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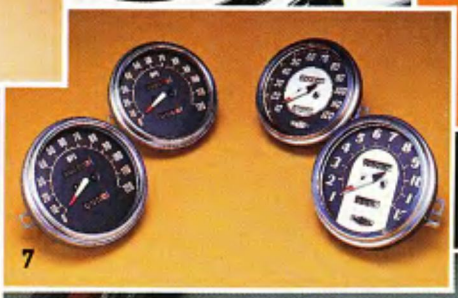

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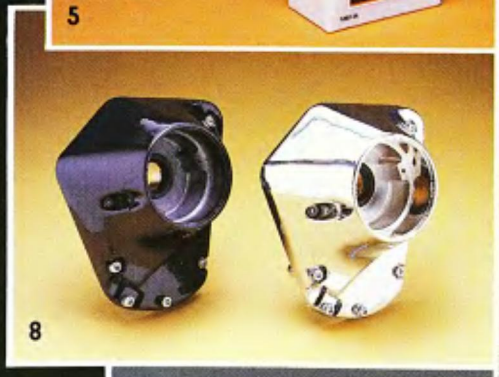

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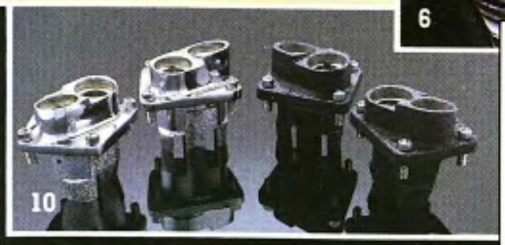

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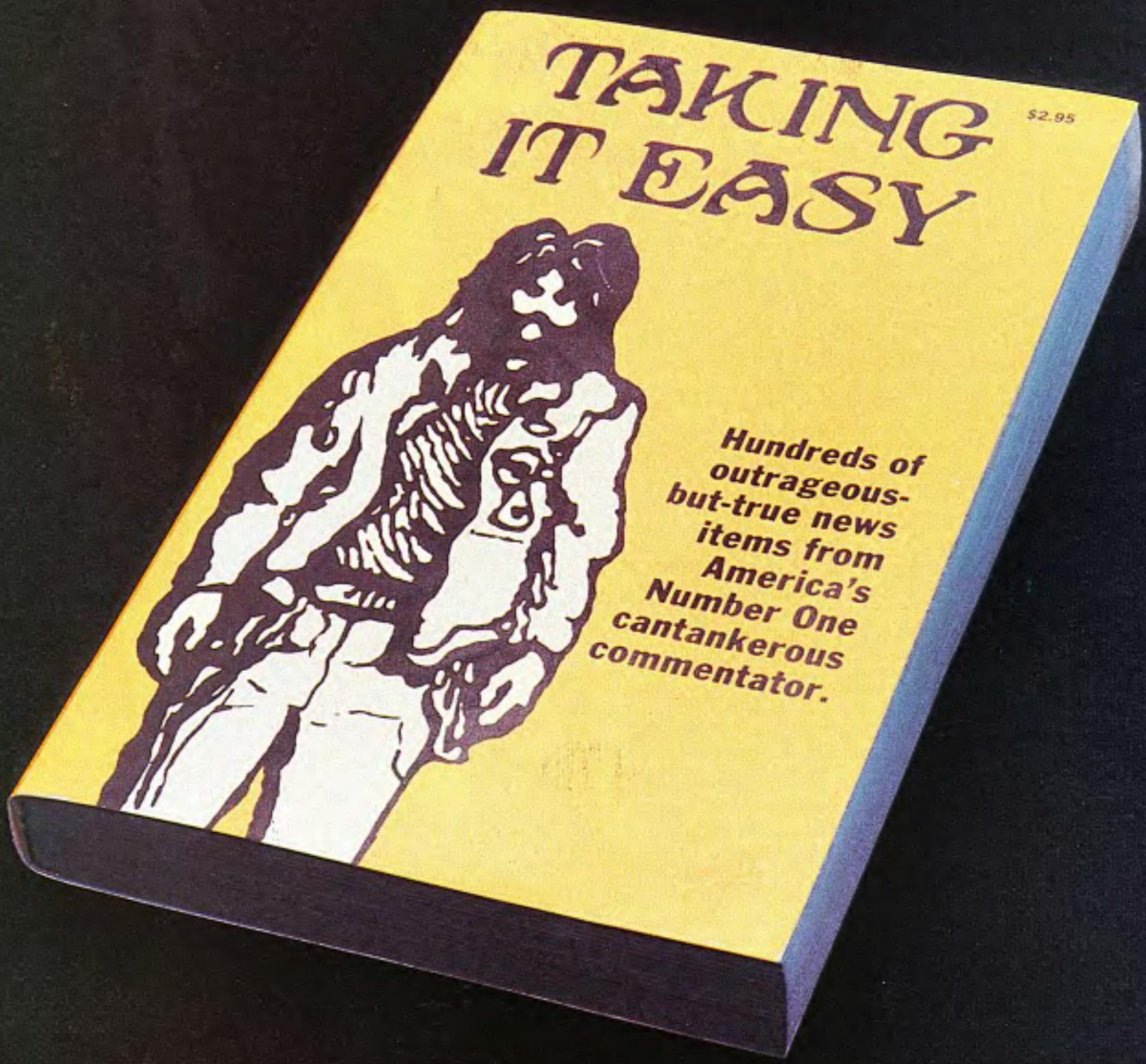
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ABC
Audited Paid

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 26th.

Cover photo of Lynette and Madman by Pete Chiodo

HEY, YOU!



Did you hear about the purse-snatcher who wound up with a lady's handbag full of dog crap? Or the guy who padlocked his own testicles and had to call the fire department to remove the lock? Well, those are just two of the hundreds of far-out but true news items you'll find inside this remarkable book.

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While makin' my annual traffic school class, I asked what color a car or a scoot had to be so as not to attract a traffic officer's eye when going too fast. He said a green Chevrolet. This week in Newsweek, they said the least visible color is green. So, that's this month's friendly tip. (But a green Harley-Davidson? Gag!)

The mayor about had a shit fit when he found that one of his councilmen was a Little League coach, a member of the county police advisory board, and also—now get this—head of the local Pagans motorcycle club!

You-think-you-have-problems dept.: A dude stuck up a cafe. First he asked the waitress for some change for a dollar. As she opened the cash register drawer, he pulled a gun and demanded all her money. She didn't understand the dude and didn't see his gun. She gave him a buck's worth of coin and walked away. Frustrated, the dude asked a man standing nearby to give him the cash from the register. The bystander—a customer—saw the gun, but didn't understand the dude either. The angry dude got so pissed that he pulled the trigger but the gun didn't go off. Then, in anger, he grabbed the cash register and ran. But the cash register was plugged in and was jerked out of his arms when he ran away. After about five minutes, the waitress and the customer figured out what the dude had wanted. The dude came in again and angrily unplugged the register, picked it up, and fled once more. While fleeing, he pulled the trigger a couple more times, but the gun still didn't fire. (So much for having troubles.)

Don't-let-the-feds-in-the-door dept.: Just think—10 years ago Tricky Dick signed into law the ''temporary'' 55mph speed law to conserve energy. Now the feds are saying the law saves 6000 lives a year. The world's population is exploding by 90 million people yearly, and they're happy to have saved 6000 lives a year!

They were goin' down the street, laughin' and scratchin'—just mindin' their own business when their car got clobbered in the rear by an 18-wheeler. The car was hit so hard that the gas tank broke loose and slid into traffic, where another truck ran over the tank, crushing it and exposing a hidden compartment in the tank—spillin' out five million dollars' worth (usual police estimate) of cocaine. Sometimes there are days you should just stay in bed.

Just in case your dick is in the dust from worrying about the crazies in Los Angeles destroying all of us, take heart. Los Angeles has a new law. It'll cost anyone $500 if he explodes a nuclear bomb in the city!

They tested applicants for a Texas county sheriff's department. It was only a test on elementary school skills and 63 percent of 'em flunked. The news clipping didn't say if they were hired or not—but we know what happened to them, don't we?

They spent $12 million for a new county jail, but the sneaky types inside figured out how to open their cell doors—with foil from their cigarette packages. (I guess they all have to chew tobacco now.)

Did you all pay your taxes like you're supposed to? Well, read this and wonder why. The Air Force just paid $7,417 for wire that sells in your local hardware store for pennies. How about $9,609 for a 12¢ allen wrench or $1,158 for a $5 cutting tool? Why should they worry about overpaying? It's with your hard-earned bucks.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





Questions, Questions
☐ Dave Mann is a great artist. Everything he does has great detail. So answer me this. How the fuck does he start that knuckle snowmobile (February '84 issue)?
Eric
Columbus, Ohio

■ The sled owner tips the body of the sled upward and outta the way of the kick-start pedal.

Home Soon
☐ I want to contact a few bros in Crystal Lake, Illinois, just to let them know I've got six months left in this piss-poor state of Wisconsin, and that I'll be home and back in the wind sooner than they all thought.
Whiskey
Gordon, Wis.

Whatdafuck Day
☐ Now that you've figured out what Whatdafuck Day is (February '84 issue), I want to know when Whatdafuck Day is so I know whatdafuck to wear!
Ted's Ol' Lady
Kenosha, Wis.

■ It's September 26. It's a day to kick back, settle all your debts, and party hearty.

Now You've Done It
☐ I was looking through the 1984 calendar and you don't have "Whatdafuck Day" marked. What the hell? It was a great holiday last year. We had a ball. Everyone called in sick and partied all day. Shit, if you're going to start a new tradition, do it right!
Animal
Gallup, N.M.

Fuck 'im
☐ Screw Al Goldstein again.
P.B.
Hattiesburg, Miss.

■ With what?

Prison Bike Show
☐ Help pick up some downed bros' spirits. Sign up to bring your scoot to the prison bike show held every "summer" at Moberly Training Center for Men. If interested, write to Ralph "Smily" Guzman 048096, Box 7 3C-840, Moberly, MO 65270.
Smily
Moberly, Mo.

Good Advice
☐ After pulling a young boy out from under a car this past summer, where he had managed to temporarily park his bike, I made the wise observation that if he had not been wearing tennis shoes, he might still have his toes intact. Also, if he had been wearing pants instead of shorts and a shirt instead of none, he might still have his skin.
Mark D. Frederiksen
McClelland, Iowa

Why?
☐ I have a gripe! Why does Harley get all the credit? Why doesn't anyone say they ride a Davidson?
Colorado Cruiser
Commerce City, Colo.

■ Why do people ask dumb questions?

Hey, Doctor!
☐ I hope you eat the windshield of your fuckin' cage and bite it at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Joseph, Missouri.
Bake
Cleveland, Ohio

Greetings And Salutations
☐ Tom and I are wasted right now, waiting on a jug of Jack to come. We're listening to Willie Nelson. Boy, are we fucked up! Don't you wish you were as fucked up in real life as you are in person? We do.
Wild Bill & Tom Terrible
Milton, Fla.

Hangin' In There
☐ Seven months ago I went down hard. Broke both arms, fucked up my right leg, and lost part of my left one. I was on my Sporty and the only thing the accident has done for me is to make me want more miles of wind in my face.
By summer I should be out of the hospital and, walking or not, I will rebuild my bike and be in the wind. So, when all you bros out there see a red Sporty with crutches tied to the bitch bar, it's me and I'm smiling.
Zeke Eubank
Hampton Roads, Va.

Spider's Beef
☐ You left a void in February's issue. Ya say it's 'cause ya didn't get any raisin pie. Well, next time ya leave that much blank paper, maybe ya might wanna throw this in:
I have found, my friends,
that there is a time
That ought to be listed as a
number one crime.
It is the time a man must
serve
When, in fact, he does not
deserve.
If only the law spent honest
their time,
They might have discovered he committed no
crime.
Rabbit
Dedham, Mass.

A Payback
☐ I have a special thanks for my boyfriend. For my 21st birthday, he gave me an '83 Harley-Davidson Sportster XLX. I'd like to thank him in a special way.
Danella Nichols
New Milton, W.Va.

■ You'd better!

Sporty Lover
☐ I agree that the Sporty should be exploited more.
Fleabag
Fairgrove, Mich.

Likes Russia
☐ Don't get me wrong. I enjoy reading your mag as much as anyone, but reading bullshit like "From Russia With Death" really gets my wick. J.J. Solari must be the biggest dipshit ever. He seems to have forgotten little things, like the Russians fought on our side in WWII and beat the shit out of Hitler.
Pissed Off
Cambridge, England

■ They had to or they woulda got the shit kicked outta them.

Tell Me Quick
☐ Been readin' *Easyriders* for quite some time and was wonderin' why your rag doesn't reveal any snatch (except Mutha's, naturally). Is this because Big Brother won't allow it, or is Pete Chiodo keepin' all the good pics to himself?
W.W.P.
Prince Georges, Md.

■ Both reasons.

How Do You Feel?
☐ How do you feel when you see a chick on a bike?
Needs advice
Yosemite Nat'l. Park, Calif.

■ Feel what?

Regarding Solari
☐ In reference to an article written by J.J. Solari in your January '84 issue, I would like to say this to him: Speaking of ignorance, there were only two facts you ever knew concerning the information given by the media on KAL Flight 007:
1. There were 269 people aboard that 747.
2. The Soviet government admitted that an air force commander ordered the plane shot down when no other tactics worked.
Now, as an ex-air force man myself, with a very high security clearance, I'd like to give this maggot-brain Solari a couple of facts that are neither classified nor well-kept secrets. He could have found these, had he dug a little, but his bullshit article shows he did no homework at all.
1. Our beloved Constipated Intervention Agency (CIA) has for years consistently and systematically

used Korean Airlines for the express purpose of conducting espionage over Soviet air space.

2. Under the given circumstances, knowing full well his actions could bring about international criticism, the Soviet commander gave the appropriate order according to technical manual rules and regulations, a standard military operating procedure that our own air force would have used under the same circumstances. Our tech orders read exactly the same way. If we cannot radio or wing a plane down, we would shoot it down.

So, the next time Solari goes puking up his bullshit of worthless, meaningless accusations and name-calling, tell him to dig up some facts.

Warrior
Riverside, Calif.

Did Zappa Know?

☐ Just happened to be checking out an old Frank Zappa album today and paid attention to one cut called "I'm The Slime."

With 1984 here, I wonder if maybe Frank knew more about the government's spying and brainwash tactics than most people know.

This album, "Overnight Sensation," is at least ten years old and still pretty up-to-date. You oughta check it out. At least Animal should.

Doc
Fresno, Calif.

Wants To Read

☐ Was reading your mag one afternoon and came across a letter someone wrote in about a story he liked real well called "Bikers — A National Resource." I'd like to have the chance to read it myself. And if it's that hot a story, I'm sure many other people would like to read it, too. So print the mother.

Little Lady
Stockton, Calif.

■ It's in the September 1977 issue of *Easyriders*.

A Fan

☐ Continue on with your entertaining and informative publication by allowing all who want to the chance to express themselves. You have many fans in north San Diego County.

LaCrae Crews
Escondido, Calif.

Anything For A Serviceman

☐ Hey, you fucksticks! How about printin' this so I can talk shit to the other jarheads over here in Beirut.

Eagle, USMC
Beirut, Lebanon

Likes Fiction

☐ Just read "Credit Due" (January '84 issue). Best fucking shit I've read in a long time. Keep it up.

Bill
Dover, Fla.

From New Zealand

☐ Man maketh the motorcycle, not
The motorcycle maketh the man.

Mersey Tunnel
N. Island, New Zealand

***Easyriders* Banned**

☐ Virginia inmates are receiving notification that we are going to be denied our *Easyriders*. The only excuse given us so far is that *Easyriders* has been disapproved for delivery in accordance with Divi..on Guideline Number 852. We hope all brothers in Virginia prisons will raise hell and fight to get our *Easyriders* back.

If you have friends or loved ones currently doing time in Virginia prisons, let them know they won't be alone if they fight this decision. It looks like the Virginia Department of Corrections is headed in the direction George Orwell wrote about in his book *1984*.

We bros here at Buckingham Correctional Center are getting organized to appeal and protest this decision.

Buckingham Inmates
Dillwyn, Va.

☐ As per the new rules and regulations of this fucked-up place, *Easyriders* is no longer allowed in here because of sexually explicit photos.

Here are the addresses of people you might consider dropping a small letter to in order to protest this intrusion into your business and our lifestyle.

Director of Corrections
State of Virginia
Box 26963
Richmond, VA 23261-6963

Mr. J.P. Mitchell
Regional Administrator
Department of Corrections
Box 531
Lynchburg, VA 24505

G.L. Bass, Warden
Mecklenburg
Correctional Center
Box 500
Boydton, VA 23917-0500

E.B. Fitzgerald
Boydton, Va.

■ What explicit photos?

Why?

☐ Why the fuck can't Iowa inmates have *Easyriders*? I have no fuckin' idea. Can't be because of the pics all them fine lip-smackin' ol' ladies send ya. *Playboy*, among other "dildo" books, isn't considered "contraband." My only guess is that you show people being people and having a good time doing it.

Pissed In Iowa
Omaha, Neb.

■ The magazine is absolutely legal and goes through the U.S. mails to hundreds of prison libraries. The head man of your prison must not like something — who knows.

A Thought

☐ The government thinks marijuana is wrong. Why do you suppose they made so many rolling machines?

Gary Stuart
Laramie, Wyo.

Critical Mail

☐ My complaint is reading about other people's complaints. They always look for some reason to put you guys down. Didn't anyone tell them that no one is perfect?

Tony Timoteo
Mansfield, Ohio

■ All magazines get criticism, but we print ours.

Excuses

☐ Okay, I've heard, read, and seen enough. Listed below are the ten best excuses a woman has for not riding her motorcycle. Included are my answers to their excuses.

1. I don't have time.
   Bullshit. I'm a full-time cross-country truck driver and I make time to ride.
2. What about the rugrats?
   You'd be surprised at how easy it is to do a little trading with a neighbor. Two homemade pies for an afternoon of kid watching, etc.
3. It's too cold.
   Only if the world is buried in ice and snow.
4. It's too hot.
   You'd be surprised how cool those country roads are.
5. Where should I go?
   Do you have to have somewhere to go?
6. What if something breaks?
   Fix it. Or look like a helpless woman and some macho man will come to your rescue.
7. I gotta do the housework.
   Every day? Come on. Even the busiest house doesn't take 24 hours a day to keep clean.
8. Maybe tomorrow.
   There is no such thing as tomorrow.
9. I have to do the laundry.
   A never-ending process. But for 10¢ a pound, plus soap and stuff, the laundromat will do it for you. So, splurge once in a while and spend a couple extra bucks for an hour of your own time.
10. There's no one to ride with.
    My favorite excuse. If you women would drag your moldy old leathers out of the closet and fire up your crusty old crotch rockets, maybe we'd have someone to ride with.

I know several women who own their own. You know where I see them? That's right! In their cages, running around town, doing a lot of things like going to the post office or a friend's house or a PTA meeting. All this can be done on a two-wheeler. Get my drift? Ladies, start inventing reasons to ride. I'm tired of being the only woman on my Harley.

There, now I feel better.

The Rainmaker
Tenafly, N.J.

Wants Mail

☐ Just wondering if anyone in the states is interested in corresponding with a young Aussie chick from the land "down under." If so, please write:

D. Yang
c/o P.O. Torrensville 5031
Adelaide, South Australia

Faggots We're Not

☐ First off, fuck you and your full-of-shit, so-called adult biker rag. You people are nothing more than a

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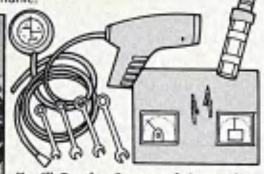
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Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

bunch of faggots. If I ever see anyone of you maggots cross my path, I'm going to stick your head up Mutha's ass — and if you don't think I can, try me.

I've been readin' your rag since '75, and out of all the bullshit you've printed, your Dave Mann contest takes the fucking cake. Out of 32 scoots, all you can come up with is 218,238 miles. You fucking maggots are still green behind the ears.

Bros Mountain
Gaita, Italy

■ I got somethin' green for you — it swings between my legs. There were some antique scoots and scoots without speedos involved — anyway, bite my ass.

What's ABATE?

☐ Could you please enlighten a reader? What do the letters ABATE stand for? I've never found out and would really like to know.

SRFBW
Kinston, N.C.

■ We created ABATE in 1972. It stands for A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments.

Foreign Chick

☐ What the hell are you doing with a foreign chick on the cover of your magazine?

Pussycat
St. Paul, Minn.

■ Last time I checked, Hawaii was part of the United States.

Likes Fiction

☐ I'm writin' in regard to the story "Where The Dragons Fly" in the February '84 issue. I gotta give you all a well-deserved pat on the back. It was a righteous fuckin' piece.

Rebel
Canon City, Colo.

☐ Well, between the Jack Daniel's and Bud, my head's up in space. Just wanted to say good job, Silver, on "Where The Dragons Fly."

And, hey, ya fuckheads, give Spider a double slice of raisin pie next month.

Renegade
Topeka, Kan.

■ Fuck 'im.

☐ Old Man could never have been more right in his words about brotherhood. We do have to have the heart, respect, class, and pride to say, "I believe in brotherhood," and mean it.

It's a great story and one from the heart.

Devil Demon
W.Lafayette, Ohio

☐ Give Silver an extra piece of raisin pie for the story "Where The Dragons Fly." I would love to see it in *Best Biker Fiction #3*, when and if it comes out. Keep up the good work.

Scooter
San Antonio, Tex.

■ How about *Best Biker Fiction #4?* And what's this "extra piece" shit?

Doin' My Best

☐ It no longer bothers me to discover that, right when I think I'm doin' my best, it usually turns out to be that I'm fuckin' up the most.

Worthless
Lumberton, N.C.

Bare Knuckle Fights

☐ Are there any good bare-knuckle fights around in the southern California area? And I don't mean bar fights, either. I see enough of that. I mean a good bare-knuckle fight like we can't see on TV. Please give me an answer.

Erich Thompson
La Habra, Calif.

■ We know a bar that handles all beefs in a boxing ring outside — but 8-oz. gloves are used. Maybe some readers may know. We'll send replies by mail to you.

Bad Joke

☐ Hey, I'm really pissed off at whoever put in the joke that read, "How many male chauvinist pigs does it take to clean a toilet? None, it's a woman's job." (January '84) Now I'll be damned if that's true.

Stevie Gates
Safety Harbor, Fla.

■ Gosh.

A Bandanna Trip

☐ What do you mean by telling Bim from Hackettstown, N.J. (February '84 issue), that flying a bandanna means you don't want to get your hair blown all over! Flying a bandanna on your Harley handlebars means that you are spoken for, so all the men will leave you the fuck alone!

Patti Martinez
Jacksonville, Fla.

■ We don't keep up-to-date on chick trips.

The Hereafter

☐ Hope you have *Easyriders* in Harley Heaven for all our downed brothers and sisters who've been lost!

The Martyr
Honolulu, Hawaii

■ We're working on it.

Gone MC

☐ I must inform you that the Motley Crew MC no longer exists. The colors have been destroyed and we hereby relinquish all rights to the use of the name as a club. However, we will contiue to ride together and most probably will continue to informally refer to ourselves as the Motley Crew.

Zipper
Brewerton, N.Y.

■ No shit?

Sick Shit

☐ I am writing this to get some advice on how to change my husband. He is indeed a biker. You can tell that by the dirty shit he pulls all the time. I never dreamed that people would even think of some of the shit he really does.

First of all, he is always wiping boogers on me. We get in front of a lot of people and he lets huge farts and yells, "Diane, stop that!"

We were at a party one night. He was pretty loaded. A friend (another biker, of course) handed him a fly and he ate the damn thing, thinking it was a raisin.

I've been around a lot of other bikers, and most of them do silly shit, too. I was just wondering what the rest of the ladies do if their husbands treat them the same way.

Stick
Sparta, Tenn.

■ Fall back 10 yards and punt.

Hurrah For Boomer

☐ In the "Lockdown" column in your February '84 issue, I finally saw a glimmer of light indicating that someone who writes for you has really got his head screwed on right.

Boomer, bro, you hit the nail right on the head. No one, but no one, can be convinced that one act is "criminal" and another is not just because the mouthpiece of some politician or fatcat "industrialist" says it is.

Ziegler
San Francisco, Calif.

Rip-Offs

☐ All rip-off artists, please take note: I am willing to die to keep my scoot. The question is, are you willing to die trying to take it?

Anybro
Ft. Smith, Ark.

What?

☐ Fuck it, it don't mean shit!

Dale
Smith River, Calif.

■ I'll cut ya some slack, Dale, but fuck what?

Spider Loses

☐ Man, the lady who graced your rag in February was outfuckingstanding. It musta taken me fifteen or sixteen times to notice there was even a bike in the pics, too. Fucking beautiful! And to think that Spider didn't even get his raisin pie that month, either. Ya really fucked up that time.

Spanky
Honolulu, Hawaii

■ He agrees with you.

From England

☐ Why not tell those guys at Milwaukee to open a construction plant over here? Import duties mean we pay twice the price for a Harley over here. We all want 'em, we just can't afford 'em. Shit, I just managed to steal enough to send this scribe.

By the way, Pakistanis over here don't have to wear lids because of religious reasons (they wear turbans), so why don't ya try this one. It says in the Bible, don't cover yer head to show the Man up there some respect. Perhaps ya could say you're Bible-thumpers, and lids go against your religion. Maybe it'll work over there; it didn't here. I just got busted for 50 pounds (approximately $85) for tryin' it.

Keep up the good work with the rag and maybe I'll rob a bank and get myself a subscription.

Rob
Runcorn, England

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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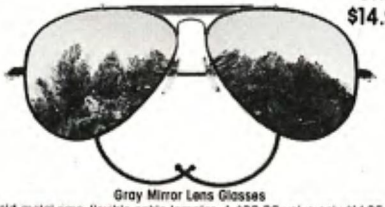
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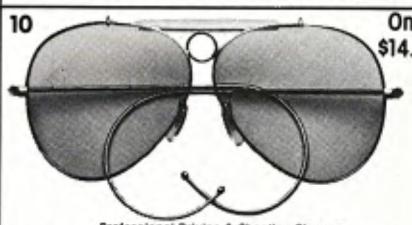
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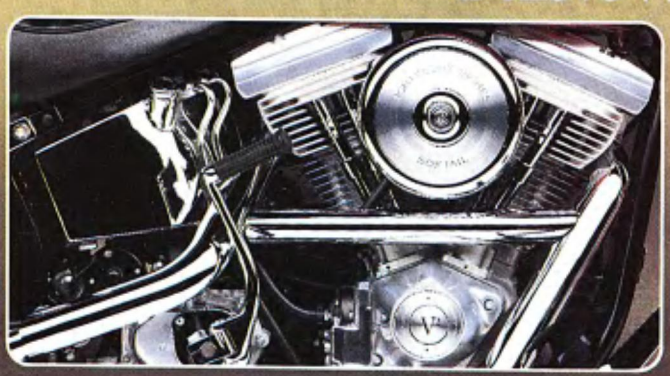
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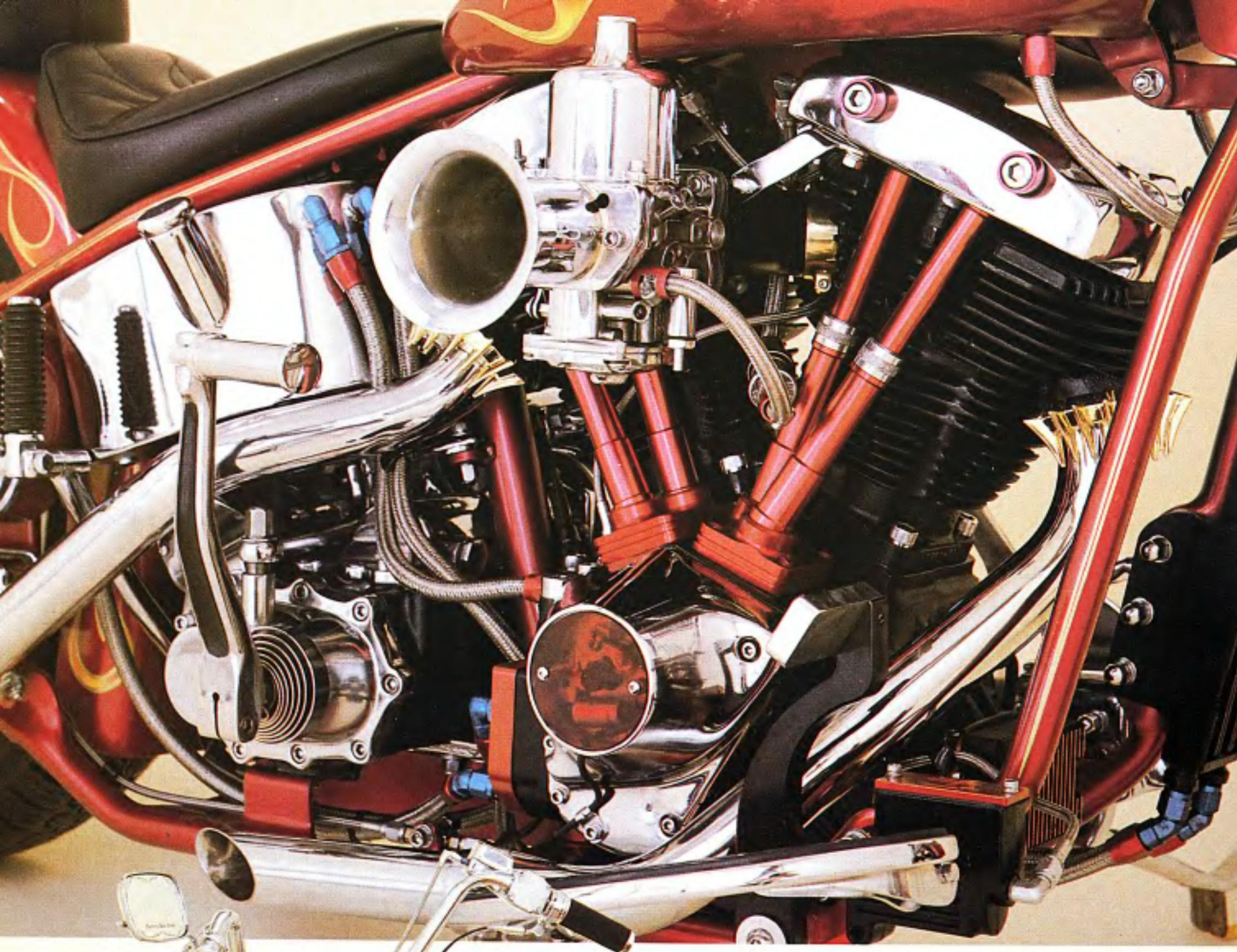
ONLY THE NEW WILL DO





If it ain't the latest, the greatest, the hot setup straight from the box, then it just ain't good enough.

Back when I was workin' construction, I knew this dude, Tim, who couldn't stand to use anything that wasn't brand-new, top-of-the-line shit. I don't mean just big things like ol' ladies or bikes. I mean every fuckin' thing. Like he'd show up on the job one day with a new Thermos — the $29.95 kind, solid stainless steel, built like Fort Knox — and a couple of months later he'd be showin' up with an improved version. "But this one's got a nylon liner in the chrome cup," he'd say. "An' it's guaranteed for five years, instead of two." "Sure," I'd reply, "but you'd be breaking a record if ya kept it for five months." Anyhow, the job we were on was a warehouse building project. I was runnin' the fork and sometimes the cement mixer and he was what the union calls a "master" bricklayer (sometimes they even say it without laughin'). Now, this job was bein' done on the cheap, which means the contractor had put down a slab, had all the cinder blocks an' shit piled on top of it and had then gone out and hired a crew and ordered them to build the warehouse. The contractor was so cheap he would only fence the area immediately around the slab, which meant two things: 1) All the shit had to stay inside. 2) The building had to be built from the outside in until we'd used up enough material to be able to set up the scaffolds and work the fork inside. One swelterin' hot after-

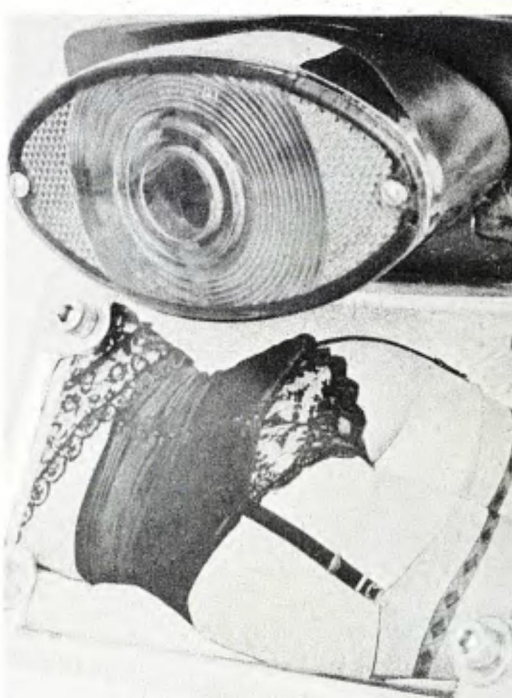


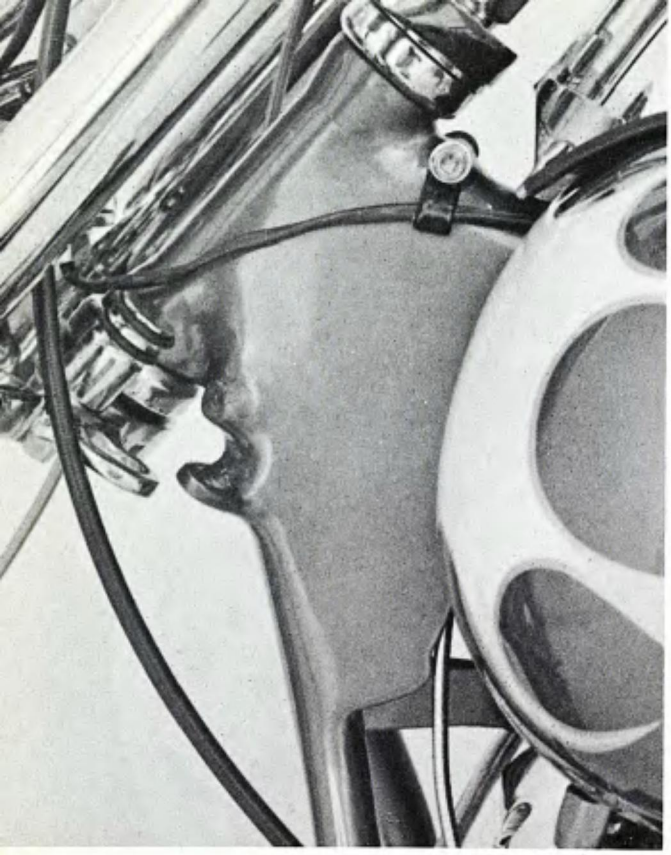


noon when I was running cement up to Tim and another bricklayer workin' on the third floor scaffold, we had one of them little mishaps that always happens on construction jobs, especially cut-rate ones.

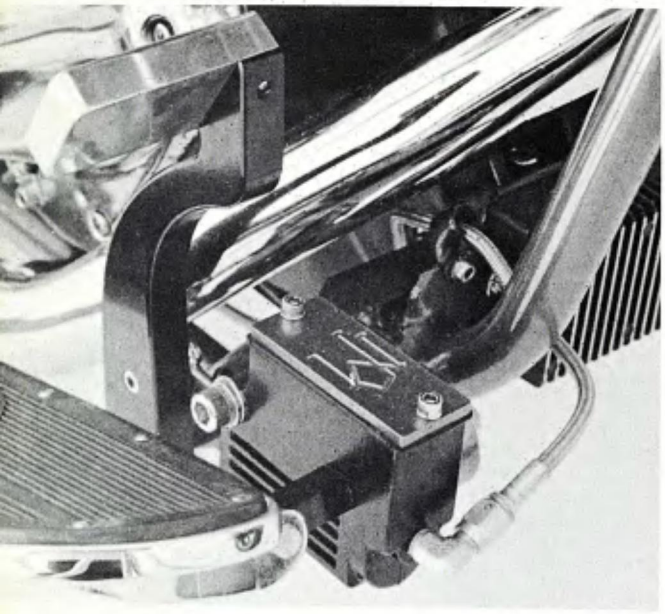
I had a skid slipped over the fork and the job helper would push a loaded wheelbarrow of cement onto it. I'd move on down to where the bricklayers were workin' and lift it up to them. Sounds easy, don't it? Well, basically, it was. Of course, the fact that the only English the helper knew seemed to be something about how he'd been the Minister of Culture in El Salvador before the rebels ran him across the border, didn't make it any too easy to communicate the intricacies of balancing a heavy liquid load onto a platform that was soon going to be hoisted 40 feet in the air while being tilted backwards.

The other problem was that the fork rented for the job was, to put it mildly, inadequate. Way too light and way too short. To reach the third level of the scaffold that boom had to go up, all the way up, up to where I





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Roy Dupree	**City:** Venice, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: L.A. Custom	Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983/special const.	Builder: Paughco	
Model: FLH	Type: rigid	
Value: no one's business	Rake: 39 degrees	
Assembly by: L.A. Custom	Stretch: 2¼ in.	
Time: 7½ months	Other alterations: wherever possible	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: buckhorns	
Year: 1983	Risers: Dew	
Model: FX/special const.	Fender(s): CCI/Jammer	
Rebuilder: L.A. Custom	Headlight: Dune Buggy	
Ignition: H-D	Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 86 cu.in.	Speedo: Police Special	
Lower end: S&S wheels and rods	Front pegs: Paughco running boards	
Balancing: L.A. Custom	Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: S&S stroker	Electrics: high output alternator	
Cases: STD	Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: H-D 1978	Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): S&S 495	Oil system: braided lines/cooler	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: cutaway H-D	
Carb(s): SU Eliminator	Seat: Chuey/So.Cal. Seats	
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Paughco	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none	Material: 1-in. flat steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Doherty/Andrews	Type: late-model wide glide	
Year: 1983	Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/L.A. Custom	
Engine sprocket: Primo 14mm belt	Special features: machined brake tabs	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Von Burns	Hub: Cal. Mag	Hub: Cal. Mag
Painter: Von Burns	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: scarlet	Tire: Conty.	Tire: Conty.
Type: lacquer	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: pinstripe by Bob Moon		

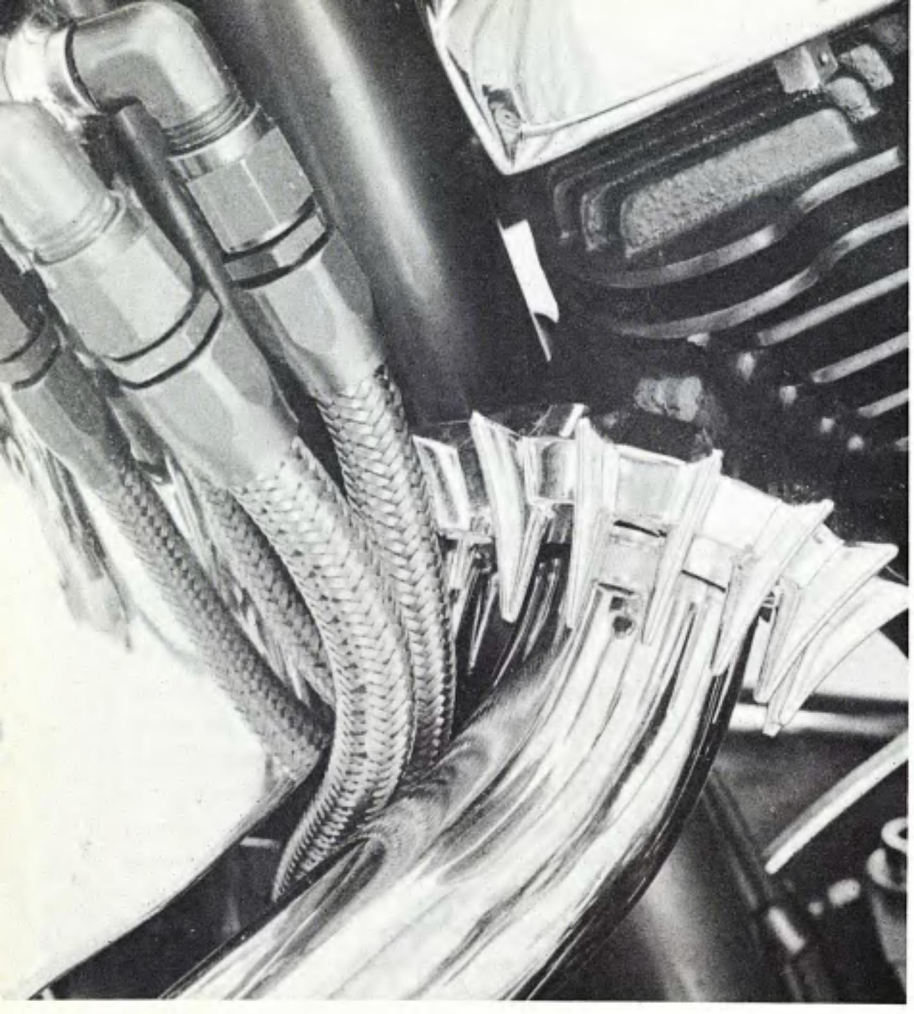
Other special modifications: Performance Machine front master cylinder and pedal, countersunk allen bolts, anodized alum. tits.

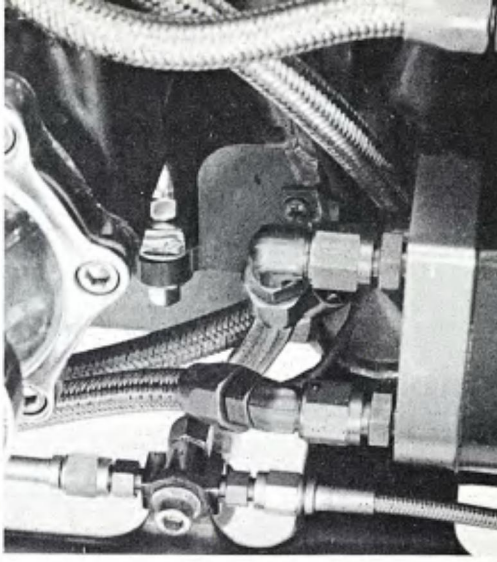
began to fantasize about the shafts just popping out of the holes and falling over, like a cage radio antenna that's yanked out too far.

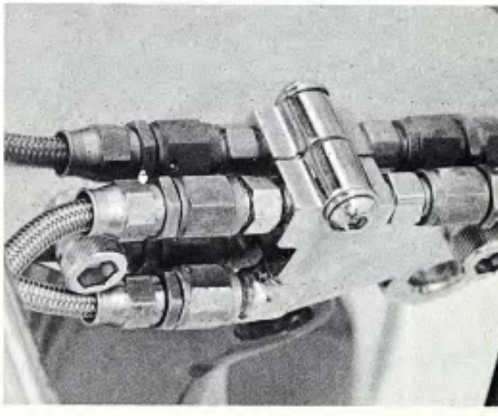
It went okay for the first three loads. On the fourth, I've got the fork about two-thirds up, movin' slow and careful 'cause the too-light boom tends to wobble a lot when it gets high. Suddenly the barrow's wheel slid in between the slats of skid. Over went the wheelbarrow, down came the soggy wet cement, *plop, plop, plop.* So I'm sittin' there pickin' wet concrete out of my beard and eyes and cursing at the non-paid overtime hour it's gonna take me to hose down and clean the fork. Tim comes swingin' down from the scaffold. "I knew it, I could o' told ya," he says. "Ya shoulda been usin' one of them new enclosed-cab forks — the best ones even got air-conditioning and 8-track tape."

Roy DuPree reminds me of my buddy Tim. Here, he's got a just-built, fresh-out-of-the-shop '83 chop that ain't even registered yet and all *he* wants to talk about is the Evolution engine he's gonna base his *new* bike on.

Like I said, some guys just gotta be first on the block with the hot new licks, regardless of what they are or how much they cost. — Butcher









ROAD WAR

"When I zigged, he zagged. When I zagged, he zigged. The two of us were wheeling all over that two-lane road."

When I see somethin' I want, I take it. That's the way I'm made, and the way I've been ever since I pushed my twin brother away from my mama's titty thirty years ago. And when I spied Tami, leanin' wide-thighed and high-jugged against that off-road pickup, I had to have her. And if that five-foot-four, hundred and ten pound, red-lipped dream chick belonged to another dude — tough shit.

I had wheeled the Hog up to this run-down, sun-faded oasis halfway to no place, out in a godforsaken desert that stretched from asshole flats to shitcreek, and hadn't even had a chance to swing off my bike and head for the latrine, when my eyeballs had focused on the pair of perfectly shaped buns spilling out of cutoffs snipped so short and worn so thin they might as well have been transparent. As far as I was concerned, they were. In a glance, I knew everything that was inside of 'em, and knew I had to taste those goodies for myself.

Then the chickie with the buns turned around — guess she felt my eyes burning into her asscrack like laser beams going after enemy missiles — and gave me a head-on view of her bouncing boobies and heartshaped, green-eyed face. A smirk and a challenge lit up those wild eyes and perfect lips. She was pretty, sure, and a real sexpot, no question about it; but she was a hell of a lot more. She was the kind of chick who would stand up with a dude she could respect, and stick with him. She was no weak-kneed, goodtime sister, out for only the fun and games. She could be mean or loving — or both at once. I saw it all in her eyes and hungry mouth. And I saw that she recognized me, too, as the kind of dude she could follow and stick with, no matter what came down.

It was decided from that second: she was mine, and we didn't need any words to tell both of us what was gonna happen next.

I checked out my bike, filled the tank, paid the man, and wheeled around to the sun-softened blacktop by the johns. Tami — her name was spelled out on her nipple-stretched tank top — strolled over and slipped onto the p-pad, her legs spread apart, letting me look right into her wide-open, half-shadowed crotch. Her tongue slid over her lips, and she reached down with one finger to pluck

Continued on page 82

BY BRUCE D. REEVES


CAT


LYNNETTE COPS THE









PRIZE

From out of the void over on the bed four feet away, breaking the early morning din of trash collectors throwin' around trash cans, came, "Jeezus, it's really hard for a person to get some sleep around here," yawn. This was yours, mine and our Ol' Lady of the Year speakin'. And with that pre-dawn, groggy comment oozin' out of her formerly high-glossed lips into the murky, weed-enriched air of the swank hotel room, we knew we could pack up the saddlebags.

The job was done. We had just partied the poor girl into oblivion, thanks to Oregon's finest herbs, Jack Black, cheap Port, and something that put the burn behind the eye. It just wasn't workin' any longer, as evidenced by the three lifeless forms now lyin' face-down on the beds. Yep, that's right. Only two hours earlier the two office mouses and Lynette had been partying down hard on the dance floor, and drinkin' with wild abandon.

