she looked me up and down, and told her friend, "Don't go. He'll get you (long pause — looks of disgust), oily!" Well, my love didn't care and said so.

So a few of us went out to the

Continued on page 124

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 90265-0052.

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 Tattoo 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, 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. 12186. (130)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2-1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle.) For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301 (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

My panties, worn just the way you like. From me to you. \$10 cash/money order. To: Caprice, Box 66047, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (130)

Bob Edelen of Van Nuys: Ya hopped on your blue Sporty, leavin' a lot of good, expensive shit behind. Your friends are hangin' tight, but need to know if you're still alive. Call Gregg collect at (213) 889-8740. (125)

Tattoo and motorcycle T-shirts: Everything is directly screen-printed on shirts. 100% made and printed in the U.S.A. Send SASE and \$1 for catalog, or send \$8.50 for our famous tattooing T-shirts & catalog to: Fantasy T-shirts, Box 8819, Calabasas, Calif. 91302 (132)

Tattoo fans, check out *Tattootime Magazine*, the world's first public journal of tattoo culture. Articles and photos by leading artists in the field. Read about the history, latest trends with over 120 photos and drawings. Send \$8.50 for issue #1 to: *Tattootime Magazine*, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

"The Tattooist": This oversized hard-cover book features interviews, color, and black-and-white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." *Tattoo News*. "A bargain at the price." *Fetish Times*. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." *Los Angeles Times*. Photographs featured in *Easyriders*. Send \$39.95 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.) (126)

Tattoos by Diamond Jim, rework, colors, certified T.S.A. 1047 West Main, Barstow, Calif. (619) 256-6153. (130)

Black Dragon Tattoo Studio, 1207 Westheimer, Houston, Texas. 529-9059. (130)

White Power T-shirts: "KKK all the way." SS with skull and twin thunderbolts. "NAAWP" (National Association for Advancement of White People). All shirts white on black, best quality. \$8. Also, patches, pins, banners, etc. Send \$1 for catalog, Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (126)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered, to Coco Company, Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

Adam K.: Happy birthday, 9/18/83. You're always on my mind. Love you always, Winnie. (125)

Attention, all Northern California bros: Looking for Miss Micky Berry, last heard of in Carmichael, Calif. Cousin trying to contact her. Doing life without parole and need to contact her ASAP. Ferril L. Mickens, C-18659, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600. (125G)

Ladies: The catch of a lifetime. W/m, financially secure, romantic, 5'9", 158 lbs., attractive, athletic, with mountain home. Seeks special lady who craves attention/affection; must be romantic, good-looking, slim, shapely. I can offer a lot to the woman who knows what she wants out of life, and knows how to treat her man. Tony, Box 1217, Lyons, Colo. 80540. (125)

Soon to be released and looking for Miss Right. I've got a lot of plans and dreams, but no one to share them with. So write and let me tell you about myself — and who knows what type of relationship we may end up with. Clifton Miller, Box B-88596, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (125)

Biker heading for Texas, looking for someone to stay with in Dallas/Houston area. Must have place to keep my Harley. Send phone/address to Chase, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Keep private calls private, protect your freedom. Is someone listening? Find out. Alerts you to outside taps — for home, office, or travel. Send \$75 to Page Enterprises, Box 2553, Providence, R.I. 02906. (125)

Kim Banks: Happy belated birthday, 8/22/83. I love you and miss you and I'm looking forward to our future together. You're one-of-a-kind and I'm glad I found you. Forever your ol' man, Mark Smith. (125)

Bro doing time. Up for the count, need righteous lady to write and send pictures. I'm 6'2", medium build, blue eyes. Send to S. Donomoe-326, Locked Mail Bag #2, North Parramatta, 2151, Australia, N.S.W. (125G)

Shine: Only the seas may come between us, for we shall forever be in the wind together. Always on my mind. Vickie Lee. (125)

1953 Harley Hummer, 3645 actual miles, \$1250. Send \$2 for color photo and phone number. N. Kartchner, Box 15201, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115. (125)

