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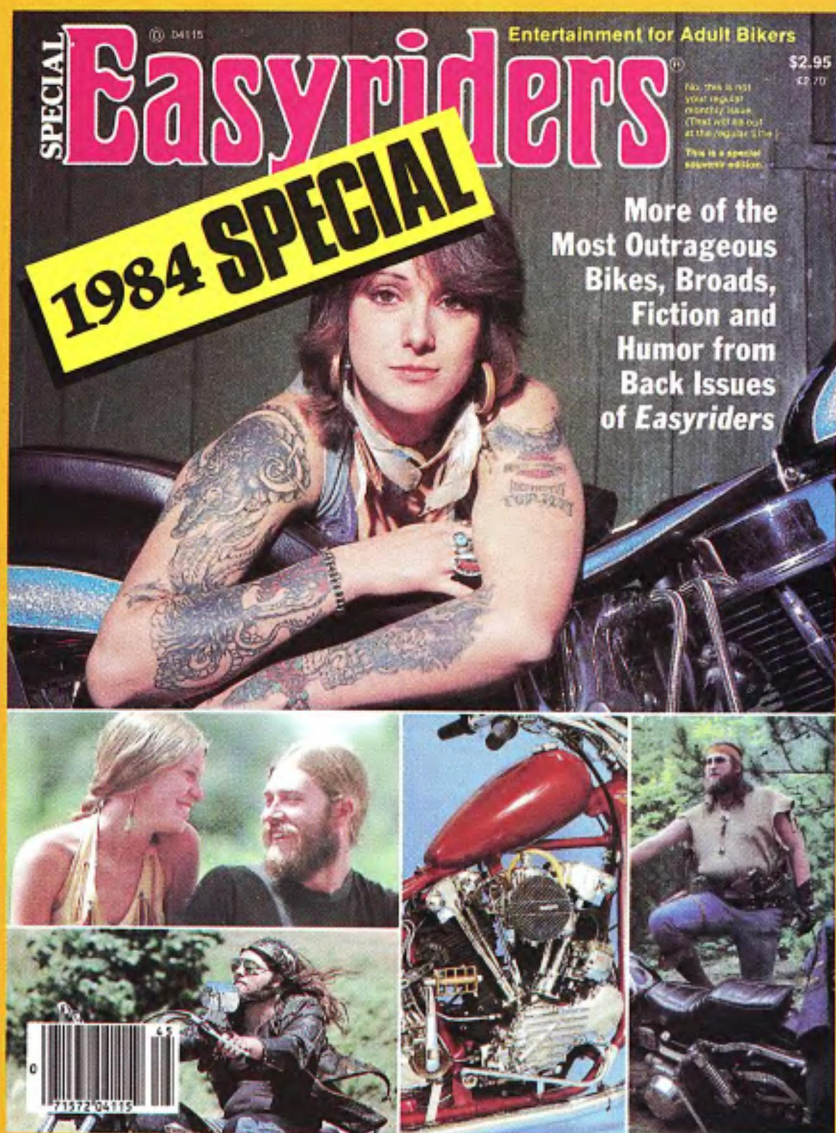
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Madman's dug deep into his memory sack to come up with this one. The best bikes, broads, features and fiction from the early days of the world's number one biker rag, *Easyriders*. If you thought our Anniversary Specials 1 & 2 were good, you'll love the new '84 Special. It's loaded with the good shit you wanted to keep but were too stoned to clip