Well, bros, I think we all know what



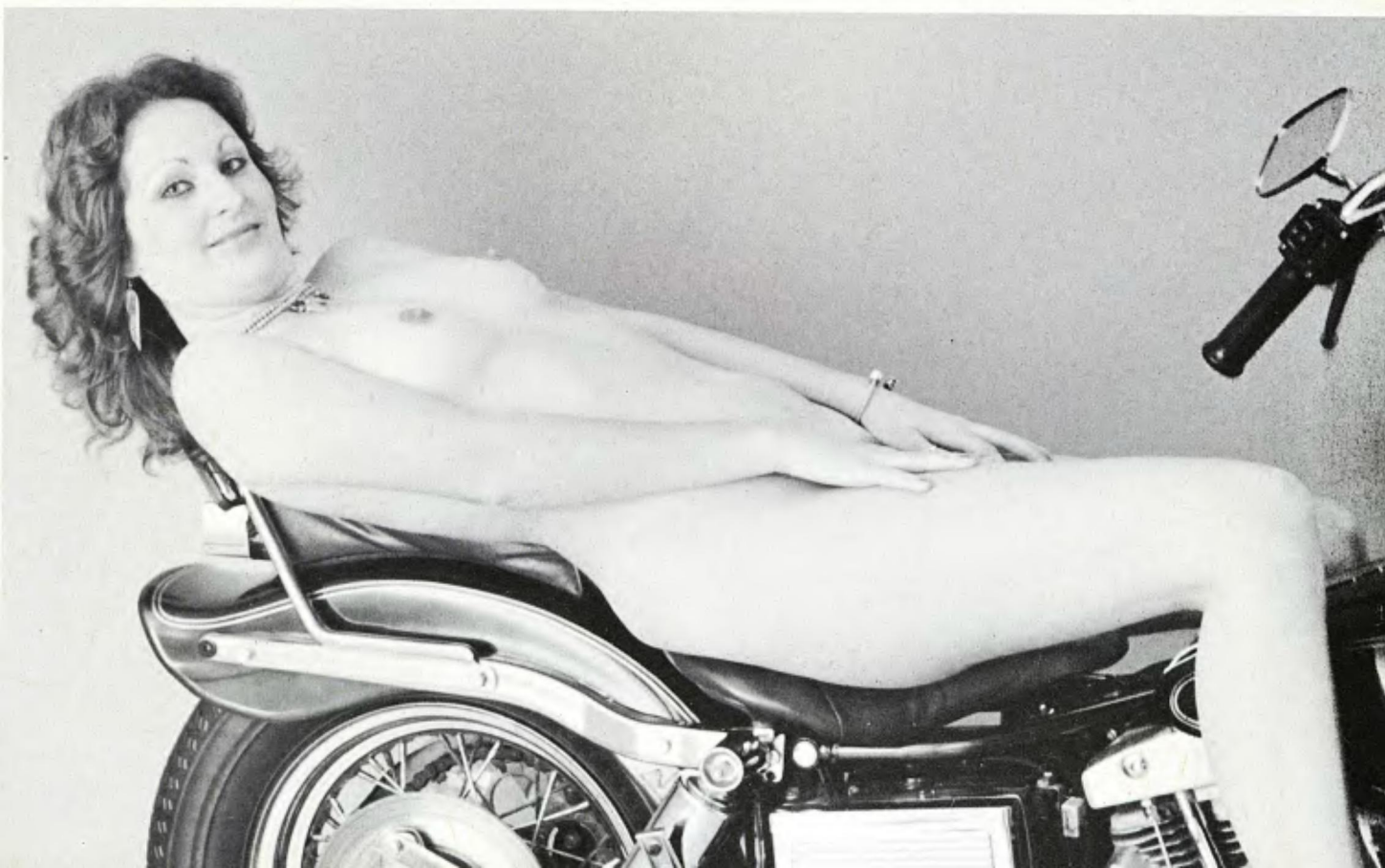
usually follows such an adventure — and sure enough, it held true. Our two foxy mouses who had looked so promising a while ago took a nose dive, followed shortly after by Lynette. Leave it to Beaver, I mean, leave it to the **Easyriders** crew, to put the lights out on another Ol' Lady of the Year bash.

Upon hearin' Lynette's plea for sleep we knew that you, the **Easyriders** electorate had done another bang-up job in selecting the 1983 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year. She fit the bill. She proved she has all the heart a dude could possibly hope for. She hung tough and cooperated a 110 percent — even when Pete asked her to lie down naked next to the bike on the freezin' slab.

Lynette was straight-up with us right from the gate, admitting that she'd been nervous as a cat in a dog pound when we picked her up at the airport. Shit, can't blame her. All her friends had seen her off. The more they drank, the more "helpful" they became.

"They're gonna show up in business suits," one said. "You'll need a whip an' a chair to pro-





tect yourself," another chimed in. Lemme tell ya, she seemed relieved to find we were just common biker folk — just like the ones she'd left behind.

The first thing she wanted to assure us of was that she wasn't any kind of professional model — but shit, you already knew that or you wouldn't have voted for her. Lynette first submitted her photos two years ago, after her ol' man, then in the joint, told her to go for it. One of their bros from a local bike shop donated the use of his bike for the photo session and they set up a "studio" in Lynette's living room. While a dozen or so bros and sisters shouted stage directions and swilled wine, a nature photographer from down the street got his chance to snap some real natural stuff. A hundred frames later they got it.

Lynette's "nature" shot appeared in the November '82 rag and the rest, as they say, is history.

As far as we're concerned, you bros hit the bull's-eye again. Twenty-five-year-old Lynette is all anyone could ask of an ol'



lady — or an Ol' Lady of the Year. She's dedicated to her man and his motorcycle (gonna use her prize money for a new tranny). Plus, she's got red hair and a supple body that won't quit — in addition to a personality that could add sunshine to the rainiest run.

Congratulations, bros. Ya done voted good. —Bomber





Thanks to Micah McCloskey for the use of his bike

Photos by Pete Chiodo





"Is He The Dude That Poked Your Peehole?"

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"Nah — the dude was a biker type." Well, we can't send ya a luscious babe or a hundred pounds of apples to snack on, but here's a deal ya *can* chew over. For a limited time you can get 12 mouth-waterin' issues of **Easyriders** delivered fresh to your mailbox for only $15 — a big saving of $9 over the newsstand prices. Gotta bigger appetite for savings? Send us $29 and we'll send you our next 24 issues — a saving of $19. Act now and we'll even throw in one of our famous **Easyrider** decals free. What more do ya want? Worms in yer apples?

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Grenada vs. The Press vs. Brains

Fuckin' press corps is still whinin' about it. "Omigod, thisisawful. Thisisterrible. Wattlwedo, wattlwedo! This is the first time the American press has ever been forbidden access to a military operation!"

So, what happens? We win the fuckin' thing in two days. Shit, they shoulda kept the cocksuckers outta WWII; we'da probably got that thing cleared up in a week.

Whimperin' fuckin' snits. Cryin'. Bawlin'. Sittin' on the floor stickin' out their bottom lips and starin' angrily at the military.

Fuckin' babies.

I'll say this about the press, when someone finally tells 'em, "Scram, go peddle yer papers elsewhere," they really know how to muster an intelligent defense.

"Huh????"

"Whuh???"

"Duhhh!!!"

"But, you —"

"But, we —"

That was about the gist of the amassed eloquence of this fleet of journalistic deep-thinkers when someone finally said to them, "Stand aside for a minute, kids; we got men working here." Naturally, the press got mad about it. When you don't let them get in there and really idiotize something to the max, why, hell, they really start to bounce around like tennis balls.

And idiotize is the right word. One empty-headed little simpleton actually launched a personal assault on the island, earning television immortality. This imbecile gave a running narrative from his charging, wave-slapping, Evinrude-or-whatever-powered, barnacle-encrusted vessel, while getting politely wigwagged away by a military spotter plane. What the spotter plane didn't realize, however, is that he was giving a warning to a *Member of The Press* — and *he* is going to the island! So, on he goes in "bitchin' tough" disobedience, like some Berkeley-type John Paul Jones in his Third World assault scow. Suddenly, a Navy jet shows up with enough technology under its wings to vaporize the outside of this guy's body into a mist as vacuous as the inside of his head, and this fishwrap warrior abruptly ups and says, "Well, um, I think I better turn around now," and gondola-poles his hit-the-beach battle canoe back to whatever nursery school he weighed anchor from.

And the press wonders why the United States Navy and the United States Marines didn't want goofballs like this around during a surprise invasion of an armed, Soviet attack-outpost. What fantasy-brained little flakes.

Since then, the whole lyin', slitherin' lot of them has been claiming censorship, fascism, Nazi strong-arm atrocities, bad attitudes, menstrual cramps, syph sores and swollen hemorrhoidal tissue as having taken over the White House — and as a result, they (and we, as their information-dependent little children) are all going to become slaves under a dictatorship of silence and secrecy.

Let's get something straight about the cocksucking press.

The Constitution doesn't say that the press has a right to *access*. They only have a right to print whatever it is that they can manage to *find out* — or make up.

Now, somewhere along the line, the press has gotten the idea that it has some sort of sacred function to perform, and when someone tells it that it can't perform it, the press tells us that the volcano gods are going to be very angry and destroy our huts.

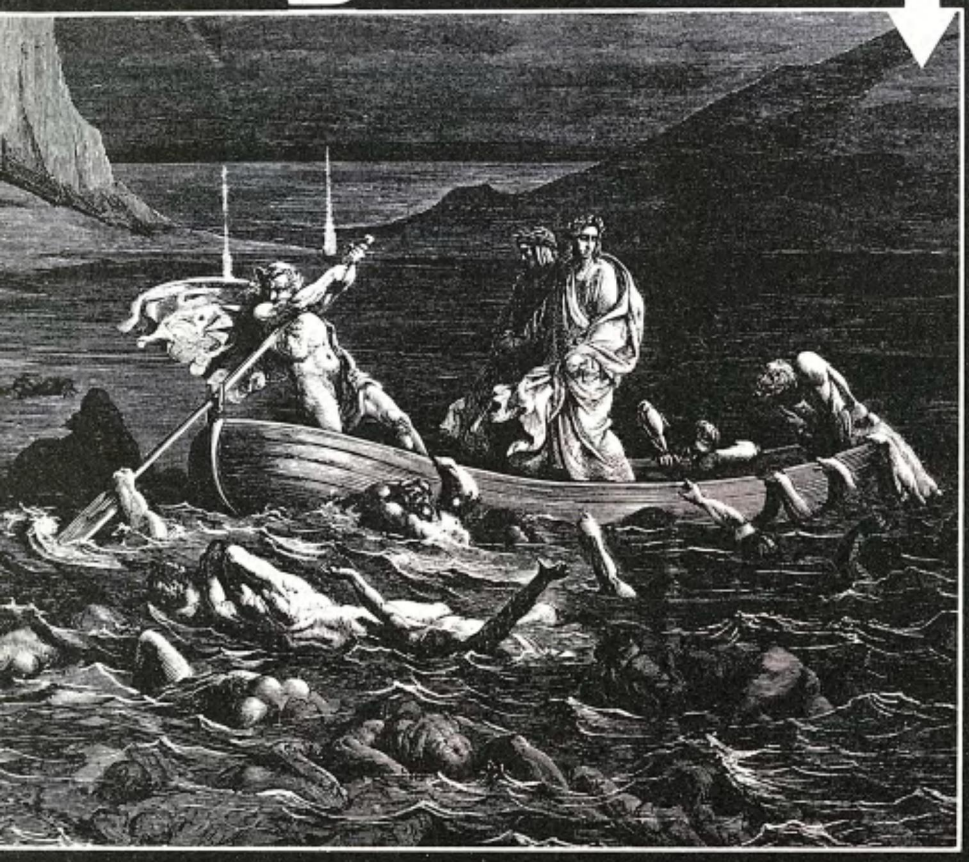
The press doesn't have any sort of sacred function. Their only function is to snoop, pry, nose around, disrupt, yell, scream, embarrass, twist, lie, distort, mislead, pester, and destroy. These are not sacred functions, but criminal activities.

The flag they wave is "the public's right to know."

I ain't got a right to know nothin'. If I had a right to *know*, I'da been born a fuckin' walkin' encyclopedia. A right to know is another one of those imaginary rights some socialist with the IQ of a post hole has tacked on to my "rights" to a job, a house, a car, a minimum wage, a gold tooth, a mink toilet-seat cover, the moons of Saturn, and the entire Alaskan wilderness — which some faggot environmental groups, who don't even own it, want to give me. It's kind of like some new, ultimate con. They're not going to sell me the

Continued on page 113

Legends of HELL fro





Obviously, within the length of an article, one cannot hope to provide more than a small sampling of the horrors (or pleasures) of the various kinds of hell different cultures and nationalities call their own. Nonetheless, the following contains a diversified selection — and their individual backgrounds — of "hells" from around the world. If you're squeamish and don't want to know about *anyone's* possible future destination, don't bother to read any further. If, on the other hand, you've made the most of this life and want to know what you can look forward to in the next, read on. I assure you that hell, wherever you find it, has more to offer than you've ever dreamed of. (If you have nightmares tonight, though, don't blame me. It's just likely that you still have a conscience — and that's what's rattled your cage.)

Now, let's go to hell!

Some say the belief in an actual hell originated in the minds of human beings. Others say God created hell for Satan, to punish all unrepentant sinners. The question is, why would anyone want to invent a hell? No, the supposed originators weren't over-enthusiastic masochists. In ancient times, peoples the world over believed in the existence of heaven (known by other names in various cultures). It was a place where your spirit went after death to indulge in the pleasures of an eternal life after this temporal one.

However, the downtrodden poor had a bitch to pitch. They were hard-working, frequently oppressed and tortured, and sometimes owned outright by the rich and powerful gentry, upon whom they were utterly dependent for everything from the rags on their backs to their very subsistence. Being poor doesn't equate with being stupid, though. Having figured out that life on earth is not fair to all, the poor asked themselves why it was that just the evil rich should get to enjoy both earthly pleasures and those of heaven, too. Lacking the wherewithal to square things on earth (those who stepped beyond the prescribed boundaries of their established ranking as lowlife could expect to be terminated in a most unpleasant manner), the poor folk devised an alternative to heaven to balance the books. We know it as hell.

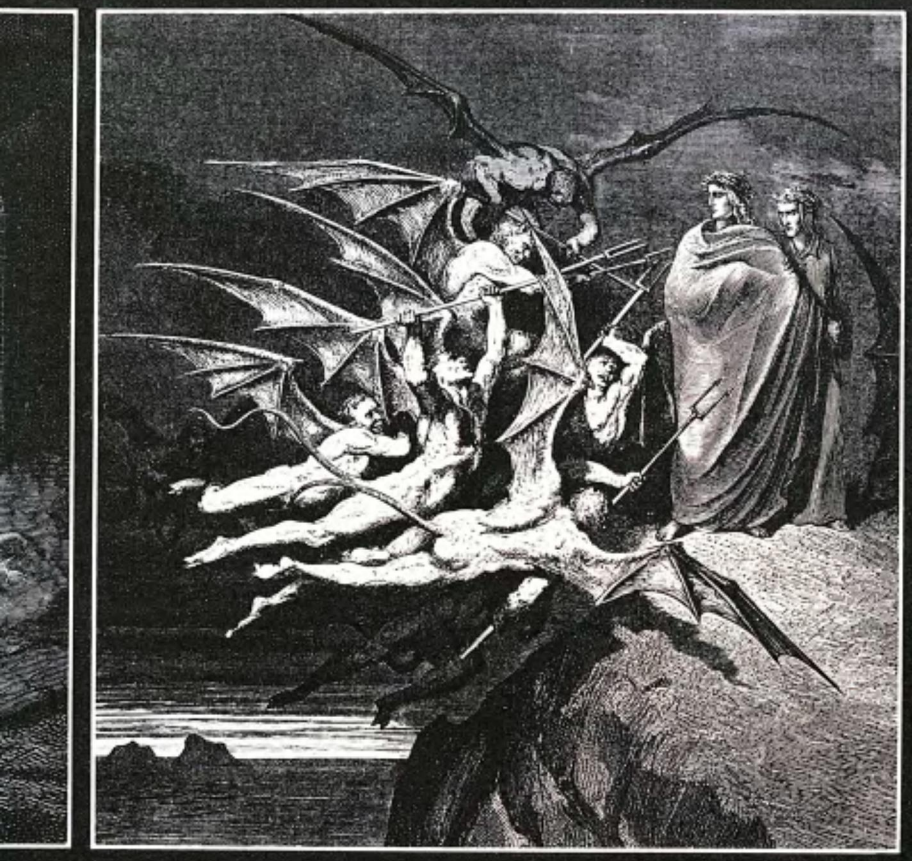
Since you're probably telling others to go there all the time, it'd be a good idea if you knew exactly what you're sending them to. The idea of hell in regard to religion appears to have originated with the people of Israel while they were under the dominion of foreign powers. In the ancient days, the Israelites called hell "Sheol," which means the "the pit." They also called it "Abaddon," which means "destruction."

"I assure you that hell, wherever you find it, has more to offer than you've ever dreamed of."

by Mary Booth

Now life would seem more fair if the evil or rich went to hell after

m Around the World





death, while the good or poor got to go to heaven when they died. This solved the theological dilemma of believing in God (who was good) and His justice in regard to the vast unfairness of life on the earth that He created. Suffering on earth would no longer be in vain. This concept predated the birth of Christianity by several thousand years.

It was believed that those who went to hell wouldn't be doomed to eternity there. They were supposed to be resurrected to enjoy a new and fantastic life on the Day of the Lord, when God would bring to His chosen people a new age of peace, holiness and eternal happiness.

The Israelites had a separate name for the actual land of punishment for the wicked. It was called Gehinnom and/or Gehenna, named after the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, where the city burned its rubbish. Since they believed that heaven was divided into seven parts with seven angels to rule each division, it was logical (and fair) to decide that Gehinnom also had seven "departments." It's easy to see why desert dwellers would consider heat to be more than a mere nuisance, so it is equally easy to understand why they decided that Gehinnom was not only unpleasantly warm but actually contained rivers of fire. As if that weren't bad enough, the place was also very dark, for the burning rivers created tremendous smoke which blotted out all light. The unfortunates who went there after death were tortured first by suffocating in the murky fumes, then hanging, or roasting — or were taken directly from the fire and plunged into ice-cold snow, then into fire again. These tortures were supposed to go on until God thought they'd had enough, but then again, another belief held that they'd be punished for only a year. Must've been meted out somewhat like probation.

Some historians feel that the Jewish and Christian hells were greatly influenced by the ancient mythological Greek underground hell-place, Hades. Hades was also the name of the ruler of this forboding land and his queen was Persephone. Hades was the son of Cronos and Rhea and brother of Zeus and Poseidon. He had a helmet which could make him invisible, and "Hades," in fact, is Greek for "invisible." Three judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, judged the dead. The good were sent to a place called Elysium, which is commonly regarded as a separate place, although in the writings of Virgil, it's located in Hades. The actual place of punishment and torture was called Tartarus, where giants who rebelled against Zeus were sent.

The Greek god Hermes (known as Mercury by the ancient Romans) was the son of Zeus and Maia. One of his main duties was to guide the souls of the dead to the nether world. Even today, purgatory is frequently confused with hell. But purgatory was the name given the place where souls waited until they were cleansed of their sins. In some myths, Hades is also the name of purgatory, where spirits of the deceased went to live, not to be punished.

The ancient Greeks believed that when a person died his body and spirit died, too, except for a small portion of

Continued on page 103

Illustrations by Gustave Doré from **Dante's Inferno**

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Clever Nork

I suppose I could tell you 'bout the night we discovered a clever little nork who, although trained to tap dance, kept falling in the sink. But I won't.

That brings us back to where we shoulda been all along — U-beaut biker babes. Contrary to popular belief, not all the biker boobs have flown north for the winter. There are plenty of talented ear-warmers out there somewhere, just hanging around waiting to be uncovered and discovered. Maybe some live in your neighborhood.

—Skol
Ozbike

Criminal Majority

Lawbreakers constitute the majority of the American public. I'm one of those criminals; probably, so are you. Our common offense is to knowingly and repeatedly exceed the national 55mph speed limit.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Friendly Farce

He was a big, friendly trooper. "Well," he drawled, "c'mon back to the car and I'll show you what the machine says you were doing, then we'll see how much of that you can talk me out of."

The machine said 75. But he'd settle for 64. He explained that would allow him not to report the incident to my home state or my insurance company. He gave me a citation, a form by which I could compute my own fine, and an envelope addressed to the local judge. All I had to do was write a check, affix a stamp, pop the envelope into the slot and the incident was closed.

What a nice man. What a quick, easy, polite way to do business.

What a farce.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

80-Year Heritage

So Harley flew in the face of nearly 80 years of made-in-America heritage on the Grand National tracks and equipped its team riders — Goss, Springsteen and a third Michigander, Scott Parker — with Austrian-built Can-Ams, painted orange and black and homologated, according to AMA rules, as Harley-Davidsons.

—Dave Despain
Motorcyclist

Stupid Government

Now I'm not going to get into a lather over a speeding ticket. It's just another one of those dumb annoyances that goes into the filing cabinet of my mind, marked "more government stupidity."

—Greg Harrison
American Motorcyclist

No Shit

Monday is a hard way to spend one-seventh of your life.

—*Biker Lifestyle*

No Idea

Attention, please. *Cycle* has made an important policy change, a change, we all think, for the good. For a long time, motorcycle magazines have been quoted in motorcycle advertising, but henceforth *Cycle* will not authorize manufacturers or distributors to make selective quotations from this magazine. We have no idea whether other motorcycle magazines will follow our lead; we hope so, but we have this deal with other magazines: we don't tell them how to run their shops, and they don't offer us counsel.

—*Cycle*

Perfectly, Unfinished

If you're a Congress watcher, carry-over is not that much of a problem. You just have to remember that Washington is on a two-year cycle, making 1984 the second half of the 98th Congress. Just as if their calendar had twelve extra months printed on it, whatever was proposed in 1983 and not resolved is still perfectly good unfinished business in '84.

—Matt Benson
Road Rider

High Tech

Oh, you want a two-wheeler, but it must be a *high-tech* two-wheeler? Then let the notion beyond that nauseating neologism be applied to something other than brain-draining engines.

—L.J.K. Setright
Cycle Guide

A Different World

It was strange too, listening to the *ka-tuff ka-tuff* of the low-revving Harley next to our wound-out smallbore Hondas. With his tall windshield, huge padded seat, highway pegs and thumping engine, this guy was traveling in a different world from us. There was no sense of urgency in his riding. We were always in a hurry, even when I couldn't think why. He was just traveling, of course, and we were on our way home.

—*Cycle World*

Big Bucks

Probably the most widely recognized symbol of safety is the motorcycle helmet. This product has consistently ranked high on the top-selling accessories lists, garnering impressive sales records even in states where mandatory helmet laws do not exist.

—*Motorcycle Dealernews*

Didn't Even Break

The price paid is not unreliability. The Harley-Davidson XLX is reliable. The problems encountered with the Harleys of years ago are gone, much as new quality control efforts have improved American cars. The XLX was given no special treatment, and it didn't break.

—*Cycle World*

The Ultimate Threat

Finally, there is the ultimate threat: Buy another brand. Although their reputations for parts pricing are no better (and sometimes worse) than the Japanese, Harley-Davidson and BMW have excellent reputations for parts availability. (That is a prime benefit of sticking to the same design for long periods.)

—*Motorcyclist*

Plenty Of Bitchin'

Sturgis, it's always something! Sturgis is like a great party thrown by some creeps you can't stand. You usually have a good time. . .but there's always plenty to bitch about, including the hosts!

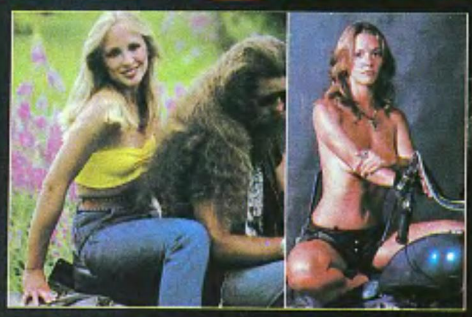
—*Biker Lifestyle*

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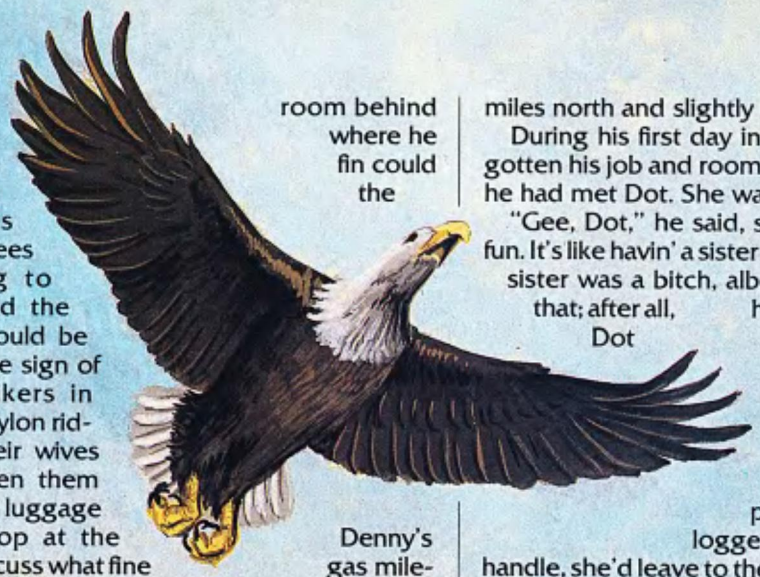
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SURE SIGNS OF SPRING

"Knowing how he took of
in the spring —
he musta tol
her a doze
times how
it was with
him —
she had simpl
pointed ou
the first spring
crocus."

BY E. WESTON





From his room behind Arnie's Fix-It where he worked, Griffin could see the snow on the mountains was melting and the trees were beginning to show. He figured the tourist hordes would be out soon — a sure sign of spring — city bikers in their brand-new nylon riding suits with their wives squeezed between them and their plastic luggage cases. They'd stop at the Denny's restaurant and discuss what fine gas mileage they got, and never really notice the countryside.

Griffin was a seasonal man. He worked all winter and rode all summer. He figured he had worked just about every grease spot in that small, depressed corridor between I-5 and the Cascades, from as far south as Eugene to as far north as Mountain View, where he was now, 60 miles north and slightly to the east of Seattle.

During his first day in Mountain View last fall, he had gotten his job and room at Arnie's Fix-It. The second day he had met Dot. She was fun and he'd told her so.

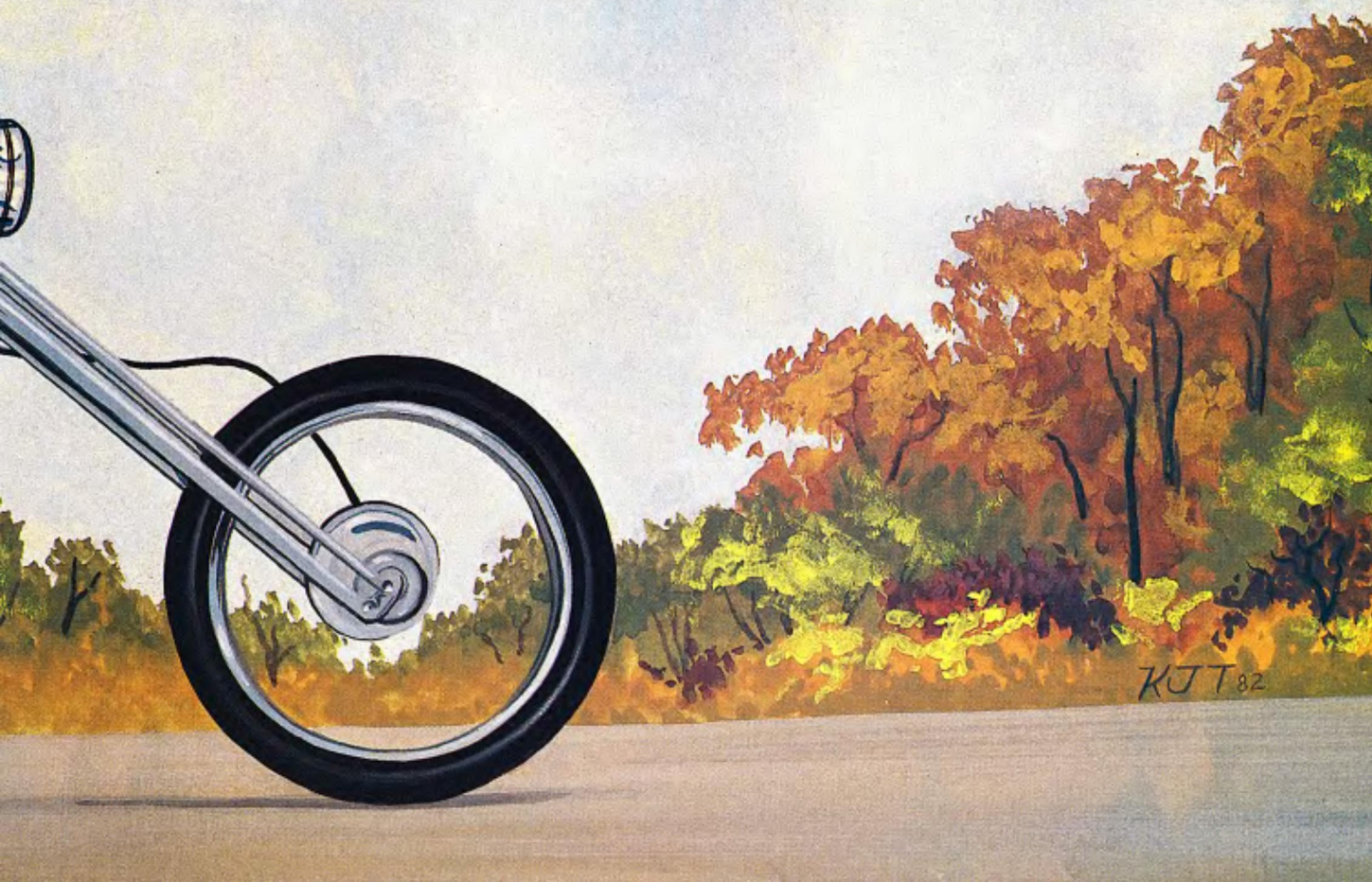
"Gee, Dot," he said, snuggling close, "you're a lot of fun. It's like havin' a sister you can screw." In reality his own sister was a bitch, albeit first-class. He didn't tell Dot that; after all, he had his secret fantasies.

Dot served beer at the Truckle Inn and Griffin liked to sit there in the evenings, or on Saturday afternoons, and watch her. She could handle anything from the coed up from Seattle puking in the back booth, to a logger on payday. What she couldn't handle, she'd leave to the regulars. "Get rid of him," she'd say. And they would, though sometimes a few things got busted on the way. Dot made a shitpot full of tips.

What bothered him was that Dot didn't bug him about staying — or going with him, for that matter — or getting hitched, or having babies. She was real quiet about stuff like that. He

Continued on page 99

Illustration by Kenneth Titus





FATHER KNEW

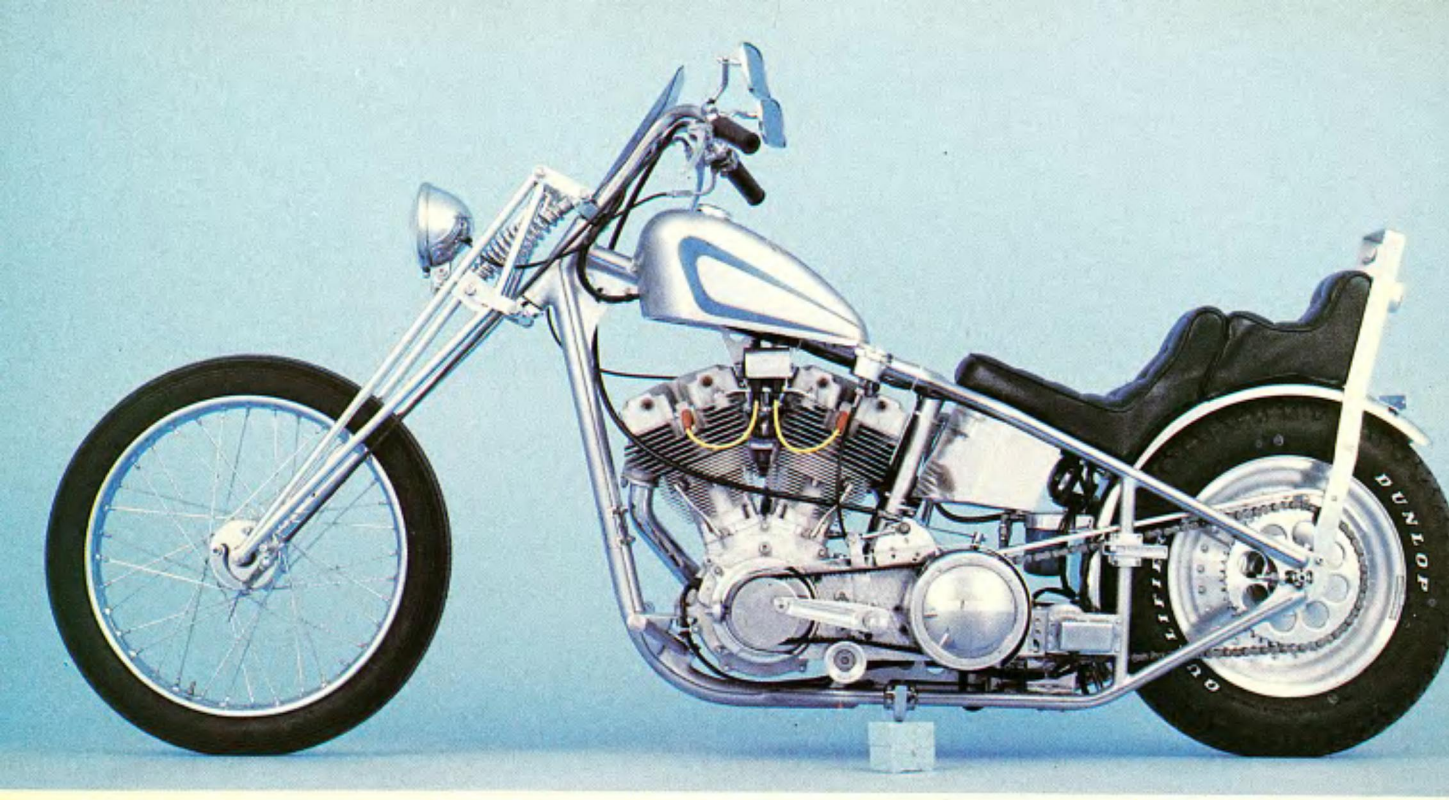
Sometimes the ol'man has to kick a little ass in order to get ya aimed down the right fork of the road.

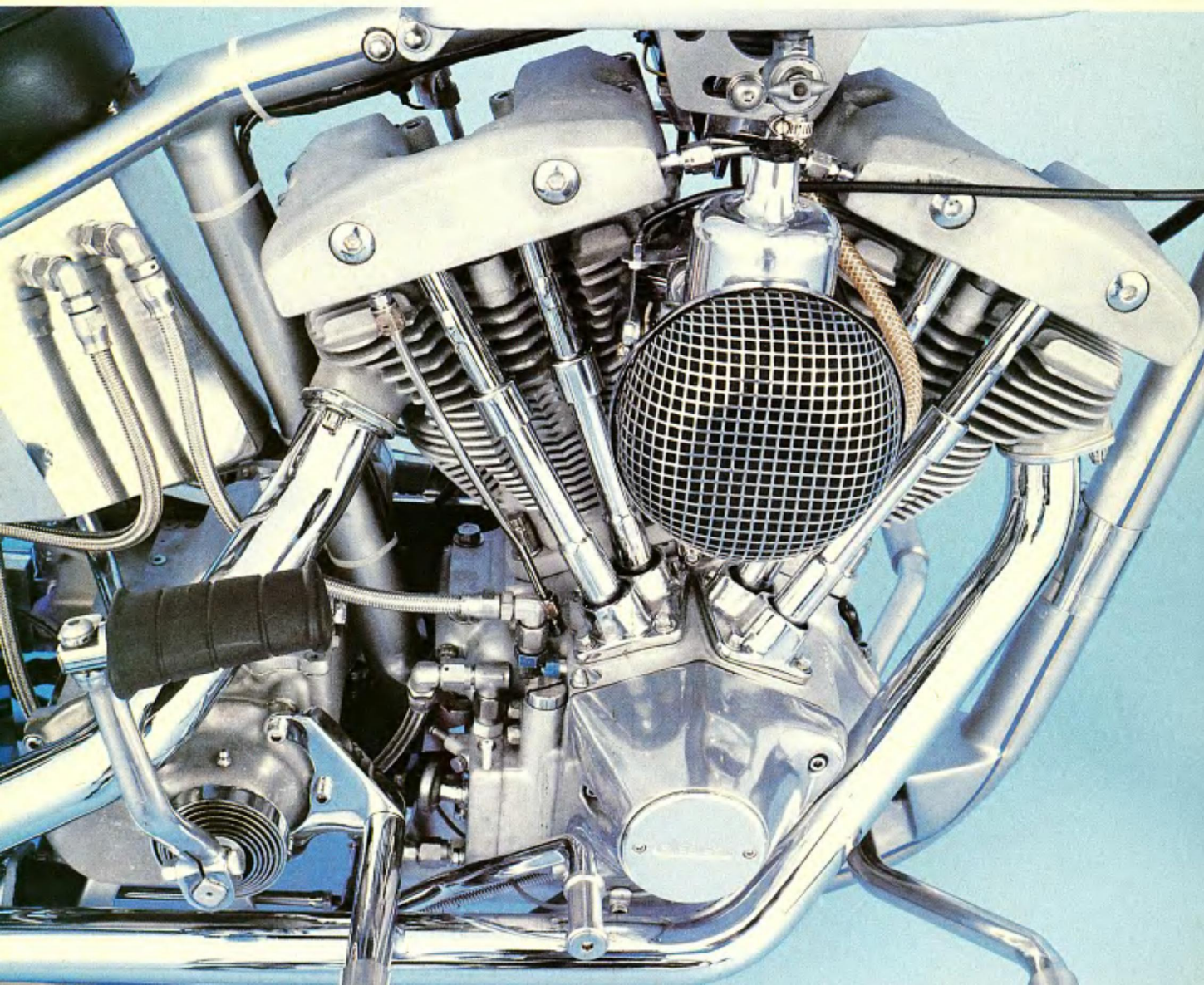
Seventeen years in the saddle of a Hog and he's only 31 now. That alone should tell ya all ya need to know about Randy, but it's really only the cream off the top. What's underneath is pretty damn good, too. The first Harley he ever owned — at the tender age of 14 — was a 45-inch trike he bought for 25 bucks. The first bike he ever wrecked was a Harley Sprint and the fastest bike he's ever ridden is this silver-gray ghost he calls "Natural Pass," after the gamblin' term of the same name.

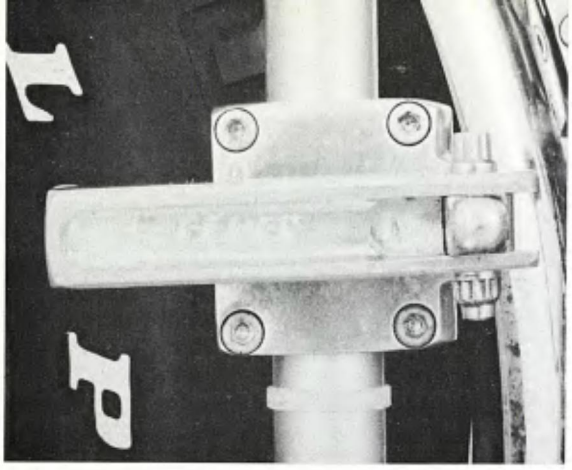
Randy's been a machinist as long as he can remember, got his start when he was so little he had to stand on Coke cartons to reach the drill presses and lathes in his old man's shop. But standin' on a crate didn't hold him back any, he

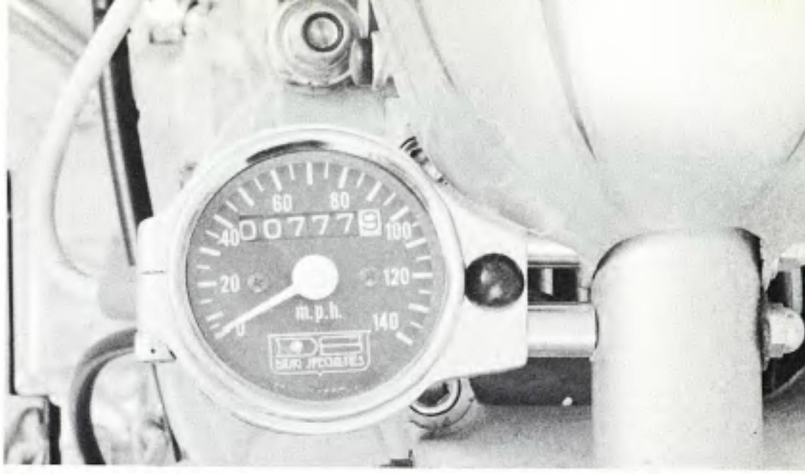


BEST


DUNLOP



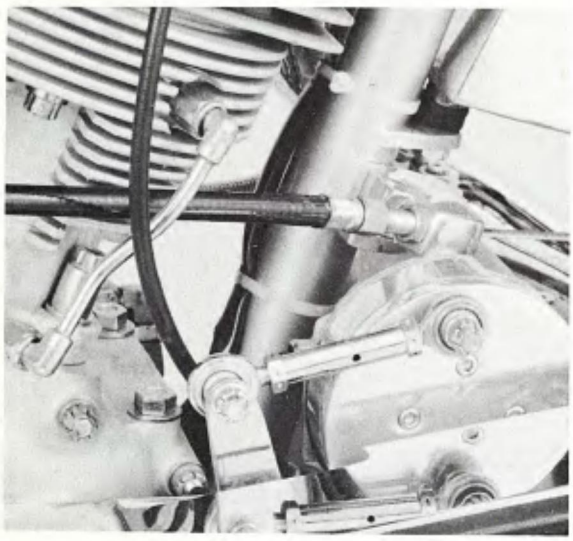


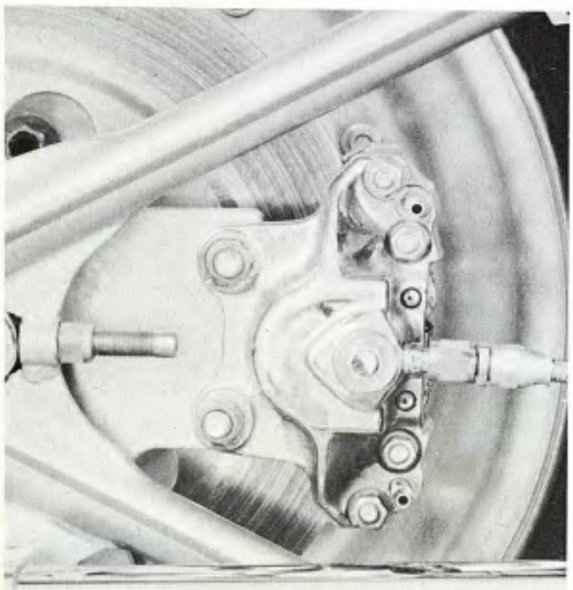


learned his trade, and he learned it good. Particularly he learned what looks good and what don't, what has clean classic lines and what doesn't.

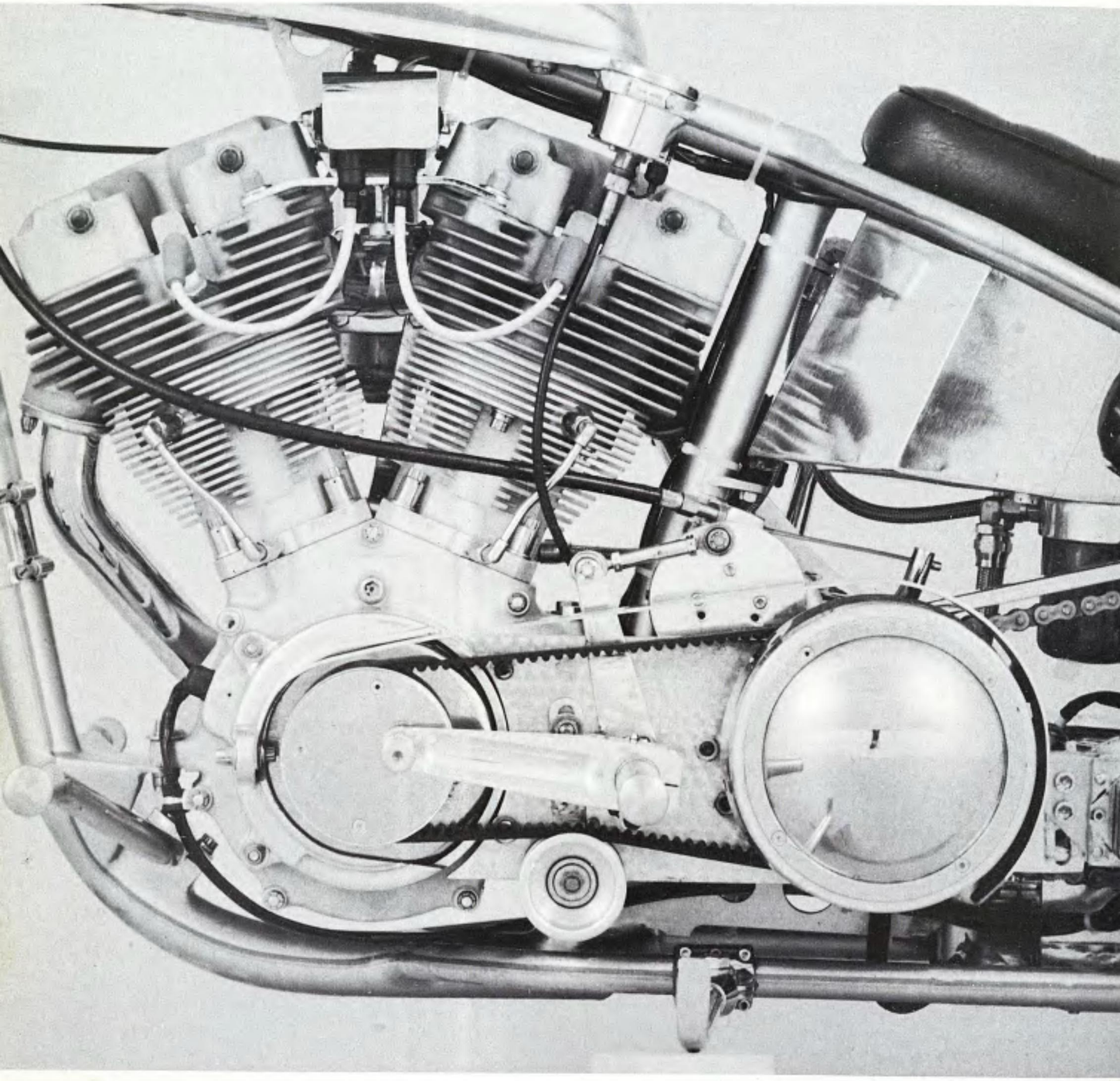
Movin' on up from the trike after a few years, Randy traded for a bone-stock '52 pan dresser which he chopped ("like an idiot," he says now) and used to make the tavern and weekend runs.

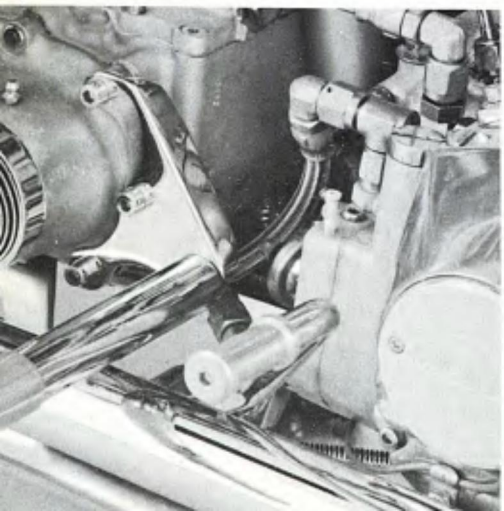
"I was livin' in Texas at the time," Randy says, "And spent most of my spare time puttin' to whatever watering hole the old-timers were gathering around. I had a hell of a lot of fun and I picked up a ton of technical information that I've used ever since."











In addition to workin' and ridin', however, Randy was also growing up. Like a lot of us when we first become men, he discovered that there's more than one highway through this life and he wanted to try 'em all. So there came a day when he hung his leathers on the wall, sold the faithful pan and decided to go another way.

The only thing was, he couldn't get bikes and biking out of his head — particularly the image of a special shovelhead, which slowly, bit by bit, his subconscious was designing.

"I didn't even realize how much not having a scooter was getting to me," Randy says. "But one day my dad came up to me and told me he was sick and tired of

Owner: Randy Sweeney	**City:** Oklahoma Territory	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1981	
Year and make: shop-built 1981	Builder: owner	
Model: Big Twin	Type: single loop rigid	
Value: not for sale	Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 3½ in.	
Time: 1100 hrs.	Other alterations: rear stretched 2 in.	
Chroming by: no one	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: owner/SST	
Year: 1970	Risers: none	
Model: V-Twin	Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: K-D	
Ignition: points and coil	Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 83 cu.in.	Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: owner	Front pegs: owner/SST	
Balancing: owner	Rear pegs: owner/alum.	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D reworked/owner	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: flowed	Oil tank: owner/SST	
Cam(s): Andrews "B" grind	Oil system: reworked	
Lifters: solids/owner	Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): Rivera SU	Seat: Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: same	Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: 40-in. drag	Height: 10 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: 1¼-in. x 3/16-in. cold roll	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: girder	
Year: 1973	Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: alum. pivot arms	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 48	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: owner
Painter: owner	Rim width: 1.85 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Rolls Royce Silver Grey	Tire: Shin	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer	Brake: works	Brake: owner
Special paint: paid for.		

Other special modifications: handmade aluminum cylinders, shift linkage and brake linkage. Thanks to Bob Allen and special thanks to my dad.