I'm 30 years of age, muscular build, warm, considerate, sincere and very, very romantic. I'm currently in physical bondage, but not a criminal. My desire is that one-in-a-lifetime relationship with a sincere-minded woman. Hopefully, it's you. Please, write and find out for sure because this ad's for real. Sincere only. Ernest Riley 62990, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (125)

Help lonely bro in need of letters and photos. Write John Wolf 70262, Drawer N. Trenton, N.J. 08625. (125)

Susie (Tits): Hope ya got your head on straight by the time ya read this. Ain't gonna be in jail forever and I love the fuck outta you, Rick, and Aly. Ya been a helluva good wife and mom for a long time, so don't give up now. Need ya, and can't wait to fuck and suck and lick that fine clit of yours again, Doozy. F.T.W. Love, Dick (Head). (125)

Needed: For-real woman. I'm tired of being alone. Ladies, letter/photos are needed now. Mike Myers 112033, P.C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160. (125)

Happy birthday, Gratz. All my love. Babe. (125)

I'm a young bro, 21, doing hard time, and I'm lonely for understanding, sincere ladies. Looking forward to correspondence. No head games. James M. Pyron 97472, D.C.I. Dorm-F, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (125)

W/m, been down for 3 years, needs to hear from you chicks. Will answer all. Send photo and I'll do the same. Johnny Cole 155240, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (125G)

Jay De Caen: I'm down but not out. You are the finest and the best. You sure made a woman out of this lady! Happy birthday, daddy, 6/13/83. I love you. Your wife, Sharon. (125)

Bozo: They got me locked in hard labor, I'm stuck in Korea, too! I'm getting out soon. We've got to party. Say hi to everyone. From your friend, Skyhook (alias Jim). (125)

I'm a sincere, slender female looking for one hell of a Harley rider. Must be between the ages of 22 and 27, slim, honest, into traveling and a possible relationship. No heavy drug users. Send picture with first letter. Kim, Box 903, Richland, Wash. 99352. (125)

W/m, 36, downed and lonely. Healthy, vibrant, sincere, eager to hear from any lonely Eves. Gary Collins, C-22216-6219, Box AE, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (125)

Thirty years young, good-looking, blond hair, blue-eyed Cancer male. Own my own business, country home with pond, and motorcycle collection. Seek meaningful relationship with a sensuous woman, 25-30, who wants the good things life offers, loves animals and has no hang-ups. Photo/letter to Chris, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Wanted: Sexy, sincere women to help me through these last 11 months and then whatever develops. Send picture. Larry Snyder 93469, D.C.I. Dorm D, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (125)

Female Oriental spinster, 34, with some truckin' schooling, seeks apprenticeship with big rig driver. Have Illinois 'D' instruction permit, DOT card, OTR or local (Chicago). Kamikaze, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Sailor/biker needs first mate. Getting discharged January '84 and looking for a trustworthy, fun-loving lady. I'm 23, 6', 180 lbs., native Californian — but will relocate to find you. Let's exchange photos and histories if you're lookin' for a one-woman man. Write Dino, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Weed: Happy birthday to the greatest friend a person could ever hope for. Take care and have a good one. J.C.I.B.A. Teresa. (125)

Reward: For any information on my stolen 1974 74 Electra Glide, engine #2A40672H4. Ripped by a bro in November of '82. Also, I'm trying to get up another scooter and need flathead '80 parts. Call Lloyd. (415) 796-8785. (125)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC93, 400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (125)

Wanted: Firm-titted, hardbelly fox, 18 years tops, to take care of me and my Hog. Into Harleys, sex, and good times. No loadies, lazies, or rugrats. All letters with photos answered. J.D., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Graveyard (Ragg's bro): J. and D. Buck would like to hear from you and K. Please send address or phone number to Rt. 1, Box 1237, Bethel, Me. 04217. (125)