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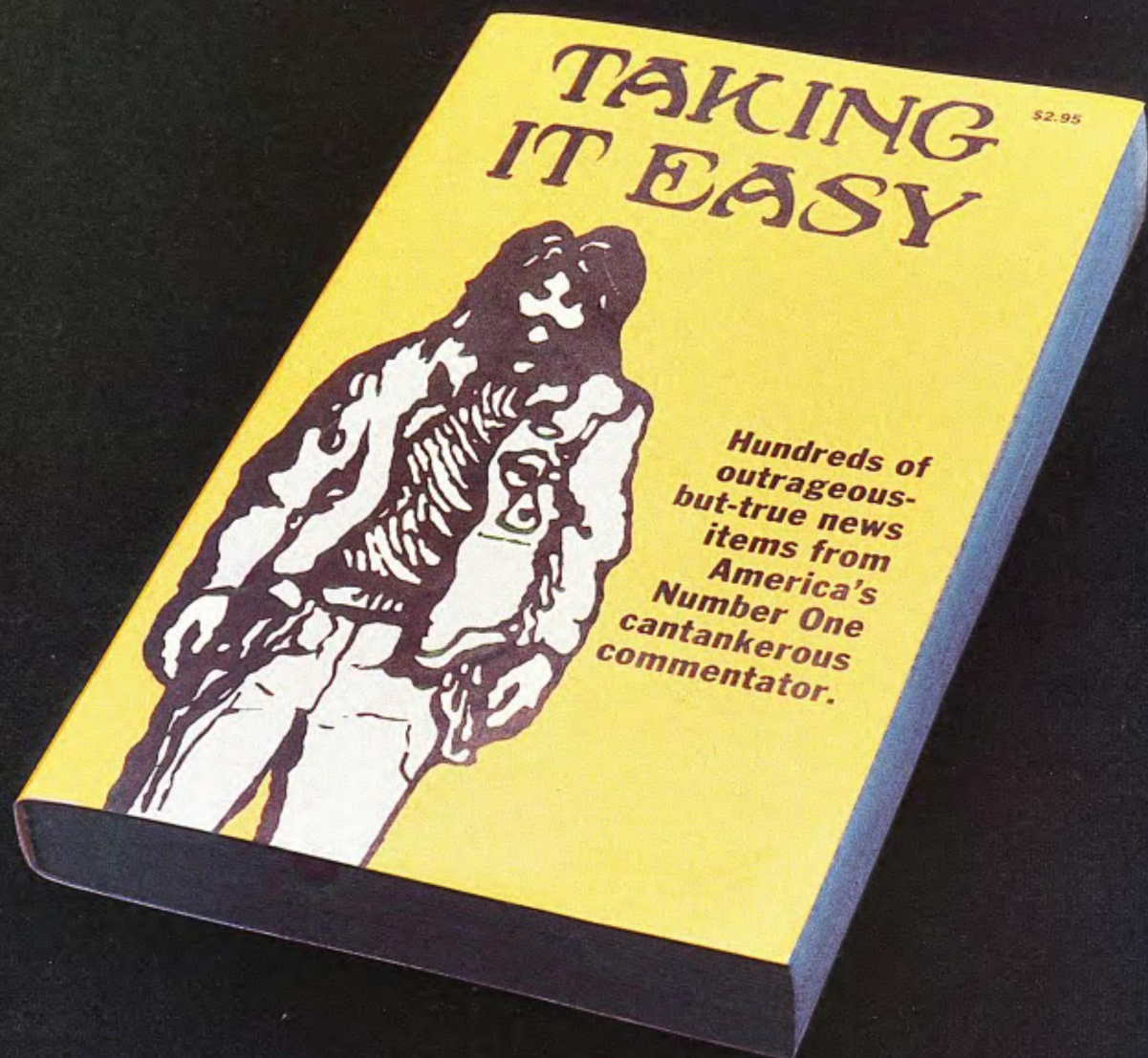


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 28th.

Cover photo of Tina 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.

If you've never read one of Spider's unique news columns, you're in for a real treat. And if you're already a Spider fan, you'll welcome this collection of his outrageous writings.

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Nice try department: A 66-year-old farmer got busted for growing marijuana. He protested and said the only reason he grew it was to feed his cows—when they got the munchies they ate more which made them more beautiful! (Worked with the last ol' lady I had!)

Beware of your mother. Dear old mom was cleaning under the bed one day and found a pile of pot. She immediately turned in her 17-year-old son (for his own good, of course!)

The place was beginning to smell bad, and he initially blamed it on his ol' lady. However, within a few days it got worse, so he checked the house, then the chimney—and found the body of a very dead 25-year-old man stuck in it.

He had to take a piss real bad. He went to the can on the plane, but it was occupied so he did the only thing he could do. He went down the aisle, found a woman sleeping, and pissed all over her. When ya gotta piss, ya gotta piss!