Photos by Mike Lichter





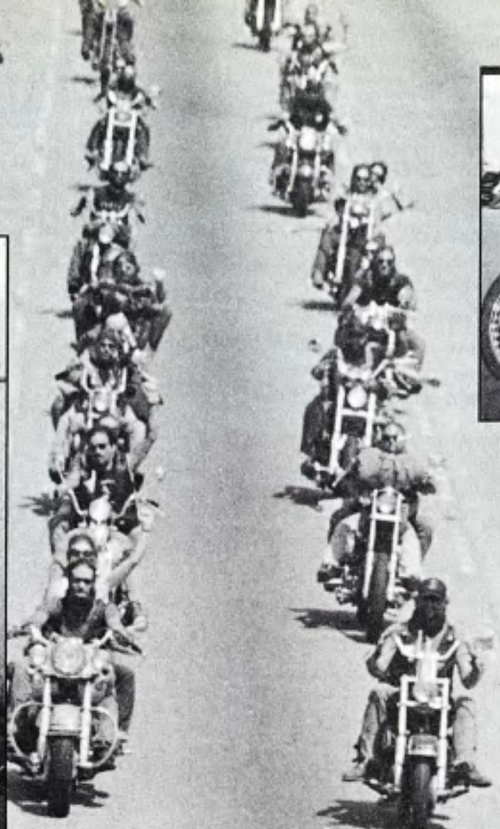
hearin' me go on and on about how great a shovel would look in a single-loop frame. Or how good it would run with cylinders made of aircraft aluminum.

"'Listen,' Dad told me, 'either get your ass in gear and build that damn bike your always babbling about or stop runnin' your mouth about it.' He was right. Harleys are where it's at for me and always have been. My subconscious had known it all along."

So he did just what dad said, built himself the searing skate ya see here. A Harley with a 19-1/2 lb. frame and a reworked mill that gets it up to an honest 140mph. Like they used to say in TV-land, sometimes father really does know best. — Butcher













IT'S KA-HONE, DUMMY

It was a great party; my partner wound up blowing chunks of food all over a tree.

by Curly

If there's one thing they know how to do down San Diego, California, way, it's party — which is the main reason Bomber and I were glad to hear that the annual party at Dumont's Bar in the Dago suburb of El Cajon was on once again this year.

By the way, if yer havin' trouble with "Cajon," just remember that the Spanish letter "J" is pronounced the way we say "H." Open yer food trap and try it, EL KA-HONE. Great, ya just passed the Spanish test.

Anyhow, the folks at Dumont's get it on every year in memory of a couple of stone-solid bros, Crash and Pig-Pen, who are no longer with us. Piggy left this earth in a diving accident and Crash got wasted by the dreaded "Big C."

They were friends of mine, two stand-up bros. It's ironic — they died within a month of each other a few years back.

In addition to bein' my friends, they were also always there with a helpin' hand for other bros, stray rugrats, and down-on-their-luck ladies. So, in keepin' with their memories, the proceeds from each year's party go to benefit some charity or other.

Which don't, of course, mean that the bro and sisters don't have fun. Now, nobody eve accuses me an' Bomber of havin' too man brain cells to spare, but we sure lost a bunc of what we did have that day. You could sa we had a bonaroo time gettin' shitfaced an toasted — and that was just during the day

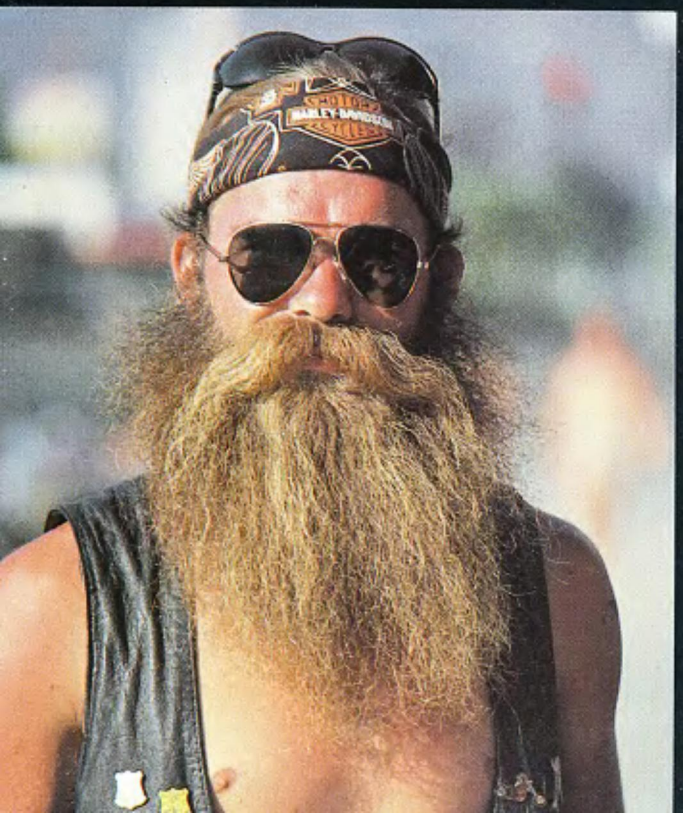
I don't even remember what went dow that night, 'cept that I do recall my cohort, th barfin' Bomber, blowin' large chunks of foo all over a tree, talkin' to Ralph and wakin' u with a wide glide in his bed — an' I don' mean a bike. What the hell, most of us hav been there one time or another.

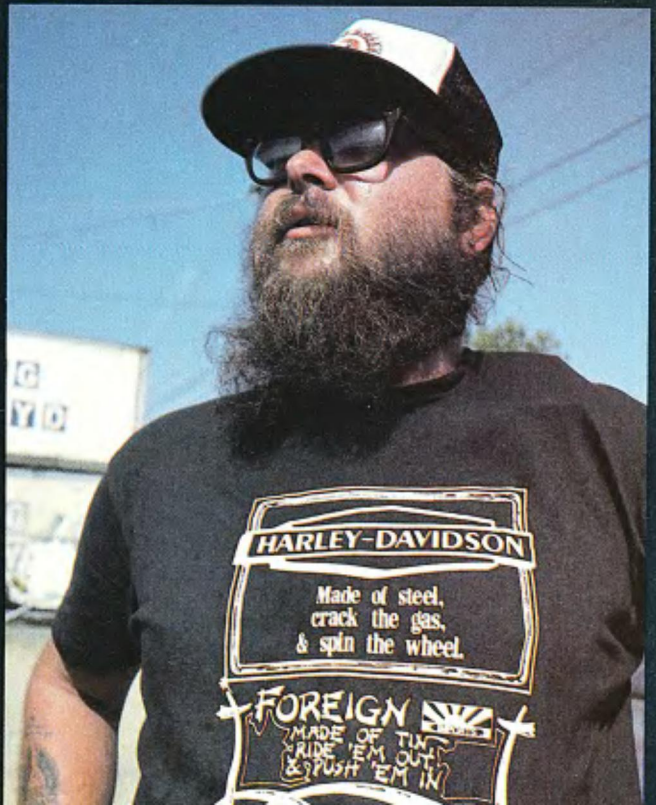
We're not making any excuses, though 'cause we don't need to. Sure it was tough but someone's got to do it. We came back burnt out — fried is more like it — but w got the pictures and story just like Spide ordered. And, after all, he is the guy wh dishes out the raisin pie.

Now, if I could just find the cold water, washcloth and some fuckin' aspirins. . .

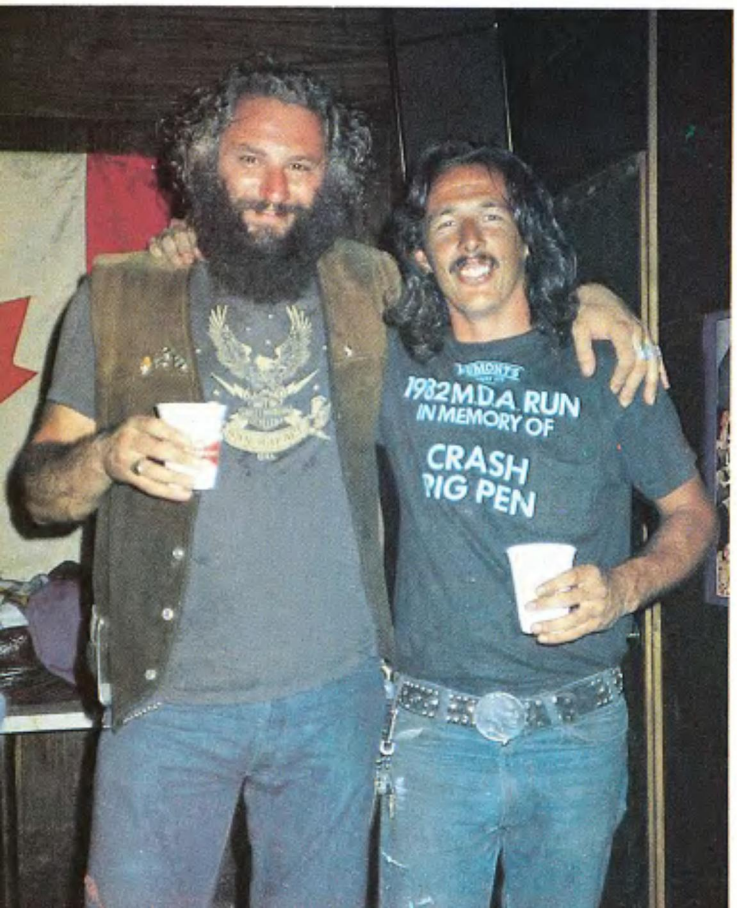
More photos next page.






HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Made of steel,
crack the gas,
& spin the wheel.
FOREIGN
MADE OF TIN
RIDE 'EM OUT
& PUSH 'EM IN

Photos by Kim Peterson and Rip





ABATE: What's in its name? Plenty!

I joined that organization for the paltry sum of $3. A short time later, in February of 1972, the name was changed to "A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments" — ABATE. I've paid my dues, on the road and to the organization, so I feel I am justified to say that I am quite upset. . . that someone wants to change the name, direction, and purpose of the organization to less than what it was and is at the present time — a political bikers' rights group.

If you take the time and effort to look this (ABATE) up in the dictionary, the meaning is. . ."to reduce in amount, degree, or intensity or put an end to," and this is what we have done in the past, what we are doing presently in every state legislature and in the United States Congress, and what we must continue to do if we are to preserve the rights and freedoms we now enjoy.

The stress I see in each of the suggested new names is on that of education. It is not that I am against education, but I feel this to be a secondary task within the framework of the organization. I sincerely do feel we must educate those who fear and/or have no knowledge of our sport or way of life, but as stated previously it is a secondary mission.

We, ABATE, were formed to be a political voice of the everyday rider and not the vested business interests of the AMA and the MMA. Let us not abandon him. If you wish education, then educate the membership to the definition of each word in this organization's title and of what we stand for and why we were organized.

— Charles "C.J." Prusik in the ABATE of North Dakota Newsletter.

Easyriews

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

When is a life worth less than 50 bucks?

When it's a biker's and the price tag's figured in court

It *did* happen in Lake County, Illinois, but it *could* have happened in Anywhere, U.S.A.

During the same 48-hour period last December, two residents of Lake County appeared in criminal court. One of the convicts began serving a six-month jail sentence, the other drew three years.

Let's play riddles. Which one of the offenders do you think killed the biker and which do you think screwed the cab driver out of $50?

"Drunks like you don't know how dangerous you are," Lake County Circuit Judge Harry Strouse said as he slapped Melissa Kust's wrist with the six-month term after the 19-year-old cager pled guilty to reckless homicide in the death of biker Bennie Kester.

At her sentencing hearing, Kust admitted drinking at several bars in neighboring Wisconsin, driving home to Round Lake (Illinois), and picking up a friend in her parents' car. She and her friend were debating what bar to go to next, she testified, when she heard the "sound of shattering glass" — glass shattered by her ramming Kester's bike.

Ms. Kust's mouthpiece, Thomas Smoker, was less than pleased with the verdict. Smoker, contending that a prison term would not "benefit" anyone, had argued that his client should get probation because she had recently undergone a so-called detoxification program — a program that she did not enter, sickeningly enough, until after she was ticketed for *another* booze-related violation a few months after killing the biker.

Kust now realizes, Smoker told the court, that she "is somebody and doesn't need alcohol."

Well, that is good news. Probably makes the dead bro's friends and family feel real warm all over.

In the other example of "justice," Lake County style, a woman named Jeanette Griffin, 23, was sentenced to three years for allegedly asking a cab driver for change for a $50 bill and, after getting the change, refusing to hand over the bill. Griffin, who unlike Ms. Kust had to make do with a public defender in court, denied the charges and claimed the cab driver had gotten pissed when she refused to buy drugs from him.

Sentencing judge in this heavy-duty crime-against-humanity case? None other than Lake County Circuit Judge Harry Strouse.

FOOTNOTE: In sentencing Kust to six months for reckless *homicide* (in other words, KILLING SOMEONE), Strouse said, "I consider drunk drivers more dangerous than terrorists in Lake County because (they) cause more deaths." Using that standard of reasoning, the "Honorable" Judge Strouse must find $50 rip-off artists somewhat more "dangerous" than Jack the Ripper and Adolf Hitler and a bit less "dangerous" than a nuclear war.

International Harley rip-off ring broken in Atlanta, 30 Hogs saved

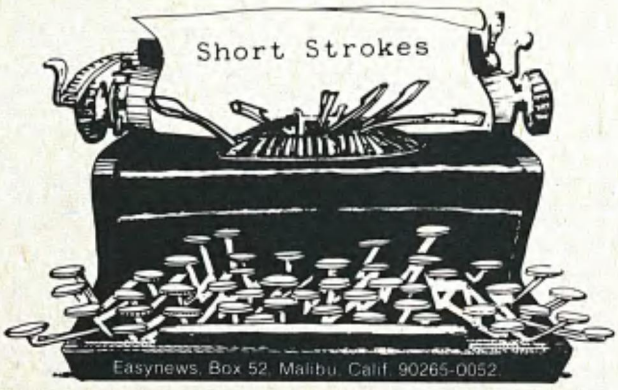
An international ring that specialized in providing hot Harleys to Hog-hungry Australians has been broken up in Atlanta, Georgia.

According to Atlanta police, members of the smuggling ring didn't rip off the bikes themselves but obtained them by running newspaper ads offering to buy Harley-Davidsons without papers and with "no questions asked."

Police estimate the gang shipped about $400,000 worth of stolen Harleys to Australia during the three years it was in active operation.

Three Australian citizens were arrested in the raid which broke up the ring. Over 30 H-Ds awaiting shipment to Australia were recovered during the raid.

"The perpetrators admitted this was the fourth time they were to make a shipment to Australia," Atlanta detective Wesley Derrick said. "There's a big market for motorcycles in Australia — a big demand and little supply."



Sometimes-The-World-Is-Really-Fucked Dept: A former college football star in Ontario was sentenced to two months in jail for killing a biker by ramming him head-on while driving on the wrong side of a two-lane road. The football **hero's comment** after the accident? "Why me?" As far as anyone knows, the **dead biker** did not respond. . . And, in case you think the grid star copped a soft deal, check this out. A Davenport, Iowa, cager drew a 60-day sentence for getting drunk and **left-turning a biker** to death. Only thing is, the judge suspended 57 days of the sentence and gave the cager credit for one day time served while sleeping it off.

ABATE of **Maryland is girding** for a fight over a proposed noise-pollution control bill being urged on the legislature by the state police. . . A cop in Lorain, Ohio, has been indicted on two counts of vehicular homicide in connection with the deaths of **two bikers struck** by his patrol car. The officer was allegedly traveling at a high rate of speed, without flashing lights or siren, when he rammed the bikes. A subcommittee of the **Georgia Legislature** has been holding a series of public hearings on a bill to repeal the state's lid law. The panel is expected to make its recommendations shortly.

Rumor has it that Harley-Davidson is seeking long-term **loans from Japanese** motorcycle makers in exchange for asking the government to drop the new tariffs on imported bikes. According to the grapevine, H-D would use the **borrowed yen** to finish developing its long-awaited water-cooled, four-cyclinder Nova, a project that will cost an estimated $18 million. . . ABATE of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, will sponsor its Fourth Annual **Swap Meet** on May 12 and 13 at the county fairgrounds in Meadville. For details, write 'em at Box 5, Saegertown, PA 16433.

A rider in Edmonton, Canada, went to **court to protest** a citation issued against him for carrying a bareheaded passenger in his side hack and **won**. Whether the case will set a precedent is unknown, but the Edmonton Police say they plan to continue issuing tickets to sidecar passengers who are not wearing lids. . . A Kentucky legislator, Rep. Dan Seum of Louisville, has introduced a bill to **limit** the state's mandatory **helmet law** to riders under 18, those with an instruction permit, and riders licensed for less than a year.

And finally, members of the the Fort Lauderdale, Florida, motorcycle police squad were so happy to finally get rid of their Kawasakis and get **back on Harleys** that all 14 of them jumped on their new Hogs and "disappeared" as soon as the bikes arrived. "They were last seen riding south toward Key West," a civilian employee in the department told the press. The city's **top cop**, Chief Ron Cochran, wasn't too **upset** about the impromptu run, however, noting that the scooters needed to be broken in anyway. "I was tempted to go with them," Cochran said. "I patrolled on a Harley for eight years, you know."

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	Yes	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	Yes	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[12]	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	Yes	No	Yes
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[8]
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.

Millionaire brings Triumph back to life

"Japanese bikes may be sold at giveaway prices, but they're not built to last," says Les Harris.

Les Harris? Some new executive brought in to help Harley-Davidson stave off the Oriental invaders? Right idea, wrong country. Les Harris (if we could bind a record into the magazine, we'd put a drum roll right here) is *the man who has brought the Triumph motorcycle company back to life.*

That's right. Triumph is back in business just months after being declared officially dead by its owners, its creditors, its dealers and all of us in the motorcycle press. Triumph is back in business because Les Harris, who built one of the biggest bike parts suppliers in the world — Racing Spares Ltd. — out of nothing, decided that there is still a place in this world for a motorcycle whose starting, going and stopping mechanisms can be operated and understood by people without 12 years experience at NASA.

"The orders are flooding in," Harris said in an interview. "Our phone has not stopped ringing since our plans were announced. An American dealer who wants to act as our importer has told us he can sell as many bikes as we can make.

"The story is the same all over Europe, in Australia, Canada and New Zealand. To be honest, the demand is so great it has surprised even me.

"Quality is going to be the most important thing of all," Harris said of the new Triumphs. "We will be beginning road tests in April and we won't be releasing any bikes until we are sure everything is perfect."

Harris began his campaign to get Triumph back into showrooms late last year when he acquired the right to use the Triumph name and manufacturing rights from industrialist John Bloor, who had bought most of the assets of the former Triumph owner, the defunct Meriden Cooperative.

About the only Triumph asset not covered by Harris's five-year renewable lease is the right to develop and market the experimental water-cooled 900cc engine the factory unveiled shortly before its demise. According to Bloor, he will continue work on that project through a separate company unrelated to Harris's Triumph works.

Harris, meanwhile, is pressing forward with his plans to reintroduce what he calls "the classic British motorcycle."

Though a new factory is being specifically built to handle Triumph production, initial construction is being performed at a Racing Spares facility in Devon. To insure the level of quality he demands, Harris says the majority of parts for the new bikes will be manufactured in-house, using computer controlled machinery. Also, the traditional assembly line method of construction has been abandoned in favor of a system where five-man teams of highly skilled workers will be responsible for the entire construction of a bike from beginning assembly to final testing.

In keeping with the new owner's commitment to tradition, the first model to be reintroduced will be a kick-start 750cc Bonneville with Nikasil cylinder linings to cut weight and eliminate piston slap. As distribution channels are reestablished and the new factory is built, the electric-start 750, the 8-valve TSX Custom and the Daytona 600 will join the line.

Angry Connecticut bros defend right to drink

A group of angry Connecticut bikers have begun a campaign to put an end to discrimination against bikers in bars, restaurants and other public places.

In Connecticut, as in many other places, the rage against biker bans has been building up for some time, but the straw that broke the camel's back (or, more appropriately, the Hog's back) was the arrest of a biker outside the Dean's Office bar in Willimantic.

The biker in question, Michael Vose, a member of the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers and a school teacher, claims the owner of the Dean's Office came up to him while he was drinking at the bar and asked him to come outside for a "talk." After exiting the bar, Vose says, he was confronted by five Willimantic cops who arrested him for trespassing.

Police records of the arrest show that there were no disturbances reported at the Dean's Office and that the officers had gone to the bar after being called.

According to the police report, the manager asked other bikers at the bar to remove their leather jackets or leave the premises. "All of the persons left with no incident," the police report states. "There were no violations observed by this officer on the part of leather-clad patrons. They all left in an orderly way. *I did not notice any sign posted or describing any dress code for the establishment.*"

In the wake of the arrest, Robert "Rev. Kaiser" Hershberger, leader of the Mission Church, declared that his group would pursue their discrimination complaints through all the appropriate state agencies and, if necessary, the courts.

According to Rev. Kaiser, who in 1978 organized a mass protest that convinced a different Connecticut club to drop its anti-biker dress code, the wearing of leather is an important part of the church's main credo.

Rev. Kaiser, who has so far filed complaints against the Dean's Office with the state Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities and the state Department of Liquor Control, says that state law makes it illegal "to deny any person within the jurisdiction of this state full and equal accommodations in any place of public accommodation because of race, creed, or color.

"This is the first time bikers have attacked the problem this way," he says. "It's very easy to get 400 to 500 people to scare someone. This time we're doing it on paper."

Biker's widow leaves courtroom vowing to fight system that sets killer-cagers free

"From sitting in that courtroom, you'd think he'd dropped out of the sky, and I know a major part of that is that he was on a Harley-Davidson," Patricia Thompson said between the tears. "And if it'd been the other way, I know my husband wouldn't have walked out of the courtroom."

Except that Pat's husband, biker Scott Thompson, 27, wasn't in the courtroom. He was dead, killed when his bike collided with a pickup truck making a left turn in front of him. And the pickup truck driver, who was originally charged with reckless driving, had the charges against him dismissed because the prosecution couldn't prove that anyone had actually been watching the two vehicles at the exact instant the collision occurred.

Oh, there were three witnesses who heard the crash and, in the words of the prosecutor, "saw the body fly through the air." And there was the official police report which stated, in part, that the pickup driver, "did pull out in front (of the motorcycle). He didn't have the right of way." But none of that influenced Loudoun (Virginia) General District Court Judge Archibald M. Aiken, who ruled that the prosecution had failed to "establish (a) connection" between the pickup and Thompson's death.

Since Virginia law prohibits the prosecution from appealing a judge's decision, Loudoun Commonwealth Attorney William Burch had only one chance to keep the case alive — by filing a motion asking Aiken to overrule himself. Though Burch has filed that motion, Thompson's family has little hope for a reversal.

"There is a general feeling that people who get on motorcycles are taking their lives in their own hands," George Murray, Thompson's father-in-law said. "The opinion seems to be that they should not expect people to see them."

That's one opinion that Pat Thompson, now a widow with two young children, intends to try to change.

"I am going to everybody I can go to," she says. "People are going to hear from me. I know it's not going to change anything for me. It's not going to bring my husband back. But maybe it'll do something for someone else."

CHP buys $500,000 worth of Hogs

For the first time in over a decade members of the California Highway Patrol will be using "the silent gray fellow" in their fight against the speeders, drinkers and other degenerates who travel the Golden State's freeways.

After passing a tough three-step procurement test, H-D was recently awarded a contract to produce 131 FXRP police specials for use by the CHiPPies.

"The California Highway Patrol is the most prestigious and professional law enforcement agency in the country and have the toughest standards around," Harley exec Bob Klein said. "This contract proves that the new breed of Harley-Davidson motorcycles more than measures up to these standards."

H-D, which first began producing special police models around 1910, will start delivery of the bikes this spring. The bikes feature the new Evolution engine, a five-speed tranny, electronic ignition, a fully enclosed chain and a wind-tunnel designed fairing.

Total cost of the bikes is expected to be more than $500,000. The CHP last used Harleys for patrol work in 1973.



Bike club sets up storefront aid center

While most bike clubs that decide to get involved with helping out those less fortunate than themselves usually stage fund-raising events for already-established charities, the Knights Crusaders of Patton, Pennsylvania, have chosen to follow a different kind of road.

For about the last year, the bros of the Knights Crusaders have operated St. Joseph's Hospitality House, a place where people in trouble can find a hassle-free helping hand.

"No one who walks in is refused help, whether the need is a pair of shoes, a dress for a dance, a food order, or furniture to replace items lost in a fire," says Vic Rizzo, one of the founders of the club.

"We have no affiliation with any church," Rizzo explains. "St. Joseph has been known over the ages as the patron saint of the working man. Today's economy has the worker in real trouble, and we felt the name was perfect since most of our aid goes to the unemployed."

Being independent-minded, like most all bikers, the Knights have refused offers of government and church aid in running St. Joseph's. All proceeds come from donations by members and the public.

"All work is volunteer with no salaries paid," Rizzo noted. "We treat everyone who walks through the door as a king and not some jerk who just happens to need help. When people come here for help they need it now, and they don't need the hassle of filling out forms or having references checked. The red tape just adds to the misery that brought them here.

"When someone comes into the center, they are offered a cup of coffee and asked how they can be helped. We have found no abusers of the service. Even if there are a few, I can't see penalizing everyone."

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

New bike tariffs cut deep into import sales

Higher import duties on imported heavyweight bikes are apparently beginning to have a big effect on the number of those bikes being shipped into the U.S.

According to the latest figures compiled by the United States Trade Commission, imports of heavyweight bikes (700cc and over) declined from 21,016 units shipped between April and June, 1983, to 3682 units shipped between July and September.

Higher retail prices caused by the new tariffs also caused sales of the big imports to sink from 81,578 in April-June to 38,410 in July-September.

About the only silver lining in the clouds overhanging the Japanese heavyweight manfacturers was the fact that the severe cutback in imports enabled their dealers to make a dent in the huge U.S. inventory (which is not subject to the new tariffs) they had built up in the 18 months prior to the imposition of the new tariffs. U.S. inventories of imported heavyweights declined by almost 16 percent — from 219,783 to 185,092 — between June 30 and Sept. 30.

Miraculous Mutha Tells All



Two's Company

My best bro and I have done just about everything together that two dudes can do — ride, drink, fight and get busted. Starting from the time we first discovered what it was chicks had under their skirts, we've always enjoyed double-cocking them whenever we could.

The other day we were sandwiching this broad when her ol' man came home unexpectedly. Naturally, we did what dudes almost always do in a situation like that — we grabbed our jeans and bailed out of there. I mean, it's always the same, ain't it? 'Cept, of course, when the dude's got a gun, because those are the times you *don't* laugh while you're running down the street trying to get into your pants.

Anyhow, while me and my bro were bullshittin' about it at the bar a few hours later, he said that the chick probably really got her ass whipped for bein' caught with two of us at once. I said what the hell difference did the number make; if a chick's fuckin' around, she's fuckin' around. I can't see why her ol' man would be any more pissed at catching her with two dudes than with one. We need your expert opinion to settle this. What would Spider do if he caught you in bed with two dudes at the same time?

Slim
Beaumont, Tex.

● He'd ask where the rest of the party-timers were.

Dumbest Question of '84

I've heard of getting pregnant from a toilet seat, but can you also get pregnant from a Harley seat?

Julie
Rapid City, S.D.

● Only if there's a dude on it with you.

Conjugal Choice

I'm locked down in a joint that offers conjugal visits to cons who've earned a certain amount of good time, which I have. The problem is, you can't get conjugal visits unless you're married. I've got three ex-ol' ladies (they don't know about each other) on the outside, all of whom would be willing to have a jailhouse wedding with me if I asked 'em. One's a big-titted blonde who gives great head; the next is not so great-looking, but she's the best lay I've ever had and she's been wearin' my property patch on her butt since she was 16; the third is a real hardcore bitch who makes love like she fights — fast and hard. Whenever I'm with her, I never know whether I'm gonna get my ear bitten off or my brains fucked out.

Which one of the three should I pick? Answer quick, I need to get some kind of pussy plan in motion before my balls bust.

Swagger
Address unknown

● Take the one that's best at bakin' pies with files in 'em.

Down On Luck

Ever since my ol' man got cut off by a cage and had his scooter wiped out, he's been impossible to live with. He's just miserable all the time and doesn't even want to fuck anymore. I miss the scooter, too, but I think he should look at the bright side and be glad he's hoofing it down here alive instead of hoofing it somewhere else dead.

Merrilyn
Ouray, Colo.

● As Confucius (or was it Charlie Chan?) said, "Urging logic upon biker like recommending sunbathing to fish."

Sick And Tired

Basically, I'm sick and tired of reading your bullshit. All your so-called advice is either stupid, wrong or both. If your comments are what a person is supposed to get when he writes home to mother, it's no wonder so few people bother writing home.

Why don't you quit and go back to whatever slime-infested gutter you came from and stop fucking people over by telling them how to live their lives?

Disgusted
Anniston, Ala.

● If so few people write home to mother, how come they sell more Mother's Day cards than Christmas cards?

First Place

What's the most obscene and disgusting thing you've ever done?

Wilhelm
Yuma, Ariz.

● Hung around with the misfits who produce this rag.

Second Place

I understand you not only do it with vibrators, dildos, bananas, and bikers, but you also do it with dogs, horses and pigs. Don't you ever disgust yourself?

Beano B.
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

● Sometimes when I'm givin' Spider head, he pokes my chawin' plug so hard I accidently swallow it and get disgusted at my waste of good tobacco.

Super Sucker

How about the day you fucked and sucked the fans at the Super Bowl? Boy, was your pussy wet with cum and your belly full to the bursting point! I got so excited I almost dove in that cock-drenched pussy, except you let that ten-minute-long fucked-in-the-ass fart. Did you go to Tampa and do it again this year?

Devious Denny
Detroit, Mich.

● What's a "Super Bowl"? Sure it wasn't the Super Ball?

Enjoy It

My old man recently got out of the joint and I haven't had a single day since that my pussy hasn't been aching and chapped from the pounding he's giving it.

Don't get me wrong — I've been waiting to get him back in my bed for a long time and I'm enjoying all the action, but isn't there something I can do to make my twat stop aching?

Sore Snatch
New Orleans, La.

● The best thing to try is more of the same.

Fill 'Er Up

I need help. My ol' man wants me to take him orally, but I'm on a diet. How many calories are in that juice?

Pussycat
St. Paul, Minn.

● Depends on whether ya take it with cream and sugar.

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. ■

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.



"It's not a fuckin' tattoo."

Two scooter tramps and an ol' lady died in a crash and went to Heaven. The three were met at Heaven's gate by St. Peter. The first bro told St. Peter, "I sure would like to get in."

"That you shall," said St. Pete, "but first you have to pass a small test. Spell God."

"Hell," said the bro, "that's easy. G-O-D."

"Now you may enter," said St. Peter.

The second bro stepped up and asked, "What about me?"

"You can, too," said St. Peter, "if you pass the test and spell God."

"No problem," said the bro. "G-O-D."

"Now you shall enter," said Ol' Pete.

Then the ol' lady stepped up and cut into St. Peter, saying, "All my life I've had it rough. Been picked on by my brothers and kicked around by my ol' man if I didn't act right. So, are you going to give me a hard time, too?"

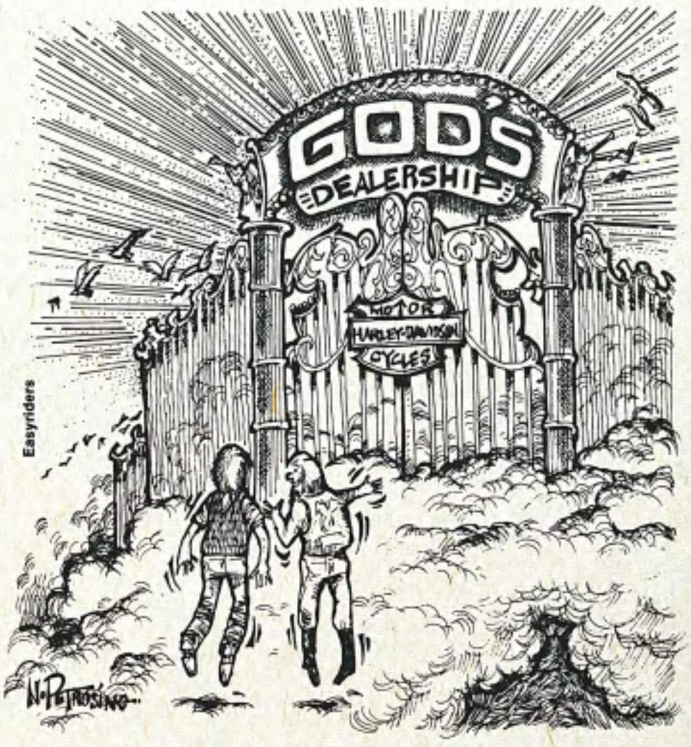
"No," said St. Pete. "All you have to do is pass a simple test and spell Czechoslovakia."

—Steve Forter
Marquette, Mich.

Eleven-year-old Davie had fallen in love with his pretty school teacher and wasn't ashamed to tell her so. The teacher was obviously flattered, but wanted to find a way to handle the situation without hurting Davie's feelings. After thinking a while, she thought she'd hit upon a solution. "It's really very nice for you to feel about me the way you do, Davie, and I'm very proud. But you know, someday soon I want to get married and have a husband, not a child."

"Don't worry," Davie replied. "I'll be careful."

—Joker
Wartburg, Tenn.



"Hey! They were right! He really does ride one!"

Have you noticed how films have changed since we were kids? The hero still gets the girl in the end — but now he's never sure which end it will be.

—Kickstand
St. Louis, Mo.

What's the difference between "like" and "love"? Spit and swallow.

—Chris Pursel
Out there

Then there was the airline stewardess who became a hooker but couldn't break the habit of greeting her customers with: "Welcome aboard."

—Big Carl
Demming, N.M.

Two guys walking down the street saw a dog licking its dick. The first guy said to the other, "Wow, don't you wish you could do that?"

The second guy said, "Yeah, but if I tried, the dog would probably bite me."

—Flamethrower
Athens, Ga.



"It's easy to tell the front end from the back on Rufus — the back end's got dingleberries!"

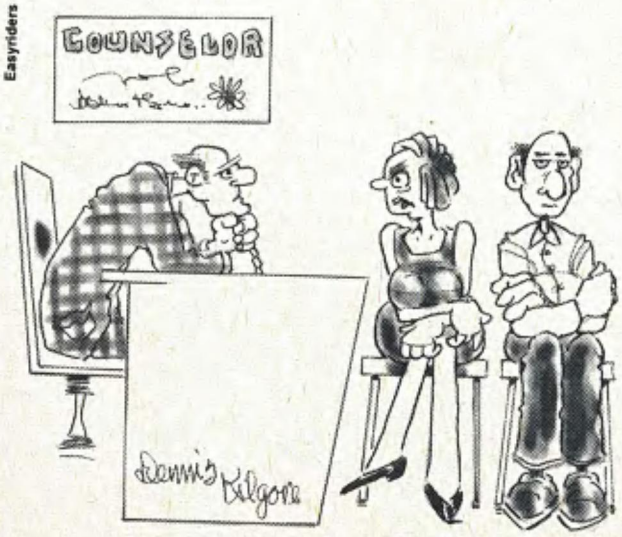


A biker was admitted to the hospital with a bowel problem which caused him to continually shit the bed. After a few weeks, the nurses got a bit fed up with his problem, and one of them offered to buy him a hundred cigarettes if he could refrain from shitting for just one night. That night the dude tried his hardest, but he still shit himself. To save his ass, he rolled the stuff up into little balls and flicked them across the ward out of sight.

The next morning the nurse saw the biker's clean bed and rewarded him with a hundred smokes. When she had gone, the bro opened the pack and asked if anyone else in his ward wanted one. "If they're anything like those chocolates you were flicking about last night, no thanks!" said his nearest companion.

—Moon Maid
Chicago, Ill.

Easyriders



"His idea of mutual oral sex is to shout obscenities while I give him a blow job."

Returning from the john, the biker shook his head. "What's the matter, man?" asked the bartender.

"While I was in the stall back there," the biker said, "I noticed among the scribblings on the wall one that said, "Lorraine gives really fabulous head — absolutely the greatest blowjob in the whole wide world!"

"Shit, I wouldn't give that a second thought," said the bartender. "We get jerks in here just like anywhere else."

"I know," replied the dejected bro. "One of them scratched out the number."

—L. Schmidt
Long Beach, Calif.

Ya know why there ain't no cure for AIDS yet? 'Cause those scientists can't teach their lab mice to ass-fuck.

—Foxy
Mineral Ridge, Ohio

What did the Pillsbury Dough Boy give Strawberry Shortcake? A yeast infection.

—Schmo
Perry, Ohio

A biker with an extreme case of hiccups walked into a bank and asked an attractive cashier to cash a personal check for ten dollars. "I'm sorry, sir," apologized the young lady. "But did you know your account was overdrawn two hundred dollars?"

"You've got to be kidding!" exclaimed the bro.

"Yes," agreed the cashier. "But I cured your hiccups."

"Damned if you didn't," replied the biker. "Now, would you happen to have a clean pair of shorts?"

—Jap
Kinder, La.

Easyriders



"One o' these days I'm gonna potty train the little bastard."

Easyriders



Agony: A one-armed man with itchy balls hanging off a cliff!

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

A biker's ol' lady was looking through the daily newspaper when she spotted an ad for the local kennel club show. "Honey," she called out to her ol' man, "there's a dog show at the park tomorrow — would you like to go?"

"I don't know," came his answer. "Do you think you have a chance of winning?"

—Duke Porter
Hartford, Mich.

Question: What has seventy-two arms, thirty-six heads, is fat, smells like beer and has an IQ of two?

Answer: A redneck bar on Friday night.

—Demon
APO New York, N.Y.

A biker was riding along some back roads, cutting across the country to meet with his bros. In his haste, he plowed into a little brown heifer that had wandered onto the road and killed her. He was an honest fellow and he stopped at the farm house, told the farmer what had happened, and offered to pay the damages.

The crusty old man had tears in his eyes as he told the biker that money couldn't replace that heifer. "She had a cunt like a woman," he wailed.

"Dry your eyes," replied the biker. "I'll bring over my ol' lady. She has a snatch like a cow."

—E.M. Leffew
Monticello, Ark.

The polite stewardess asked a passenger if he would like a cup of good ol' T.W.A. coffee.

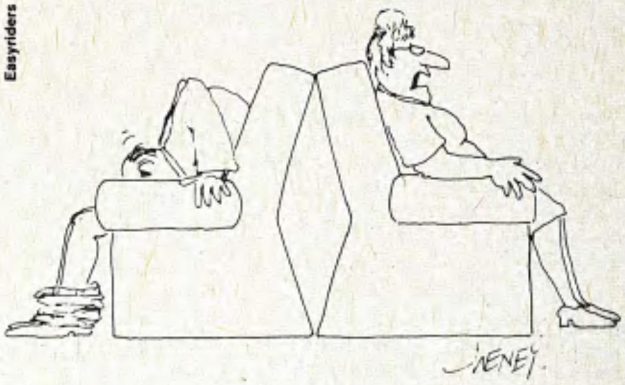
"No," replied the passenger. "I would like to have some of that good ol' T.W.A.T."

—Deviney
Greensboro, N.C.

Biker's ex-girlfriend: "I'm not going to say his new girlfriend is homely but there's one good thing I can say about her — she sure can catch a Frisbee in her mouth."

—J.L. Santos
Hayward, Calif.

Easyriders



"I don't know what's gotten into you, George — you never want to go anywhere or do anything these days."

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

Maybe, just possibly, the people who run our penal systems are beginning to realize that not everyone behind bars is the same, that programs and policies which work for short-timers can often constitute "cruel and unusual punishment" for those who must spend a good proportion of their lives behind bars.

According to a study recently conducted for the Pennsylvania Bureau of Corrections, long-term inmates (those with more than eight years down) felt that the maintenance of family ties is the area that suffers most during lengthy prison stays. Second on the list of complaints was the fact that many privileges and programs available to short-timers are not available to those with significantly longer sentences.

To be truthful, some of the study's findings are so obvious you wonder why they bothered to take a survey. I mean, who the hell needs to hire a consultant and take a poll to find out that the longer you're in stir, the fewer visitors you're gonna have? That the farther away your family lives, the less you're gonna see them? That long-time separations result in serious problems for the wife and children who are waiting (or, in the end, all too often not waiting) at home?

If these were the only things the researchers "learned" in Pennsylvania, we wouldn't even be bothering to mention it. There is, however, more to this study. The really important part, if anyone pays attention to it, is a list of recommendations for changing the way inmates with lengthy sentences are treated. If implemented, these policies could go a long way toward improving things for those of you doin' long time.

The main recommendation is that corrections departments change their classification procedures to allow long-termers to participate in many of the programs — including, in some cases, temporary release programs or work furloughs — now denied to them.

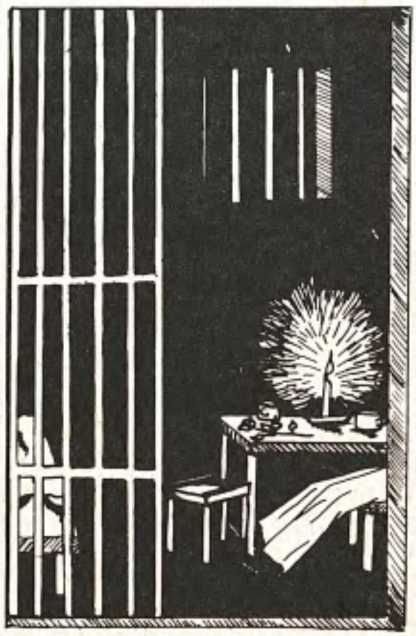


Illustration by Cher Lee

Also, the study group recommends that long-termers not be segregated and housed separately from the regular prison population, and that special visitation and transportation programs be set up for those prisoners locked down with heavy time.

Among other changes suggested, the most interesting have to do with parole conditions for lifers. In this area, the study realistically recognizes that most inmates sentenced to "life" or "99 years" are actually going to be back on the street eventually — usually in less than fifteen years. In order to give them some kind of chance to make it once they're out, the study recommends that all lifers be made eligible for pre-release programs and counseling after they've done ten years and that automatic parole review dates be established for them (already the law in some states).

All in all, the Pennsylvania study provides a reasonable game plan toward making conditions for those serving a big hunk of time somewhat more humane. The recommendations ain't as good as a bus ticket home, but they're a start. Now, if we can just get them put into effect somewhere.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

No-Balls Judge

Three South Carolina men convicted of rape have been allowed by a judge to chose their own terms of "imprisonment." They can serve as much as 30 years or they can check out of the Windowless Waldorf tomorrow — as long as they agree to be castrated first.

According to attorneys for the three, they may eventually agree to be de-nutted but not until they've exhausted every appeal possible to get the be-mutilated-or-rot-in-stir sentence overturned.

In a totally unexpected sidelight, protests against their bizarre sentencing have come from a very unlikely quarter — the National Association for Women. The "sentence is barbaric," Columbia chapter president Julie Lumpkin told the press. Besides, she added, it wouldn't do a damn thing to deter other potential rapists, most of whom are motivated by violent rather than sexual urges.

And Still Climbing

This is getting to be a regular item here. Every six months the Justice Department releases new prison population statistics and every six months we've got to tell you that another record has been broken. So, here it is. At the end of the last reporting period, July 1983, there were 431,829 men and women behind bars in the United States — not including those in county jails.

As usual, this figure is a new record and reflects a 4.2 percent increase in the prison population in just six months. California (37,238 prisoners), Texas (36,963) and Florida (27,830) lead the lockup parade, with North Dakota (402) bringing up the rear.

Also noted in the Department of Justice survey: 38 states and the District of Columbia are currently under court order (or in the process of being sued) to improve inmate conditions; 39 states have prison construction projects totaling nearly $2 billion currently in the works. ■

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal

Salvation Through Polyester/Rev. Billy C. Wirtz: It's a tough job trying to describe Billy Wirtz and his music. If you took Steve Martin and Randy Newman, then blended in some Jerry Lee Lewis. . .well, you'd be gettin' close, but that still wouldn't be it. Wirtz is simply unique; accordingly, any attempt to describe him accurately is doomed. Still, while nothing will altogether substitute for hearing him yourself, I'll try to give you an idea of his work.

Wearing a preposterous outfit consisting of a leopard-spotted vest, checkered pants, and white shoes that would shame an Atlanta pimp, the Rev. Wirtz stretches his heavily tattooed arms out over the piano keyboard. The sight is ridiculous, but the music is pure, unadulterated boogie-woogie in the best key-bustin' tradition of The Killer himself. The good Rev. Wirtz can flat pound the piss out of a piano, makin' music that will have you tappin' your feet, snappin' your fingers, and perhaps even haulin' your drunken ass out to the dance floor.

But that's not the best part. Rev. Wirtz, the founder and acknowledged leader of the First House of Polyester Worship and Teenage Desire, writes and sings some of the funniest, raunchiest satire you're ever gonna hear. For example, take "Inbred," a tune about incest. When TV gets hold of this topic — such as in the movie, "Something About Amelia" — it's treated with all the gravity appropriate to the End of the World. But when Rev. Wirtz tackles the same subject. . .well, I'll let his lyrics speak for themselves: *My brother is my uncle, my daddy is my cousin, my nephew is my brother-in-law/My sister is my aunt, mama was a sheep — she's the sweetest thing that you ever saw/'Cause we're inbred, inbred/To us, it's a way of life/I got a cute little sister that's only thirteen/Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.*

Don't misunderstand me; I'm not saying that incest is a trivial subject or that it shouldn't be discussed seriously and all that. But like any good biker, I can't resist an irreverent joke. For my money, one of the best things about bikers is their tendency to laugh about *anything* — you know, fuck ya if ya can't take a joke. The Rev. Wirtz possesses just such an attitude, and where he really shines is when he targets the religion hucksters, the send-me-your-bucks TV evangelists, and the straight world in general. One of my favorites in this vein is titled "Shopping Malls in Heaven." Beginning, appropriately enough, like an old Baptist hymn, the tune quickly turns into a foot-stompin' rocker that parodies the daily concerns of Mr. and Mrs. Average: *Oh, will there be a shopping mall in heaven; will the escalator work up in the sky/Will they have twin cinemas showin' in that land where I'm goin'/I want a Taco Bell in the sweet bye and bye/When I reach that heavenly plane, will there be an access lane/And a left turn signal to help me on my way/Will they save me a parkin' place or do I swipe a handicapped space/In that shopping mall up there on Judgment Day.* All this, I remind you again, is performed with the vigor of old-time evangelism accompanied by a smokin' boogie piano.

There's hardly any topic the Rev. Wirtz doesn't touch on. He tackles both current psychology and country music conventions in "T-H-E-R-A-P-Y," a funny send-up of Tammy Wynette's "D-I-V-O-R-C-E": *Yes, my poodle doesn't piss on me, my son and I relate, since I've been in group therapy.* The tune "Thinkin' Off" pretty well sums up the joys of sexual fantasy: *It don't leave no mess; I'm already up your dress/Honey, I'm thinkin' off.* And you don't want to miss "I'm A Sissy," done to the tune of the old rocker "I'm A Man." Rev. Wirtz's sissy boy plays miniature golf, has trouble with his sinuses, and cries while watching the flick, "Kramer vs. Kramer."

In short, **Salvation Through Polyster** is an album you shouldn't miss. Wirtz calls his music warpa-billy, and it's funny, topical, and infused with some dynamite piano-poundin'. The humor is lowbrow, but so am I, so I'm makin' no apologies for strongly recommending this album. Moreover, the music is generally first-rate, indicated by the fact that Wirtz has worked with such outstanding r&b acts as The Nighthawks and Delbert McClinton. If the Rev. Wirtz brings his snake oil show to your town, don't miss him. Short of that, check out this record. Recorded live in North Carolina, **Salvation Through Polyster** is by no means state-of-the-art high fidelity, but it more than makes up for this flaw in sheer drive, humor, and enthusiasm. You'll probably just get a funny look if you ask for the album at your local record store, but if you'd like to get yourself a copy of this underground classic, drop a line to No Big Deal Records, Box 9672, Atlanta, GA 30319.