Whatcha call your ol' lady? Tell her with a custom handcrafted, hand-engraved, solid sterling silver name necklace. Absolutely any name or word on 16 inches of pure sterling twisted-roped chain, just \$16 (35¢ each extra inch). 65¢ a letter after first word. 3-word maximum. Black velvet gift box, \$2. 15-25 day delivery. Quality guaranteed. She'll never forget (or forgive) ya! Suzanne's Silver, 60 Doris Drive, Grass Valley, Calif. 95945. (125)

Well, ladies, this ol' tramp's down again. I'm 30, 5'9", 190 lbs., brown hair and eyes, tattooed. Doin' time a long way from home way up here in the North Country. I need a righteous ol' lady to pack behind me — must love to ride. I'm gettin' out in a couple of months; it would sure feel good to have a sweet young lady to go home to. They call me Gypsy. All kites answered. Send to R. Lowrie, Drawer "O", Burnaby, British Columbia V5H 3N4. (125)

Ladies: Let me fill your life with beauty and confidence. Looking for dynamic relationship. Write Randy L. Wilde 249494, Wynne, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

W/m, 37, ex-con, 5'10", 175 lbs. Needs a serious woman. Can relocate. All letters answered. Write John C. Alley, Box 2771, Kansas City, Mo. 64142-2771.

Thirty-year-old lifer wants to exchange letters and flicks with sincere, warm-hearted women, 18 to 35 years of age. Will try to answer all, especially those from Oklahoma. Gary Harger 112520, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051. (125)

Looking for "Dawn" (New Orleans): She has short black hair, big boobs, tattoo of rose on shoulder. We met at Mardi Gras, '82, in front of Lord V.J., French Quarter. Lost your number, couldn't call. Reward for help. Write "Seaplane Brian," Box 449, Felton, Calif. 95018.

"Easy Rider" posters: Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper on bikes, in color, \$6. Magool, Box 114, Lewistown, Mo. 63452. (125)

Delbert: Happy anniversary, 11/6. We're on the downhill slide now. Soon we can start our lives again. Love ya always, Delbetty. (125)

Tim and Joni: How's your units? You're #1 bro, Tim, and you got a #1 ol' lady. Thanks for keeping in touch while I'm down. Keep puttin' and partyin'. Leo.

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, applications. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (125)

Lonely Caucasian, 37, 6', 180 lbs. Seeking Miss Right. Only sincere letters apply. Will relocate for Miss Right. Love motorcycles, writing, romance, and you. Send letter/photo to Bruce Reed 67726, K.S.P., Rt. 2, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038-0128. (125)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (125)

Good-looking white dude, paroling soon and looking for that special lady. I'm 32, 6'2", 200 lbs., muscular build. Would like to hear from chicks of all ages. Rich McCray, c/o 3727 Bancroft St., #5, San Diego, Calif. 92104. (125)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast, \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call 1-216-453-3000, Ext. 4631. (125)

Wanted: Male unconventional enough to be reading these ads, but still responsible enough to stay employed and be honest with me. Would have to be comfortable with a 6', blue-eyed blonde, whose life is a strange mixture of social worker/crazy lady/one-of-the-guys. Outrageous sense of humor, cute, top-heavy and 26 years old. A bargain at twice the price of your letter and picture. Until the first time. High Pockets, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1982. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (126)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (125)

Sexy w/f, seeks lean young man, 17 to 21 only, for intense, interesting, uncommon relationship. Sincere and caring. No head games/older men. Into bikes, partying, travel. Photo for photo. Elise, 502 Center Ave., Butler, Pa. 16001. (125)

Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0 (136)

Hey, tall, short, skinny, fat, redheads, blondes, brunettes, all California gals. Write! In jail; need letters and TLC. Send photo, if you like. Looking for that one and only. W. Sonny Wilcox, B07240, B Quad, Box AE, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (125)

Gary W.: Could you please call Jessica and Boogy? Things change; your girls don't understand this. People still love you. Love always, Dixie. (125)

Moving to Philly in January, '84, looking forward to hearing from some good scooter people to make my move not so shocking. Solo and free. Howard "The Duck," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Brother from Missouri, down and out, doing 4 years in Arkansas. Will reply. Richard Thomas 80008, Box 407, Brks. 6, Wrightsville, Ark. 72183. (125)

Don: Live for today and don't worry about tomorrow, 'cause I'll still be lovin' you. You're one helluva man. Happy birthday, 10/19. Your ol' lady, Sal.