You've heard countless times about pot being in a guy's house, but this pot bust was the guy's house. He had built the house with 50 bales of marijuana at the cops' usual street value of \$1,000,000. He (and four helpers) eventually got busted, though. Maybe one of 'em tried to light the corner of the house for a few tokes and some fun and games while a cop was driving past.

The police were called to this house because of the foul smell coming from it. Inside they found a guy sitting on the sofa watching TV. Nothing wrong with that, of course, but sitting next to him was a bloated, discolored, motionless guy. The dude watching TV and drinking rum said the other guy hadn't moved in days, and if he didn't move before long, he was going to wake him up. The officers found 50 empty rum bottles in the house and a large amount of empty beer cases. Couple all that with pot and you can understand why the guy hadn't noticed that the dude beside him was dead.

The police found a skull beneath the dude's house, whereupon he immediately confessed to snuffing his ol' lady when she'd gotten shitty a few days earlier, but the skull turned out to be sixteen centuries old and had nothing to do with his ol' lady. Anyway, the dude's doing a lot of fast talking.

Then you have some people grumbling about the way their father was treated at a recent funeral. They sued and collected \$240,000 just because the coffin broke in the parking lot and the croaked dude tumbled to the ground. Shit, he didn't know he'd fallen, but they got the \$240,000 anyway. (A good way to pick up a couple of bucks.)

Think you have problems? A 70-year-old man woke up at 3:00 a.m. to take a dump and fell asleep on the john. He'd forgotten he had painted the toilet seat that afternoon, and stayed stuck to it for 11 hours before the ambulance and paramedics came and worked him loose!

Here's another accident in the same department. A dude woke up, walked out to his bike, and found his dogs chewing the bike's electrical wiring. He flipped his lid so much that he grabbed his 12-gauge shotgun and started beating the dogs with the stock, but surprise, surprise! While beating the dogs, the gun fired and sent his guts to the next city.

Speaking of dogs, they have fellas working as "dog boys" in the Huntsville, Texas, prison. They help train the dogs to track escaping prisoners and then teach them what the fuck to do when a prisoner is caught. Believe it or not, they are forced to go out and hide in a tree. When the dogs find them, they are forced to jump down and battle the dogs. One dude decided enough was enough after he had suffered 125 bites. He took the prison officials to court, but only got \$14,000 in the settlement. (So much for training dogs.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Cock Photos

□ We've heard why we shouldn't have male photos. This is a bunch of shit. What the fuck is wrong with nude men? Your rag is half pussy and tits.

Sweet Blossom
Nassau, N.Y.

■ And it will always continue to be.

April Issue

□ Well, you numbnuts did it again. I was sitting here smoking a good one and drinking a Bud, reading your April '84 issue. You all are either doing too many drugs or not enough.

Newt
Topeka, Kan.

□ So you blowholes thought you could fuck my head up with another April issue. But not this time. I drank a couple of beers, smoked some ass-kickin' weed, turned the mag end for end, and the front page was right in my face. I then proceeded to read and enjoy it as always.

Dewey
Attleboro, Mass.

God Rides A Harley

□ God doesn't ride a shovel-head or a panhead. God rides a Sportster because she's too small to handle a shovel or pan.

Little Bigfoot
Abilene, Tex.

Hit Home

□ I ain't read nothin' that hit home like what you said in the May '84 "Soap Box." It was on the money, brother! It felt like you were peeling the words from the inside of my skull.

So don't ask for that extra piece of raisin pie — take the fucker! You deserve it!

Charley-Harley
Bronx, N.Y.

Stuck To Ceiling

□ You guys are fuckin' great! How'd you get that knuckle rat in the April issue to stick to the ceiling long

enough to get a picture of it? Fuckin' great!

Navigator
Hawaii Island

Rat Bike

□ After reading your article on the rat, I told myself that's the bike I want. Your rag shows some ass-kickin' machinery, but for those not so wealthy and dreaming of someday owning a Harley, the rat just might be in my price range — 0. I think I'd rather scuff up a rat than a cherry.