Rev. Billy C. Wirtz



Wailin' Walker



Rock It Day & Night/ Wailin' Walker and the Houserockers: This is another album you probably won't find in the stores — stuff like this just doesn't seem to wind up in the record bins alongside Boy George and Michael Jackson. A lot of records come here to the rag over the transom, unsolicited and unknown. It's hard to listen to them all, but some of them are damned good. I try to bag all the country, r&b, and boogie band stuff that comes in, while Bomber grabs on to the hard rock and specialty stuff. There's a lot of competent blues and boogie bands around, and almost no area of the country is without its local favorite. Most of these bands haven't yet been able to attract the attention of a major recording label, and most of the band members aren't full-time professional musicians — they hold down jobs in the "real" world by day and play their music at night.

One such band that caught my attention is Wailin' Walker and the House-

Continued on page 126

Transmission Clips

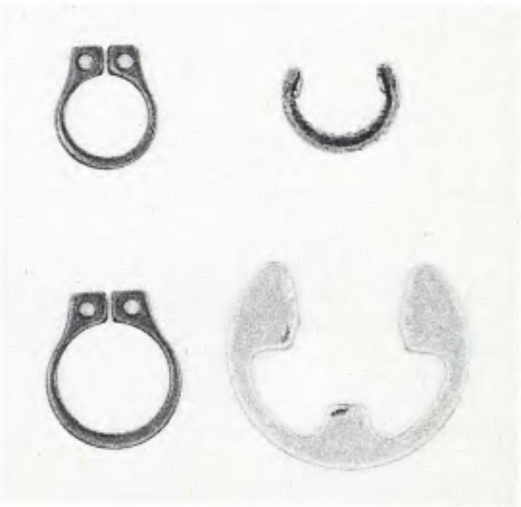
In 1976 the H-D factory changed throwout bearings in their Big Twin transmissions from the one-piece unit to a small needle bearing and oil slinger that attaches to the trans pushrod shaft with an open-end (E-ring) retaining clip.

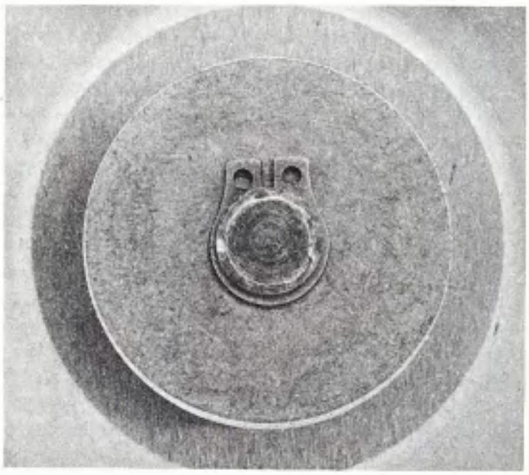
The problem is that this type of retaining clip tends to fall off at just the wrong moment. When this happens the needle bearing and the two races on the pushrod fall off along with the retaining clip, creating instant free play in the clutch lever. The clutch release fork in the trans side cover now pushes on the stamped sheet-metal oil slinger, and turns your trans into instant junk if allowed to go on.

The real pain in all this is that a new-style throwout bearing assembly runs about 38 to 40 bucks from the dealer. I don't know about you, but to me that's a lot of weed wasted. However, rest easy, there's a cure for this problem called an external retaining axially applied ring — in English, a clip with a closed end. Cliff, at H-D of Westminister, California, has been replacing the stock H-D retaining rings with the closed-end type every time he gets into a trans.

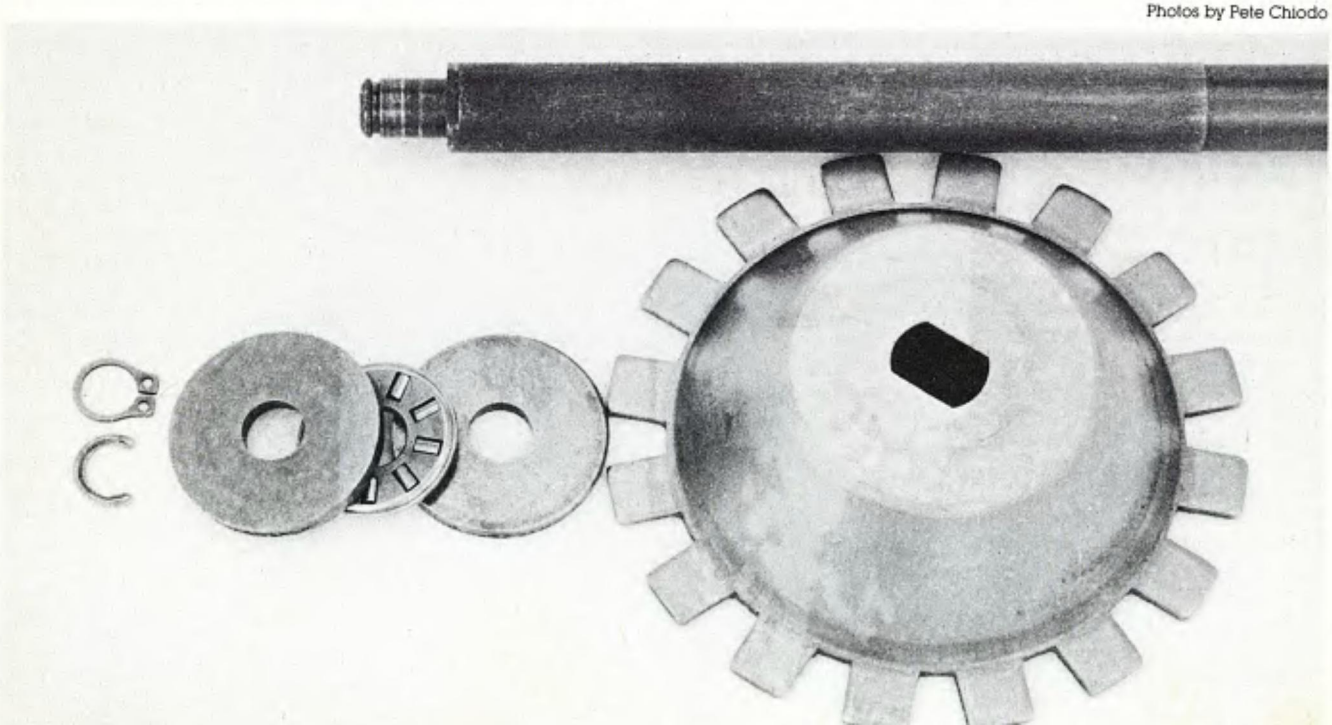
While we are on the subject of closed-end rings, you can also use them on your Big Twin tranny's shifter fork shaft. The factory uses the same type open-ended retaining ring here. Although retaining ring failure is pretty rare, it has happened, allowing the retaining ring to jam into the gears, or worse, letting the shaft creep out of the case into the rear drive chain and sprocket.

Any bearing supply house should have these external retaining rings, and some of the better hardware stores also stock 'em. For the trans pushrod, you'll need a ¼-in. retaining ring and for the shifter fork shaft you'll need an 11/32-in. ring. If you have problems finding these rings in your area, they can be obtained by sending a money order for one dollar to: Cal Products West, Box 634, Torrance, CA 90508. They even pay the freight. —Wrench





Photos by Pete Chiodo



VET VOICE

by Sarge

We who fought the Vietnam War were yet unborn or only babies when our fathers and uncles came back from WWII — the "Big One" — and hence, aren't really aware of the troubles those vets had as the forties began fading into a new decade and era. But we do know something about those times, and as Vietnam vets, often compare our situation to that of the World War II vets.

I think most would agree that we've had it a little tougher in most ways: Instead of an economy that was going to boom, we were stuck in one going steadily downhill. Higher education was and is much more necessary to us for finding good careers than for our fathers, yet our GI Bill education bennies have been nowhere near as effective and complete as they were in the forties and fifties. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorders plague us to a far greater degree than they did the GIs of WWII (and even Korea) because of the vast differences in our wars and our homecomings. A lot more of us were exposed to Agent Orange and related herbicides than the number of that older generation who were exposed to nuclear or atomic radiation back then.

So much, though, for lamenting what's past. The big problem has been, and still is, getting along in the present. And that's tough as hell to do when you're unemployed. How can someone deal with PTSD and/or Agent Orange and/or all the rest of it when he has no job and can't take care of himself, let alone his family? Over the last several years, different programs have been developed to help the Vietnam vet secure a decent job and hold onto his self-respect, but with the economy the way it's been, these haven't accomplished all they might have. Yet every little bit helps — in the absence of miracles.

There's a new federal program I want to make you aware of. Called the Emergency Veterans' Job Training Act of 1983, or EVJTA, it is designed to provide prospective employers with a special incentive to hire veterans of the Korean and Vietnam Wars. That, in itself, is nothing new; what makes EVJTA different is how it goes about providing an "incentive."

Earlier programs either got you outright training for certain kinds of employment or offered you some dough to live on along with a reduced salary from an employer. But nowadays employers cannot hire you for less than the minimum wage anyway. What EVJTA is ready to do is make payment directly to your new *employer*, to cover up to half of your starting wages for a specified period. For certain jobs, this means the employer may save beaucoup bucks by getting you at "half-price" for a while. You still get the full salary, but he only shells out 50 percent of it; the government takes up the slack. The program will pay an employer "for up to half of the veteran's entry wages for a period of up to nine months" and this period can be increased, up to fifteen months, for veterans with certain degrees of disability.

If you get on this program, instead of walking in the door of a potential employer with only your resume and a DD214 in your hand, you'll be able to show him an official certificate stating that for a 9- to 15-month period he only has to pay you 50 percent of the job's normal salary. That could make all the difference to many employers.

If you want to give it a shot, you'll need that certificate first. The "Certificate of Eligibility" is valid for only 60 days, but can be renewed. To obtain one, you need to fill out VA Form 22-8932, which you can get at the VA or your local employment office. They'll also give you the full info on how the program works and what you're supposed to do.

To be qualified for EVJTA, you must have served at least 180 days of active duty and some part of this 180 days must have been during the period that covers the Korean or the Vietnam War. (The Korean War period is 6/27/50-1/31/55 and the Vietnam War period is 8/5/64-5/7/75.) You also must have been discharged under conditions *other than dishonorable.*

If you're entitled to, or are currently receiving, compensation from the VA, check to see if you qualify for the full 15 months. Most important, you only have until the end of *September 1984* to file for this program. And the sooner, the better — I hear there are only about 1½ million bucks to be spread around, so it's gonna be first come, first served, bros.

On to other things. I received the following letter from Don Dever, a bro currently attending Kansas State — the penitentiary, that is.

As group representative for the veterans incarcerated here at Kansas State Penitentiary, I wish to extend our thanks to Easyriders *and to you, Sarge, for keeping the vets up-to-date on Agent Orange and other issues that concern us.*

The veterans here have been involved in an ongoing firefight with the (prison) administration for the past six months. We have requested to be transferred to the VA hospital in Leavenworth, Kansas, to be treated for Agent Orange/dioxin contamination. The administration says we aren't going anywhere and that they can treat us here — which is bullshit! The VA has honored our request and will treat us; all we have to do is get there and that, to date, has been the hard part.

If you know of any veterans incarcerated anywhere in the US (state or federal), who are allowed to be transferred to the VA for treatment, this information could be valuable to us. Should we go into the federal courts to get the relief we need? If you could run a paragraph or two for us here at Kansas State, it would be greatly appreciated.

Don Michael Dever
35078-B-223
Box 2
Lansing, KS 66043

Now, this kinda of shit really pisses me off. I don't know exactly which symptoms of dioxin poisoning these particular vets have, but I do know that until the results of the current scientific investigations are in from the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, *nobody* — including the VA — knows exactly what damage Agent Orange has done. Therefore, I think it's pretty fucking stupid, incompetent, medically unsound, and immoral for the medics at any prison to assume they can treat possible Agent Orange contamination as well as or better than VA doctors. For cris-

Continued on page 92

THE SLAVE MARKET

BY D.J.

"We'd both had experiences that would bear repeating for years to come. Even the thrilling sound of the big Harleys could barely penetrate our thoughts."

Although it was still dark, I woke up humming with anticipation of the new experiences this day would bring. The best day of the summer had finally arrived — the run to the "Slave Market" at Union Beach.

The auction was a shindig where the beach girls gathered to be auctioned off to the lucky bikers who were willing to bid for them. There was no real organization behind it; it had just sort of sprung up over a period of years. The "bought" women could keep the money they had been paid, or they could give it back to the bikers who had picked them, if they liked them well enough. I'd heard a lot about the "Slave Market," and this year I'd been invited and was going to see what went on for myself.

Since my job had recently been taken over by a machine, I didn't really have enough money to actually participate; nonetheless, I'd gathered up all the bread I had available, thinking I might find someone I could bid on.

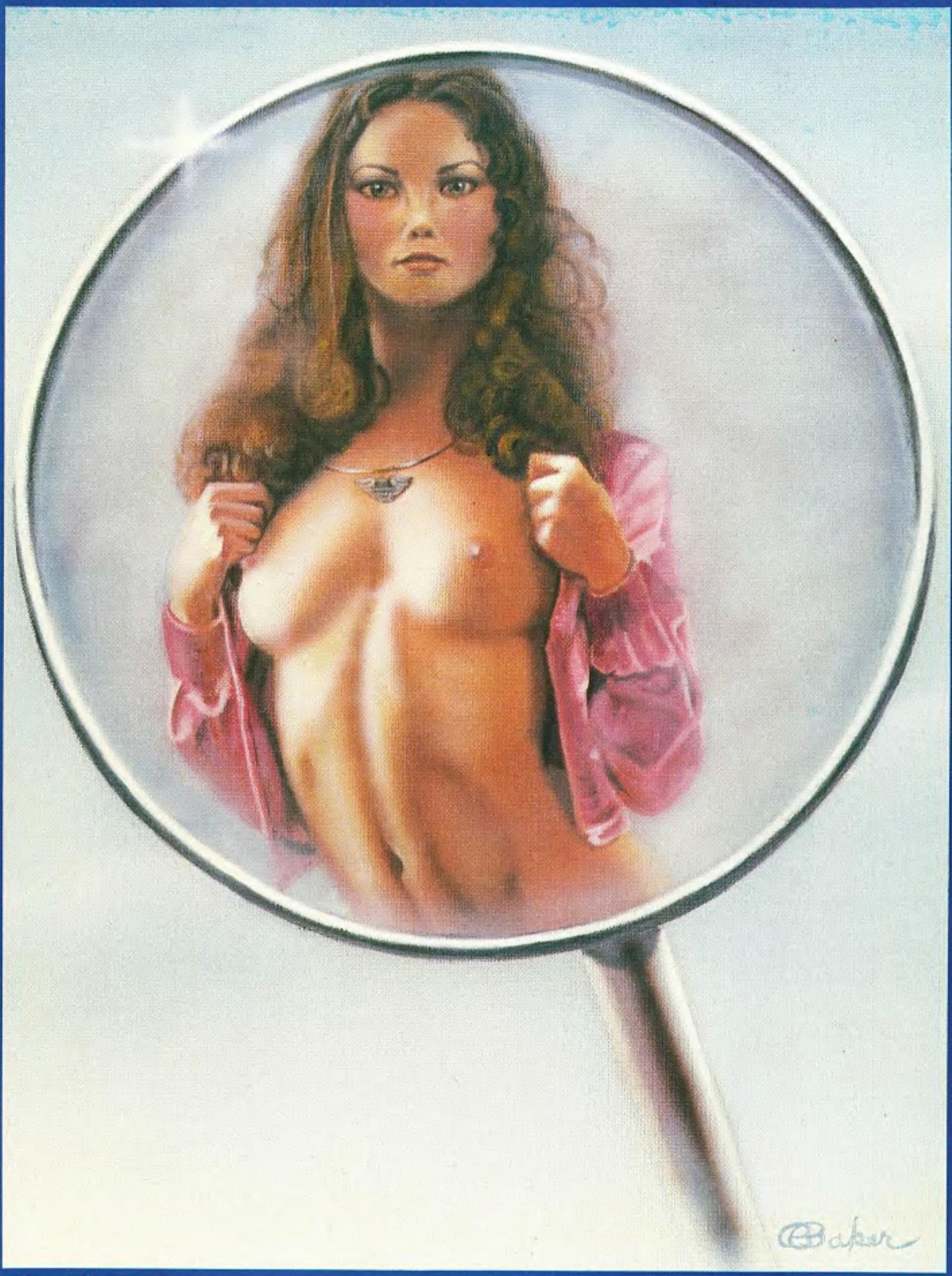
Last night must have been great, I thought, because when I tried to jump out of bed, my head didn't seem to move with the rest of my body. In fact, I only managed to roll over feebly, the room spinning, my head throbbing, as I tried desperately not to lose whatever was in my rolling stomach. This was no way to start this day. I gathered myself for the next try, and this time, I made it.

It took me quite a while to find my jeans. The house had become a little messy since my ol' lady had departed, and my condition wasn't the greatest. However, I eventually found them and a fairly good T-shirt — actually, it was my only good black T-shirt. I pulled on my boots and I was ready to go.

I staggered out to the garage and unlocked the double doors — a job requiring great skill in my current state, since I had three locks attached, all needing keys to unlock. Fortunately, my bike had arrived home in better condition than I had. It was sitting in its usual spot, and there weren't even any new scratches on it. While everybody else around here was changing their bikes to fatbobs or dressers, I'd kept mine the way it had been for the last three years. The old, but reliable, '58 panhead still sat in the '57 straight-leg hardtail frame I had picked up four winters ago in the mountains, and its 18-inch over, single-leg girder still gleamed like new. The Sportster tank, along with the frame and back fender, shone from much polishing on the bright yellow epoxy applied long ago. I like the old style choppers and no matter how many fatbobs I see, I still can't imagine my ride any way but the way it is. I dusted off the chrome and checked the oil; added a little water to the battery, and hooked up the charger for a few minutes, just to be sure.

Three kicks and the pan came to life. I warmed the engine and rolled out of the garage — off to find my best bro, Bones. It had taken me only an hour *Continued on page 110*

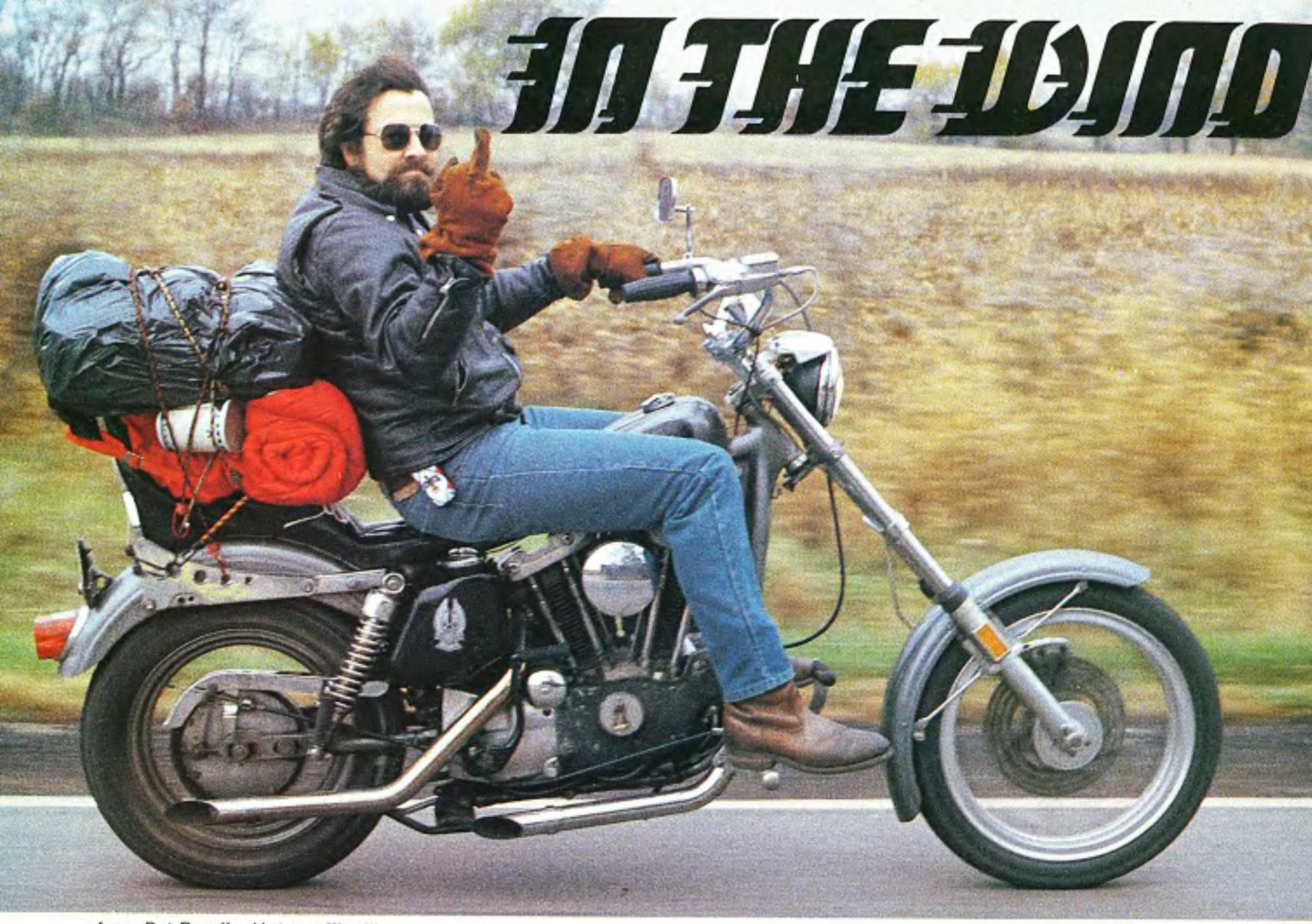
Illustration by Bruce R. Baker


Baker

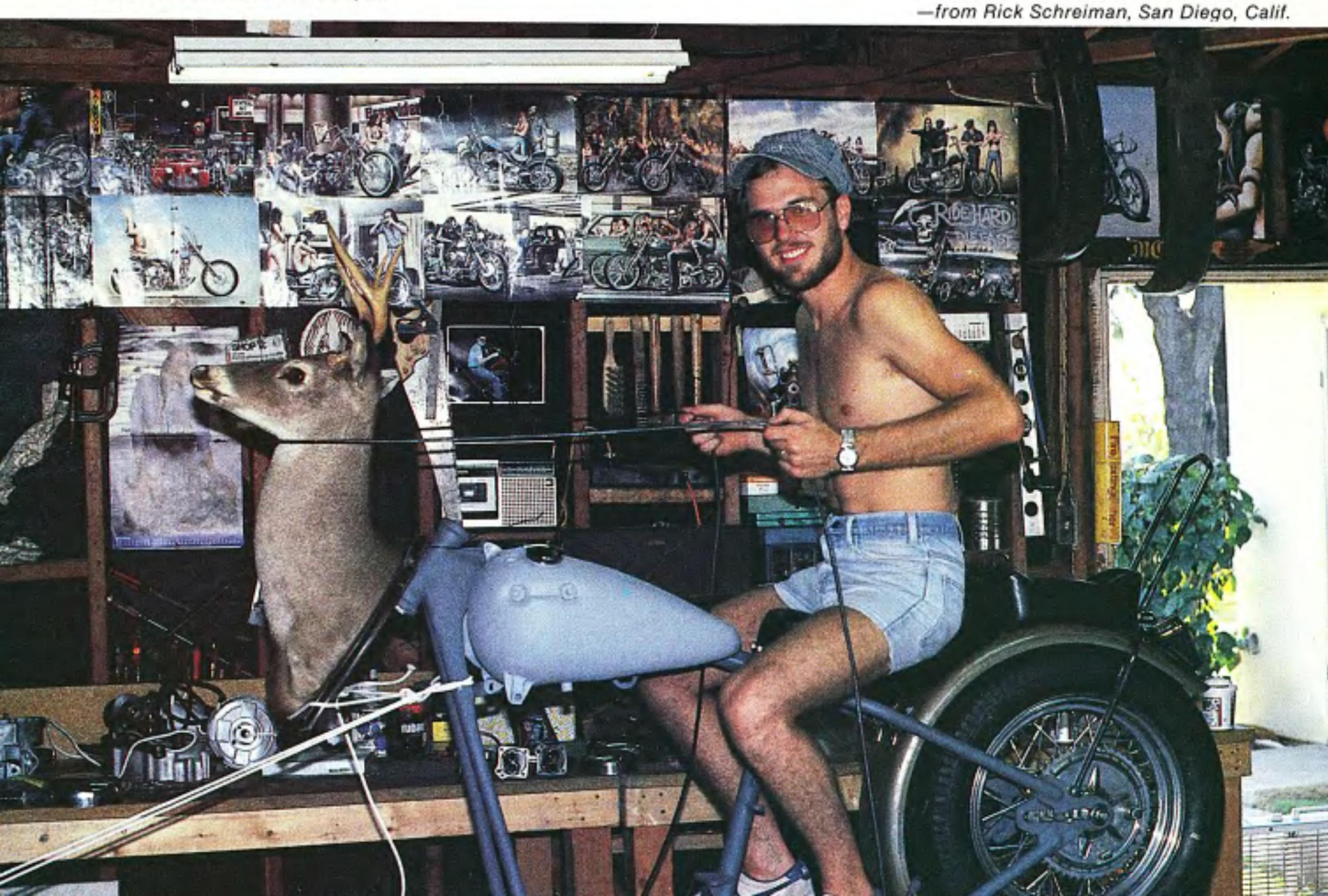

CLUB CARDS
There's somethin' special about gettin' a kite from a card-carryin' club member. When somebody sends us a card, we figure that means we must be doin' somethin' right (for once, as Spider would say). Besides the cards are a gas to look at and we know you enjoy 'em as much as we do. Here's a bunch to dazzle yer eyes.
DESCENDANTS OF HELL'S ANGELS
INVADERS
RICHMOND
SENTINELS
LAKE CO
GUARDIA OF TH GAT
TOFAS
REVENGING
RIDE TO LIVE – LIVE TO RIDE
COURTESY OF THE
GRIM REAPERS
M. C.
BROTHERHOOD
A WAY OF LIFE
A LIFE OF FUN
THE LIFE WE LOVE
FOR WE ARE
TRIBES
MARYLAND
RIDE TO LIVE
HENCHME
YOU CAN BE PISSED BUT YOU CANT BE MAD
NE. OHIO
MEMBER
HIGHWAY 61 M.C.
AUSTRALIA
THE TRIBE M.C.
JACKSON MICHIGAN
THE TRIBE
COURTESY OF
GLOVEN HOOFS
MC
INDIANA
TERRE HAUTE
DEAN
CRUSADERS
MANFORD NC
COURTESY
INVADERS
GYPSY
NORTHERN INDIANA
MAD DOCTOR
Black
COURTESY
Southern Bro ern C.
69.
F.T.W.
BROKEN - WINGS
WHO SEZ YOU
CAN'T FLY WITH A
To easy riders
OMEN
SO. CAL.
M.C.
IRON WARR
KENTUCKY
GYPSY RIDERS
NZ
13
MOTORCYCLE
IRON RANGE
M.C.
NESOTA
Courtesy
Banshees MC
CYCLE CLUB
COURTESY OF THE
MONKS MOTORCYCLE CL
Member
WHITE TRASH M.C.
NOMADS
D.F.F.L.
YOU JUST HAD THE PLEASURE TO MEET A MEMBER OF:
RENEGADES
MC
CENTURIONS
TOLEDO, O.
EAST
Telephone
693-8920
WARLOCKS
13


REBELS
Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood
PMB
TSP
FUCK IT!
FTW
LOS VALIENTES
MC
MINNESOTA
DETROIT
HIGHWAYMEN
Club Deroes
mc
Perth
SATANS BANDITS
MC
MISSOURI
IRON WARRIORS
M.C.
KENTUCKY
NIGHTRIDERS
DECATUR
GEORGIA
A.O.A.
FUCK YOU
Your Local
Outlaw Association
OUTCASTS
mc
MIDLANDS
TERRITORYAL PRESIDENT
WARLORDS
RIDE TO LIVE
MC
NOMAD
PHONE 7734
Sheep
COMPLIMENTS OF
celtic brothers
mc
MANITU RIDERS
MICHIGAN
M.C.
The Defiers
Pikeville, Ky.
Phone
IRON HORSEMEN
1%
WE LIVE FOR
STORM
SOUT
SAGE RIDERS MC NM
COURTESY CARD
LORDS
MC
GERMANY
HARD LUCK
M.
E.
SUNNYSIDE
Lebanon
Pa.
VAGABONDS
Southern Rider's
M.C.
We have nothing to fear but fear itself.
Sec.
GREY GHOSTS
MC
NOMAD
BY BIRTH AN AMERICAN;
BY THE GRACE OF GOD
A SOUTHERNER.
BLACK UHLANS
1%
MC
AUSTRALIA
HEAD HUNTERS
MC
SONS OF
SATAN
MC
SAINTS
ALABAMA
You Just Had
The Honor of Meeting

IN THE WIND



—from Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.



—from Rick Schreiman, San Diego, Calif.



—from Burt Crismore, Placerville, Cali

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 highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eye-ball-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, CA 90265-0052.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Peter Panhead, Richmond, Va.



—from Buddy Conte, Wildwood, Fla.

—from Mark Braccio, Clyde, N.Y.





—from Burt Crismore, Placerville, Calif.



—from Peter Fabricius, Tamboerskloof, S. Africa

—from George Franke, Arolsen, Germany



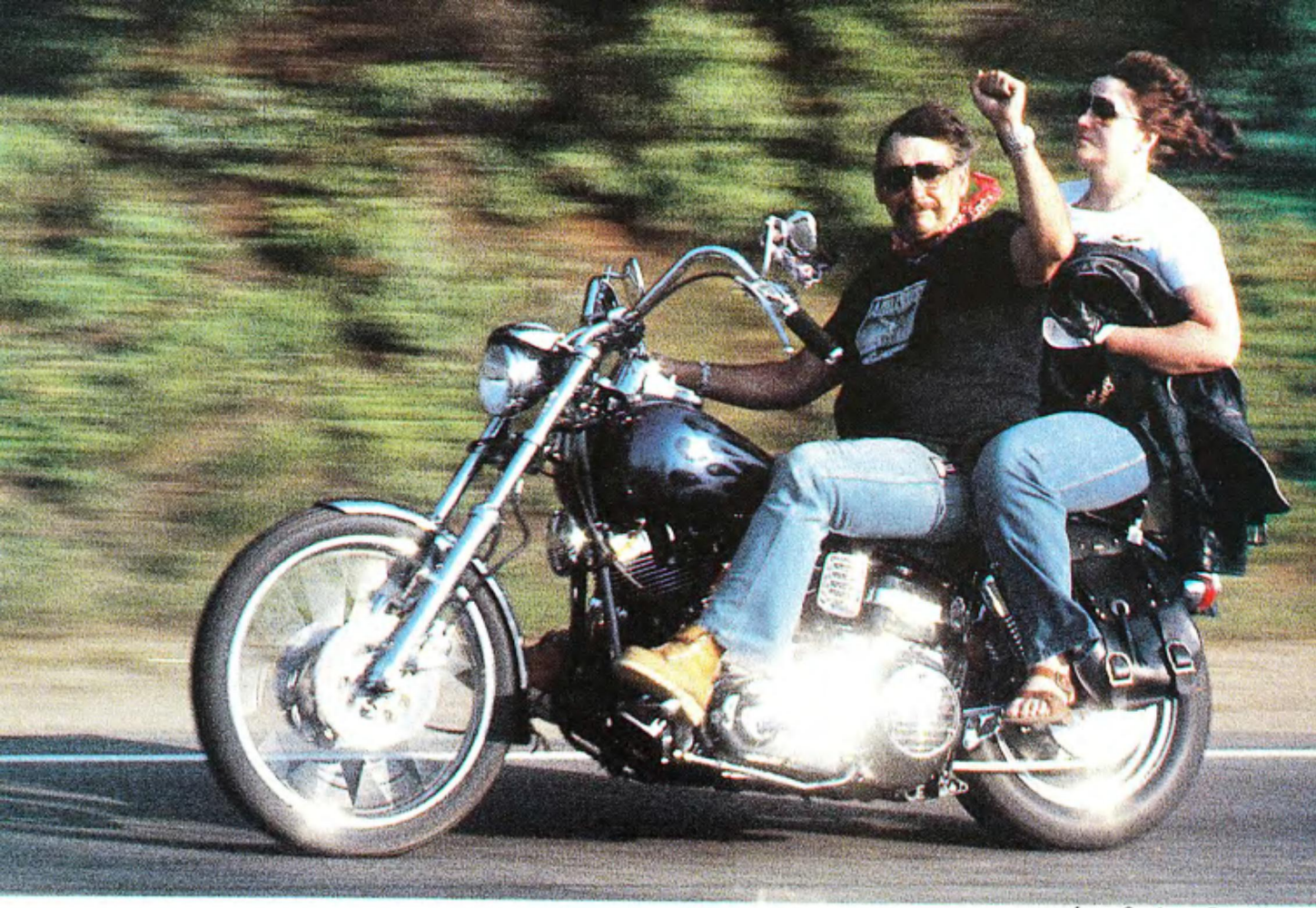
—from Tim Dean, Oakland, Calif.



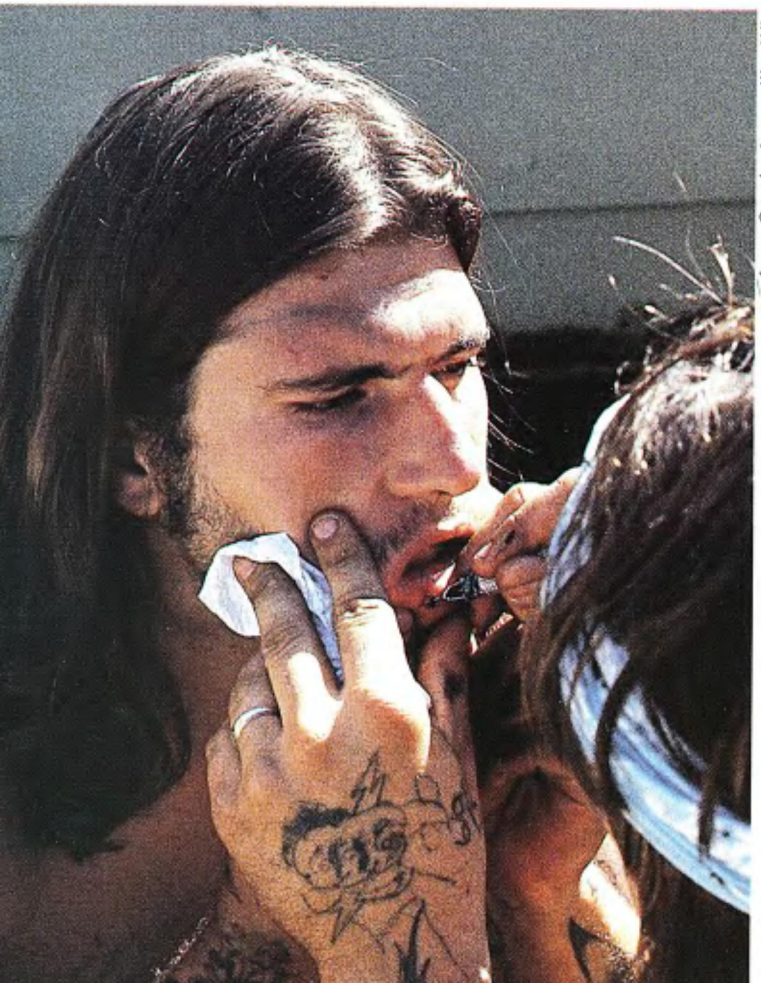
—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



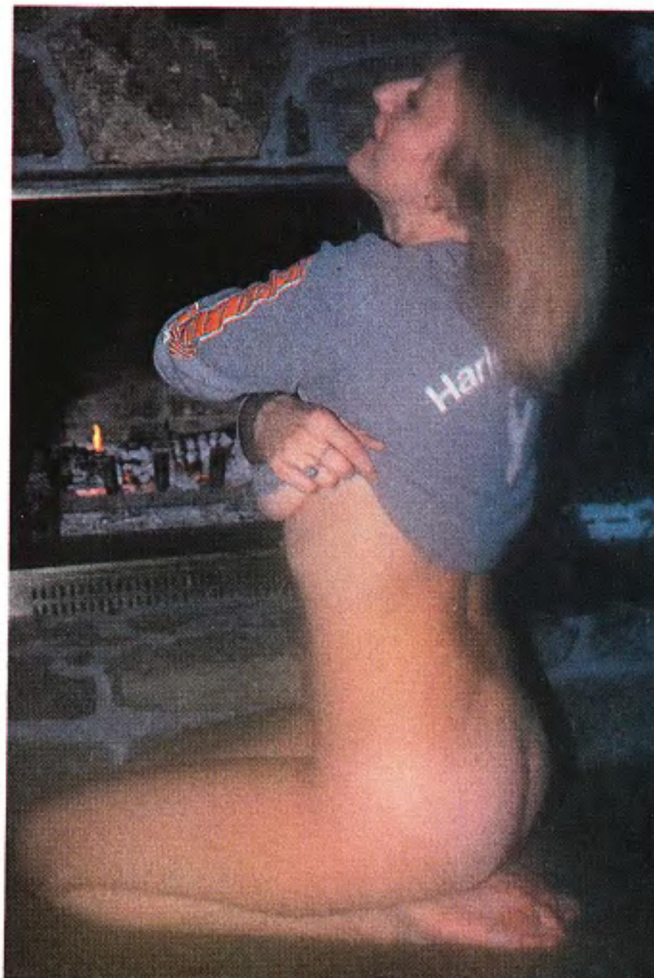
—from Big Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H



—from Crash, Janesville, Wis.



—from Bill Newman. Memphis. Tenn.


Easyriders Magazine

DODGIN' THE 'GUN'

The fact that every bar in Manitou Springs, Colorado, sports a big sign sayin' "No Colors" didn't bother me a damn bit. I wasn't lookin' for trouble, didn't feel rowdy, and hadn't been in the mood to tear a place up for two weeks.

Nope, I'd rolled my way into the shadows of Pike's Peak for exactly the opposite reasons — to mellow out from six months of too much work and too little putt. So I quietly enjoyed my couple of hours in the little club on Main Street, chugging beer, shooting a few games of pool, feeding the juke box and just fuckin' relaxin'.

Come closin' time, I was ready to hit my camp and crash. I pulled the little black box out of my vest pocket, stuck it to its spot on top of the disc brake-fluid reservoir and jammed in the wire. I fired up the bike and let it warm under the choke — even in late summer, two a.m. is cold in them there hills. Just as I was about to kick it into gear and execute a wide, lazy U-turn across the four deserted lanes of Main Street, eight shrieks rent the air and the yellow and green lights on the little box began to go crazy. A few seconds later a squad car rounded a curve and trolled by the bar.



Photo by The Perfessor

What the black box was, of course, was a police radar detector and what it had just done was keep me, a reasonably intoxicated biker, from makin' a highly illegal U-turn, across two solid yellow lines, right in front of a cop. I wasn't lookin' for trouble. The detector — in this case, a Bel Shadow VI — kept me out of it.

Police radar, in these high-tech times, is an ever-increasing fact of life. It's been estimated that there's one radar unit out seeking speeders for every 40 miles of American highway (except in California, where the state highway patrol is not authorized to use radar and it is used only on city streets and county roads). In response to this threat, a major industry — the making and selling of radar detectors, which are legal just about everywhere (and a minor industry — the making and selling of radar jammers, which are illegal *everywhere)* have sprung up.

Unfortunately, for bik-

ers, the people behind these industries have, until quite recently, ignored us. Bikes present a whole series of problems that cages don't and there were millions upon millions of citation-wary cagers waiting in line to buy up every detector that manufacturers could make. Now the situation is changing a bit. A lot of cagers already have radar detectors and some of the companies making them are taking a second look at the bike market as a place to expand their sales.

Before discussing what a radar detector can and can't do for you, it's important to understand what police radar is and what it *does*.

All police radar units — stationary, moving, hand-held, pulsed, whatever — consist of three elements: a microwave transmitter, a microwave receiver and a microcomputer. The transmitter sends out a radio wave that, when it hits a moving object, is reflected back to the receiver at a slightly different frequency. The microcomputer takes the difference in frequency and uses it to compute how fast the oncoming or receding moving object is going.

The earliest radar units were variations of the "picture machines" that are still in wide use. A cop would park in a concealed area near a highway, hang a radar gun on his rain gutter and "take pictures" of cars coming toward him. The first big advance in this art was the moving radar. In this system, a radar gun is mounted on the dashboard and a second gun is aimed at the road. The first gun gets the speed of the oncoming vehicle and the second one gets the speed of the moving patrol car. The microcomputer subtracts one from the other and gives the officer a supposedly accurate speed fix on his target.

One similarity between both these types of radar units is that they are on all the time. This enables a person with a radar detector (which is essentially just a microwave receiver similar to the one built into the cop's radar set) to hear the radar signal before he gets in range and to slow down. Wait. How come the detector can hear it *before* you're in range? Why isn't the range of their receiver at least as good as yours? After all, it probably cost the taxpayers plenty.

Two reasons, bro, two reasons. First, it takes a while (we're talkin' milliseconds here) for the reflected signal to change frequency and scoot back to the cop car. With many older radar units, you could hear the detector go off when the radar beam hit your cage, then slam the brakes to the floor immediately and disorient the microwave beam enough so that the unit wouldn't register a reading at all. If you happen to use a detector on your scoot, though, don't try it. The microcomputers in today's radar units aren't as easily confused and, much more important, screwing some cop out of writing a speeding ticket ain't worth the risk of going down.

"Like I said before, I wasn't lookin' for trouble. The radar detector had kept me out of it."

The main reason that a *good* radar detector can pick up the radar before you're in range, however, is simply because a *good* (and by good, we mean a superhetrodyne unit, made by a reputable manufacturer) detector is more sensitive than the receiver in the police radar unit — which can't be too sensitive or it will start picking up all kinds of stray microwaves (lots of things give off microwaves: burglar alarms, telephone and TV relay stations, etc.) that will confuse the cops' microcomputer.

In the last couple of years, the cops have resorted to hand-held (also called "pulsed") radar in an attempt to combat radar detectors. Basically, hand-held units represent a throwback to the John Wayne-Matt Dillon era of law enforcement. The officer spots a vehicle, grabs his gun, aims it, and pulls the trigger. An instant later he gets his reading. If you're "targeted" by hand-held radar, your detector is absolutely no good. By the time you know you've been "hit," he knows you've been speeding. On the other hand, maybe you're puttin' along 50 or 100 feet behind the "target," who's also got himself a radar detector. Your radar detector will go off at, practically speaking, the same instant the target's does. For him, as we said, it's too late. For you, on the other hand, it's a warning there's a cop somewhere around. You slow down and chuckle a bit as you profile by — at a solid 55 — the Winnebago driver gettin' his citation. This type of "pulsed" system is also available in moving versions.

What about that case where the radar clocked a tree at 67mph, you ask? How can anybody take that shit seriously? Well, it's true that in one Florida case, experts showed that under certain circumstances, radar did clock a tree at 67. And it's generally acknowledged that radar can sometimes read CB radio waves, vibrations from high-tension lines, automotive ignition noise and even dashboard vibrations as excessive speed. And that's just a few of its flaws. Maybe you watched last year's World Series on TV? Remember how the announcers kept scratching their heads over the fact that their radar gun readings of the pitch were always five or six miles an hour different from the ones on the stadium gun. Remember how one of the expert commentators who'd played in the majors started listing which ball parks had "fast" guns and which had "slow" guns. Police radar is "accurate" all right — just about that accurate.

Of course, *Continued on page 114*

I once rode the rails and wound up in jails,
For fightin' and breakin' the law;
I was easily pissed and my rock-hard fist
Was ready for anyone's jaw.

I worked here and there, I didn't care where,
'Cause most all of the towns looked alike;
But I saved up my dough for two years or so,
Then I went out and bought me a bike.

Got a '61 Glide, and I swelled up with pride
Each time I straddled that putt.
I followed the sun on an endless run,
Feelin' free deep down in my gut.

And every year when winter came near,
There was only one thing to do;
Southward I'd haul, just havin' a ball,
Till Mexico came into view.

There I'd find a warm place, while back in the states
Ol' Man Winter was havin' his way;
An' I'd drink mescal with some Mexican gal,
Eatin' peppers and pussy all day.

MY LUCKY DAY

(An' by the way, when ya eat peppers all day,
The juice builds up on your lips;
An' the gals get a flash when you gobble their gash,
Settin' fire to those tasty young clits.)

Now, down near the border there's no law an' order,
So you hold your mud or you die;
A careless word to some drunk-ass turd,
An' you're snuffed in the wink of an eye.

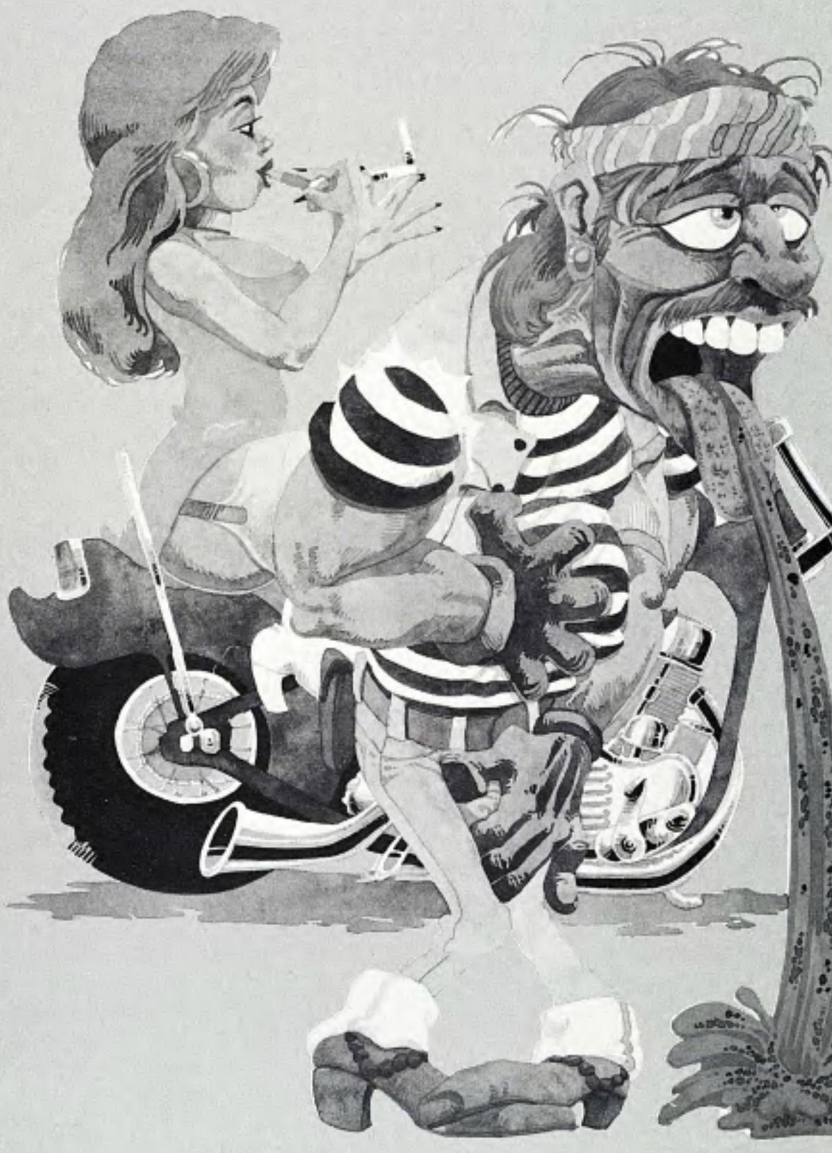
I've seen dudes carved up over a clap-ridden slut,
To bleed out their lives on the floor,
Their hearts gushin' blood like the Johnstown Flood —
An' all over some two-bit whore.

But I promised myself that no matter what else,
I'd never wind up like that;

I was nobody's fool — hell, I'd always be cool,
An' land on my feet like a cat.

But you can bet your last buck that sometimes it's just luck —
Not cool — that pulls your ass through
An' if you'll hear what I say 'bout my luckiest day,
I'm sure you'll agree that that's true.

Illustration by Cody Duggan

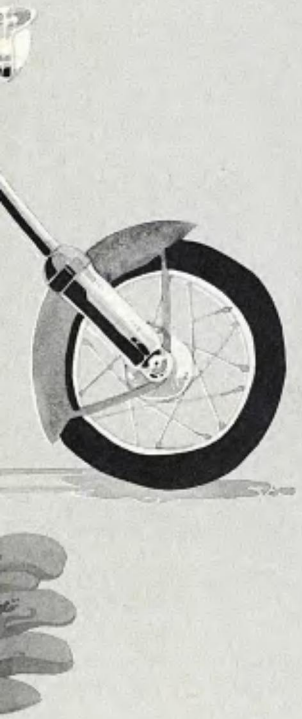


Well, one moonless night I was damn
good and tight,
In a sleazy bordertown dump;
An' the bartender, Cruz, kept pourin'
more booze,
While I looked for some broad there to
hump.