Tattooing equipment: Our 70-page catalog features equipment never before offered to the tattoo artist; 8 different types of proven and tested tattoo machines, all hand-built, craftsman finished. \$5 for catalog (sent airmail). Will send to downed bros. Tattoo Factors, Box 294, Hockley, Birmingham 18, England. (125)

Lady, 21, 5'11", looking for righteous Harley hunk to care for and please. I'm into riding, loving, partying and country living. Letter/photo to "TJ," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Swap meet: October 23. Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Indoors. (125)

Attention: Oregon brothers and sisters — Dale Flaming, Eugene Wilkes, Harvey Earl, "6 Pack," Tony Kenyon, Philip Bratcher. Got life with a 2001 date set. Contact me. Sick Rick 45042 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (125)

Frank: Well, babe, we've both gone through a lot of changes over the past twelve years. I had to find my freedom; you only needed to keep yours. Ride free and clean, and know that whenever and wherever you're in the wind, my spirit and friendship will be with you, always. Idget. (125)

28-year-old, 6', 175 lbs., blue eyes, long blond hair, Fontana white boy. Will answer all letters. Steve P. Owen, CMC, Box A-5323, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (125)

Self-employed male, 35, seeks energetic female, 24 to 30. Should be sports-active, like to ride, presentable and willing to relocate to Oregon. Photo/reply to "LC," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Tired of colors with bad reputations? Then write today, don't delay, get the lowdown on the National Organization of the Lordsmen. Now forming in Southern New Jersey. We are 15ers, we are the Lordsmen! Still plenty of room in the mother club. Send inquiries to Jerry Fox, Bldg. #51, N.H.S., Norristown, Pa. 19401. (125)

Less than 1000 made, 1981 FLH Heritage Harley-Davidson, less than 1000 miles, still under factory warranty. Will consider '82-'83 FLH as partial trade, \$10,000 cash, or same dollar value in silver. Pictures available, \$2. (317) 825-7089. Keith Haselwander, 119 W. 30th St., Connorsville, Ind. 47331. (125)

Kenneth "Hunter" Brashaw: Been lookin' high and low. Where are you? Write and let me know. Your Sunshine. L.A.L., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Downed bro, 100% w/m, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 194 lbs. Getting out soon, 4/10/84. Need kites and flicks from understanding ladies out there. Will answer all letters. Possibly lasting relationship. So, all sincere, please hurry and write this lonely bro. Send age with picture, or good description, please. SASE appreciated. Danny Barker 24873, Box 473, W.C.C., Westville, Ind. 46391. (125)

Tattoo shops: Need T-shirts, hats, pins or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tatoo World, 15537 Cabrillo Road, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. (139)

Two bros, down but not out. Looking for letters and flicks from all pretty ladies. Will answer all. Ray Rice and Dan Nakielski, Box 351, Waupun, Wis. 53963-0351. (125)

Still looking for genuine, honest, righteous biker lady with head together, no age hang-ups, or ties with ex-ol' man, boyfriends. Available now. Urgent! Bob, Box 2026, Waianae, Hawaii 96792.

Do you want to live on the beach in Florida? W/m, 39, doesn't smoke or drink or do drugs — looking for nice young lady to live with. Send letter and recent photo to Tom, 404 1st St. N., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (130)

Bro, ready to get out, would like to hear from you foxes. Pedro Seda 81-A-2764, Box 780, Camp Beacon, Beacon, N.Y. 12508. (125)

Swap meet: September 25. I-70 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. (125)

"Built by, paid for by, operated by an American!" Class bumper sticker in red, white, and blue. Tell everyone how you feel! Send \$1.25 each to Allen Publications, Box 356, Newtown Square, Pa. 19073. (125)