Rat Man
Muscatine, Iowa

Pete Chiodo

□ Just out of curiosity, is your Pete Chiodo the same Pete Chiodo who was in USNMCB-4?

Matt (JOSN-Ret.)
Hurley, Wis.

■ He ain't coppin' to anything.

Fuck Ya

□ Man, I'm sittin' here having lost my job, with no beer in the box, smoked my last roach two days ago, and there's snow on the fuckin' ground. Here comes the mailman. Yeah, he's got my *Easyriders* mag, so all can't be too bad, I think. Then I open it up and there's Spider talking about a green Harley. Well, my Wide Glide is green, and if you guys on the staff don't like it, fuck ya!

Ramblin' Man
Louisville, Ky.

■ Spider was just havin' some fun to get your juices flowin' — and it worked.

□ This letter is for Spider. In regard to your column in the May issue, what the hell is wrong with a green Harley?

Larry Davis
Paragould, Ark.

■ Nothing.

So Long, Hal

□ I'm sorry to hear about Hal Robinson. I know the world

will miss him and his art. I'm sure he'll be remembered for a long time to come.

Joe Seidita
Brooklyn, N.Y.

□ I was very sad to hear the news about Hal Robinson. I admired his artwork quite a bit.

Joe T. McNichol
Bluebell, Pa.

□ I would like to thank you for informing me of Hal Robinson's passing. Please accept my sympathy.

George J. Standenmayer
Endeavor, Wis.

Helmet Law

□ 1984, and they're at it again in Alaska. Bill 539 once more tries for the mandatory helmet law. Alaska riders should write: Rep. Mich Adood, House State Affairs, Pouch V, Juneau, AK 99811.

Red
Anchorage, Alaska

To All Alaskans

□ State Representatives Bette Cato and Mike M. Miller have introduced House Bill No. 539 that reads, "A person driving, operating, or riding as a passenger on a motorcycle, motor-driven cycle, or snowmobile is required to wear a helmet..." That means you!

Let your reps know that you are able to decide for yourself what safety equipment you need. Write to them or call your local legislative affairs office and they will send the message for you.

If you don't, you'll have only yourself to blame.

John A. Weddleton
Fairbanks, Alaska

A Challenge

□ I enjoyed your comments about me. The problem I have with your writing is that most bikers are illiterate, so I wonder which straight person you turned to to help put the words on paper. I challenge you bikers to a love-making contest. Though you may have big bikes, every-

thing else about you is little, including your IQs. Let's have a real big sexual shoot-out and see who the real men are.

Al Goldstein, Publisher
Screw magazine
New York, N.Y.

■ Shit, Al, we wouldn't fuck that shit you fuck — even with your scrawny dick!

Boy George

□ Hey, you sons of bitches out in Califuckin'-fornia, if you've got any balls, you'll support me and others in a call across the world. Would someone please put Boy George out of his or its fuckin' misery?

Wormy
Statesville, N.C.

Big Tits — Again!

□ Believe me, brothers, after seeing the poor pathetic deformed freak-of-nature chick in the April '84 issue (the one whose tits were bigger than her head), it only proves to me that bigger is just bigger! But, by God, smaller will always be better — for real, 'cause it's a proven truth and fact — like it or not, all you big-boobed broads. Women with smaller tits make the very best lovers and are by far sharper upstairs and down!

Cherookee
Phoenix, Ariz.

Serious Subjects

□ Well, once again J.J. Solari proves what a horse's ass he can be. His ravings clearly show that when it comes to politics, the man obviously doesn't know what he's talkin' about.

In all fairness, Solari has written some good fiction in the past, and I hope he'll continue in that vein.

But, please — when it comes to serious subjects, don't let him get near so much as a Crayola without first giving him an enema to clear his head.

Lab Rat
Medina, Ohio

Construction Greetings

□ I just wish to say good going, J.J. Solari, on "Construction Site Greetings" (April '84 issue). I live in Cleveland, Ohio. There's construction work going on in downtown Cleveland and I love it!

All I have to say to construction workers is keep on going and keep on looking because we all love it.