Things looked pretty grim, the pickin's
were slim,
As I cast my eyes on the crowd:
Two or three scuzzy hogs and a few old
dogs,
An' I just had to laugh out loud.

"Shee-it!" I said, a-shakin' my head,
"If this just ain't my luck.
I wanna get balled, have my ashes
hauled,
But there ain't a thing here to fuck."

So I emptied my glass an' decided to
pass
On what few choices there were;
There's always tomorrow, I thought with
some sorrow,



BY WHOPPER

Then suddenly my eyes fell on. . .her.

Sittin' 'way 'cross the room, in the shad-
ows and gloom,
Was a chick right out of a dream —
Glossy black hair and a come-hither
stare,
An' a mouth to make any man cream.

Through the gauzy sheen of her blouse
could be seen
Two titties that just wouldn't quit;
Sippin' wine from her glass, she wiggled
her ass,
And brother, I just about shit.

She hitched up her dress, an' I gotta
confess
There was nothin' to do but just stare;
My wide-poppin' eyes caressed her slim
thighs,
An' I near shot my wad then and there.

I took one more belt an' right then I felt
It was time for makin' my play;
I was downright woozy, but this little
floozy
I couldn't bear to let get away.

I got down from my stool, actin' real
cool,
As I weaved my way toward the bitch;
An' in my drunk mind I was fuckin' her
blind,
But my stomach was startin' to twitch.

I felt sorta sick, but my iron-hard dick
Stood up like a telephone pole;
Though my stomach was churnin', my
whole innards burnin',
I lurched through the crowd toward my
goal.

The closer I got to that fine-lookin' twat,
I thought of more things that we'd do;
My dick would go south down that
tender young mouth,
An' I'd feed her a pint of sperm stew.

Then I'd pump her the dong all the night
long,
Till she begged for mercy and rest;
But stale booze and dank smoke made
me think I would croak,
An' the gorge rose up in my chest.

But that doll's firm breasts as she threw
out her chest,
Lured me on through the haze and the
stink;
Though my head was a-spinnin', I kept
on a-grinnin',
Stumblin', unable to think.

I was almost there, she tossed back her
hair,
An' ran her pink tongue 'cross her lips;
She crossed her legs then with a sensual
grin,
An' her dress rose up to her hips.

A few feet more and I'd find heaven's
door —
The fox of my dreams for the takin';
I was drenched in sweat, a-twitchin',
and yet
My balls were still swollen and achin'.

Made it at last! My troubles were past,
I thought, as she smiled wide to speak;
I held on to her table to keep myself
stable,
Feelin' dizzy an' spaced an' weak.

"Hello," she purred, and by the tone of
that word,
I knew she was eager to ball;
But just as she spoke, came a lump in
my throat,
An' I blew my lunch, whiskey an' all.

The gal just sat there with puke in her
hair,
An' drippin' from the tip of her nose;
Tamales and shit oozed down one tit,
While tequila-barf soaked all her clothes.

I grabbed on to a stool, just sick as a
mule,
Feelin' like the world's biggest sap;
My guts were a-quiver, and with one
final shiver,
I filled my jeans fulla crap.

Now it's hard to bounce back from
somethin' like that —
After all, what could I say?
But like I said at the start, the real funny
part
Was that this was my lucky day.

Blinkin' gook from her eye, the gal
heaved a big sigh,
Then took a sip of her wine;
"You bikers are wild," she said with a
smile,
"Let's go — your place or mine?"

You may not believe it, but take it or
leave it,
'Cause the end of my story is nigh;
An' if you think it's all piss, lemme leave
you with this:
Just think — would a scooter tramp lie?

Ol' Lady Contest

Here she is, folks — **Cindy**, the eighth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Donna Sue, Sarah, and Maria.



VICKIE



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 issue is April 30th. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #131 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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 photograph 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 the 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.



LITTLE BIT

MONICA



JASMINE



CONNIE

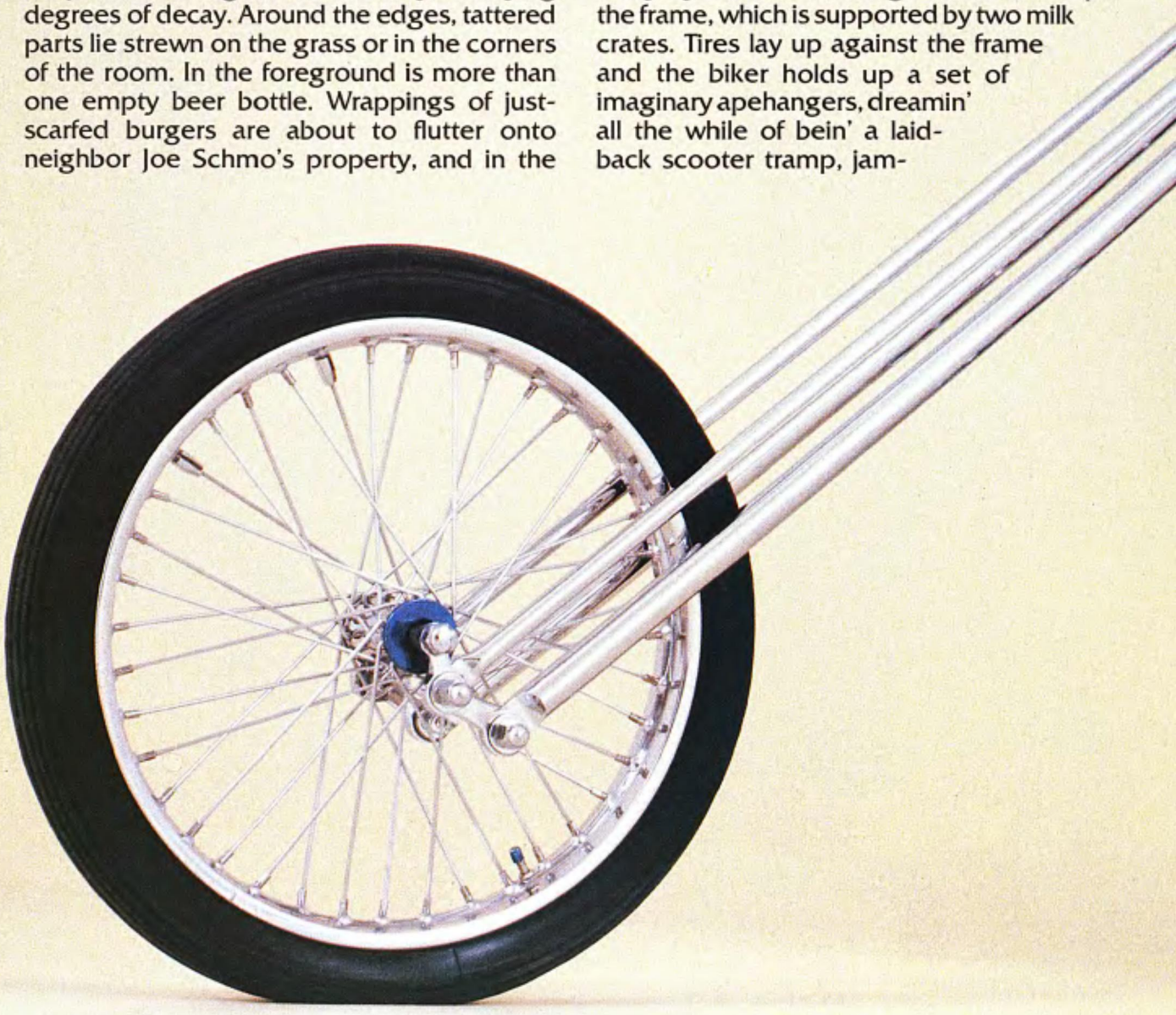


EXPOSED AT

"And now the 'after' shots are ready for the public domain."

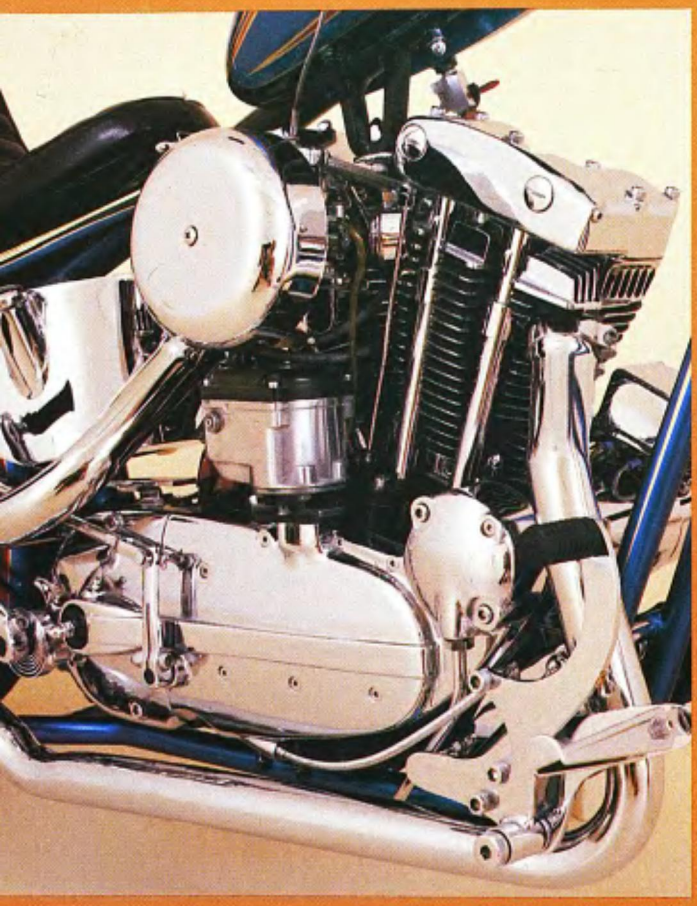
One of the more common stereotyped photos we here at Scooter Central see from our readers is the shot of the dude clowning around, with his bike apart in a million "bits and pieces," as The Dave Clark Five would say. The photo is usually staged out on the front lawn — or in the living room, if it's a winter teardown and the weather isn't accommodating for a wrenchin' job.

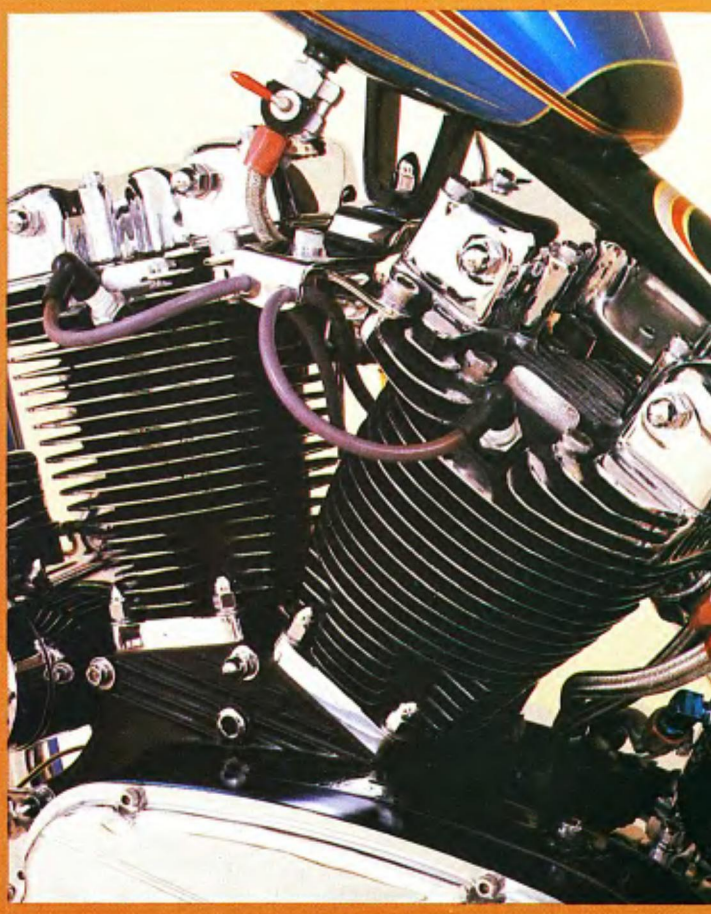
Let me set it up. In the center of the picture sits a stripped-down frame, waiting patiently for paint. The engine rests nearby in varying degrees of decay. Around the edges, tattered parts lie strewn on the grass or in the corners of the room. In the foreground is more than one empty beer bottle. Wrappings of just-scarfed burgers are about to flutter onto neighbor Joe Schmo's property, and in the background is the proverbial crumb-snatcher makin' off with the new wooden-handled rubber mallet Pa just bought last week, soon to be Spot's newest toy. After he's munched it, the pooch will bury it in his backyard graveyard for old and new tools. The main subject is in the middle of the picture. The proud(?) owner of this Harley-Davidson catastrophe — a dead ringer for an oversized Lyle Alzado, complete with that "animal look" that comes from eating fresh quarterback — beams a crazy-eyed, watermelon grin as he sits atop the frame, which is supported by two milk crates. Tires lay up against the frame and the biker holds up a set of imaginary apehangers, dreamin' all the while of bein' a laid-back scooter tramp, jam-



LAST





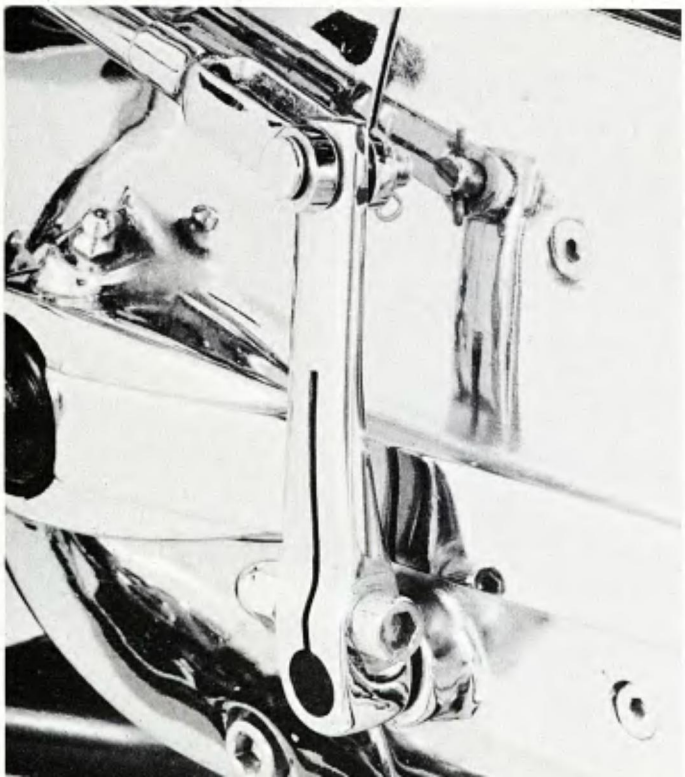


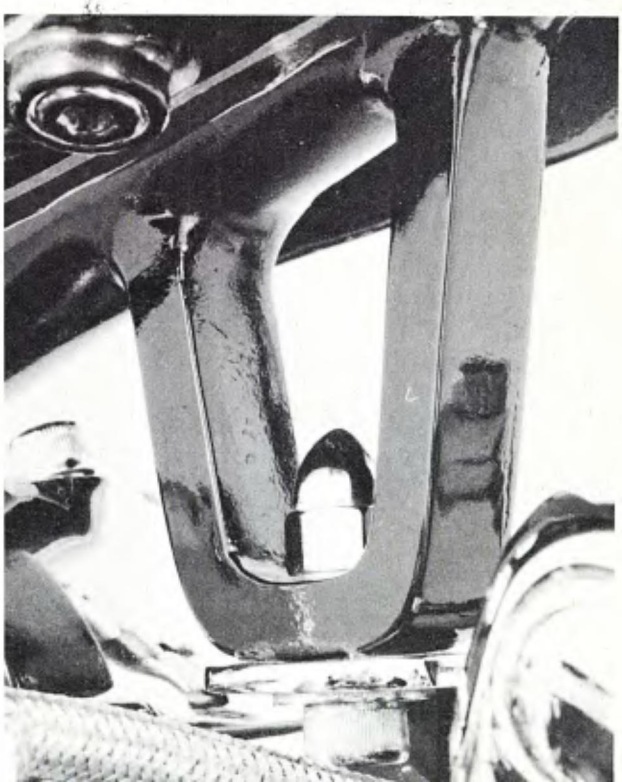




min' hell-bent-for-leather down the road.

The ol' lady trips the shutter on the Instamatic, and presto! They've created the hokiest pose you'll ever see. We've all done it. It's the pitiful "before" shot in the mandatory "before and after" set of pics we all subject ourselves to when we rebuild a bike. It's a rush to see that skimpy start take on new dimensions, actually lookin' like something after





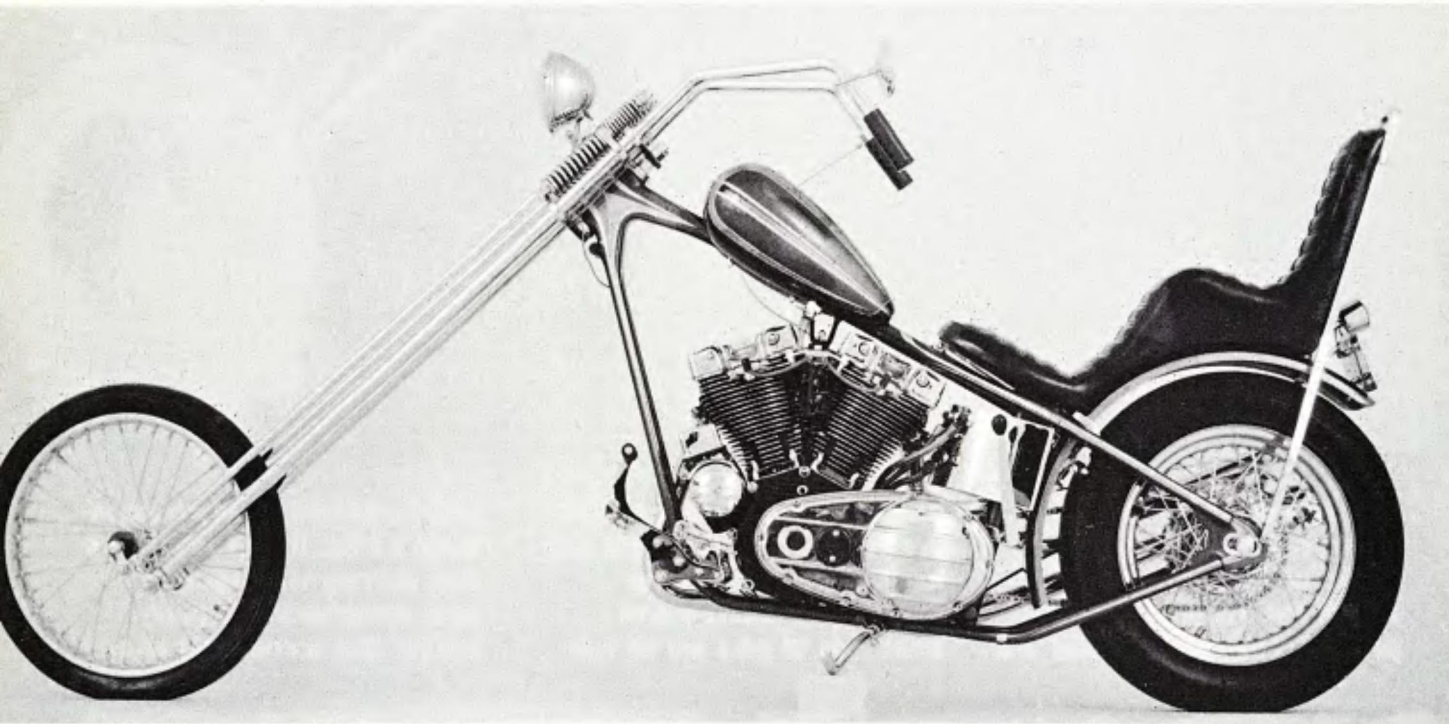


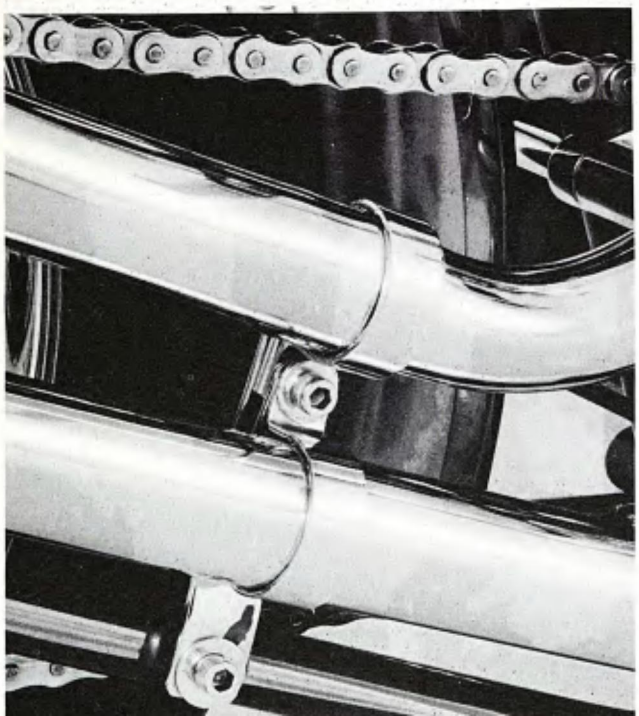
the endless wrenchin'.

Sam Gladden, of Wathena, Kansas, saved us the eyesore of the classic "before" shot, but just readin' through his notes about his slick Sportster and its resurrection summoned up a sharp image of the above aberration.

Sam opted for havin' his bike shot just once. When it was finished. As it should be. Finished, ready to roll. No chips from road nuggets on that flashy paint yet. And no drummed-up mirages from Bikerfantasyland.

The owner had dreamed of owning this low flyer years ago. A deal was agreed on later. A summer of wild times







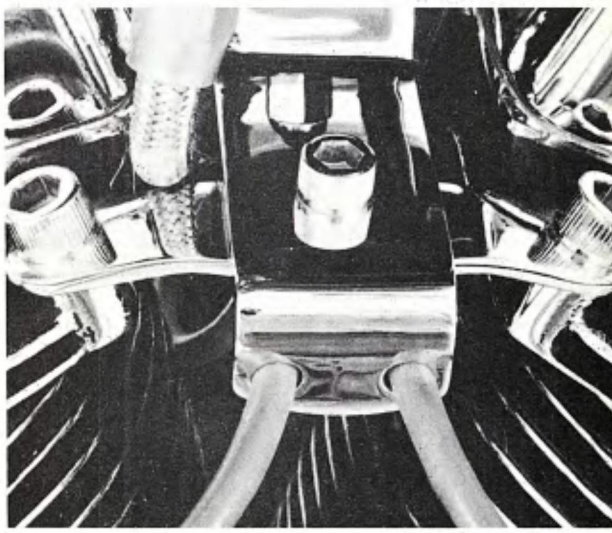


(says so on the tank) followed. Then four hectic winters of discontent set in till the bike was ready for a camera. That first winter had the bike scattered in Sam's brother's living room. Sound familiar to all you bros with younger brothers and an extra room? So, of course, it turns out to be a nightmare.

Tidying up the scoot took Sam four Midwest, ass-freezin', bone-chillin' winters. But now it's complete. The way he saw it years ago in his head. And now the "after" shots are ready for the public domain. Now's the time to view Sam's masterpiece. Ride it forever, brother. —Darth Raider

Owner: Sam Gladden	**City:** Wathena, Kan.		
General	**Frame**		
Fabrication by: owner	Year: unknown		
Year and make: 1961 H-D	Builder: California Cycle		
Model: Sportster	Type: hardtail		
Value: priceless	Rake: who knows?		
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: little bit here, little bit there		
Time: four winters	Other alterations: whatever		
Chroming by: Olathe Electro Plating	**Accessories**		
Engine	Bars: pullbacks		
Year: 1961	Risers: none		
Model: XLCH	Fender(s): 5-in. flat		
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Bates		
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Catseye/blue dot		
Displacement: 900cc	Speedo: none		
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Drag Spec.		
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: Drag Spec.		
Pistons: .050 over	Electrics: 6-volt		
Cases: original	Gas tank: Paughco/2.8-gal.		
Heads: chromed	Oil tank: four-quart		
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: braided steel lines		
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: H-D spaced out		
Carb(s): Mikuni	Seat: king and queen		
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.	Sissybar: yeah		
Pipes: owner	Height: middle of ol' lady's back		
Muffler(s): none	Material: ½-in. square		
Transmission	**Forks**		
Modifications: foot to jockey shift	Type: springer		
Year: 1961	Extension: 25 in.		
Shifting: jockey	Builder: Denver's		
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive	Special features: long		
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**		
Wheel sprocket: 46		**Front**	**Rear**
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jim/owner		Hub: spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: Brycen "Brokedick" Rice		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: Oriental blue		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Gdyr. Eagle
Type: candy		Brake: freewheeling	Brake: drum
Special paint: by Brokedick.			

Other special modifications: Thanks to: Brycen "Brokedick" Rice, Wathena, Kansas, and Jim Luckroth, La Mirage, California.

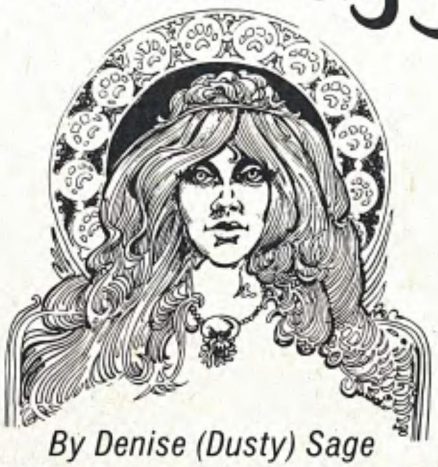


Photos by Mike Lichter




THE THRILLING ADVENTURES
Red FREAK Rider
LATE
"WHAT ABOUT MY BOOGIE, ITS 3:AM !!"
"SHUT THE FUCK UP, IM SCHEMING ON A WAY TO RUN MY SLED ON CHEAP METHANE GAS..!"
LATER
TECH TIP
MUCHO LATER
YOU'RE SICK!
"HIT IT, BEAVER. A COUPLE O' BEER FARTS SHOULD GET IT STARTED."

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
This month a shot in the dark turns into a low blow. Harebrained schemes create hair trigger tempers that backfire. What appears to be a lucky break should be checked out for deception. Be careful about trusting partners — they may be victims themselves. What you purchase now could either fall apart or not hold up in court. Buyer, beware!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
Happy birthday! Have yourself an extra piece of puss pie, roll around in it, drink a brew outta your boot, belch and fart a while, get messy muff diving — then go ahead an' puke your socks off. This doesn't mean burning your candles at both ends all month. Celebrate, don't annihilate. Take 'er easy — you may want to do this again next year!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
You're so hot this month that you could bend over and burst a rectal thermometer at twenty paces. You have energy to spare, plus your brain is working on quick charge. This is a prime time to tear the ass-end outta projects you've been putting off. Overhaul the hell outta your engine, grub around in the garage, and get in line several times at a gang-bang.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
The only thing grabbin' ya by the gonads is a tight pair of shorts. Seems your charm just took a shit and got caught in the crack of your ass. Heat up the humble pie and tell it like it is (for a change). Quit feeling sorry for yourself, or get caught in the "Valium and Vaseline" syndrome. Might as well get out and catch a few critters on your crank.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Time to knock off the wishful thinking crap and get your act together, even if you have to take a laxative to get you started. Caution — be prepared for a few mindfucks from party partners. Plaster your place with "Do Not Disturb" signs and take care of biz. Don't hang onto something that's dead, or smells that way. New beginnings are on the agenda. Get started!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Time to get your nose wet (brown nosing seems to be "in" nowadays) and your ego deflated. The results will show in your bankroll. You can maneuver your way into an ideal position if you tackle the right ones. Forget fooling around with the desserts and go right to the meat of the matter. A little buttering will spread your bread even further.

Astrological Profile For Taurus

Taureans are extremely patient and determined in everything they do. In other words, they take their time being the most stubborn muthas in the zodiac. Trying to rush a Taurean is like trying to give an elephant an enema — no go. Taurus takes his time about even the smallest project and a month's supply of diet pills wouldn't speed him up. The only time Taurus goes into third gear is when he's pissed off — then it's full speed ahead. Worse yet, he tramples everything in his path.

The positive Taureans are practical, thrifty, reliable loyal and sensually sexy. They generally go for quality, as opposed to quantity, and have the uncanny gift of knowing how to zero in on bargains.

The negative Taureans are so lazy they'd sleep their life away. The only things that'll move 'em off the mattress are an invite to a pig-out, two six-packs of beer on a bad bladder, or a big bowel movement. Otherwise, an occasional fart or belch is their main source of exercise.

Taureans are often quite artistic (Salvador Dali); have pleasant voices (Bing Crosby, Barbra Streisand, Cher, Glen Campbell and Ricky Nelson); think the world should conform to their way of thinking (Karl Marx): have a lotta wet dreams (Sigmund Freud); slow, but sure (Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda); lovable (Shirley Temple); laughable (Carol Burnett); sexy (Ann Margaret, Lee Majors); great with the bucks (W. Randolph Hearst).

Taureans are susceptible to sore throats, laryngitis and the worst set of blue balls possible. So steer clear of any rugrat sporting the mumps — or risk having your nuts swell up the size of canteloupes.

Taureans are hot and juicy 'cause they prefer sex while eating a pizza or smearing their partner with secret sauce. Their style is lick, em and stick 'em, ask for a doggie bag or at least a blow to go.

If you're looking for someone who'd rather fuck than fight — grab onto a Taurean. You'll spot 'em at a swap meet or a cheap smorgasbord — or keep your eyeballs peeled for a dude with a sore throat and huge huevos.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Don't let a leak in your budget leave you limp. (Keep a stiff upper lip for emergency humps.) Having no cash makes a Libran extremely testy, givin' a downright case of the meanies. Give yourself some credit; get out and hustle up some cash. Standing around with your finger up your ass will only leave a bad taste in your mouth and a nasty-lookin' ring around your finger.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Time to bite the bullet and pull the plug on personal problems. It could take more than a Draino douche — but with some Grease Relief as a backup, you can make a clean wipe of things. Start some new fuckups, the old ones have been kicking your ass too long. Things at the old homestead are getting outta hand. Time to clean house or move on.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
If ya don't get an overly self-righteous attitude or let past crap creep up on ya, you'll skate right through this one without ruffling the hairs on your ass. This month is laid-back and mellow if you mind your own. Long-distance calls or correspondence can drop a lump of luck on your noggin and have you creamin' in your knickers. Enjoy this one.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Stop, look and listen to the roar between your ears. Ideas are poppin' like zits in puberty. Tune in to your own frequency and channel yourself into a shitload of freebies, and possibly a big-bucks venture. While you're over-amped, blow a fuse on a hot fuck or two. Partners give you added insight to put the finishing touches on a ball-busting deal.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
This month finds you with a huge case of boredom. Do something different — use your other hand. Take a picnic basket to bed and have your ol' lady squat in it — watch out for ants in her pants. Let her munch on your hero sandwich till her ears twirl. Then roll around in some grass till your eyes water and you pass out in your cookies.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This month gives you a tad more financial independence, so you can nix dipping into your rugrat's stash. You come up with an ingenious method of gettin' rid of a neighborhood nuisance that gives you the last laugh. Inside information bends your ear and whets your appetite for something juicy. Don't be tempted to tattle or trade secrets. Stash it!

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.**

Blond-haired, blue-eyed downed tramp, w/m, 31, with less than a year left, seeks righteous scooter woman for letters and vibes. Ed "Panhead" Hess, B-86229-N-112-L, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Two Iowa bros down in Kansas. Rick is 23, 5'11", 185 solid lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes and loves to suck pussy. Bruce is 23, 6'1", 170 lbs., black hair and beard, brown eyes, loves pussy, too. We need cards, pics, letters, telephone numbers, bank accounts, beautiful women and visits. Maybe a few attorneys would help, too. Rick Reid 36134, D-114, and Bruce Heideman 35986, D-408, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

W/m, lonely, down and only got 16 months left to go. Need letters from solid white women of all ages. Come on, ladies, send this bro a letter. Help me through these lonely times. All letters answered. Brian Bays 39156, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 32, 5'8", 150 lbs., been down 3, have 4 to go. Need some mail and flicks from good- or bad-looking chicks as long as they're sincere. Don Clarke, M7810, Drawer K, Dallas, TX 18612.

Looking for a woman about five-foot-six. Ain't into glamour, just into kicks. All you foxes, include some flicks. J. Stano Staniszewski, C-52650, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Southern scooter trash, 26, and tattooed down, doing a bit in Illinois. Hittin' the bricks in '84 and puttin' to Florida. I'm looking for that special lady who can handle the lifestyle. All letters answered. David "Dusty" Drye, N-27990, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

Proud Arizona white boy, 6'2", 200 lbs., due to get out in '84. Need caring women to reacquaint me with the streets. Paul DePas, Box B-38804, Florence, AZ 85232.

Solid brother with 10 months left on 7 years, needs to hear from some good people. My ol' lady was killed in '78 and I went a little wild. I need a good woman to settle me down and some hardcore bros to help me catch up on all I've missed. I'm 6'1", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, tattoos down, 24, and ready to hit the wind! Dave "Brooklyn" Sultan, Box 240, Wilmington, NC 28401.

Kansas biker from Topeka and Ottawa area would like to hear from righteous women. Looking to parole around first of year, so I'll need a good woman to share the wind with. Danny Mathey 38284, Box 2, KSP, Lansing, KS 66043.

W/m, 26, 6'3", 210 lbs., been locked up six lonely years, have a year and a half to the streets, and need one of you good ladies to get through the last bit. Answer all; send photo. David Ennis, B-92177, CTF-C, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960.

Lonely biker, w/m, 22, brown hair and beard. 1st timer — and last! Have been stepped on by people I thought were my friends. Doin' 2-4 for weed. Ol' lady left with son with less than 6 months to go. Wishing for letters and flicks (any kind 'cept snatch), visits, and someone to share my next furlough with. I'll answer all with photo. Steve "Bandit" Stierwalt 34573 Box 2800, Lincoln, NE 68502-0800.

Downed bro from Calif. in the Texas joint. Will be up for parole in a year. Would like to hear from soft-hearted ladies, ages 18-40. Billy A. Terry 270125, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Downed bro, 23, from Indiana, doing time and looking for letters from hot sexy mamas, 18-35, who want to correspond regularly and exchange photos. All letters answered, so drop me a line, babe. David Walters, CCC #5-3, 2800 Graviar St., New Orleans, LA 70119.

Pure stud, 5'5", waiting to hear from some righteous stuff who doesn't mind getting a little kinky. Robert H. Beazley 329265, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

W/m, 22, 6'1", 190 lbs., reddish-blond hair and green eyes. Downed Virginia biker needs letters and photos from chicks, 17-30. Will answer all. Out in summer of '84. Elwood "Freebird" DeWease 130205, BCC, Rt. 2, Box 111, Bland, VA 24315.

Attention, all ladies! We are two crazy white bros, down and out with one year left. We are looking for big-titted women from Calif. for serious relationships. If you're tired of being passed around, then drop us a line, 'cause we got the time. 26-yr.-old Chuck McAleer, C52127, and 25-yr.-old James Graham, C14935; Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Attention, chicks. White dude looking for a certain kind of lady. Are you woman enough to deserve what he has to offer? Looking for heavy relationship. No games, no bullshit, no airheads. I'm 22, blond hair, brown eyes, 5'8", 165 lbs., parole soon. Michael Hudson 33962, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67501.

Oklahoma bro, been down four years. Blond hair, blue eyes, 22, 6', 185 lbs., wants a lady with class and beauty, 18-35. James Bothell 107285, Drawer AA, Taft, OK 74463.

Three 100% white boys need ladies to write. We're true jailhouse movie stars, so look no further, ladies. Raymond Smith 43304, Tony Evans 39946, Alan Burnes, 048061; Box 900, L-Hall, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Looking for a serious-minded, one-man woman, 21-40. I'm 28, 6'3", 190 lbs., brown hair and beard, blue eyes. Tattoos everywhere. Out in '84 and need your letters and nude photos and also visits. "Big Sonny" L. Zickefoose 9679, Box 30, Cell 44-6-J, Pendleton, IN 46064.

Aryan tramp, downed in Texas, looking for correspondence from some fine young and somewhat freaky lady who has a few minutes a week and a photo or two laying around the house, to shed a whole lot of brightness on these darkened days. Yeah, looking for some sunshine. Gene Bridge 668, Ellis Unit, J-21, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Two white, righteous bros doing time, in need of mail and pics from sweet, sincere women. No head games or bullshitters. Todd "Animal" Hunger, M-3444, and Mark "Tattoo" Stryher, M8007, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Lonely white ex-clubber, 31, 6', 200 lbs., down with long hard time, wants letters and flicks. All answered. Randy Spinks, Box 41, 21301, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Two good bros stuck in Folsom Prison, need some good straight-up ladies to help blow our blues away. Conley "Buzz" Dukes, C70918, and Don "Shorty" Harbaugh, C70925; Represa, CA 95671.

Scooter tramp and tattoo artist, with 2 years left to do for the feds, is looking for a good scooter woman to finish out this time with. So send some sunshine and letters/flicks. Tracy "Crazy" Samuel 01649-045, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

Doing long time up here in the great icebox state, Alaska. W/m, 23, 6'5", 250 lbs., brown hair and eyes, in need of letters filled with friendship and caring from ladies, 18-50. All will be answered. Pictures would be greatly appreciated. Leslie A. Martin, Box 600, Eagle River, AK 99577.

White trash, 23, brown hair, hazel eyes, 158 lbs., lonesome. Doing life, need to correspond with righteous ol' ladies, 25-35. Will answer all letters; send photos, if possible. Robert Scarbrough, A-074465, FSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Lonely white brother in heart, but currently in chains with '85 release date. I'm 5'7", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes. A 1%er from the gate, who puts his log #1. David Dunn, C-24260, Box 3535, D-28, Norco, CA 91760.

W/m, 33, 6'1", 212 lbs. Looking for sincere and caring ol' lady. Will answer all. Picture appreciated. Ronnie L. Bradford, C-16254, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Outlaw tramp, 25, 6'3", out in a few months. Need good-looking, good-hearted ladies to putt with and love. Britt "Shadow" Brentnell, JCI, Rt. 3, Box 599, Jacksonville, FL 32218-1199.

W/m, 27, looking for ladies, 18-80, to help me with this 15-year stretch. May get a break in '86, and need those letters to help ease me back. No head games, please. Send photo and SASE for fast reply. I have blond hair and baby-blue eyes, so what are you waiting for? Bobby G. Wall 96278, Magnolia 3, Angola, LA 70712.

Washington outlaw, locked down in the badlands of New Mexico, all alone and in need of some sweet words from fine young ladies anywhere. Show some heart, sis, and write Danny Twilligear, c/o San Juan County Detention Center, 105 S. Oliver, Aztec, NM 87410.

I have been locked up 3 years in a redneck town. I am 5'11", with long black hair and blue eyes. I would really get off on hearing from some nice chicks who love to party and get down; it doesn't matter how old you are. Jack Barten 36303, D-106, Hutchinson, KS 67501.

Stomp-down honky, righrteous and proud, 27, 5'10", 155 lbs. Looking for sincere yet nasty lady for letters, visits, flicks. Need help gettin' a scoot up in early '85. C'mon, babe, take a chance. Jim Bradley 140694, KFC, Kincheloe AFB, MI 49788-1910.

Two down pecks, 24 and 28, from "Dago" and SFV. Lonely as hell, looking for two good female peckerwoods with hearts in right place for possible anything? Will answer all. Robert Klemens, C-69775, and Edward Harding, C05221, E-219, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Scooter tramp, down three and three to go. Sincere w/m, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., needs news from you free world ladies. Help me make this year fly by. Donald Gary Gray 078775, Cell H-32, (M/H/U), Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Anyone who would like to correspond with a 28-year-old w/m, please write. Blond/brown, 100% Aryan will answer all letters that are for real. Flick for flick. Robert Bench 076940, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Downed tramp, 27, 6', 180 lbs., looking for woman to help him make it through these hard times. Gary R. Trimble, Box B-47512, Florence, AZ 85232.

Looking for chicks who would write and want a relationship with a prisoner in New South Wales. I'm 28, slim, 5'7", good-looking, with long black hair and brown eyes. Please send flicks; I'll answer all letters. Colin Gates, 170 Hoof St., Grafton, 2460; New South Wales.

I am a lonely biker incarcerated 600 miles from home; Dayton, Ohio, is where I long to be. I invite all ladies to write to me. Although I'm 36, I can still make your liver quiver! Let's establish a solid, honest foundation so that we can experience many pleasures upon my release. Melvin E. Jones, K-C212, EF-129314, 1301 Constitution Rd. SE, Atlanta, GA 30316.

Downed w/m outlaw, 28, Aries, 5'10", 140 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. Been down too long and have a few more calendars to go. Need to hear from righteous ladies with a gift-of-gab, willing to share the seasons and capable of understanding what it is to no longer be a part of life, but to only exist and dream. Send letters and pics to Bryan Hargis 37555, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 22, Taurus, 6'3½", 235 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Down and looking for wild, righteous, sexy babes, 17 to 35. Been down 4 years, might get out late this year or next. Need scribes and flicks and plenty of TLC. Vincent Cornelison 38565, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Spare a stamp for a tramp. Arizona w/m down in Calif. and looking for the right lady, 18 to? No games. Robert Dorsey, C-60402, Box 705, CTF-N, SA 203, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Lonely scooter trash, w/m, 24, 6'6", 199 lbs., down till 1986. Doing this hard time where a man's not forgiven. In need of a line or two from a lady. Institution does accept inmate mail. Bobby W. Lowe 354022, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Downed white bro doing 5-15 for a bar fight. 4 years to go unless I win my appeal. I'm 23, 5'9", brown hair, 165 lbs. Would like to hear from some good-hearted ladies out there to make things easier. Try to send pictures. Eddie "Outlaw" Galvin 83-A-2678, T-259-B-Block, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562.

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 **Ike Moulton**, 1/14/56-8/26/83, my brother, who was always there when you needed him and was a friend you could trust and count on. He couldn't wait to get his scoot and to have the wind in his face. Now he is flying high with the angels. So, brother, ride forever with the wind in your face. You'll always be missed and loved by all of us. Your sister, Sarah.

In loving and eternal memory of a crazy and righteous ol' man and dad who raced the highways and strips on earth, **Denny "Digger" O'Dell,** 11/1/53-7/17/83. You are in our hearts and thoughts every minute of the day. We had 11 years, and though it started to get fucked up, we were getting it together. You lived fast, and went down hard, but painlessly. Until we are again one, we love you, baby. Sharon and rugrats, Nicki and "Li'l Digger."

Im memory of **James David "One-eyed James" Brantley, Jr.,** 7/15/83, a righteous 1% biker and brother and a hell of a friend. You're free now, bro, but I'll never forget all you've taught me. Your bro, Buddy.

In memory of **James Hindt,** 8/24/83. You will be missed by all of us around the Sparetime in Port Arthur, Tex. Ride the wind like you did before. Your sisters, Denise and Meky.

In memory of **Larue Casey, Jr.** It takes a very special person to leave such an impression on people's lives as he did. He left behind a family and a lot of friends who will miss him, but now his suffering from his illness is over. We want to thank you, Casey, for sharing your life and knowledge with us and letting us be a part of your life. Rest in peace now; you will be missed, but not forgotten. From J. Cook and friends, Lexington, Ky.

In loving memory of **Gregory Bouchard,** 1958-1982, whose life was snuffed out by an 18-wheeler. You partied hard, rode fast, went away too young. You loved with all your soul, gave with all your heart. I'll see your face in every sunset, I'll feel your touch with every breeze. You are on my mind like the endless horizon. The only thing I regret is never saying I'm sorry for being a fool. Love you. Forever a friend, Robin Krakow.

In memory of **Boots,** 8/14/83. A piece of me will ride with you forever. Sunshine.

In loving memory of a bro — my brother. He died and left us one night in May. At the age of 23, the man had finally almost seen his dream to be one of the good ol' boys (as he would sometimes say) come true. He lived and loved most all. We partied and we fought like hell. Death came one night to a party. The Reaper took my big brother's soul when no one was looking. And the emptiness in the hearts of all he touched can't be filled. I miss ya, Richard; I love you and hold you in my heart every mile. Loving you, your little sister.

In loving memory of my ol' man, **Curtis Stanzell,** who died on his Sportster with his bro **Murray,** 11/28/81. Tears fall, babe, when I think how it would have been if you were still alive. Many times you would say how crazy this world is, and you would hit something because you were fed up with everyone's bullshit. Then you would hold me and say, "Do you want to run away to my cabin in the woods?" There's only one thing I want out of all this, Boofa — for you and me to be together again and go to our cabin in the woods. Love you always, honey. Your pudding cup, Susie.

We'll all remember **Mike "The Kid" Fisher,** 10/24/82. He kept us all going, but he's riding free. In our hearts are those memories, the way it's supposed to be. Love, Lisa, for T Street and family, Lompoc, Calif.

In memory of **Chucker,** killed 1/20/82. You rode and died like the brother you were. We have not forgotten you. I.T.C.O.B. Buzzard, Sons of Silence, Nomad Chapter.

In loving, smokin', tokin' memory of **"Mondo",** a brother lost but never forgotten. You ride on in the hearts and souls of your brothers and sisters in S.A. & B.S. left to carry on the tradition. Steven Lee, I wish I could have been there to say goodbye. One of the Remaining Few.

In memory of **"Sleepy" Satterfield,** a brother with a big heart and a smile for everyone. Another brother lost, but living on in those who loved you. See you in Harley Heaven! One of the Webster Street Gang.

The biking world has lost a beloved sister. To those who knew her, no words are necessary to say how much she meant to us. To those who never met her, you missed much in your life. **Becky** was what every biker wanted in an ol' lady. I never heard her say a hard word to anyone or about anyone. Can the rest of us say that? Becky, we remember your laugh, we remember your smile, we remember you! God bless you in your ride through Harley Heaven. Your ol' man and friends.

In memory of **William "Tombstone" Akers,** a true brother who rode hard and died too young, going to Hog Heaven 8/21/83. You, brother, are surely missed by all of us and we shall always keep you with us in the memories of the good times we have shared! Your brothers of the Ghost Riders MC.

In memory of **Bill "Supertramp" Sophy,** 8/24/83, a partner, a Yankee, and one hell of a partier. You made your final long ride up here to Canada for us and ended up dying for us because of some trigger-happy nut. We miss ya and we'll never forget you, bro. Mark Patterson and friends from Vancouver, Canada.



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*Outside U.S.A. please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price, plus $2.50 for additional shipping and handling per shirt ordered. Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Road War

Continued from page 18

the fringed edge of her cutoffs away from her snatch. For a second, I thought she was gonna start playing with herself right there, parked between the highway and the gas tanks, truckers and vans and tourist-jammed station wagons speeding past. But then she sashayed around to the side of the gas station and bought herself a Coke from a dusty old vending machine wedged between the two latrine doors.

Leaning against the wall in a patch of shade, she popped the top on the can, tilted back her head, and poured the Coke into her mouth. Some of it dribbled out to run down her chin and onto her tank top, discoloring the letters of her name and pasting the fabric to her boobs. With her free hand she reached underneath the shirt and rubbed her bare tits, watching me the whole time.

I nodded back toward my bike. She just half-smiled and took another swallow of Coke.

I went on into the john to take a shit, pretty sure she'd be waiting for me when I came out. I ain't fussy about latrines, but that one was the worst pigsty I'd seen in more than ten years of biking back and forth across this country. Sludge oozed across the floor and dripped down the walls like a slime monster in an old sci-fi flick. There was one stall and its door was busted loose from the top hinge. Coming from inside it was the most godawful groaning and retching noises I'd heard since a particularly rank end-of-Daytona party I'd gone to a year or so ago. I figured the sludge monster must be eatin' on a brother and getting indigestion, to boot.

Peering underneath the lopsided door, I saw a pair of huge black boots, with overalls hanging down over their tops. Another round of agonized groaning and farting did nothing to improve the stench-filled atmosphere. I decided to forfeit my turn.