Prisoners deserve the "Tucker Telephone," not prison reform. Boxholder, Box 224, Lincoln, Mo. 65338. (125)

Ziggy, Gary Adams: Happy 29th, 11/31, to my redheaded devil! We've been together for one fantastic year; may we have a lifetime of love and happiness together. You're the sweetest, most warmhearted man around. I love ya with all my heart, babe. Ride me forever! Your Binky, Geo. (125)

BSA, Norton, Royal Enfield, Matchless and AJS parts bought and sold, Iota Products Co., 121 Selden, Detroit, Mich. 48201 (313) 832-1127. (125)

W/m, single, 45 years old, New York City area, looking for classy females to correspond with. Have large apartment to share, free, with all expenses paid — to the right female. Desire for fun and a relationship the only requirements. No phones or head trips, please. I'm considered attractive, kind and gentle, and very generous. Soon-to-be-released girls can write, also. Contact Bobby, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

Biker from Miami doing a 5-year bit and will be out between Xmas and June, 1984. I'm 39 years old, 6'2", a Leo and have brown hair (what's left of it) and blue/green eyes. I'm a real mellow dude and looking for a serious relationship when I get home. Please write Charles G. Harless 385940, Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 34283-0518. (125)

Tattooing Techniques Manual: 86 pages, \$30 ppd. Dr. Lemes, 1718 E. Ocean Blvd., #6, Long Beach, Calif. 90802. (125)

Bobby Z.: Happy 24th birthday, on September 22, 1983, to my beautiful babe. Hey, our rainbow is right around the corner — are you ready to catch it with me? We'll get through this somehow. I'm waiting. . . Loving you, C.S.Z. (125)

Young chick, 21, from "Down Under" plans to tour states in February-March, '84. Want to get in touch with U.S. Navy bro, around same age (preferably Frisco area) for lowdown on places to go, things to do, fine wines and good times. All genuine replies answered. Your photo gets mine and would be appreciated! Drop a line to Becky, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

W/m doing much time. Would like letters/photos from ladies. I'm 33, a Leo, 5'8", 150 lbs., and a little crazy. Bruce Pritchett 298106, Box 38, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (125)

Blind Baby: Still thinking of you. You have my heart — take good care of it. Ride free. Kim. (125)

Downed D.C.W.B. would like to hear from you foxes with an open mind. I'm 29, white, lonely, and I don't play games. Letters with flicks answered first. Write to J.W. Marsh 92600, Camp H, Angola, La. 70712. (125)

Tattoos: Aren't you tired of making excuses for wearing a shit tattoo that you got for free or a cheap price? Bring that sorry-looking tattoo to Lou's and let Lou's put new life into it. Then strut your shit with pride. Lou's Tattoos, 475 Hay Street, Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. Phone (919) 483-1222. Open 12 a.m. to 12 p.m., Monday-Saturday. Also, custom designs available for your local tattooist to do for you. (125)

Wanted: wild, sexy girls who are free to travel. For info, send a SASE to Mr. APCO, General Delivery, Schaeffers-town, Pa. 17088. (126)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment. * We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we've got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (130)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Oriental ladies want to write to you. Cherry Blossoms, Honolulu, Hawaii 96727. (127)

"Let me come along." I have the prettiest pussy you've ever seen — printed in full size on a soft white handkerchief. \$5. Send cash/money order to: Crystal, Box 66255, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Human skull. Authentic, legal mind-blower! \$250. Brian (307) 634-2537 or 634-5638. (128)

Land, \$200; houses, \$500. Acreage. Write Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (125)

Downed New Orleans outlaw in need of correspondence. No games and no plastic. Robert J. Benitez, Sr., 87388, Camp H, B/5, Angola, La. 70712. (125G)

Three downed white trash in need of sweet white ass — fat, ugly or skinny — it don't matter, we give plenty. Will answer all, pics appreciated. Randy Frey 160616 (age 20), Pat Pagliocchini 164988 (age 18), and Frank Stevens 161013 (age 23), Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (125G)