The red-haired, green-eyed bitch was waiting on the p-pad, with a bag slung over her shoulder. I jerked my thumb toward the head. She nodded.

"Something he ate," she said. "And it wasn't me."

I couldn't wait to get alone with that tight-box. While her ex-ol' man dumped his guts, we flew southeast on my Harley. Nibbling on my ears, reaming them out, sliding her hands inside my jacket against my hairy chest, Tami pressed her hot bod against my back and promised me days and nights like I wouldn't believe. I didn't realize at the time that she wasn't just yakkin' about sex.

I wasn't worried about the dude with his bitchin' britches down around his ankles catchin' up with us. Fuck, man, he wasn't in any condition to chase anybody. I figured that even when he ran out of stuff to shit out, he'd be too weak to do anything for a while besides flop down on some sand dune and let the scorpions and gila monsters keep him company.

So, after cruisin' steadily for about an hour under that scorching sun, we decided to pull off into a puddle of shade half-hidden in a cluster of giant boulders and have ourselves a good ol' time. I spread out a blanket, and we ripped off our clothes and went at it like a pair of starved wolves who've stumbled over a sheep carcass. First, she sat on my face, then she went down on me while I played with her titties and smoked a joint. There wasn't one damn thing her well-educated teeth and tongue and lips couldn't (and didn't) do! A couple of hours must've gone blissfully by before we crawled into our clothes and headed back out to the road. Believe me, I was feelin' pretty fuckin' mellow when we took off down the highway again.

Nasty cracks about the desert aside, that's some fantastic country out there, by the Joshua Tree Monument and Death Valley. In some parts, you pass all these little shanties where these TB cases live, tryin' to dry out their lungs in the desert air. Other parts are like the fuckin' moon, without another human being around for miles. Freakish rocks as big as houses jut up out of the desert like beasts straight from "Star Wars," and scaly-lookin' trees and cacti with half a dozen arms reach out like mutants who've survived an atomic war. It's easy to forget where you are, and get to feelin' that maybe you're the last biker in the world, speeding along on a highway to eternity. But I had hot little Tami pressing her titties against my back, and I didn't need anything else to remind me that I was in the real fuckin' world — and glad of it!

Then I heard Tami's sexy, hoarse voice: "Holy shit! It's Dutch!"

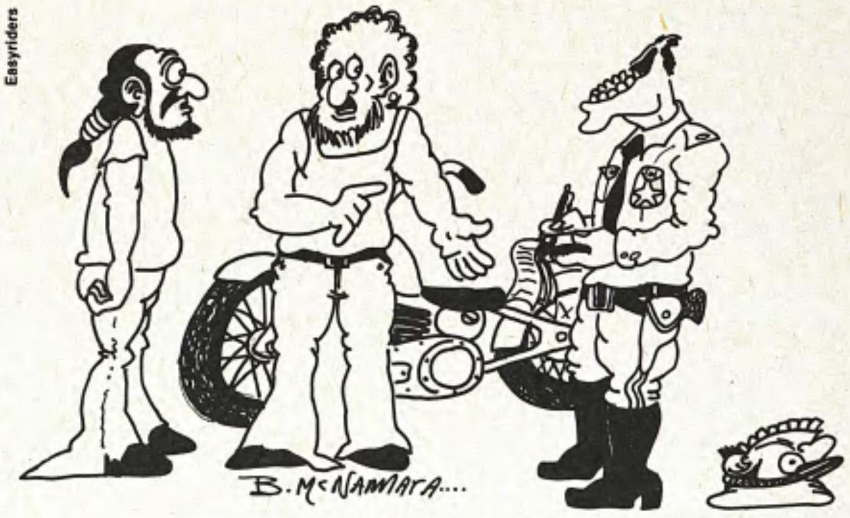
"Huh?"

"It's Dutch — my ol' man! My *ex*-ol' man! He's right behind us!"

Well, I gave a spy in the glass and sure enough, that mean-lookin' mutha of a pickup was gaining on us, a snarlin' black-bearded giant with a humongous fur collar on his lumberjack's jacket behind the wheel. So that was him. I hadn't figured on his bein' crazy in addition to bein' pissed. Wearin' a coat in that heat indicated definite instability. He appeared to have the build and disposition of a grizzly bear, but at least he was travelin' alone.

"He'll kill us!"

I didn't doubt it for a moment, but I'm too ornery a bastard to let



"When he saw how many tickets he could write for my Hog, his smile kept gettin' bigger, 'n' bigger, 'n' bigger."

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You got it — just make a purchase of fifteen bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And, remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

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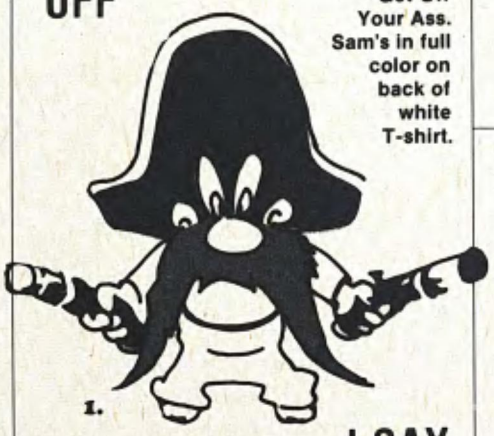
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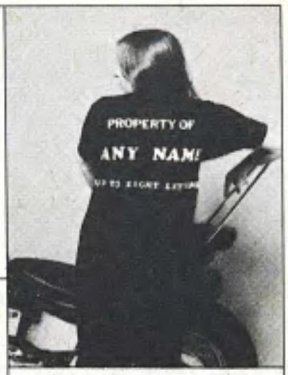
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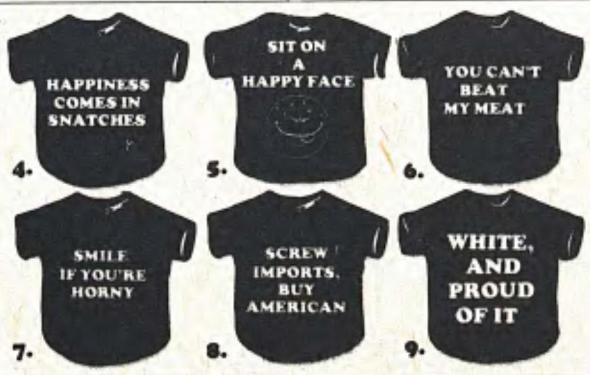


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Q.



R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . .I Once Was. . .Like I Am. . .You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . .ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It. . .Piss On It!

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just any old bad boy come up and wipe me off the road for now and evermore. His truck was too fast to leave behind, so it was plain I'd either have to face the cocksucker or outsmart him. I decided I might as well try the one before I *had* to do the other.

Besides, Tami had told me enough about him so that he didn't sound any too brainy. Just mean. And big.

I didn't have a notion as to how well this Dutch character knew the country, but I hoped I had a better handle on it than he did. I'm a desert rat from way back, and had scootered around that area plenty. Some little side roads were coming up pretty soon, and I intended to take one of 'em so fuckin' fast that bruiser would be left eating dust like a monkey's fart.

"Hang on!" I hollered at Tami. She gripped onto my belt and we swerved wildly. An explosion of red dust threw up a blinding, choking screen as we skidded sideways and then straightened up and shot away on the turnoff.

By the time Dutch wheeled around and came after us, we had a good start on him. But I still had another card up my sleeve. There was a fork up ahead and if you took the right one, you'd double back onto the main road again.

And that's what we did. Maybe we bounced all over hell on that gravelly potholed fucker, but it was worth it to leave two-ton Dutch swearing at the dust we scattered behind us.

By this time, Tami and I were three-quarters of the way to starving to death. (You ever notice how good sex always leaves you hungrier than hell?) Within an hour we stopped at a ramshackle greasy spoon in another of those "Gas 'n' Food" oases for chiliburgers and shoestring potatoes with lots of catsup and beers so cold the skin on our fingers damn near came off on the cans.

Tami told me how she'd met Dutch at a drive-in movie flea



"What happened to your fuckin' diet?"

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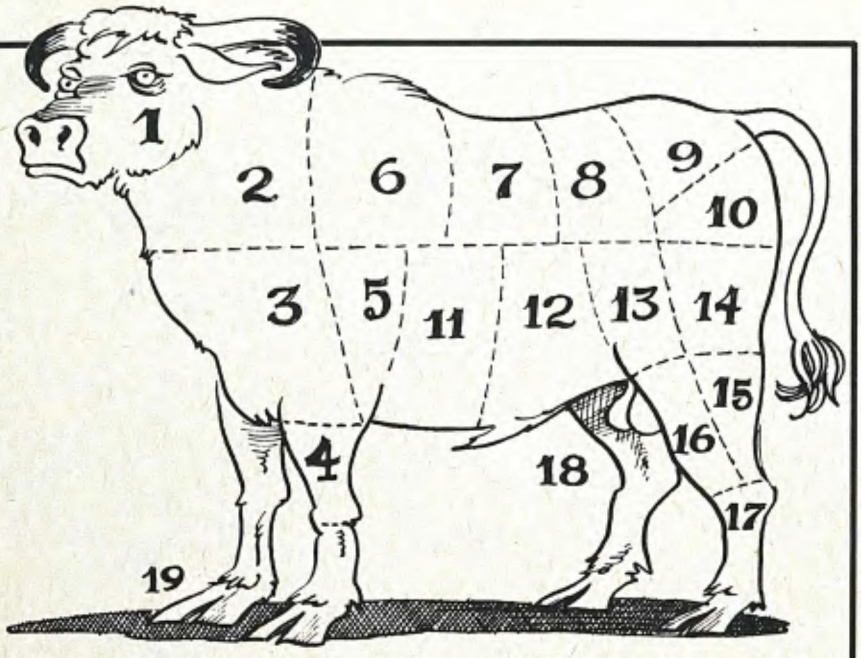
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market in Oakland and had shacked with him because he'd promised to take her down to Phoenix — she was so fucking tired of Oakland, she was ready to do anything to go someplace new.

"Oakland is the crotch of California," she said, dipping a shoestring potato in the pool of catsup on her plate and then stuffing it into her luscious mouth. Not too long before, those lips had been wrapped around something else long, hot, and a lot thicker. Shit, I couldn't wait to get her alone again!

Just then, the screen door from the parking lot crashed open and a family group burst into the cafe, one kid bawling his eyes out and the others all talking at once. There must have been half a dozen of 'em, all grubby as hell, but cute little bastards. The one little guy was making enough noise to be heard all the way to Las Vegas. His old man asked the waitress if she had a pair of tweezers or something they could use to get some cactus needles out of their boy's hand and arm. The waitress took one look at the kid and ran into the kitchen. A minute later, she reappeared with the cook — an old man in a filthy apron and stained T-shirt — who was wielding a pair of needlenose pliers.

"Those bastard golden cholla are a damn menace," he said. "Kids're always getting turned into pincushions by 'em." He chuckled like some kind of sadist and set to work with the pliers, tugging at the stiff gold-colored needles all over the boy's hand.

"The cholla actually *jumps* at you if you get too close," the old man told the kid. "It's attracted to the moisture in your body."

"And then, for some reason, them needles swell up once they're in



". . .and a side order of edible panties."





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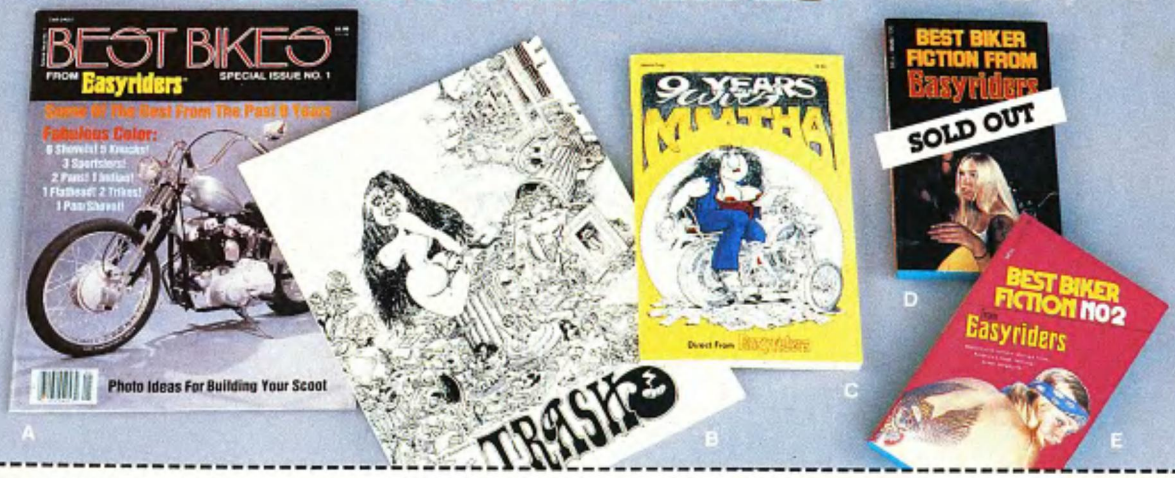
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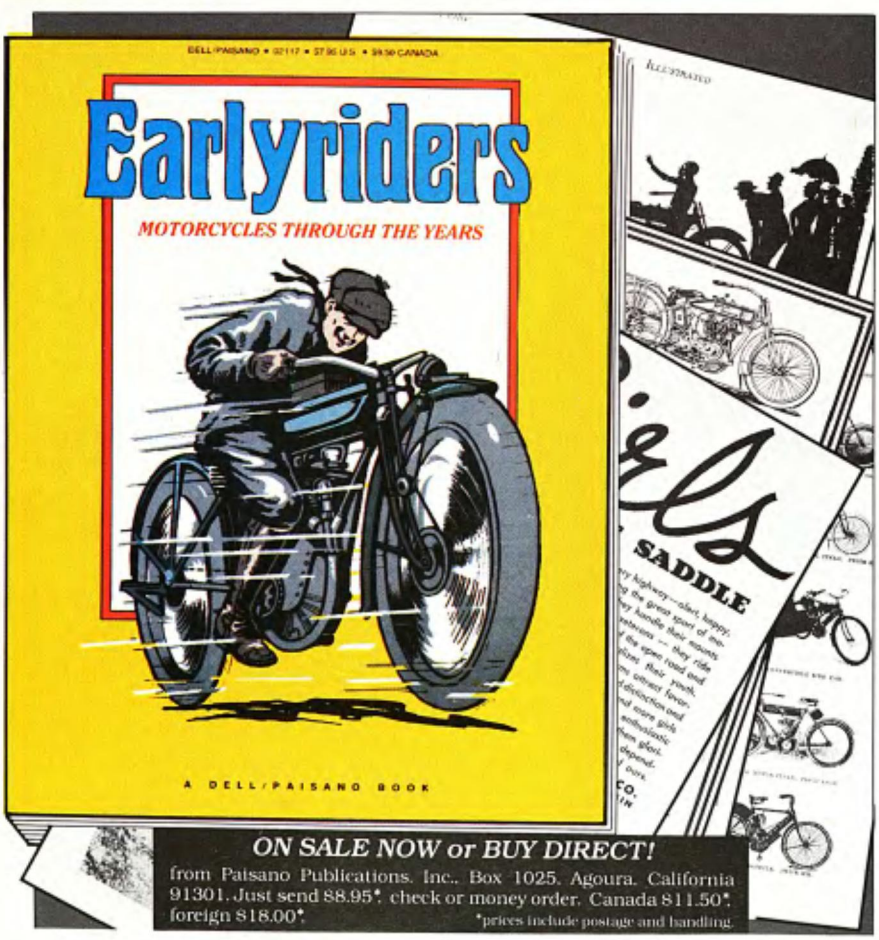
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you," added the waitress.

"So they're hell to get out!" grunted the cook, jerking at another needle.

The waitress gave the boy an ice cream cone. He held it with his good hand and, in between licks, his howls turned into mournful, loud whimpers.

Tami and I hit the road again, her tits pressing through her shirt against my naked back, her bare legs hugging my ass. I couldn't wait to check into a motel someplace and really have at it.

So we made us some good time, the sun cookin' our flesh, the wind air-conditioning us, and the desert wide-open and beautiful as all hell. Ain't nothin' like the sense of freedom you get when you're just zipping along a desert straightaway — no stoplights, no towns, no fucking civilization to fuck with your mind.

Then out from behind some boulders about half the size of San Quentin, shrieking like a Samurai warrior out for the kill, rocketed fat-assed Dutch in his four-wheel-drive flyer. He was showing his teeth in a bulldog grimace and wavin' a chain out his window.

I damn near dislocated my wrist twistin' the wick while zigzagging all over the fucking road. I could outmaneuver the bastard, but I couldn't leave him behind.

"I'm gonna kill you, fucker!" he hollered, leanin' out his window and swinging that fuckin' chain like a lariat.

I thought I could hear it whistling over my head.

I ain't particularly religious or philosophical by nature, but it didn't take me long to decide I'd rather stay alive to fuck and ride again than discover what happens after you kick the bucket. I mean, there's no guarantee there'll be plenty of snatch in heaven. And there'll be enough time to find out later, when I'm too old to get it up and too tired to ride my chariot.

When I zigged, he zagged. When I zagged, he zigged. The two of us were wheeling all over that two-lane road, and damn near drove a station wagon right off the pavement, into the cactus. The driver blasted his horn at us and shook his fist. Dutch threw his arm up in the air to give him the finger, but it was kinda hard to see 'cause of the end of the chain wrapped around his gorilla-like hand.

"Hang on!" I hollered at Tami for about the tenth time, and without looking back, took off across the cracked, sun-dried desert.

Maneuvering between rocks and sagebrush, dodging cactus and Joshua trees, I bounced and jolted over the parched earth. His twin I-beams workin' like hell, Dutch jolted after us.

Not bein' burdened with a chain, I gave him the finger, and jumped a dry creek bed.

With a loud crunch, he jumped it, too, careening down a little gully almost beside us.

"I'm gonna make snake food outta your prick!" he shrieked.

He was so busy shouting at Tami and me and swinging his chain, that he wasn't watching where the fuck he was going. When I bounced over a little hill and turned a sharp left, he automatically jerked left to follow me, but between us was a dry ravine that had been cut by years of flash floods. It was only about five feet deep and six or seven feet wide, but it really fucked up ol' Dutch. He left the ground and smashed against the opposite rim, sending clouds of dirt flying into the air. The man himself had a shorter flight — about eighteen inches till his chest rammed the steering wheel and his head cracked the windshield. Lookin' kinda dazed, he staggered out of the truck right into the middle of a bed of golden cholla.

His yowls echoed through the vast space around us, bouncing off the sky. He mighta been doin' the sound effects for some mighty jungle beast angrily tryin' to imitate a Tarzan call. Didn't move me any, though. It wasn't like he'd gotten anything more'n he deserved. Shit, wasn't Tami a free woman who could decide who she wanted to

Easyriders



"Gee, Doc, I'm not sure I *want* you to give me something to make the swelling go down."

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I CAN FIND IT MYSELF **15** YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD **16** I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING **17** HOW MUCH SIN CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? **18** THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING **19** THINK YOU, WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO **20** QUESTION AUTHORITY **21** SO? **22** THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS **23** ASK ME IF I CARE **24** WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US **25** POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND **26** NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG **27** WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? **28** WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? **29** ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG **30** NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN **31** I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE **32** EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT **33** I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF **34** WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT **35** THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE **36** I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT. WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? **37** EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER **38** HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN? **39** I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON **40** DON'T BE HUMBLE. YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT **41** I DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM **42** THERE IS NO GRAVITY. THE EARTH SUCKS! **43** YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYPHILIS IN THE DICTIONARY **44** DON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE SHIT AS WITH THE FUCK, OVER? **46** WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU **47** DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? **48** ONLY THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE **49** I'M NOT DEAF. I'M IGNORING YOU **50** WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING **51** YOU DISGUST ME. I LIKE IT **52** WHATEVER IT IS I'M AGAINST IT **53** I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT **54** IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I JUST LEFT **55** HOW CAN I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY FACE? **56** REALITY POLICE **57** IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE IT'S HOW YOU LOOK PLAYING THE GAME **58** SHUT UP AND DANCE **59** I'D RATHER HAVE A FREE BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME THAN A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY **60** LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY **61** LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE SOMEBODY **62** I CAN TELL YOU'RE LYING. LIPS ARE MOVING **63** I MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP **64** I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM! **65** IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS **66** WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER **67** EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE **68** I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON, OK? **69** OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM IS SUICIDE **70** I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE, BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN **71** WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER **72** I'M NOT PREJUDICED. I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY **73** I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN BED WITH YOU **74** WELCOME TO THE ZOO **75** I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE. NOW I JUST SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOST **76** WHATEVER YOU DO WILL BE INSIGNIFICANT, BUT IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU DO IT (GANDHI) **77** SEX IS THE MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE WITHOUT LAUGHING **78** I'M TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL **79** I WISH YOU WERE A BEER **80** LOVE OUR ENEMIES. IT'LL MAKE 'EM CRAZY **81** I REFUSE TO HAVE A BATTLE OF WITS WITH AN UNARMED PERSON **82** SORRY. BUT MY KARMA JUST RAN OVER YOUR DOGMA **83** I'M HAVING A PARTY IN MY PANTS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME? **84** IF I FOLLOW YOU HOME WILL YOU KEEP ME? **85** WHY BE DIFFICULT WHEN WITH A BIT OF EFFORT YOU CAN BE IMPOSSIBLE? **86** PERFECT PARANOIA IS PERFECT AWARENESS **87** BETTER DEAD THAN MELLOW **88** SEEMS TO ME YOUR ANTENNA DOESN'T BRING IN TOO MANY STATIONS ANYMORE **89** IT'S BEEN REAL AND IT'S BEEN FUN BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL FUN **90** WE, THE UNWILLING, LED BY THE UNKNOWING, ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGRATEFUL **91** NEVER ATTRIBUTE TO MALICE WHAT CAN BE ADEQUATELY EXPLAINED BY STUPIDITY **92** REAL LIFE ISN'T LIKE THIS **93** THERE IS JUST SOME SHIT I WILL NOT EAT **94** TALENT DOES WHAT IT CAN, GENIUS DOES WHAT IT MUST. I DO WHAT I GET PAID TO DO **95** THE ONE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS WINS **96** BE DIFFERENT. ACT NORMAL **97** IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY SILENCE YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND MY WORDS **98** I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I DON'T TAKE ANY SHIT. I'M NOT IN THE SHIT MARKET **99** LOVE MEANS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY EVERY FIVE MINUTES **100** LIFE'S A BITCH. THEN YOU DIE **101** I USED TO BE AN IDEALIST, BUT I GOT MUGGED BY REALITY **102** THIS TIME IT'S LOVE. NEXT TIME IT'S $20 **103** IF YOU KEEP AN OPEN MIND, PEOPLE WILL THROW A LOT OF GARBAGE IN IT **104** REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO LACK IMAGINATION **105** SOMETIMES I WONDER WHETHER ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING IS WORTH ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING **106** MAKE IT HURT SO GOOD **107** WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD THE WEIRD TURN PRO **108** SEX IS LIKE SNOW. YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY INCHES YOU'LL GET OR HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO LAST **109** METHINKS THOU ART A SHITHEAD **110** HAVE ANOTHER DAY **111** FIGHTING FOR PEACE IS LIKE MAKING LOVE FOR VIRGINITY. **112** MY LAWYER CAN BEAT UP YOUR LAWYER **113** I MAY NOT ALWAYS BE PERFECT, BUT I'M ALWAYS RIGHT **114** NEVER OFFEND WITH STYLE WHEN YOU CAN OFFEND WITH SUBSTANCE **115** CONFORM, GO CRAZY, OR BECOME AN ARTIST **116** I REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR SINCERE CRITICISM. FUCK YOU VERY MUCH **117** JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING THE RAT RACE ALONG COME FASTER RATS **118** IF GOD HAD MEANT FOR US TO BE NUDE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN THAT WAY **119** HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY **120** DON'T ALWAYS BE PERFECT, BUT I'M ALWAYS RIGHT **121** NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE **121** STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS **122** I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE, AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE **123** HEAVEN DOESN'T WANT ME, AND HELL'S AFRAID I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER **124** EXPERIENCE IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU DIDN'T GET WHAT YOU WANTED **125** SAME BULLSHIT, DIFFERENT DAY **126** IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD **127** YOU CAN TELL THE MEN FROM THE BOYS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS **128** I USED TO BE AN ADULT BEFORE I GREW UP **129** IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS **130** I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW **131** DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS. I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH **132** ASSUME NOTHING **133** EARTH IS THE INSANE ASYLUM OF THE UNIVERSE **134** IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE BAFFLE 'EM WITH BULLSHIT **135** ONLY A BASTARD LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BITCH LIKE HER **136** ONLY A BITCH LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BASTARD LIKE HIM **137** SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME **138** HARD WORK MAY NOT KILL ME, BUT WHY TAKE CHANCES? **139** WHIP ME, BEAT ME, MAKE ME WRITE BAD CHECKS **140** FOR THIS I SPENT ALL THOSE YEARS IN COLLEGE? **141** GOD IS DEAD AND I WANT HIS JOB **142** I DON'T TAKE DRUGS. I AM DRUGS **143** WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE **144** YOU'RE NOT FROM EARTH, ARE YOU? **145** I HATE THIS FUCKING SYSTEM, BUT THIS SYSTEM LOVES FUCKING ME **146** IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON YOU'RE PROBABLY FULL OF SHIT **147** COOD GIRLS MAY GO TO HEAVEN, BUT BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE **148** DAMN, I'M GOOD **149** SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK **150** AVOID HANGOVERS. STAY DRUNK **151** IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME? **152** TAKE ME DRUNK, I'M HOME AGAIN **153** WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL WHO CAN AFFORD IT **154** PUNISH ME WITH KISSES **155** THE LIGHTS ARE ON, BUT NOBODY'S HOME **156** I'M NOT LOAFING, I WORK SO FAST I'M ALWAYS FINISHED **157** LUST NEVER SLEEPS **158** WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? **159** THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE SHIT **160** IT'S BEEN MONDAY ALL WEEK TODAY **161** ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE MORE THAN I'LL EVER GET **162** I LOVE EVERYBODY, AND YOU'RE NEXT **163** IT'S NOT EASY FOR A NIGHT PERSON TO WORK DAYS **164** I WOULD LOOK GOOD ON YOU **165** YOU'RE NOT DRUNK AS LONG AS YOU CAN HOLD ONTO THE FLOOR **166** THE OPERA ISN'T OVER UNTIL THE FAT LADY SINGS **167** I DELIVER OVERNIGHT. GUARANTEED **168** A FRIEND IN NEED IS A PAIN IN THE ASS **169** JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT OUT TO GET YOU **170** HERE I AM AGAIN AT THE PENITENTIARY OF INANITY AND STRESS **171** DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY **172** SACRED COWS MAKE GREAT HAMBURGERS **173** LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT **174** SEX IS DIRTY, BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT **175** IF I WANT ANY SHIT OUT OF YOU I'LL SQUEEZE YOUR HEAD **176** YOU'VE DRIVEN ME TO DRINK. HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? **177** I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID, BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT **178** WORK FASCINATES ME. I COULD SIT AND WATCH IT FOR HOURS **179** IT'S NOT MY WEEK TO CARE **180** THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING. 8 O'CLOCK, MY PLACE. EVERYTHING **181** BREAK A FEW RULES **182** ONE PERSON WITH COURAGE MAKES A MAJORITY **183** I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST **184** IT IS BETTER TO DIVORCE THAN TO MURDER **185** BEING NORMAL IS DRIVING ME CRAZY **186** IT WOULD BE EASY FOR ME TO MAKE IT HARD FOR YOU **187** IT'S IMPOLITE TO SILENCE A FOOL AND CRUEL TO LET HIM GO ON **188** FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN **189** HE WHO LAUGHS LAST PROBABLY DIDN'T GET THE JOKE **190** I GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE **191** REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS **192** I'VE LEARNED MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS, BUT I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF **193** YOU CAN LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW, BUT YOU MUST BE HONEST **194** IF YOU'RE NOT AN IDEALIST AT 20 YOU HAVE NO HEART, BUT IF YOU'RE STILL AN IDEALIST AT 30 YOU HAVE NO HEAD **195** NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF **196** WHY LISTEN TO REASON WHEN INSANITY PREVAILS? **197** THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR LAZINESS, BUT I AM WORKING ON IT **198** LEGALIZE FRIENDSHIP **199** WHAT YOU ARE SPEAKS SO LOUDLY I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING **200** IN THE LAND OF THE BLIND THE ONE-EYED MUST BE MAD **201** MATURITY COMES WITH MATURITY **202** IF IT'S WORTH DOING IT'S WORTH DOING FOR MONEY **203** YOUR SLIMY APPEARANCE COUPLED WITH YOUR VILE AND UNCTUOUS DEMEANOR MAKES YOU TRULY NAUSEATING **204** IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW **205** IF YOU'RE NORMAL WHO WANTS TO BE NORMAL? **206** BULLSHIT IS THE OPIUM OF THE MASSES **207** SOUNDS LIKE A PERSONAL PROBLEM TO ME **208** DON'T LET SCHOOL INTERFERE WITH YOUR EDUCATION **209** PERFECT STRANGER **210** I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I'M NOT STUPID **211** THRILL ME, THEN LEAVE **212** WHEN IN CHARGE, PONDER. WHEN IN DOUBT, MUMBLE. WHEN IN TROUBLE, DELEGATE **213** MAMA TOLD ME THERE'D BE YEARS LIKE THIS. All statements are set in the same typestyle as the headline of this ad. First quality 100% cotton **HANES** t-shirts or 50/50 domestic long-sleeve sweatshirts. Direct-to-hand silkscreened **NO CHEAP TRANSFERS!** Six colors available: BLACK, NAVY, RED, WHITE, LIGHT BLUE, YELLOW. S/M/L/XL T-SHIRTS $9.95 each postpaid. SWEATSHIRTS $19.95 each postpaid. **TAKE 1 MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY!** (NOTE: 1 sweatshirt = 2 t-shirts. For example, buy 1 sweatshirt and 2 t-shirts and take another t-shirt free.) CA people add 6% sales tax. US Funds Only. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. 2-3 week delivery. BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE!) **CATALOG OF OVER 500 STATEMENTS $1** (FREE WITH ORDER) **IMAGE DESIGNS, #1141-ER5, 2000 CENTER, BERKELEY, CA 94704.**

P.S. WIN A FREE T-SHIRT! I welcome your suggestions for new **REAL** statements. If I use your idea and you're the first to submit it I'll send you a free t-shirt with your suggestion printed on it. Please list your suggestions on a separate sheet of paper from your order along with your name and address, t-shirt size, and the color you prefer. **HAVE FUN!**

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Photographs by Bert Shepard

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hitch up with? And, at least for now, she'd chosen me.

The two of us left Dutch dancing in the cholla, trying to yank all the spiny needles out of his hide and only making things worse for himself. His bellowed curses slowly faded away as we bounced over the desert back toward the highway.

Tami kissed my neck and face and ran her hands all over my chest and back.

"Hey, lay off," I said, "or we're gonna wreck. You're making me so hot I'm about ready to explode."

"So'm I!" she announced, pulling off her tank top and waving it in the air like a victory flag.

I roared to a stop and turned around on the bike. Her tits jiggled as she squirmed and maneuvered on the seat, tossing her red hair back from her face. Her nipples jutted out like ripe little fruits glued to melons. She was turned on, all right. She reached down, opened my pants, and went down on me right there in the middle of the fuckin' desert.

She guided my fingers to her crack and I played with her wet slit while she slid her lips up and down my shaft. Sucking sounds and little moans rose up from under her bobbing red head, and I grunted with pleasure, my fingers working faster, my face tilted back to the sun. I felt a grin slowly open my mouth, as I imagined ol' Dutch pluckin' needles outta his huge lard-assed bod, while I perched here, getting the best skull I'd ever had. Like somebody said, ya gotta take what ya want, 'cause ain't nobody in this world gonna give it to you otherwise.

Her tongue slid the full length of my meat, and I rocketed into total joy, lost in the rewards of victory. ■



"I don't have time for that — how about a piece of face?"

THE BULLET

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TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Give 'em the word in one grand gesture. The above red, white, and blue design displayed on a white T-Shirt. Send $8.00 plus $1.00* shipping and handling and size wanted to:



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Calif. residents add 6½% sales tax.

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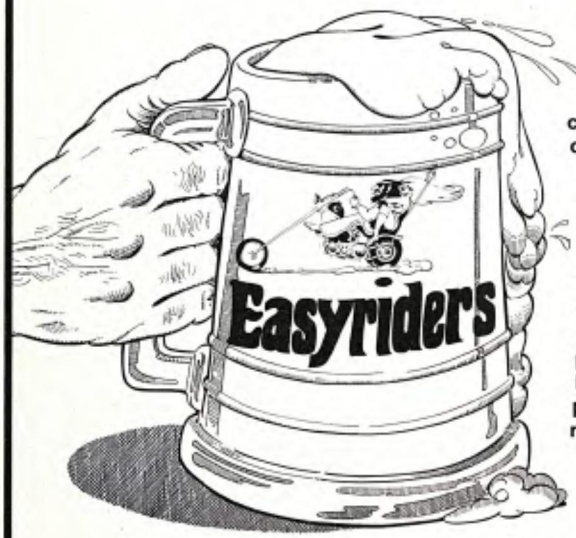
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Send $2 for our leather catalog of chaps and now — vests.



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BEER MUG



Beer mugs are beer mugs — but this one is different — it's amber-colored (beer-colored). It's big (holds 16 oz.) and has our famous liver-quiverin' magazine emblem on it. Show some class, boggle your friends' gourds, tell your ol' lady you'd like this mug in your Christmas stocking — or you'd just like to have it period. Costs only $7.50 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. Or you can purchase a set of four at a reduced price of $24.95 plus $5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save $5.05 over the single-mug price.)

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These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight, there's no hassle with size.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the **Easyriders** logo on this baby to make sure every dude takes a longer look.

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

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P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.
Circle Color desired BLACK or RED

Qty	U.S.	Canada	Foreign	Total
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 53

sakes, even the VA people are currently running around with their thumbs up their individual and collective asses due to lack of info. Were I an MD, you can be damned sure I'd feel obligated to turn over such cases to people with at least a bit more expertise than I.

If you've been convicted of a felony and are locked up, you've surely lost some rights. But generally that's no excuse to deny a vet competent medical care, especially when his ailments may be due to his service — and more especially, when proper treatment just may be obtained *only* from those much more familiar with the problem.

We're faced with a multitude of legal problems in cases like this. For one thing, as prisoners, vets may not have any "right" to VA medical care. Another thing, too, is that the administration of one prison isn't obligated to follow the practices of another even if both prisons are in the same state or whatever. I'm no lawyer, Don, so you know what you guys have to do to get competent answers to those legal questions.

* * *

Don and the other bros at KSP aren't alone. I've contacted the national director of The Veterans Of The Vietnam War, nationally headquartered in Pennsylvania, who told me that his organization has already been working with vets incarcerated in three different prisons there — two state and one federal — and has succeeded in setting up arrangements whereby the vets can obtain VA treatment for Agent Orange symptoms and other problems owing to service.

I've already personally notified Don and the bros of this, but for others who are locked up, the three prisons in Pennsylvania are Camp Hill, Chase, and Greatersford Correctional Institutions. The prisoners



"I know what — let's go get shitfaced."

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Hidden folds give when you lean for the bars. Snap-off fur collar is included.



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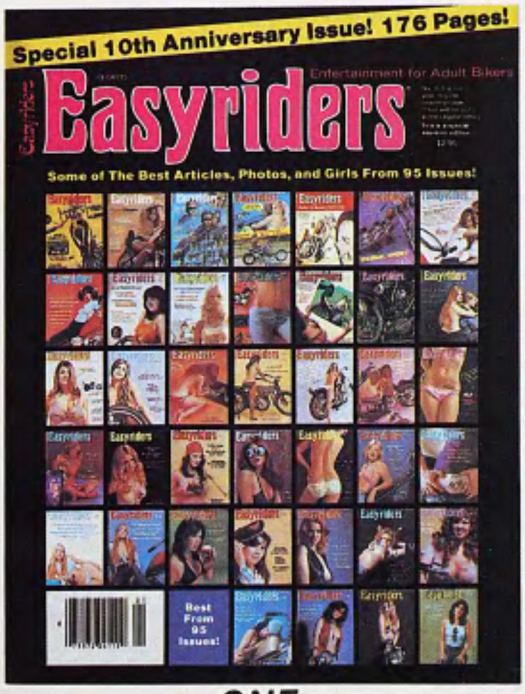
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U.S., add $5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add $10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-52. Allow four weeks for personal checks and four weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to ***Easyriders***.



THE BEST FROM 95 ISSUES



ONE **TWO**

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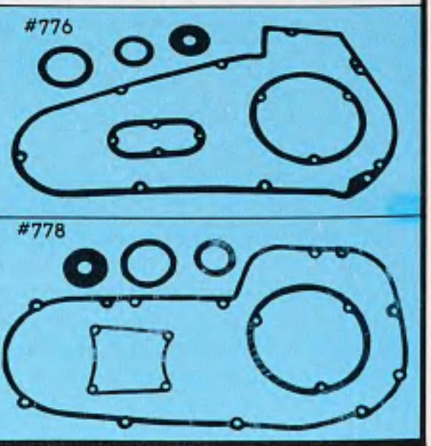
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there, thanks to efforts of the VVnW, are often bused to local VA hospitals to receive approprtiate care, and are visited by VA or service organization reps to ensure that their problems are being taken care of.

Now, this does *not* mean that Kansas State or any other institution has to follow suit. Short of taking their cases to court, prisoners may have to rely on the efforts of organizations like the VVnW, as well as their own individual intelligent and patient endeavors, to accomplish the same kind of program. Mainly, though, it will all be up to the particular prison's administration as to what, if anything, can be set up. So far as the VVnW director and I know, no precedents have been set by vets in prison who have *forced* their "caretakers" to take them to VAs by filing lawsuits.

The VVnW's Director Mike Milne and I are going to draft a guideline-type information sheet for incarcerated vets to use in attempting to establish the same kind of program that the VVnW has initiated in Pennsylvania. Hopefully, it will have been completed by the time this issue of *Easyriders* hits the stands. Incarcerated vets, especially unified groups, are invited to contact the VVnW for this info. Write to:

Mike Milne
National Director
Veterans Of The Vietnam War
2090 Bald Mountain Road
Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702

Be sure to state that you're requesting the VVnW information sheet on how to establish prison-to-VA-hospital transfer programs.

* * *

There is something going on here at the Moberly Training Center for Men that I think would be of



"I'd always planned on becoming a nun — then one day I took a long, hard ride on a motorcycle."



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The perfect 2 ft. by 3 ft. full-color poster for anyone who has ever been *hog wild*.

Send $9.95 per poster, cashier's check or money order only. Do not send cash. Please add $2.00 for shipping. Colorado residents add 35¢ sales tax per poster. Canadian residents please add $3.00 for shipping and 75¢ for each additional poster. Foreign add $3.50 for each poster ordered.

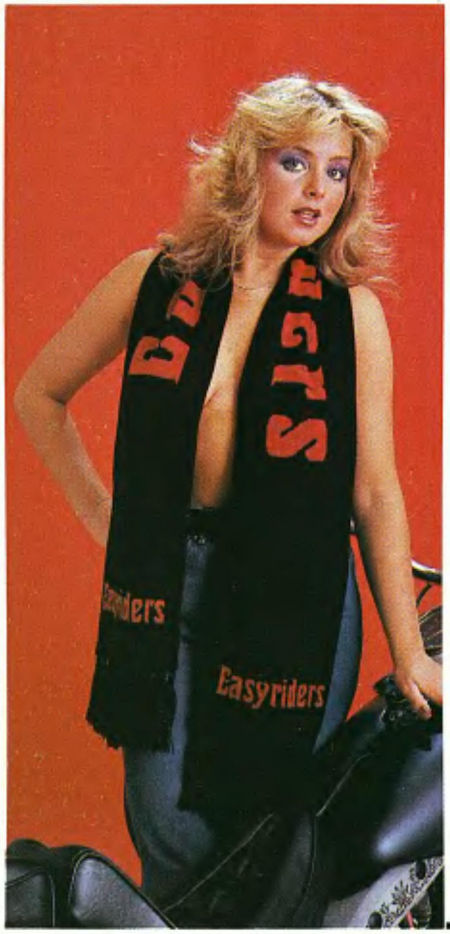
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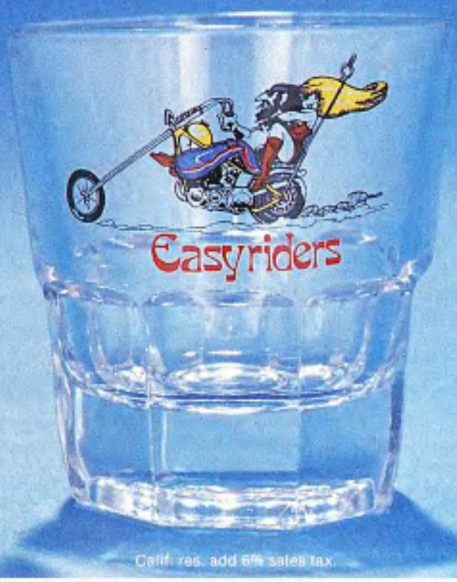
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P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

TAKE A SHOT

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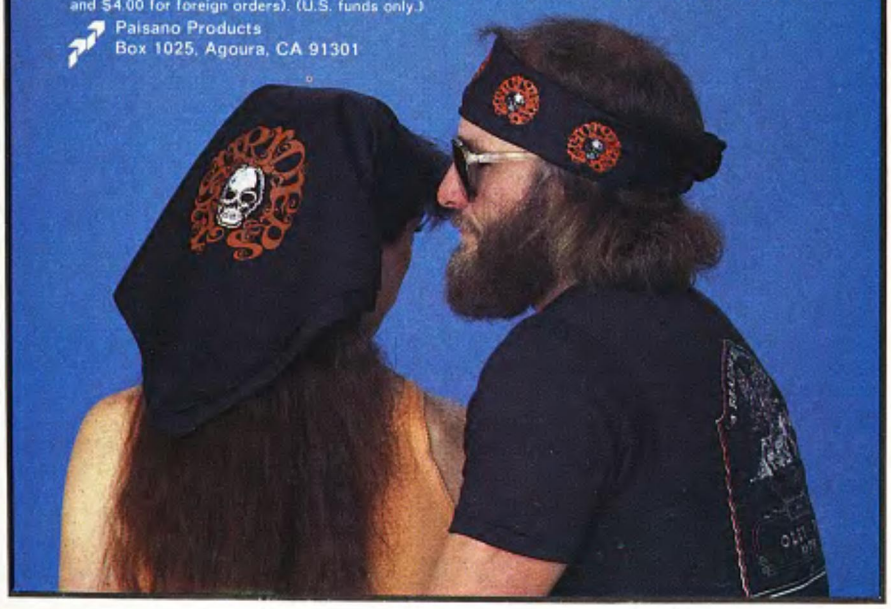
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Are ya ready? Here's a large (approximately 27" x 26") bandanna — large enough to wear as a band to keep your hair in place while riding. Your ol' lady can wear one for the same reason or to hide the fact that her hair's a mess. Or you could use it as a wipe cloth — whatever you're wipin' — sweat, water, oil, blood, cum, you name it. It has Easyriders emblems all over it in bright orange — a must for a stone biker (or stoned).

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interest. We have organized the only recognized chapter — Chapter 70 — of the Vietnam Veterans of America [VVA] at a penal institution.

Our purpose is to provide veterans, while incarcerated, with programs to remove impediments to social acceptance and to provide counseling services to veterans, especially counseling on benefits. Some programs we offer are employment and education counseling, a substance abuse program, discharge upgrading, etc.

At the present time, Chapter 70 is comprised of myself and some twenty other Vietnam combat vets who are suffering from PTSD.

My real purpose in this letter is to make you aware of the fact that the VVA is very receptive to prison chapters of their organization. Our national president, Bobby Mueller, is aware of our unique situation and agrees totally that the VVA has a real place here among our downed vet bros.

I would highly encourage inmates in other institutions, to follow our example and organize themselves. All of us here at Chapter 70 stand ready to provide any help and guidance we can. There are problems organizers will encounter with administration officials, but they can profit by our experiences.

In closing, I would like to relay a message from all of us to all Vietnam veterans: Thanks, and welcome home!

Lloyd "Mumbles" Hargens
047868
Secretary/Treasurer
Vietnam Veterans of America
Chapter 70
Box 7, 2B-441
Moberly, MO 65270 ■



"So this is what you meant when you said you'd like to get into my drawers."

DON'T LET THE YEARS SLIP AWAY...



BINDERS PLUS!

A set of **Easyriders** (12 issues), plus binder, for only $20. Get 'em while they last! 1980 and 1981 are complete; 1982 is missing one issue, 1978 and 1979 each have two issues missing, and 1977 is short three issues. (Sorry, those issues are no longer available.) We randomly replace the missing issues with copies of *Yesterdaze*, *Tattoos*, *Best Bikes*, and *Motorcycle Women*. Only $20 for a $34 retail value. Sent parcel post — you pay postage. Send check or money order for total amount to BINDERS PLUS!, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. Specify year desired. For *each set* of 12 issues and binder, add the following postage: UPS in continental U.S.: $3.00 per set. First class, insured to APO/FPO, Alaska, Hawaii: $10.00 per set. Airmail, insured to Canada: $11.00 per set. Parcel post insured (3-mos. delivery) to foreign: $10.00 per set. Airmail, insured to foreign: $39.50 per set.