I ain't forgettin', just forgotten. Some fine mama, please drop me a line. Ron "Spacey" Stacey 168-416, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140-0069. (125G)

Attention, all scooter trash that is doing or has done time in the Colorado pen: If you believe that you have been or are being discriminated against by the Colorado D.O.C., have your statement notarized and send it to J. Schroeder 48240, or J. Cooper 47519, Box 600, C.C.F., U-B, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Wanted: Sincere lady, no bullshit, for meaningful relationship. Must be able to visit. Joe Benedetti, Box C-52108, Represa, Calif. 95671. (125G)

Good-looking, 27-year-old bodybuilder/tennis buff from Florida, is looking for a good woman who's looking for a good man. Will answer all letters. Gerard "Ace" Llorens, C30325, Box 2000, 112610, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (125G)

Well-stirred Californian slammed in Virginia. Seeks letters from anyone, as it's very lonely in here. J.L. McCann, Box 27264, Richmond, Va. 23261.

Lonely white dude, soon to be released from the confines of a stationary cage, 5'8", 158 lbs., hazel eyes, brown/blond hair, lookin' for a lady to share life and love, and help build a new scooter in Montana. All you ladies, 18 to 35, slender and sensuous, drop a line and flick to Joe "Snowman" Baughman 297440, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. Will answer all and see ya in early '84 or '85. (125G)

Oregon brothers and sisters, Phillipa Bratcher, you sweet youngster: do you remember John and Rayleen Rowen in Milwaukee? Do you remember the freesome threesome? Could have been a wholesome foursome — glad I never participated. For the ones who like to swing on a star, y'all thank Gene and Dale for the break my family received. Have y'all watched any good movies lately? Cast a part. Have a nice time in the lunchroom. Look out for the Bull. Thanks for the info, bro. Your friend always, Sick Rick. (125)

James Willard "Moose" Johnson: Lost contact with you in Las Vegas too many years ago (1968). Believed to have moved to Florida. Need to find him. Can anyone help me? Thanks. Shirley, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (125)

W/m, age 25, good-looking and sincere. Looking for a special lady for serious relationship. No games. Honest and caring, loyalty a must. Serious replies only! Steve Earley, B-77869, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (125)

W/m, 25 — this biker is down for 5, needs some foxy ladies to write and send photos. Will answer all letters. I like to meet easygoing ladies. I have dark brown eyes and hair, 6', 146 lbs. Bobby Cole 98451, 7177 Cockrill Bund Ind Rd., Nashville, Tenn. 37219. (125G)

Billy Boy: You're not getting older, you're evolving. Happy birthday. Love, Patti and Dan. (125)

Good white bro, soon to be released. In need of an honest, faithful and dedicated lady to build a new life with. You must have a want for the good life and love kids. Former owner of Calif. Joe's Harley Shop and plan on opening again. If you're this special lady, write and let's get it together. Joseph Roberts, C-43384, B-3271, Box AE, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (125)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$1 (foreign, \$2). Bargain Tattooing Kits, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (125)

I'm not tired of living on the road, just tired of doing it alone. Good-looking, well-built, tanned, 27. Have 1983 FLHS, 28' travel trailer and a steady job that moves me throughout Texas 8 to 10 times a year. Seeking attractive woman, 20 to 35, to travel with me and be my lady. Tim Williams, Box 717, Lancaster, Tex. 75146. (125)

Proud Arizona white boy, 6'2", 195 lbs., been down a long time, due to get out in '84. Of lady left me for the last time; need new friends to pass time. Paul DePas, Box 38804, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (125G)

Wanted: Exotic women with heart to write and exchange photos with two down but not out tramps. So, pick up your Bic and send a flick. Donn Londre, L-53930 (6'2", 185 lbs., blue eyes, long brown hair and beard), and Chris Hess, L-61446 (5'5", 130 lbs., blue eyes, sandy-blond hair and beard). Send to CTF-N, SA-241, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (125G)