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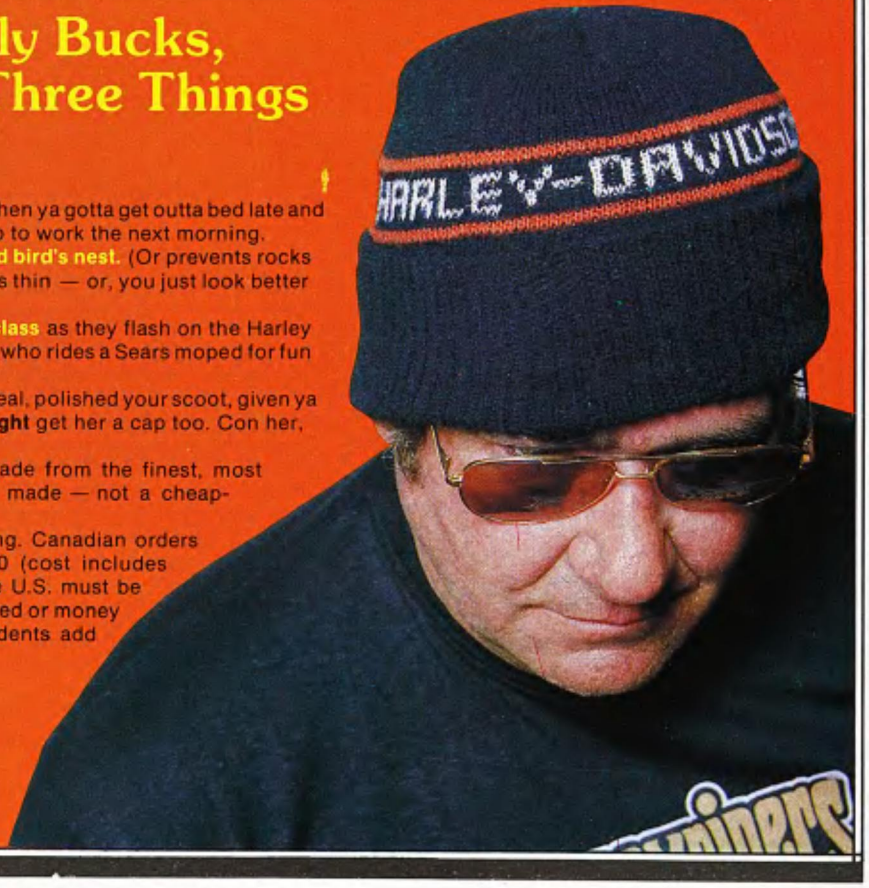
For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. Keeps your gourd warm, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
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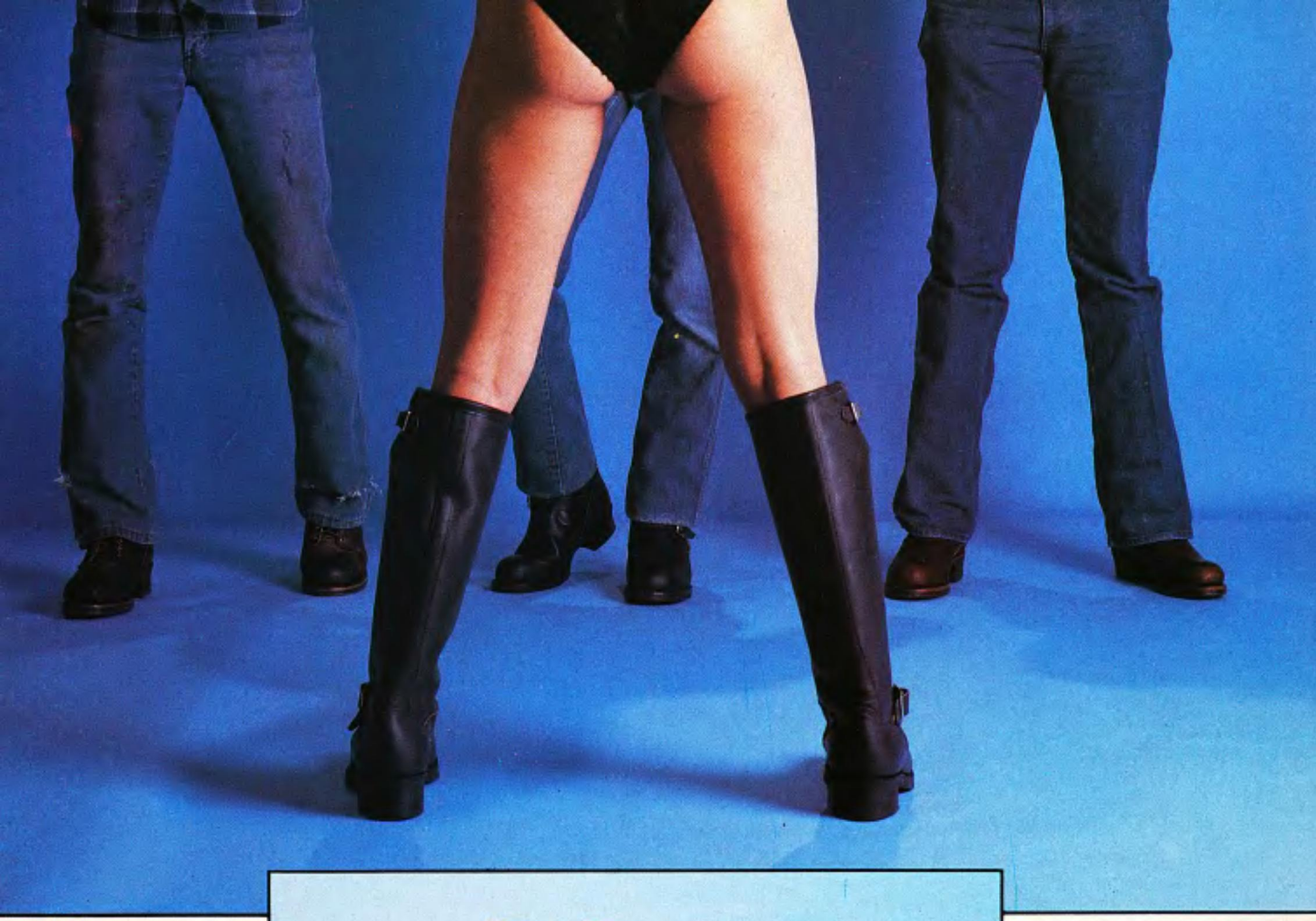
Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only $6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send $7.50. Foreign orders send $12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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Easyriders

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Signs of Spring

Continued from page 33

figured it was unnatural, not to mention that it somehow made it hard to leave. He wanted a fight, a scene or two. A harsh word, a few slaps. A nice clean break.

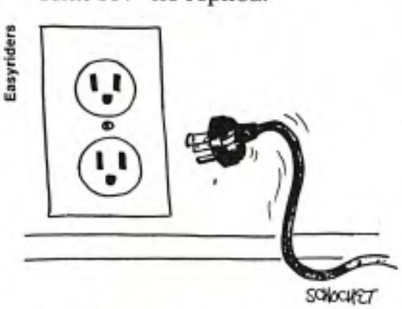
Knowing how he took off in the spring — he musta told her a dozen times how it was with him — she had simply pointed out the first spring crocus. "See, there, Griffin, the first crocus of the spring. Pretty little thing, isn't it?" It was pale yellow. Others were poking up nearby, but they were still tightly closed and it was impossible to tell what color they were going to be. They were in the missus' porch pots, the missus being Arnie's altogether obnoxious wife and the mother of Arnie's three terrible children. The brats hung around the shop, wiping their noses on the backs of their hands, swiping — then losing — his tools and asking nonstop questions. Griffin hated them, though he did love to tease them for the pure pleasure of it. He'd taught the toddler to look strangers straight in the eye and say, with a big ear-to-ear grin, "Hi, fuck-chops."

Sometimes Arnie would sneak into Griffin's room late at night and they'd drink rotgut and wait for Dot to get off work. Griffin would tell Arnie about ridin' and Arnie would sigh. Griffin would tell Arnie to get a bike, and Arnie would say the missus wouldn't let him, and then Griffin would sigh. Griffin figured he had never found a better place to winter. Hell, they even let him have a hot plate in his room.

One night Arnie talked about expanding the shop. "The missus thinks we could pick up a bit of summer business if we did some minor automobile repairs for tourists and so forth."

Griffin had long ago quit wondering what Arnie meant by "and so forth." He figured it was merely a nervous habit, and as such, he politely ignored it.

"That so?" he replied.



"Was it good for you, too?"

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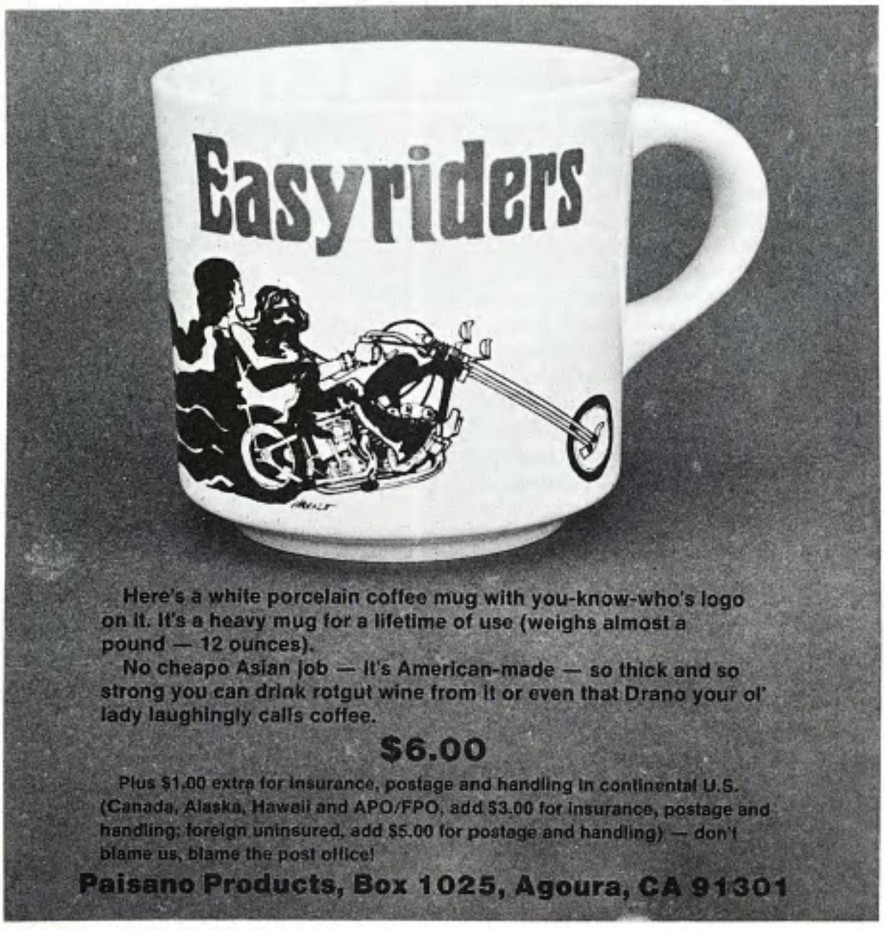
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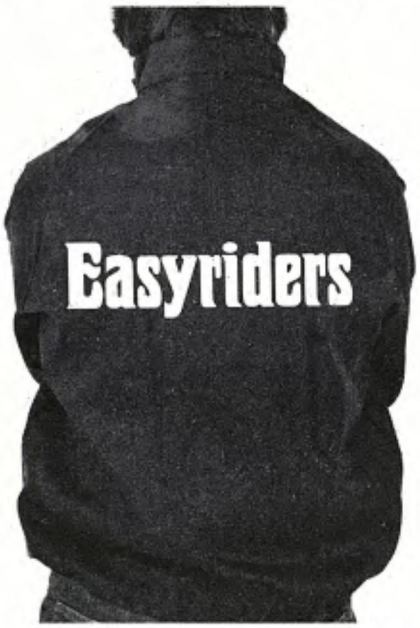
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"Yeah. Maybe turn this room here into a waiting area. Serve cookies and coffee and so forth."

"Yeah?"

"Maybe pick up some bike trade. Open a small parts division. Change oil and so forth."

Arnie paused. Griffin was silent. Arnie continued, "I thought maybe you'd like to stay and handle it. Be the parts man."

"You're going to turn my room — which I ain't actually said I was leavin' yet — into a waiting room for a bunch of city bikers while I, the parts man, change their oil, which they oughta be doin' themselves? You're crazy, Arnie. Besides, without this room, where would I stay?"

"You could go over to Dot's. Tie the knot. Have babies and so forth. Be normal. Instead of ridin' all over the countryside scaring old ladies and catching diseases."

"You're crazy, Arnie. I don't have any diseases, you asshole. It's just that I grow moss on the north side when I stay in one spot too long."

Even in the moonlight, Griffin could see from his window that the mountains were getting positively woodsy, trees stickin' out all over. And he knew from having looked just that afternoon that the missus' porch pots were a veritable rainbow. Little crocuses just a'bloomin' their tiny hearts out.

When the back roads — the old logging roads — opened up, Griffin and Dot went riding. He liked to feel her snuggling up against him. One whole day they spent weaving in and out of the mountains, riding beside the icy streams that were rushing over rocks and fallen logs, nearly swollen out of their beds as they headed full-tilt for the Skagit River. Little birds flocked high and away at the sound of his engine echoing up the mountains, sharing the sky with long, shifting V's of geese headed north. Large, unnameable birds, young eagles sometimes, would watch them for a while from the tops of the tallest trees, barely visible, and then soar straight up the mountainsides, obeying the signals of nature. He liked these — the young eagles — the best, and he would follow them closely with his eyes.

They stopped by the river and drank a bottle of red. He thought about ridin' and Daytona and Sturgis. Solitary bros in bandannas, ridin' in, leanin' back, havin' fun and headin' out. Then he thought about bikers arriving with their chicks. He wondered if Dot would like the life. Griffin tossed the empty bottle into the river, careful to avoid

the rocks, and watched it bob up and down, swirling, and finally disappear. They were ready to head back when Griffin heard the roar of engines. "Bikes," he said to Dot. "Sounds like a whole pack of city bikes."

They came from the south, and Griffin watched as they rounded the bend and moved slowly into view, four bikes piercing the dying sun, small dark figures riding in and out of the patchy shadows. Finally they sparkled into full view, the thin spring sun catching the chrome and the polished gas tanks.

"Shit," Griffin mumbled when they stopped alongside Dot and him.

"Do you need any help?" one of the ladies asked.

"Nope. We're just gettin' ready to move on out."

"Nice day for a ride," the lady said cheerfully. (Griffin hated cheerful.) "The boys" — she jabbed her husband in the ribs — "wanted to take a ride. It's our first since late last summer."

"That a fact?"

There was silence. Finally Dot said, "Your bike looks mighty comfy, particularly for long rides."

Griffin wanted to hit her. Real hard. The lady looked at Griffin's sinewy bike and rested her eyes on the small leather passenger seat which Griffin had always thought fit Dot's nice, rounded little ass rather nicely. At least she had never said differently.

"Yes," the lady twirped. "*we* insist on comfort, don't we, girls?"

As if on cue, four engines were simultaneously gunned and the little group sped off. Griffin imagined them riding into Mountain View and stopping at Arnie's Fix-It, slurping down coffee and gobbling up cookies which the missus had baked herself, while he, Griffin the parts man, changed their oil. Which they oughta be changin' themselves. Shit. Now he wanted to hit Arnie, real hard. He wondered if the North Cascade Highway was really gonna open in a week.

Later, back on the job, Arnie told Griffin to put everything aside and work on the missus' little home tractor. "She wants it ready for tilling her garden this spring. And lay off the kids, too," he added. (Recently, Griffin had poured a can of 30-weight down the middle one's pants. "The little fucker just stood there. Honest to God, Dot, I couldn't believe it. I thought I'd bust a gut."

"They aren't *that* bad," Dot had answered — somewhat darkly, Griffin thought. "And put those maps away so we can eat." At the time, Griffin had automatically looked out the window and been pleased to note that the lower mountains were almost entirely free of snow.)

"Yeah, okay, Arnie," he said now, I'll lay off the kids — if they stay outta the shop. They get in the way and they steal things."

"They don't steal. Besides, you're working on the missus' little home tractor. It's like a family thing. They like to watch. The missus says it's good for 'em — providing you leave 'em alone."

The day the tractor was finished, Griffin hunted everywhere for the torque wrench. He finally found it

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out in the back of the garage where the kids had been using it to hammer nails to an old stump. Griffin silently declared war.

When Arnie went to lunch, Griffin invited the oldest brat to test-drive the little home tractor. "See if it works," he said, as friendly as a snake sunning itself on a rock.

"You mean it? Really?" The little bugger was in hog heaven and Griffin roared with delight when the trusting little fart shot into the front yard and right up the stairs onto the porch, knocking down one column and busting the granny rocker into firewood. He felt somewhat remorseful only when he saw the porch pots, now filled to the brim with sweet-smelling hyacinths, fly in every direction as the tractor rolled back off the porch in slow-motion and landed on its side, steaming and sputtering.

"You'll have to admit," Griffin told Dot some hours later, "that was some fine tune-up. I never thought the sucker would make it up all them stairs. And the kid with only a few little bruises. God, I thought I'd bust a gut."

"You ol' meanie," Dot cooed snuggling real close. "Poor thing. He could have been really hurt."

"So much the better," Griffin said cheerfully. "Besides you should've seen my wrench."

"He's just a curious kid," Dot continued softly. "Don't you think he's just a little bit cute? Some kids are kinda cute, you know. I bet yours'd be a knockout."

Griffin bolted upright in bed and looked out the window. The mountains glistened in the moonlight punctuated darkly by trees. Great big, bare trees, Griffin noted with satisfaction, sticking way out of the snow. The Cascade Highway was scheduled to open Saturday at noon while Dot was at work. Griffin knew he was gonna be on it. ■



"You bet your ass I take him! I take all his bros, too! Hell, I even took on a platoon of Marines once! What's more. . ."

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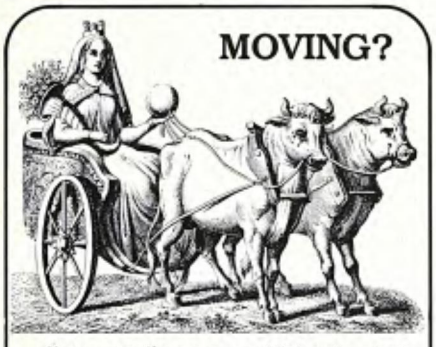
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Legends Of Hell

Continued from page 29

him that survived and was called "the shade." This designated a type of phantom who went down into the dark kingdom of Hades and became a low-ranking god of the dead. Shades fluttered around like butterflies, and even chirped contentedly like crickets. But the shades never again knew or felt real happiness, love, laughter, warmth, or sunshine. Sure sounds like a pretty bum trip.

There were a couple of famous monsters in Hades. One was the three-headed dog, Cerberus, who had a mane and tail made of coiling serpents. His job was to eat the corpses and gnaw on their bones. The other monster was called Eurynomus; he ate the dead, too, but with a lot more gusto than Cerberus. Eurynomus was bluish-black in color and liked to flagrantly exhibit his sharp teeth at mealtime as he sat on a vulture skin and awaited his prey.

Now, here's a good one for all you unrepented sinners out there — "The Apocalypse of Peter," in which Christ showed St. Peter around heaven and then revealed to him the things that hell is made of. And this is just *some* of what St. Peter glimpsed on his excursion into hell. Sinners not sorry for their foul deeds were tortured by angels wearing black robes. Again, there wasn't much light in hell. Those who despised doing what was right on earth were sunk deep into a lake of flaming mud. Adulterous women were hung by their hair over boiling excrement. Adulterous men hung upside down with their heads in hot excrement. Evil, wealthy people who took advantage of the poor were punished by being clothed in filthy rags and being thrown repeatedly onto sharply pointed hot stones. Usurers had to stand in a bag of pus mixed with blood and hot, bubbly, slimy mud.

Murderers were locked in a small place in hell, where evil, creepy, crawly things attacked them while insatiable worms gorged themselves unceasingly on their flesh. A murderer's earthly victims looked on at this suffering and laughed gleefully at the killer's fate after death. Women and doctors who aborted babies were stuck neck-deep in the shit of those who were being tortured in hell. Disobedient children were continuously pecked at by carnivorous birds. Those who lost their virginity before marriage

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were severely beaten until blood gushed forth from their wounds in spurting streams.

Witches and magicians were hung by their necks on wheels made of fire. Homosexuals and lesbians were repeatedly thrown off high cliffs down into deep holes. If anyone complained about the torture or pain, the torturing angel Tartaruchus appeared to tell him it was too late to be sorry for his sins or to confess them to God. He then made the torture worse for those who had complained of God's unjustness. How's that for an apocalypse? At least now ya know what one is!

In the *Old Testament*, the entrance to Sheol was a mouth. It's depicted in early Christian art as the mouth of a lion, whale, dragon or as a set of gruesome monster jaws. Worms in hell that gnaw away at unrepented sinners are considered to be symbolic of a very guilty conscience tormenting the soul and mind. Consider Edgar Allan Poe's "The Conqueror Worm."

Centuries ago, the damned, followers of Satan, heretics and witches (who don't believe in hell) were put to death by burning or hanging. Some legends say these people were doomed to burn continuously in hell. Not only would their souls burn (actually exist in fire) on the outside, but the fire would live inside them too, causing them to breathe fire as the scorching flames boiled and raged inside them.

Nearly all legend has it that there are seas and rivers of fire in hell; it was a lake of flames there, into which God threw Satan alive — to be tortured for all eternity. Just as there are four rivers in heaven; likewise, there are four corresponding rivers in hell. They are said to consist of fire, snow, toads, and snakes. Some legends claim that the river of toads is poison and the river of snakes is filthy, mucky black water. It was popularly believed until the mid-nineteenth century, that hell was located in the center of the earth. People believed sinners were commonly punished (and thereby cleansed of their sins) by being roasted, scalded or stewed in large vats or kettles in this centrally located, equally-convenient-to-everyone hell.

During the tenth century, a document entitled "Vision of Adamnam" described sinners in hell tied to burning poles of flame by fiery snakes that acted as chains about their wrists and waists, while a sea of fire rushed up to their chins to engulf them. Other sinners were

reported beaten by voracious demons with clubs of fire while showers of fiery rain burnt the sinners. Meanwhile, others were getting their tongues and heads pierced with red-hot nails while being dressed in blazing capes with collars of fire.

The popularity of fire-as-torment-and-punishment is universal. Even the Bhuddist and Hindu hells consist of fiery tortures for their inhabitants, but these tortures are only temporary because the followers of those faiths believe in reincarnation. Only outstandingly evil persons are condemned to eternal punishment in hell; the others begin fresh lives on earth again and try to straighten out their karma. Both Bhuddist and Hindu hells torture their victims with dismemberment, with burning saws, burning, roasting, frying, boiling in oil or hot blood, grinding with flaming rocks, shredding with blazing pincers, or by making them swallow red-hot lumps of iron. (Thanks, no — I'm on a diet.) Other souls are ground between millstones and turned into wicks for kerosene lamps which burn ever so slowly. Some are boiled in blood mixed with excrement. Women are made to sit on saddles studded with red-hot flaming spikes. Ouch. Talk about being saddlesore!

Bad babies are burned with hot coals. The damned are whipped, disemboweled, hacked, impaled, have their limbs torn and bodies pierced, and are hung by the neck, feet, hands, tongue, genitals or heart. That's not all — squirming, carnivorous worms, maggots or poisonous snakes attack them and gnaw on their flesh while all this other shit is going on.

The lord of the dead for both faiths is Yama. He decides who goes where — heaven or hell. He's also known as "rotten foot" because of his rotting, infected, putrid pus-filled leg. We're talking real yucko here. In addition, he's blessed with rotten, decayed teeth and a foul-colored skin of ghoul-green or, sometimes, decayed blackish-yellow.

The ancient Chinese once believed that in hell a person's brain was replaced with a hedgehog! Chinese sinners can look forward to being eaten by crazed animals, sliced with sharp razors, stuck head-down in mud and beaten with hammers. Others are forced to crawl nude up and down a tree covered with thorns that rip and tear off pieces of flesh.

Ya still with me? Good. Let's visit the hell of Tibet. This one has a prison door called — no kidding — the "Doorless Iron Horse." Here, people are quartered and stuck on spikes. Prostitutes get hot, molten metal poured down their throats and sorcerers don't fare much better — they're trapped inside teeny-tiny triangles and remain there forever, all cramped up *very* uncomfortably.

The fear of being eaten is exploited in many hell legends. What the hell, the "things" that eat you there (whichever "there" you're in) really go at it with a horrendous fury. How many of you could get into being eaten by an ugly, monstrous demon, then being vomited out, eaten again, and then excreted? Oriental hells specialize in providing giant dogs and dragons with razor-sharp teeth to gnaw on human victims. In one Burmese Bhuddist hell, sinners are first dunked in crap and then disgusting worms the size of large elephants begin to tear voraciously and eagerly into their stinking flesh.

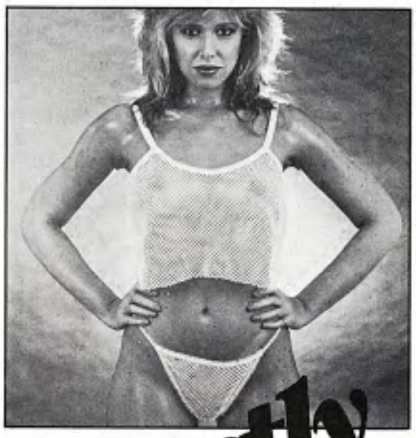
The existence of many "gateways to hell" was a popular belief. The cave of Cruachan in Connaught was rumored to be an entrance to hell in early Christian times. But the ancient pagan peoples believed this to be a gateway through which grotesque, unmerciful armies of the dead came up through the cave to

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attack and ravage the living.

Volcanoes were popular designates as hell. Hell or purgatory was believed to be in Mt. Etna and others believed hell existed in Vesuvius and Stromboli.

In Scandinavia and Lapland, it was believed that corpses lived on in their graves, which were located in hills or burial mounds. Hills and caves were associated with the dead among many cultures. In the Norse countries, hell was ruled by the goddess Hel. She dominated an icy underworld with giant gates at its entrance. You went through the gates, called the mouth of the underworld, traveled across the river of death and entered the great halls of Lady Hel. She and a few chosen souls in her "collection" sat on thrones on a dias. "Hel" means "to cover," and is associated with graves, in that graves cover bodies. In Norse mythology, Hel was one of three daughters of Loki. She was completely evil and thoroughly enjoyed punishing the wicked in her caves. The dread goddess was half-black and half flesh-colored — the blackness represented the rotting of dead flesh. Surrounded by corpses in her hell, along with snakes, a foul stench and decaying treasures, you could say she was definitely one cold bitch.

The ancient Babylonians called their hell-place "the land of no return." They believed that immortality was meant only for the gods, whereas mortals, after death, would take on the shape of winged angels while they were flying along the road to the land of no return. Once there, they could never come back but had to remain there for eternity, feeding on dust and clay, and living in darkness. Since all humans went there after death, it was believed that you'd better enjoy life on earth because there was nothing ahead for you but hell. What a hell of an incentive.

Set was the animal-headed god of upper Egypt and also lord of darkness and the underworld. Egyptian priests thought that the land of the dead was where the sun shone at night, underneath the earth. Others believed the dead went to the gods in the blessed lands of the West, where the sun goes down. Evil Set was eventually dethroned and Osiris became the primary lord of the dead, though he was already busy being lord of the corn. Egyptians believed that souls went through a great many ordeals on earth, and after death were questioned by the gods of judgment. The deads' intentions and will, good and bad, was weighed in a balance against absolute truth. If the answers were as light as truth, the whole spirit and personality was exalted, glorified and let through the gates to heavenly pastures. If the heart was found to be heavy with foul sins and false, evil desires, then the soul was grabbed by an avenger named Ammit who eagerly devoured it. Thus, the spirits of the guilty would become nonexistent.

In Celtic lore, a gateway in a secret cave led to the road to Annwn. Red hounds summoned the souls of earth there. Arawn, Lord of Annwn, was the King of the Underworld. A married dude, he and his queen had a great sex life, and it was their custom to sleep nude. Arawn looked like a great nobleman and his lady was very beautiful, wise and elegant. They had many servants who served at their elegant, frequent banquets. Overall, their kingdom was peaceful except for when another rival lord attempted to claim the throne. He was eventually killed and the kingdom once again became prosperous and harmonious, so that all who dwelt there were happy. The place was also called "northern sun-under-the-earth." It was supposed to be more beautiful than this world, but quite similar.

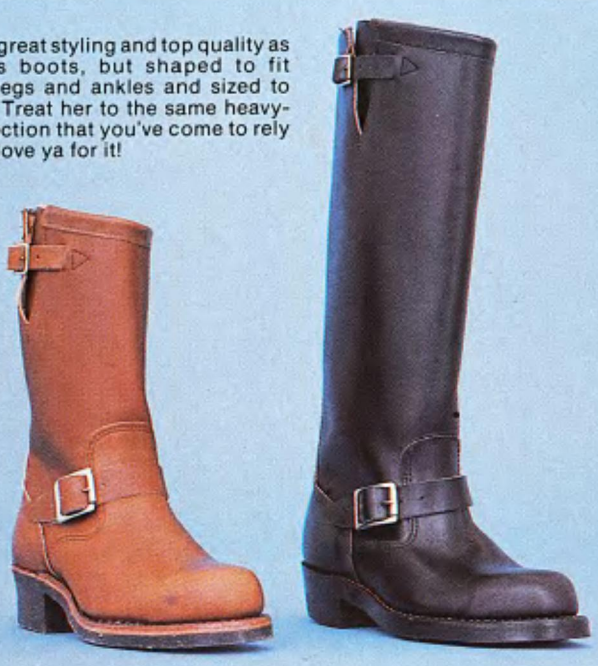
In Ireland and England, an evil, menacing giant called Black Crum emerged from the underworld to claim new "companions." He had an eye in the middle of his forehead that shone a deadly beam of light on whomever he wished to destroy. He himself was destroyed by Lugh, the bearer of Wisdom and Light, who pierced the giant's magic eye with a sword, although some say Lugh put his eye out with a stone. Lugh was in love with Black Crum's daughter, Etain. She was a serpent woman.



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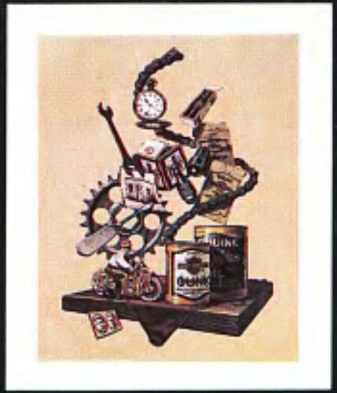
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capable of changing her shape at will and one of her hobbies was to collect human lovers and lure them through the cave that led to the land of death. But Etain wanted no part of Lugh and fled from him to the cave and down to the underworld. Apparently she preferred making it with her lovers in the dark and couldn't hack Lugh and his damn ever-present light.

If, for some reason, ya happen to have nightmares about any of this, here's what it means to dream of hell and its demons. Gypsies believe that to dream of hell means you're in danger of becoming involved in quarrels and disputes. In the West Indies, those who practice voodoo say that a dream of hell with such traditional elements as fire, stench, and devils with pitchforks, denotes that an amusing experience will soon occur to the dreamer.

Dreams of hell may indicate that you fear something or someone, or that you feel guilty, or have a lot of worries and problems. To dream of ugly creatures from hell signifies tribulations, pain, or a warning that there are people who are out to get you. However, to dream of devils means that you may be due to receive much gain — possibly money. Unless, that is, the devils speak to you — then you can count on running into bad luck. Dreams of hell as a place containing a pit, rocks, tunnels, knives, blood, caves, and dark or muddy waters, indicate you are troubled by physical or financial worries, either about yourself or someone you know.

Now that our little tour is over, was going to hell what you expected? Better hope that you never find out the hard way! ■



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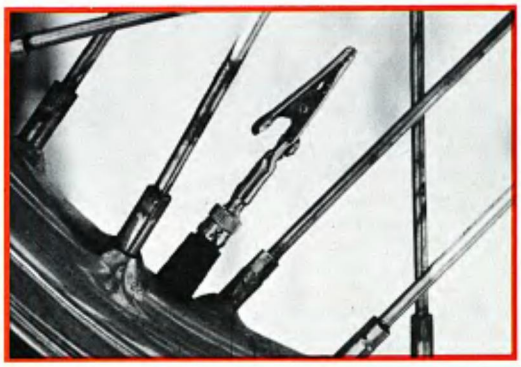
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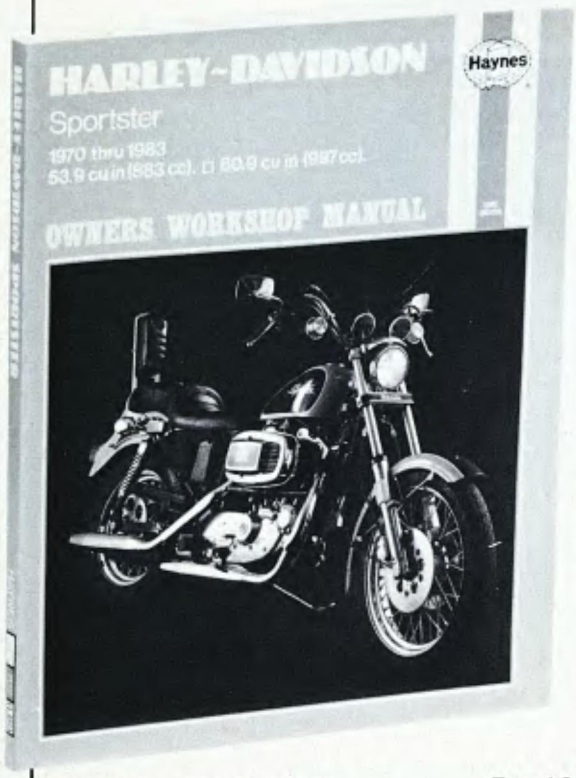
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BUN HUGGERS

Slave Market

Continued from page 54

to get ready; it was six o'clock and the sun was just coming up, pouring warmth and light into the new day.

Bones's apartment was on the outskirts of town. I couldn't tell whether he was home or not, since he kept his Low Rider out of sight in his living room. When I rang the doorbell, Bones came out, rolling his bike with him as if he had spent the night at the door in wide-eyed expectation of the coming day.

"Damn!" he said, when he got it on the kickstand. "If you feel as bad as you look, we'll never get out of town."

Riding for fun in the early morning sunshine is something we rarely get to experience. Seems like there are always a lot more places you've gotta get to than free time to go where you want. It was warm and beautiful as we cruised from the hilly country where we lived to the flat, sandy coastal area. The hills with their hardwood forests gave way to pine trees and sand spurs. At this hour, we met little traffic; we had the road to ourselves. It was our morning for riding and we enjoyed it to the max.

After three beer stops, and two for gas, we neared Union Beach. I could smell the salty Atlantic air and I dug the bite of the sun on my back. It had been a perfect ride down — no mechanical problems, no hassles from the law. We stopped at the first gas station in town to fill up so we wouldn't have to worry about gas for the rest of the day, and then hunted up the beachfront motel where we were going to stay. It was eleven-thirty and we were in a hurry to get to the Keg before the high-noon start of the "Slave Market."

The Keg was a huge tavern on the beach with about two acres of its back lot fenced in to keep out trespassers and curious citizens who might wander by. It was in this back lot that the auction was to take place. Both Bones and I had been to the Keg before, but this was the first time we'd been invited there for the "Slave Market."

Crusin' toward the place, we noticed more bikers at the beach than we'd ever seen there before. At every stoplight and parked all along the streets were more motorcycles than I had ever seen in one place. I began to wonder whether we'd be able to get inside the Keg at all. Hell, maybe we should've come down a day earlier.

We arrived at the front of the building just as three bros pulled

out, so we quickly backed into the empty space and chained our rear wheels together. Inside, we flipped a coin to see who would try to get through the crowd at the bar to get the first round. As usual, I lost. "Shit, if I had your luck, I'd never play poker," Bones laughed. "A fifty-fifty chance don't seem to give you no chance at all." I suspected he had a point, so, silently cursing my luck, I elbowed my way to the bar and ordered a six-pack, knowing it would have to last for a while. Hell, it would probably take an hour to get Bones to go back for more and I didn't want to run out. Just as the fox working the bar handed me the beer, everyone began to move toward the back lot; the auction was about to begin.

The president of the host club, a huge, black-bearded fellow called Tom, was starting the auction as we reached the sand lot where a homemade enclosure draped with cloth had been built against the rear fence. This was where the "slaves" were held and it looked large enough to hold at least 50 of 'em. Tom called out a name, and the first chick walked through the cloth barrier and stepped onto the small platform with him.

Shit-fire, she was naked! I now knew why there were so damn many bikers in town. I glanced at Bones; he had his hands up to his face and was rubbing his eyes in disbelief. I sneaked a look at my meager bankroll, hoping that the bids wouldn't be large. When the first bid rang out, it was 50 bucks. "Owl shit!" I muttered, putting my money back in my pocket. I could hear groans throughout the crowd; I wasn't the only one who was under-financed.

The action slowed somewhat after that first big bid, but the doll still went for $110.

Things moved much more rapidly after that, most of the women leaving with their purchasers right after being "bought." The crowd never got smaller, though, because the guys guarding the gates let more people in whenever successful bidders left. As the day wore on, Bones and I edged closer to the front. Bones had more bread than me, and had already bid, without success, on two "slaves." He was so excited that he couldn't speak without stammering.

I'd never suspected that you could get "blue balls" from a distance of fifty yards, but the seemingly endless procession of naked girls would have taken its toll on any assembly of men. I was beginning to think I'd have to go to the local hospital for treatment, 'cept there isn't any medical treatment for what ailed me.

At three-thirty, Tom brought out a girl who had never learned to push herself away from the table. If she weighed anything at all — and she did — she weighed over 250. Her tits hung down onto her belly, and her belly nearly obscured her snatch. Bones immediately bid twenty-five dollars and won. In fact, his was the only bid. He left in such a hurry that he had to come back to get the key to unlock the chain through our wheels. He brought me a six-pack, introduced me to Karen, his "slave," and choked out that he'd see me at the motel. I wished him luck because she was big enough for two men of Bones's size.

I popped the top on one of the beers and knocked it out. I was getting a little discouraged. If I got on the outside of a few more beers, I wouldn't need to try bidding any more — I'd just need a place to sleep it all off.

Suddenly, Tom brought out my dream woman, or so she seemed at the time. I was having difficulty foc-



"Pssst, Betty! I couldn't see, so I changed my seat."

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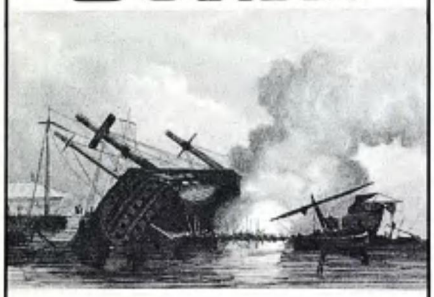
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using on the platform, but somehow, I knew this one was for me. She was the only girl, so far, to appear dressed. Well, she was topless, but after a day like today, that could pass for dressed. The assembly of bikers began to chant, "Take it off," but she refused. She had pear-shaped tits with jutting pink nipples and curly, brunette hair, but she was adament about not taking off her washed-out jeans. I quickly shouted, "Twenty-five dollars!" and looked around to see if anyone would bid against me. Someone did — thirty-five dollars — to which I responded with a bid of forty, all I could afford. My luck finally took a turn for the better; nobody else bid, and I was in sole possession of the girl of my dreams for a mere forty greenbacks.

To be perfectly honest, I'll have to admit that I stumbled and fell twice on my way to the platform; the beer I'd had was definitely playing games with my feet. My girl's name turned out to be Angie. It took her only a second to pull on her shirt and we were ready to go.

"So, you're D.J., huh? I've heard a lot about you — which motel is our room in? I'm really ready to get the fuck outta here; it was hotter than all hell behind that damn cloth." She was a fast talker, I noticed, but with those looks, I'd forgive her anything. "Shit," she went on, "I hope you're not a cripple or something. I couldn't help but notice you were having trouble getting up here."

What the hell do you say to something like that? Grabbing her arm, I said, "No, I'm not crippled, but if we don't hurry up and get out of here, somebody may try to make me one to get to your body. Why wouldn't you take your pants off, anyway?"

Angie smiled and replied, "I'll show you in a little while."

For some reason, it took me quite a few kicks to get the ol' Hog started, and when I finally did, I had to get back off to work the lock and chain loose, it was lucky I'd remembered it before we took off. Fumbling with the lock, I noticed that Angie was messing around with the zipper of her jeans, but I couldn't really see what she was doing. When she climbed on, I saw something gleaming between her legs, but the crowd had gathered around us by this time, and were laughing and pointing, so I peeled out of there in a cloud of tire smoke.

At the motel, we parked beside Bones's bike and as I was chaining the scoots together, I glanced up to say something to Angie and saw the reason she hadn't taken her pants off — and why the crowd outside the Keg had gathered around us. They hadn't been laughing at me, as I'd suspected; they'd been watching Angie unzip the crotch of her pants. Her shaved pussy was shining in my eyes, the swollen lips basking in the sunlight. I'd never seen anything so arousing.

"I told you I'd show you why I didn't take off my jeans; I didn't need to. When I go bike riding, I like to feel the seat. It turns me on." She smiled a knowing smile and continued, "And it seems to do something for the men I've ridden with. What do you think about it, D.J.?"

It didn't take me long to show her what I thought of it; I dragged her to the room, stripped off her clothes and mine, and proceeded to slake my appetite for sex, satisfying hers along the way. The way I was feeling, this was only the beginning, with much more to come.

That night and the next morning were so good that they're beyond description. When check-out time rolled around on Sunday morning, I felt weak and sleepy, but very sated. Angie and I had arranged to meet at the beach the following weekend and I was looking forward to spending the rest of the summer with her — the weekends, at least. She assured me no one else would see her riding outfit as long as I continued to let her cruise with me on my yellow chop. Hell, I planned to try to talk her into coming to the house for the winter — maybe she'd like my part of the country and agree to stay for a while.

Neither Bones nor I had much to say during the ride back home. We'd both had experiences that would bear repeating for years to come. Even the thrilling sound of the big Harleys could barely penetrate our thoughts. As the miles rolled beneath our tires, our smiles grew broader and broader. One thing for sure, neither of us would ever miss another "Slave Market." ■



"Well, how long are you gonna stay mad?"

Soap Box

Continued from page 27

Brooklyn Bridge — fuck no, they're gonna fuckin' *give* it to me in honor of my *Brooklyn Bridge rights.*

"Rights." Shit, the world has become a big fucking sewer full of fucking rights.

You've got a right to what's yours. That's all you've got a right to. You ain't got a right to know. You got a right to try to find out. But you ain't got a right to know.

"Guhh, duhh, but you got a right to know what da gubermint's doin' — your money's supportin' 'em."

To say I've got a "right to know" how the government's using my money is like saying I've got a right to know how a thief's using my car.

* * *

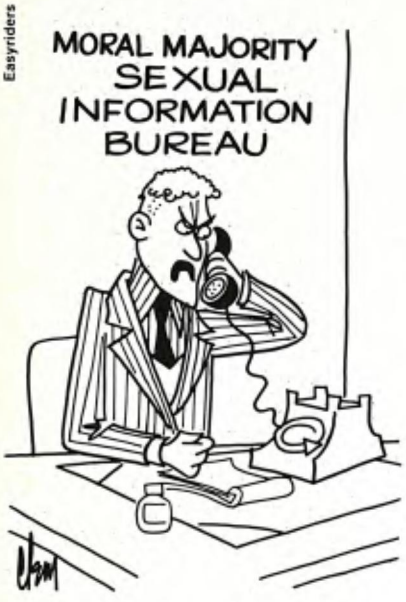
It's bad enough that the fucking press wants me to fucking "know." What makes it a million times worse is the collection of fish-eyed, swollen-faced, speech-impeded, tuber-fingered, feeble-minded cretins they've managed to scrape off the rocks to bring me the information. Jumping balls of catspit, what a crew. And if they have their way, these lunatics will be your only link to *anything.*

Now, to get back to this Grenada snivel that these cocksuckers are yammering about. The administration probably figured going into this thing that if they let the fucking press assholes go in at the same time, the whole evening, morning, and afternoon news shows would have spent the whole attack showing some crying filthy woman squatting in her rags in some gutter, looking at the camera and then looking down the street for a week at whatever the fuck it is these people look at, all the while with some asshole reporter saying what a terrible thing it was to be shooting and killing Russians and Cubans and East Germans and Bulgarians. Then they would have shown some dead body from every angle for fifteen hours until you could smell the damn thing, with some KGB-trainee-with-a-press-card saying, "Our government is killing people!" and then gangbanging our senses with a pile of crap from the Bolshevik Film Library showing crying children, some idiot student making a fist at us, some dirtball with purple gums screaming like a tribal snake eater — and the government's version wouldn't have been shown at all. So the government arranged it so that the government's version was the only one available.

How come I ain't outraged by this, you ask, since I'm one of the biggest gripers about government fuckovers who ever was?

I ain't outraged because the government, unlike the press, goes around barging into and destroying peoples' lives only once in a while. The press makes its living at it. And sometimes the government will provide some paltry reimbursement for its rhinoceros-like bucking and bronking into peoples' lives. The press never pays anybody. They all get paid. But their poor fucking "story" gets a good swift kick in the ass, and not even a "Thanks, chump." I don't know where people get the idea that newspapers and TV news departments are public, tax-supported institutions. They're just two forms of private corporations in this country, which is comprised of thousands: lugnut factories, spittoon manufacturers, restaurants, car makers. News companies are just companies. Have you ever seen Ralston-Purina barging into someone's life and surrounding him with microphones like a fucking screaming maniac? Fuck, no. Ralston-Purina has some personal pride and dignity.

The Constitution says the press — and anyone else, for that matter — can print what it wants. But it doesn't say that it has some sort of constitutional right to the information. Do you know where you got the idea that it did? From the fucking *press.* — J.J. Solari



"It's vile, disgusting, and an abomination in the eyes of God! Now, what is your question?"



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.

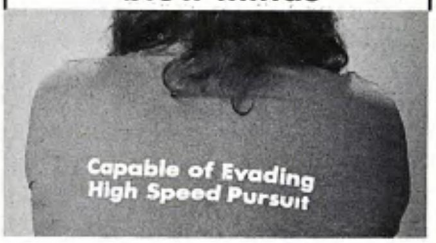
Thanks,
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Dodgin' The Gun

Continued from page 67

even that piss-poor accuracy figure goes down the drain when you figure in operator errors, like not having the patrol car perfectly level, or pushing the trigger on the hand-held radar a millisecond too soon, or not maintaining constant patrol car speed, or not correctly identifying which vehicle the radar is targeting on, etc., etc. The list of things that can fuck up a police radar reading goes on and on, and in 99.44 percent of all court cases, it's irrelevant.

Hold on! Stop! Whoa! How the fuck can all that be irrelevant? Simple. The famous Miami case in which a local judge threw out 80 radar-nabbed speeding cases and refused to accept radar evidence in his court cost the defendants about $60,000 and the decision was not binding on any other court in the land. Do you have $60,000 to spare? If you do, all this stuff about radar's inaccuracies ain't irrelevant to you. You can fly in expert witnesses, put on a show and you'll probably win.

If you've got less money to spend, but would still like to beat a radar ticket, forget attacking the radar system itself. You won't win. Most judges are brainwashed on the subject (the tremendous amount of revenue radar tickets bring in helps keep 'em brainwashed). What you *can* do in those cases is cast doubt on the cop's competency to properly operate the radar, raise the issue of whether the radar was properly calibrated within a reasonable amount of time before you were nabbed, and subpoena the maintenance records on the radar unit in the hope they'll show it was a lemon in need of frequent repairs and adjustments.



"Will I get stretch marks?"

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Ride A Bike Go To Prison



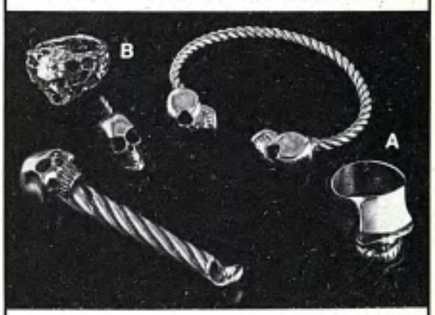
A bold T-shirt with a message for every biker who's concerned about the increasing loss of our freedoms. Shirt comes in biker black with striking white lettering and is available in small, medium, large, and extra large. Only $7.50 each, including postage and handling.

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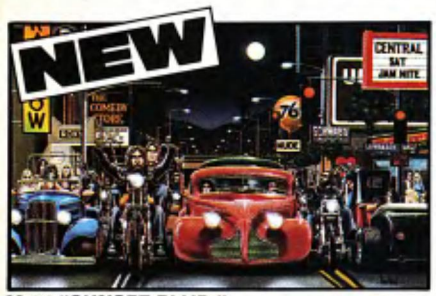
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M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



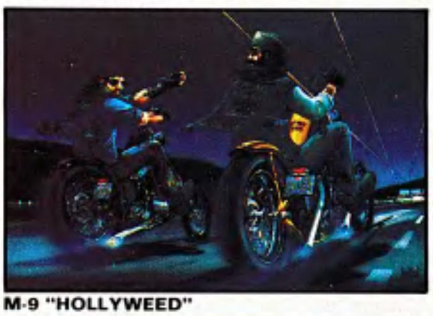
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



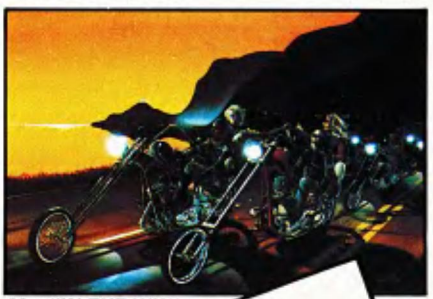
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M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



"COMIN' YA"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"

EASYRIDERS POSTERS

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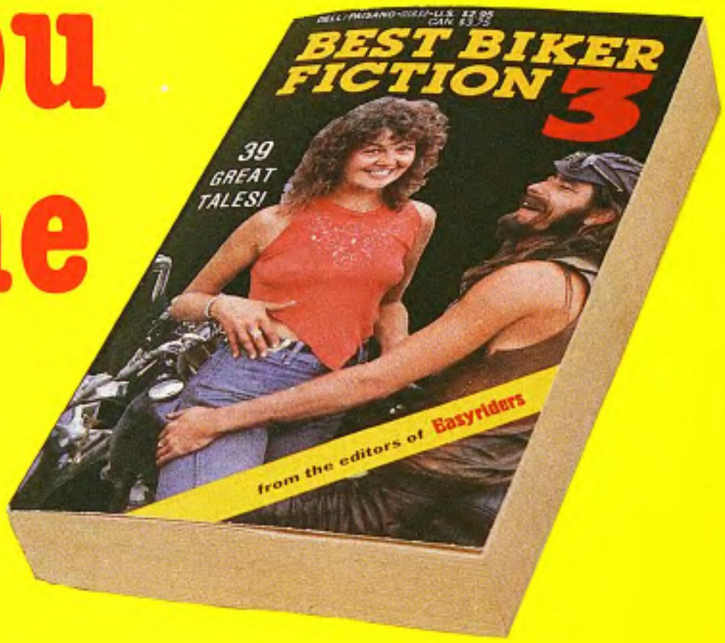
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All posters shipped in sturdy tube, free heavy mailing tube.

"SEE NEXT PAGE FOR NEW POSTER FROM DAVE MANN"

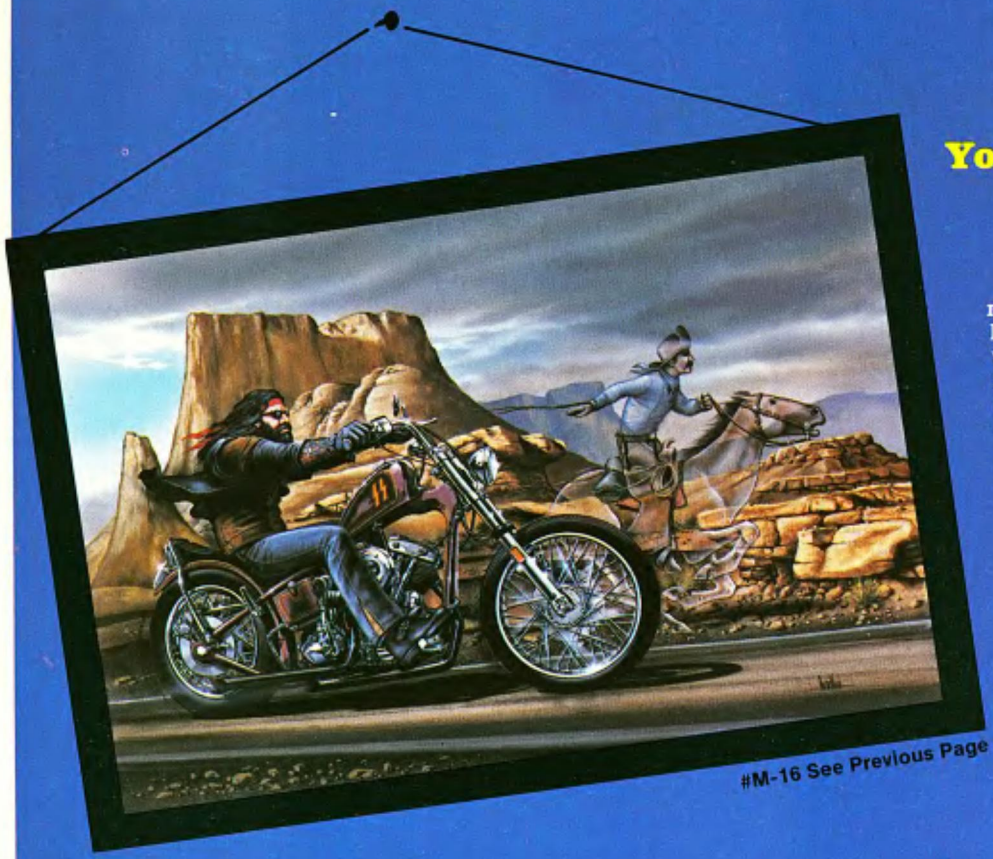
Hey, you with the ears!



Here's what ya been quiverin' for (besides that next piece of ass) — reprints of 39 short stories from **Easyriders** magazine. Short stories to pick your nose by or to read while your ol' lady gets dressed. Some of our funniest stories, plus the usual **Easyriders** ball-bustin' fiction — hours and hours of righteous readin'.

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#M-16 See Previous Page

You asked for it — here it is!

We've been deluged with requests for prints of this Dave Mann painting. So we finally got off our asses and printed some posters on 20" x 30" poster stock. It sorta says it all. Get yours today. It comes to you protected in a mailing tube for only $5, plus $1 for postage. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

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You're hoping for a miracle in this last move — something like a note showing the unit was taken out of service as defective the day after you got your ticket — but, who knows, you might find it.

If you're serious about going to court to contest a radar ticket, you should give serious thought to investing $35 in the Radar Information Index, a 500-plus-page manual put out by Electrolert, Inc., 4949 S. 25A, Troy, OH 45373. This book contains transcripts of all the important court cases dealing with police radar, complete instructions on how to take a deposition from the cop who wrote the citation, reprints of instruction manuals from all the commonly used police radar units, and tons of other helpful stuff. If you're a wannabe attorney, you'll be screamin' down the road trying to get nailed within five minutes after you receive this shit, just so you have an excuse to try it out.

On the other hand, if you're like me, the second-to-the-last thing you want to do is wind up in a courtroom — for any reason — and the last thing you want to do is get stopped by a cop, for speeding or anything else. They run drivers' licenses through a national computer these days and the Supreme Court has recently broadened the grounds under which officers stopping someone for a traffic offense can search that person and his vehicle. I'm no more a John Dillinger or an Al Capone than the next guy, but the fact remains that whenever those red-and-blue lights go on behind me, I always find myself worryin' about more than the possibility of a speeding ticket.

Which is where the radar detector comes in. In over 3000 miles of playin' around with the Bel Shadow, I really can't honestly say that it ever saved me from a *speeding* citation. It did, however, on more occasions than I can count, warn me that there were cops around somewhere — maybe hangin' out behind a hamburger joint, or around the corner at a police station in a strange town — and that, to me, made it worth its weight in gold. Don't misunderstand. Radar detectors are not infallible fuzz sniffers. Sometimes the cops don't have their radar units on, sometimes they come out from behind a building (radar, like FM radio, cannot pass through solid obstacles) and see you before your detector hears them.

What a radar detector gives you is an *edge*. Sometimes a real big one, like when I avoided hangin' that U in front of a cop car; sometimes no edge at all, like when you go flyin' past a radarless bike boy hidin' behind a billboard. But, if you decide you might want that edge, there are a few things you should know.

1. If you ride in a state with a lid law, you're shit out of luck unless you have one of them old cop-style



"My deluxe package includes moans, groans, movement, and your name added to my mailing list for obscene birthday greetings."



WIND 14 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

The latest is just one of the greatest!

In The Wind #14 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photo collection of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and a bunch more women. Wind #14 has something for everybody. If your local newsstand has sold out, no sweat — you can buy this collectors' item directly from us. Don't miss out on the remaining previous issues of *In The Wind*; issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait until they're all gone — make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon below.

Send Your Order To:
***In The Wind* c/o *Easyriders*, Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.**

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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In The Wind #3	$3.50	$4.50	$7.75			
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In The Wind #7	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
In The Wind #8	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
In The Wind #9	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
In The Wind #10	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
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In The Wind #12	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
In The Wind #13	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			
In The Wind #14	$4.00	$5.00	$8.25			

Prices listed above include the cost of postage and handling fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

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

A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white — exactly like the original.

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.

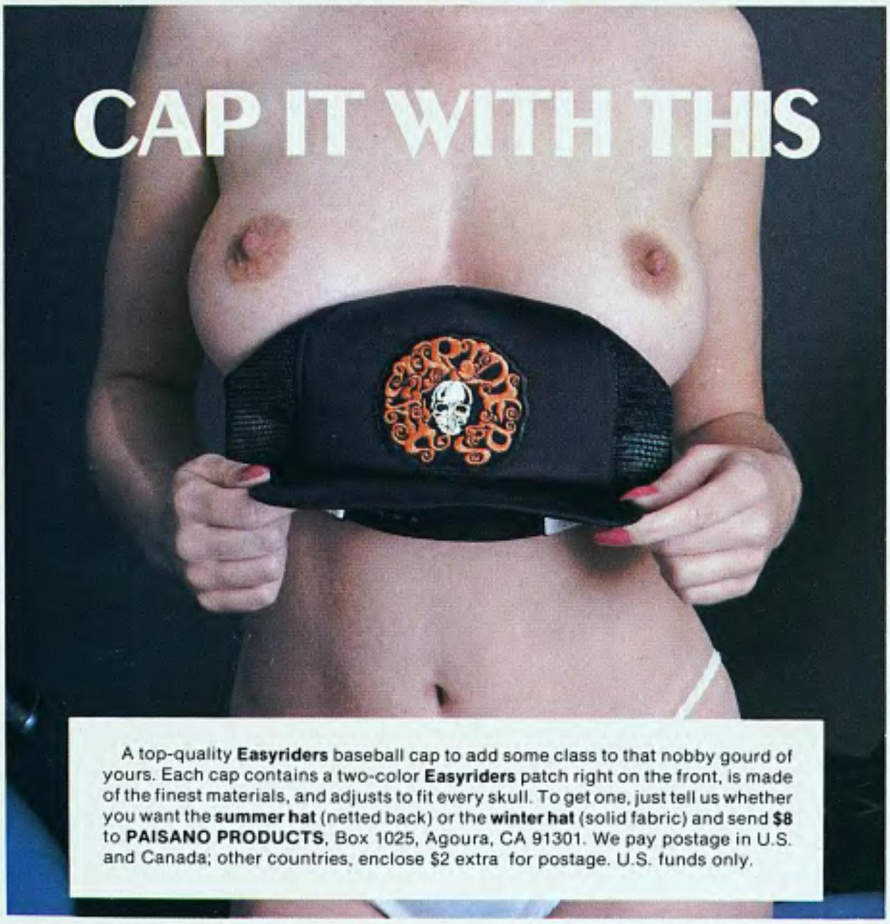
You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of $24.95 plus $5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save $6.05 over the single mug price.)

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

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A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send **$8** to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose $2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.

open-ear model buckets. Nobody yet makes a radar detector loud enough to get its warning past both the wind and the bucket, and the LED indicator lights many detectors have can't be seen worth shit in daylight. (Take heart, though; extra-loud detectors just for bikes are reportedly only a year or two down the road.)

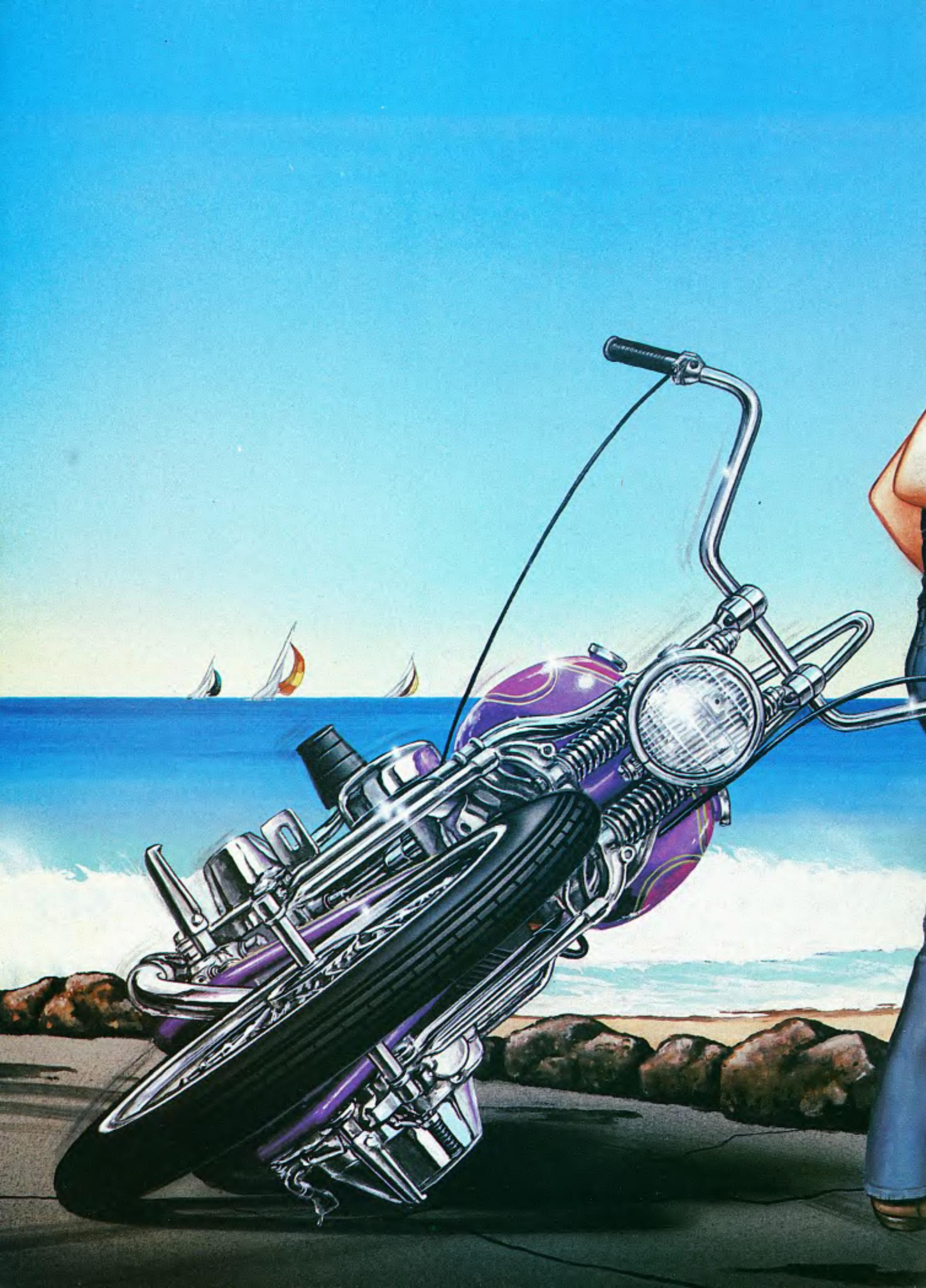
2. If you don't have a 12-volt, battery-driven electrical system, you're probably out of luck. I don't know of any radar detector that doesn't require 12 volts, except for the Bel Hotshot, a unit about the size of a pack of weeds that operates on self-contained batteries and doesn't have to be connected to the bike at all. The problems with the Hotshot are that it only receives X-band radar and that a lot of sensitivity had to be sacrificed in order to get the antenna, the electronics and the batteries into a package that small.

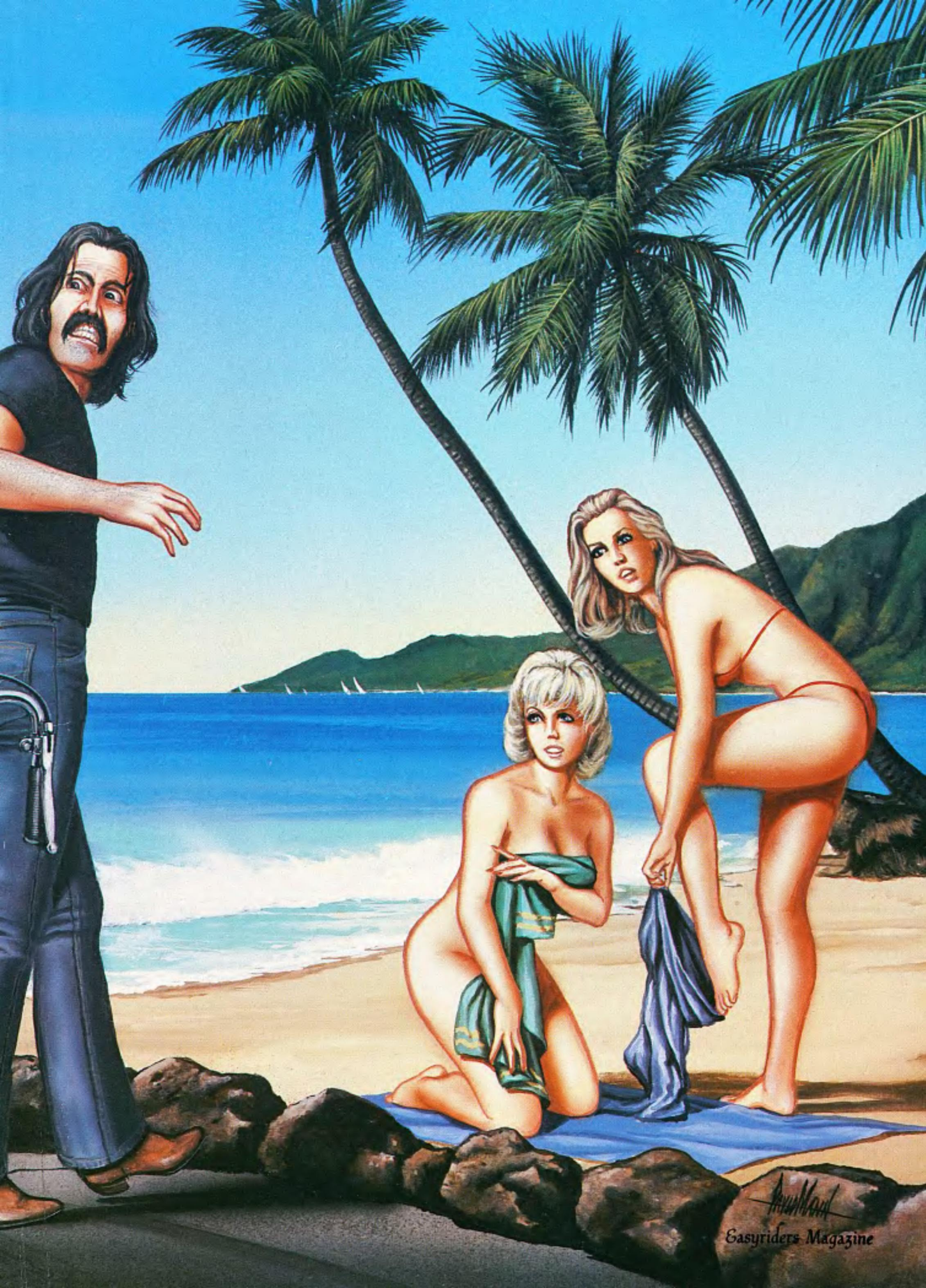
3. Police radar is authorized by the Federal Communication Commission to operate on two bands — X band and K band. Until about five years ago, all the police units operated on X band, and consequently, all older detectors and most of today's el cheapo detectors are X band only. Since virtually all of today's hand-held radar units operate on K band (because it doesn't require as large an antenna), you're wasting your bucks if you don't buy a detector that covers both.

4. Make sure the detector you buy features a *superhetrodyne* receiver. It would take more technical shit than I'm capable of shoveling to explain the difference between superhetrodyne and regenerative or super-regenerative receivers, so I'm not going to try. The only two things you need to know are that superhet receivers cost a lot more (maybe $75 to $100 more) and are essential unless you don't care if your radar detector doesn't go off un-



"Last night I got beat up fighting for a woman's honor. Seems she wanted to keep it!"




Easyriders Magazine

Easyriders

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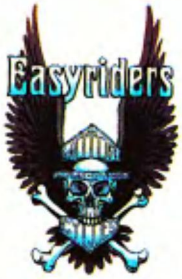


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Design No. 38

Design No. 05



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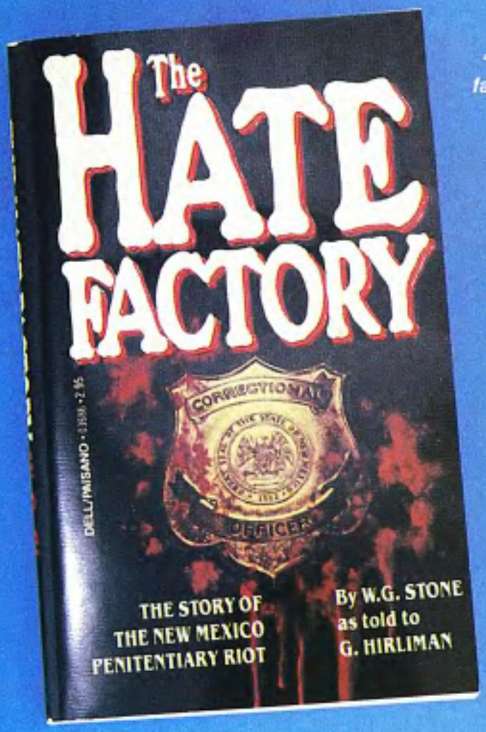
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A DELL PAISANO BOOK

til after the red light and siren do.

All that understood, let's consider a few of the unique challenges posed by using a radar detector on a bike. Most bikes vibrate and ride a lot harder than the average marshmallow-suspended cage, so a radar detector on a bike has to be pretty well-built. Fortunately, most of the good ones are all made of semiconductors sealed in resin and will stand up to a lot of stress.

Also, obviously, you want one with as loud a warning signal as possible. Go to a dealer and have him demonstrate the various alert tones to you. (Most all detectors have some kind of test button, so you don't need to find a cop car to test 'em.)

Beware of radar detectors that feature antennas that stick out like airplane propellers or TV aerials. They're a cute marketing gimmick some companies use to make their products look "space age," but they can easily get knocked off when mounted on a scooter and aren't any more effective (usually less so) than a ribbon or loop antenna contained in an ordinary square or rectangular case.

Not getting ripped off is another important consideration. We picked the Bel Shadow for our test because it is one of the best two-piece units available. The antenna is a plain black box that can be mounted on a down tube where it will be no more noticable or commented on than an oil cooler or a horn; and the little box with the warning lights and the beeper is so small (3" x 1" x 1¼") that it can be attached almost anywhere within ear and eyeshot (the top of the tank, the panel holding the gauges, a brake reservoir, etc.). The thing is so light (under a couple of



ounces) that even heavy rockin' 'n' rollin' type vibrations and bumps won't shake it loose. Even if it should somehow come off the Velcro, the quick-release wire that connects it to the antenna and the bike's electrical system fits securely enough to hold it off the ground until you get around to stickin' it back on.

With this setup, you get where you're goin', unplug the warning box (takes about a second), slip it in your pocket, stuff the end of the wire under the tank and presto — to a casual passerby, your bike looks just like it did before. When you're ready to get back in action, it takes less than five seconds to reconnect.

Also available are several one-piece units (most notably, the Escort) that are extremely small and easy to mount on a bike. The problem with these is that the antenna is built right into the back of the same case as the warning signals and could have its range cut if it is mounted directly over metal parts, like the handlebars or gas tank. But if you experiment, you should be able to find a place where it will work without any hassle.

To be honest, carrying a radar detector as part of your standard gear isn't for everyone. They cost money, they're far from infallible (you'll never get arrested by your neighbor's garage door opener, but that won't stop a lot of detectors from lettin' you know he's using it), and, as yet, they aren't really loud enough to be heard in all biking situations.

Still, if you ride in an area where the cops play with their radar as often as most 13-year-olds play with themselves, or if you're one of those unlucky bros who just seems to pile up a lot of citations, or if you believe in influencing the odds a bit any way you can, a radar detector is probably for you.

Besides, there's nothin' like the righteously satisfied feeling of watching some cage go whipping by you after your detector has gone off and you've slowed down. The cheerful anticipation builds as you roll on down the road and then, suddenly, there it is, off on the shoulder. The black-and-white sedan with the light-rack going wild. The speeding cage stopped in front of it. You smile and throw back your shoulders. You suck in your gut and throw the caught-in-the-act criminal a disdainful look as you tool majestically by at a perfect 55mph. . .you, Joe Biker, a respectable, law-abiding citizen at last.

—Perfessor Prune



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H-Ds and/or parts wanted: Any year, any condition. Must be 45 or larger and reasonably priced. Pink slip a must. Will travel. Send info. Todd Bertrang, 7240 Alabama #1, Canoga Park, CA 91303; phone (818) 704-9101. (132)

Muff Grain. Sexy panties worn just for you. That special something from me to you. Send $10 money order to Muffin, Box 869, Hopkins, MN 55343. Love, Muffie. (131)

Bill Repp: Lost your address. Doing time at OSR, Mansfield. Anyone who knows Bill, please write him and give him my address. Clark Wheeler 126-876, Mansfield, OH 44901-0788. (131)

Hornet: A love like ours can only grow deeper with the years. You've done nothing but bring happiness into my life. I love you! Your one and only. Shine. (131)

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.

Leather saddlebags, $39; chaps, $79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

Need a home? Dirty old man desires ol' lady to age 35, loyal, fertile, subservient, early riser, should drive, and like animals. No heavies; no objection woman with child; not interested in your past, only our future. I wish an immediate alliance; please send full details and photo, if possible. Gene Matlack, 628 S. Prince St., Lancaster, PA 17603. (131)

Untraceable remails, Canada, $2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0 (136)

Bob and Maryon Ripley: Please, send me your new mailing address. I'm sorry I didn't answer your last letter; no excuse. "Frito" Hoadley, same address. (137)

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One-legged ladies? Wish to correspond with and meet lovely ladies who have lost a leg to the machine. Turn your loss into a plus. Letter/photo to J.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (132)

W/m, 26, not hard to look at, 5'10", 200 lbs., muscular build, dark-brown hair and eyes, bearded, bespeckled and tattooed. Looking for a special lady to share life with. Age, looks unimportant. Honesty and trust are more important to me. I love Harleys, weight lifting, rock, partying down and being close to a special someone like you. If you think you're the one, write and send phone number (and photo, if you have one). Slutdog, 337 20th St. Apt. #221, Miami Beach, FL 33139. (131)

W/m, 27, would like to hear from some foxy ladies. Rugrats welcomed. Must be sincere-minded. No game players, please. Bill Townsend 85743-7-D, LLCC, 1612 Dawkins Rd., La Grange, KY 40031. (131)

For sale: A large collection of Easyriders, Iron Horse, Biker Lifestyle and Supercycle magazines, most with binders. In mint condition. $200 takes all. John Jolly, Jr., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (131)

Tattoos by you. Artistic? Maybe a future in tattooing awaits. Illustrated how-to book. $15 check/m.o. HKC Press, Box 212, Cross River, NY 10518. (131)

Ladies: Loner, ex-patch holder, 27. True scooter tramp. "Rebel Rod" Tambel, Box 47512, Florence, AZ 85232. (131)

W/m, 28, 6'2", 220 lbs. Not in prison, never have been. Steady job, easygoing, and honest. Looking for lonely, quiet-type house mouse, white or Oriental. No kids or drugs. Send photo and needs with first letter. K.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (131)

Dick: Happy birthday, 3/3/43. Our times together were great. I'll always remember. H.D. (131)

W/m biker, 36, 5'10", 220 lbs., currently unemployed, seeks one-man Harley woman, any age, who is financially secure or willing to work. Must be into or willing to learn biker lifestyle. I am willing to relocate if you are not. Letters with photos answered first. Brian, Box 2752, Gary, IN 46403. (131)

Tattooing outfits: Professional instruction manuals, lowest prices! Illustrated literature. $2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, CO 80901.

To Loopey, my Puerto Rican friend: Hi there. No use in looking in here, you've already found him. I love you. Mad Dog. (131)

A picky, rude, obnoxious drunk, suffering from DTs. Needs special lady, exactly age 30, 5'11", 137 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Very different, lovable and beautiful. If your name is Theresa Francesca Bila, this one's for you. (131)

W/m, 28, good-looking, intelligent, smiles a lot, looking for that special lady. Good cash flow mandatory. Age and looks no problem. What are your needs? Will personally answer all. V.A., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (131)

Male prisoner, 21, will answer all ladies. Pictures appreciated. Ken Kozak, Box WR, Green Bay, WI 54305. (131)

Needs visits and mail from outlaw ladies, scooter trash and earth women in the N.Y.-N.J. area. Write to James Hall 80-A-3117, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (131)

White bro, 36, serving time in Texas, parole 1990, needs correspondence; will answer all letters. Larry Douglas 340016, Rt. #11, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343. (131)

Tattoo supplies for the professional — no starter kits. Send proof you're in business and $3 for catalog. Tattoo Zone, 7008 Long Dr., Houston, TX 77087. (131)

Wanted: One woman's love for this stir-crazy man. Girls, write! Send pics. Tim Strother, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (131)

Downed w/m, 5'10", 180 lbs., well-built, blue-eyed, Libra. Seeking honest, sincere, compassionate w/f. No bull shitters need apply. Age not important. Russell Yaeger 14680, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701. (131)

Would you like my panties? Very sexy and aromatic! $10 cash/money order. Lisa, Box 04068, Milwaukee, WI 53204. (131)

W/m, 24, 6', 190 lbs., brown/blue. A bargain at any price. Missing the wind. Looking for someone sexy and sincere. Looks unimportant. Picture and a letter will receive the same. Michael Speiser, C-68970, DVI, J Wing 238, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95367. (131)

Attention, bikers: Tech tips for road trips. Know what to take on those long runs. A guide from experience. Send $1 to Trip Tips, Box 131, Golden, CO 80401. (131)

Gary Benson: Where are you, man? Call Wick at (617) 885-3530. (131)

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You'll never be lonely again, young lovely. Write, including photo. Michael "Magic Man" Filimoniuk, Box 189, Arcadia, FL 33821-0189. (131)

Downed bro seeks slim, attractive lady, 18 to 30 yrs. Looking for a solid, no-bullshit relationship. Jamie Chisenhall 174136, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204. (131)

For sale: 1965 panhead dresser. Own the only electric-start panhead Harley ever made. This bike is new from top to bottom. More than just a restoration. Too much to list. For complete details and photos send $5 to: Tim DeBlois, 17604 Kohlhoss Rd., Poolesville, MD 20837. Phone: (301) 349-5445 after 6 p.m./weekends. $4800/obo. (131)

Paul: I will always love and need you. My lips are for you alone. Love, your twinkling Dee. (131)

Rich: 4/9/55, happy birthday, sweetie! (Got ya again.) I love you! Jill. (131)

Cowboy: I accept your offer with much anticipation. Love, Linda. (131)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, valuable tips, trade secrets, expert instruction, tattooed women's photos, 71 pages — $21.45, Tattooer, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (131)

W/m, 26, out of prison soon. Looking for the right woman to start new life with. Must be willing to move to Richmond, Va. R.J. Graybeal 126357, PCC, State Farm, VA 23160. (131)

Harley Haze: Happy birthday, babe. I'll be riding beside ya forever! You're the best! I love you, Blondie. (131)

Human skull, authentic, legal. $155. Brock, 916 Ranger, Cheyenne, WY 82009. (307) 634-5638. (137)

Two w/m, looking for permanent ol' ladies! Ol' lady must know how to take good care of her man! It will be likewise. Photo and phone. Will answer all serious-minded only! Steve Chounard and Harold Basler, 201 E. Courtland, San Antonio, TX 78212. (131)

Maurice: I love you! Happy birthday, 2/16/84. Forever "faithfully" yours. Diana. (131)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. 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. (138)

Cyclops is taking photos of bikers, tattooed people, and events in the Northeast for a possible book. Would you like to be in this book? Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for details. RFD 1, Box 119, Franklin, NH 03235. (131)

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, NY 11731. (138)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send $21 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, NY 11731. (134)

Country gentleman, good income, white, wants attractive woman to share home chores and profits. Bernardi Massino, 28282 Creek Road, Glenmoore, PA 19343. (131)

Hey, bros! Have biker-loving girls call you today! Send name, phone number and best time to call. Lynne, Box 7425-ER, Chicago, IL 60680. (131)

Low Riders: Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn, 1-312-262-6900. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (132)

W/m wants to hear from ladies, 18-30, for sincere friendship. Send photo; all letters answered. I am blond, blue-eyed, 168 lbs., 5'6" tall. Write to: James Dresen, Box 16, WRC, Winnebago, WI 54985-0016. (131)

George, from Morgan City, La.: I know the truth about your bike — Dean rode it away. I wanted to tell you, but I'm not a snitch. I hope you get him! A lady friend. (131)

Easyriders, hard-to-find issues: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 17, 26, 28, 30, 31 and 32. $15 each. Also, complete collection, #1 to present. Best offer or interesting trade. Mike Wieland, 6925 W. Villard Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53218. (131)

27-year-old would like to write young woman who believes that our correspondence could be the start of a beautiful relationship. William Corbin, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89018. (131)

This is the one. Biker, white, 30, out in January '85, would like letters and photos from open-minded ladies. Doc Lesler 102129, DCI Dorm F, Box 788, Jackson, LA 70748. (131)

Wayne from "Down Under" wishes to correspond with nice young chick. Don't hesitate, get pen to paper. Be over there soon. Goodsell, Box 264, Goulburn NSW 2580; Australia. (131)

Free an innocent man. Support Kenny Baker — wear a "Free Kenny Baker" T-shirt. Send $10 to Box 1615, Fontana, CA 92335. (131)

Down and must find lost bros and sisters who rode with Grim Reapers MC, 1966 through 1969. New Orleans chapter. Can anyone help? Contact Ray "Crazy" Preston, N-21567, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259. (131)

Professional tattooing handbook, trade secrets, valuable tips, pics of tattooed women, removing formulas, expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, $24.45. Tattooer, Box 242-U, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (131)

Sunshine: "Just a heartbeat". . .Our dues are paid; may the ride never end. All my love. Ace. (314) 543-5117. (131)

Virginia bro, 23, 6', 190 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, needs letters from ladies who care. All letters answered. Dave Meredith 125228, PCC, C-1, State Farm, VA 23160. (131)

Downed bro, seeking sincere lady willing to share dreams, visits, and a lotta love. Red hair, blue eyes, 6', 180 lbs., age 31. Occupation: horses. John McGuire 82A-3689, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. (131)

Noontime: The candle's lit, fire's hot. Love is here forever; always remember I need your smile. Till you hold me again. Your night rider. (131)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send $1 and SASE for list. Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (134)

Wanted: One good-looking lady, between 20 and 30. Must love riding Harleys and be willing to relocate to a good life. Must send revealing photos. Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. (131)

I have yet to find a man so fine. Happy twenty-fourth birthday, Mark! I hope you ride free forever. I love you. Barbara. (131)

Ray "Paul" Rupert, son of Pat "Red" and the "Turk": Ever hit the Texas border? It's been five years. Write Kerri, c/o 2958 Cimarron Rd., Riverside, CA 92506. (131)

To Sharon Morgan of West., Mass.: I honestly got the crabs from the uniform service. Signed: Paul Edward. (131)

Gary "El Diablo" Felver: If you're out there, contact me. Jim "Alphonse" Benson, Box 55, Naytalwaush, MN 56566. (131)

'59 pan, restored. Like new, only 17,000 miles. Kept original, complete with saddlebags, windshield, etc. Immaculate. Must sell at giveaway price, $4000. (615) 542-4792. East Tennessee. (131)

Wanted: N.O.S. Harley flathead 80 engine parts. Dave Beeson, 1106 N.E. 42nd #6, Seattle, WA 98105. (206) 632-6024. (131)

Downed bro wants one good woman, a friend, a lady, whatever. Tired of staring at walls. Would prefer to write letters. If you're bored, or could use a solid friend, write: S. Milin, N00968, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764. (131)

W/m from San Francisco, 27, doing time in military prison until June '84. I have brown hair and eyes; 5'11", 160 lbs. Will have a nice Harley waiting for me, but need a good woman to putt and party with on warm summer nights. Feel free to apply; pics accepted. Alex Plissak 564-11-8874, Drawer C, Ft. Leavenworth, KS 66027. (131)

One good-looking w/m doing time. Looking for sincere and honest women for friendship and possible relationship. All letters answered. Will send photo. Richard Walters, Box 661, Waupun, WI 53963. (131)

Hey, you crazy bitches! Old tramp needs some funky kites. Been down two on a four-to-twelve. Need some good-smellin' lines from a sexy thang. Age doesn't matter — attitudes and heart do. Forty years old, 6'1", 210 lbs., blond and blue. James Manning 82A1590, Box G, Wallkill, NY 12589. (131)

H-D accessory: key-lock gas caps for fatbobs, Sporties and Super Glide, $8.50. S&S "B" carb cover and manifold, $200. Auto parts, new and used. Name it — if we don't have it, we'll find it. We also export. Phone (302) 475-3535. D.B. Enterprises, Box 9469, Wilmington, DE 19809. (132)

Desolate, slightly ominous, foxy Pagan sisters over 5'6", under 44! Must be agile, bright, self-sustaining. Aspire V/E humiliation, B&D, S&M and ME. Send full nude, explicit dharma & phone. Darrell: G.C. AZ Space Cadet, Box 1705, 86023. (131)

W/m, 30, 5'9", 160 lbs. Would like to hear from sincere ladies. So, if you got a little conversation for a good-lookin', ink-down white boy, I promise you won't be disappointed. Send photos and get some in return. Paul Campbell, Box C-03238, FSP, Represa, CA 95671. (131)

Intelligent, independent, and free-spirited? Incarcerated man has desire to communicate with a woman who possesses these character attributes. I'm 5'10", 155 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, beard and moustache. I am not biased against age, race, appearance and social, monetary, marital or family status. No deceptions here in that I'm not a biker, but I do firmly affirm the liberties expressed in this publication. I will gladly exchange photographs. My release is due in '85, so please write. Gilbert Palmer 91985, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963. (131)

James: Babe, I believe you now and trust you with all my heart. I love you. Siobhan. (131)

Make money by the minute, around the clock, for doing paperwork at home, 8 hours a week. Grows to lifetime income. Totally new, ultra-modern project unlike anything before. Still ground-floor. No experience or educational requirements. 10,500 people already doing. Divisions of major U.S. corporation. For details, dial (216) 452-2171, 24 hours/7 days. Ask for ext. H361. (131)

The emotional coldness of prison is much worse than any physical cold. Loneliness is an aching pain that I can't isolate in just one part of my body, for it hurts all over and always. The pang of desolation pierces the very folds of my dreams, so I awake in anguish. W/m, 33, 6'1", 190 lbs. A snap gets one back. David Hunten 157758, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, MI 49442. (131)

Wanted: Sincere, good-looking w/f, 18-30, willing to relocate. I'm 6'1", 160 lbs., brown hair. Have '71 dresser, three vehicles and good job. If you're a one-man woman who doesn't play games and are looking for same, then drop a line and send photo to: Cowboy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Help! W/m, 30, down but not out, needs sincere lady to help me finish up this bit and be there when I get out. Age open. No head games given, none wanted. Kevin Murtaugh 78457, KSR, La Grange, KY 40032. (131)

Hey, bros, God loves you. So don't take the mark of the beast, 666, Satan's mark, or you will be cut off from Him for all time. Read Rev. 13 and Mark 13, and have a cool time. (131)

Muff Gram. Sexy panties worn just for you. That special something from me to you. Send $10 money order to Muffin, Box 869, Hopkins, MN 55343. Love, Muffie. (132)

W/f, 25, single, slim and sexy. Wants to hear from a mature-minded man with heart. Frankie Baggett 887354, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (131)

Tattoo Kit, $39. See display ad on page 125. (131)

For sale: 1945 EL knucklehead dresser. 1982 show winner. $4650. Also, 1945 WL 45" basket. Will give good deal on both. (608) 838-8307. Wisconsin. (131)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career. Work with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC44, 4400 Campus Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92660. (131)

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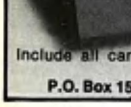
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Downtime

Continued from page 51

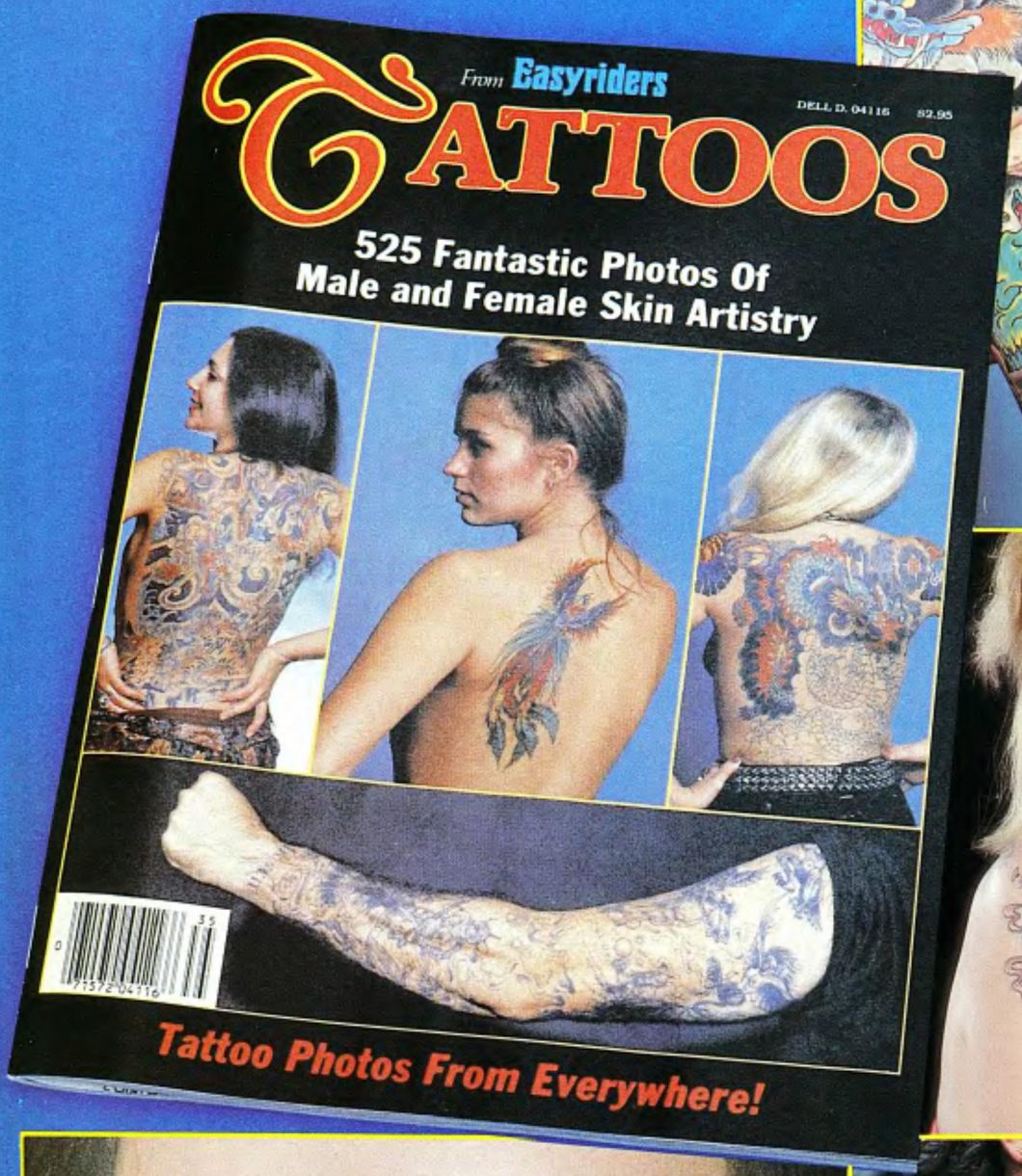
rockers, a rowdy bunch from way up in Canada whose music typifies the solid rock you can hear at biker bashes everywhere. Don't be misled: This is no candyass group trying to find an "image," hoping to please the motorcycle crowd. Led by Al "Wailin'" Walker, a Harley rider whose tasty guitar licks and reserved blues vocals set the tone for the band, the Houserockers are as genuine as the music they play. Give a listen to their re-working of Chuck Berry's little-heard "Tulane" or Willie Dixon's "I Just Want To Make Love To You," and you'll know what I mean. Toss in a couple of originals like the title cut or "Trusty Shotgun" or "Find A Law To Abide," and you've got a tight package of blues and boogie — with a couple of cuts punctuated by the roar of a Harley-Davidson.

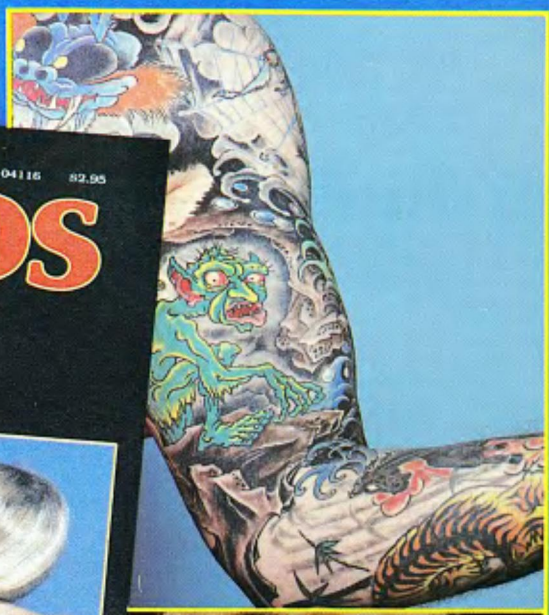
As is true with most albums by local bands, the recording quality here isn't the best. Again, most of these groups have to be heard live to be fully appreciated, simply because they don't have the bucks to work on an album indefinitely, till everything's perfect. That's not really a put-down of a good album like this one — just a statement of the facts. So, while some of the energy and crispness is lost due to the necessity of recording on a limited budget, **Rock It Day & Night** is nonetheless a tasty album, performed by guys who are into both the biker lifestyle and the music they play.

If you'd like to check out Wailin' Walker and the Houserockers, write Jitterbug Records, 4278 Sardis Road, Burnaby, B.C. V5H-IK4, Canada. ■



"By the way, I'm running a special on breast examinations this week."







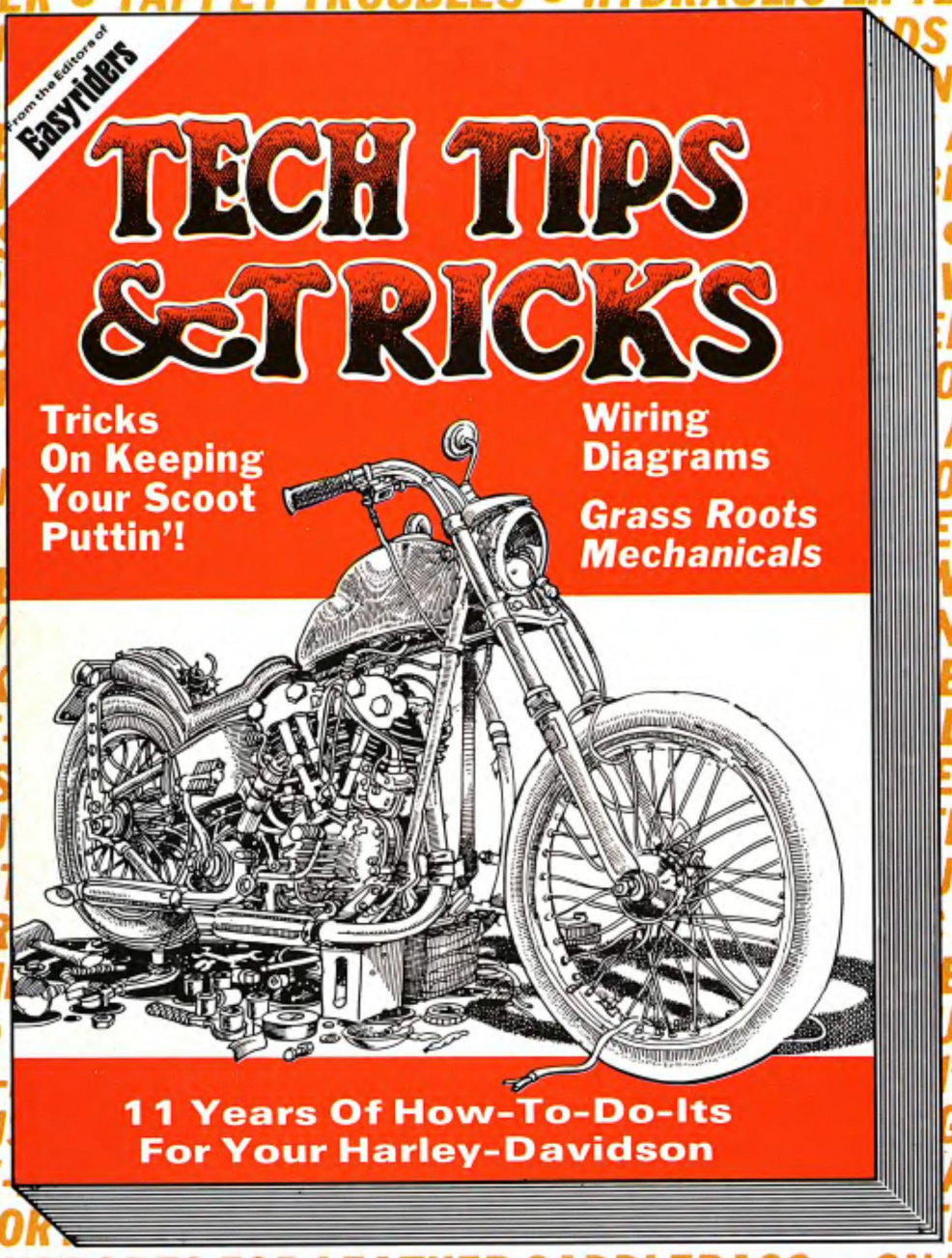




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