My last desperate plea: for a woman who has some love in her heart that she wouldn't mind sharing with me. Must be sincere and caring for man and child (one small boy). We are from the northeast Texas area, but will relocate for right person. I've had to put the scooter aside for a short while and take care of business — nearing discharge date in Texas Department of Correction. We need a home in '84. Age and size of no importance; sincerity is. Will answer all letters. I'm white, 30, lean (145 lbs.), brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10". Danny W. McDaniel 336110, Darrington Unit J-2-7, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Come, fill us with love! We are lonely, pretty, doing time and need someone to handle it with us. We want to hear from anyone who is free — in spirit, body and love! Immediate responses wanted. Write to Kathi Kartman, AFO4498, F.C.I. #221, and Mayme Jones 150815, F.C.I. #218, at Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663. (125G)

Here I am, a 26-year-old female-type person, 5'8", 125 lbs., all dressed up in my blues with nowhere to go. Would like to walk out of here and into a normal lifestyle. So send a smile and a picture my way. Laurie Aleva Howard, Clackamas County Jail, 2206 S. Kaen Rd., Oregon City, Ore. 97045. (125G)

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Test of Brotherhood

Continued from page 120

bikes and after a few kicks, mine started. My sweetie got on the back, and as we pulled out on the road, I heard a voice in my ear (or was it in the center of my mind?) saying, "Man, watch out for that dress in the spokes."

It's down 48th street to Broadway, then onto the freeway toward Tucson. Once on the freeway, it was fast-fast-fast — just for the honey. And it worked.

The wind was blowing, my engine was singing, the freeway was like glass, and this lass wanted me like I wanted her. Everything was right.

Then something made me reach for the bars. Just as my fingers circled the grips, *snap!* My bike went two lanes to the left so fast that I couldn't believe it. Then it went to the right just as fast. Something had the whole bike shaking, bouncing and dancing all over the road. I almost lost it three times — but luck, or whoever takes care of young, dumb bikers, held me up and I got it stopped.

With sweat dripping and shit in my Levi's, I got off to see what the fuck was going on. I looked and my bike was pink from the primary cover all the way back. My honey was standing by, laughing, crying, and displaying every emotion a woman is capable of. Somehow she looked different.

In one slow movement she opened her long fur coat and all she was wearing underneath was pantyhose and something pink, about an inch wide, that circled unevenly around her waist. I looked back to my bike and yep, same shade of pink, all right.

The chick's outfit *had been* a full-length dress. When it got into the chain and spokes, all of it, except her cute little waistband, came off so fast that it left friction burns where her ass was sitting on the back of

Continued on page 126



TODAY I'M AFTER THE HELLS ANGELS. TOMORROW IT COULD BE YOU.

"This is the land of the free . . . unless you're a Hells Angel!"

Since 1978, the Federal Government has begun a calculated systematic attempt to disband the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club through the selective prosecution of its members.

These actions represent an open violation of Fundamental Freedoms guaranteed to all citizens of this country by the First Amendment's protection of Freedom of Association, and life style.

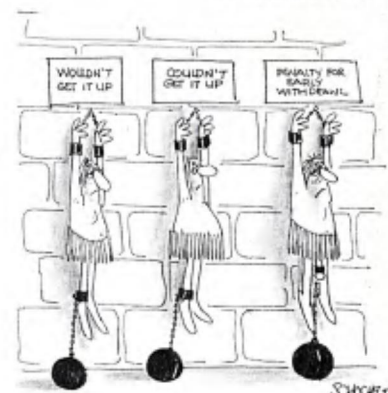
As an example of the governments tactics—several of our Brothers were held in jail in California with bonds ranging from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, during two separate trials, one lasting nine months and the other six months. In each the jurors had voted nine to three for NOT guilty.

The legal costs of defending these Brothers were staggering. Today, the systematic persecution of Hells Angels continues all across the country, and the government has begun now to try the same thing with other clubs.

Where will the government draw the line on who it prosecutes next? We need your help in the fight for all our freedoms. Help us—help yourselves. Send whatever you can to: Defense Fund, P.O. Box 10071, Collinwood Station, Cleveland, Ohio 44110. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope and you'll receive a "Keep America Free—Support Your Local Hells Angels" bumper sticker.



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OUR NAME ON BACK.

Test of Brotherhood

Continued from page 124

my king-queen seat. You know that
sweet girl's ass was hot and red, too.

Well, I told her that under these
same circumstances, almost anyone
else would have gone down and
been killed, but I'm so slick that I
saved her life — and how would she
like to show me her gratitude?

I got as much of that pink shit
out of my wheel as I could in a hot,
horny hurry. We got back on and
quickly booked back to the party
where we fell in her car and made
sweet, hot, wet love.

After we smoked a joint and a
cigarette, she asked me if I would go
tell her girlfriend she was back. She
didn't want to make the scene with-
out her dress.

I started back inside and stopped
by my bike; there was still a lot of
dress in the spokes. I picked out a
piece about three-inches square and
went looking for the girlfriend.

After a few minutes of searching, I
saw my love's girlfriend and the guy
with the Sporty. He (Richard) was
standing very close to her, just
where he had been when she was
trying to talk my sweetie into not
going with me. Richard had heard
her "oily" remark, had seen the look
she gave me, and had been able to
feel every bit of the malice and dis-
gust this chick had for me.

I fixed an evil look on my face —
my very best — and walked up to
her. Solid fear flooded her face, and
she turned white as a sheet. She
asked me where her friend was.
With a slight twist of my head, so
Richard could see my eyes, I held
out my hand and gave Richard a
wink. With every bit of what she
feared most, I said, "She's out in the
car." I opened my hand and held out
a little piece of greasy pink rag. "I
got her all oily!"

The smile Richard gave me let me
know I had passed my first of many
tests. I had my first true brother
in the wind.

That was eleven years ago. There
are still more lessons to learn all the
time. You're never too old or too
slick or too cool to learn.

Love you, Richard — Your Brother ■

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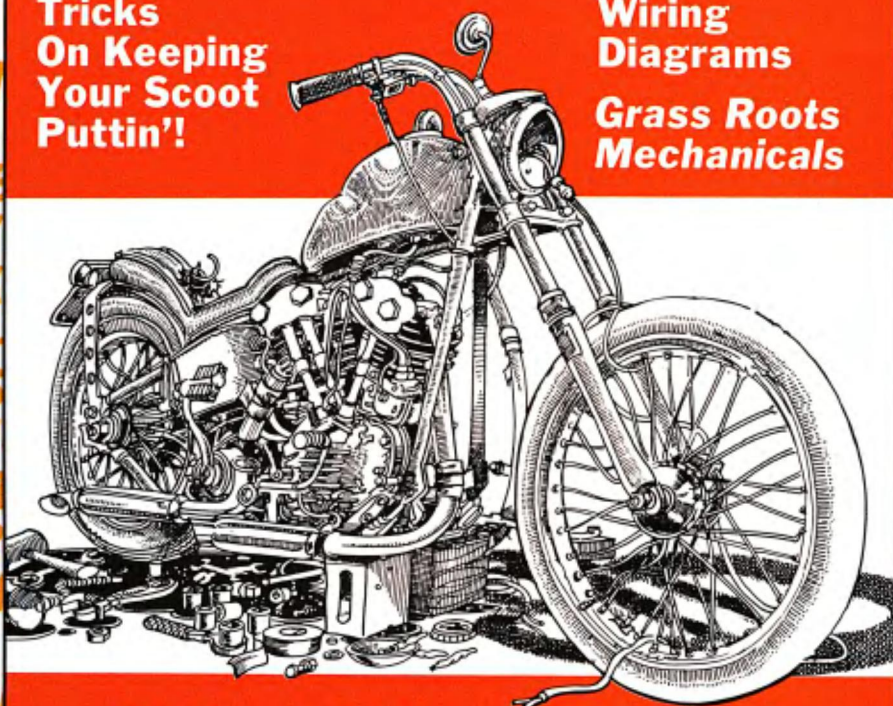
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