The Cleveland Skunk
Cleveland, Ohio

Ol' Lady Of The Year

□ With all the halfway decent-looking women to choose from, why in the hell did you pick such a dog for the Ol' Lady Of The Year? Pukel

Krusty
Fairfax, Calif.

■ We don't select them — you readers do. She's a helluva nice broad.

Nothin' But Fine!

□ The doll you had in the March '84 issue was nothin' but fine! (I'd be for robbing a lot of liquor stores to keep her happy.)

Anyway, I've been sitting here for the last few hours drooling over her and have come to the conclusion that this babe has got to taste better than any raisin pie Spider and the rest of you fuckers have got to eat. (Does she?)

Oj
Deer Lodge, Mont.

■ Now, as you know, we don't do any of that shit.

Snivelin' Women

□ In hopes that all ungrateful bitches read it, I hope you'll print this. I'm so fucking fed up with hearing all the snivelin'. "My ol' man won't do this, my ol' man won't do that." Hey, you fuckheads, did you ever look in the mirror? Is the shack clean? Smoke rolled? Grub good? Enough head? Beer cold? Jack smooth? Scoot gleaming? I could go on, but hey, if you don't feed the cat at home, it'll go digging in the trash. And if you can't figure that one out, you don't deserve the man anyway!

One Man's Lady
San Antonio, Tex.

Helmet Law Still On

□ This is to let you know that the fight to repeal the helmet law in Georgia is still on. The

lawmakers have shelved the vote till next year on the bullshit excuse that they are going to study its benefits more. You know, it's no wonder people want to go crazy.

Michael "Mad Dog" Davis
Trion, Ga.

CHIP Prices

□ Apparently, there is considerable confusion among motorcyclists about the price quoted by the Harley-Davidson Motor Company on police motorcycles for the California Highway Patrol. I would like to clarify this issue.

There are three major reasons:

1. Harley-Davidson sold to the CHP on a direct basis; this makes us competitive. It is a very unusual situation because in all other cases our products are sold through our franchised dealers.

2. Price always relates directly to quantity. We can produce 135 units at one time less expensively than we can fewer units.

3. A large police fleet, especially one as visible as the CHP, has undefined advertising value, resulting in selective discounts depending on quantity. In the case of our recent CHP sale, there are tremendous residual advertising and promotional benefits.

Buzz Buzzelli
Public Relations Manager
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

ABATE Info

□ None of the existing ABATE organizations in the United States are sanctioned or affiliated with National Abate in Sacramento, California. As a matter of fact, this situation was discussed at great length by the state directors attending the meeting in Kansas last year. It was decided we would request that *Easyriders* make it clear that the ABATE activities reported on in your "Easynews" column are not National Abate functions. It is really unfortunate when someone comes to the gate and offers their National Abate membership as entrance, and are told the card is for the wrong organization. Then they have to pay an additional fee. Here in California we honor their card since it's an honest mistake. Whether it's A Brotherhood

Against Totalitarian Enactments, American Brotherhood Aimed Toward Education, or the American Brotherhood Active Toward Education, each state is its own entity. We work together through a network of telephone communication against federal laws, but each state has its own board of directors or advisors. All of the ABATE organizations are doing their best for their members and trying to keep unfair legislation from being enacted. We are also educating the automobilist to be aware of us on the road. California's program has just been accepted by the Los Angeles School Board for their driver ed classes. There is room for anyone who really wants to help. ABATE in California is not only legal, but is registered in the Yellow Pages under "Driver Education."

I hope this clears up any questions that may arise in the future about our not being affiliated with National Abate.

David "Deacon" Phillips
Executive Director
ABATE
7572 Foothill Blvd.
Tujunga, CA 91042

Thanks

□ I would like to thank *Easyriders* magazine for allowing the Mississippi Department of Corrections to be added to the subscriptions that come to the state penitentiary. I have already received your first magazine in the mail, and the inmates are really glad that it will be coming to the MDOC for an unlimited time — they say thanks.

Bob Carlton, Librarian
Parchman, Miss.

□ On behalf of the residents at the Joliet Correctional Center, I would like to thank you for the subscription to *Easyriders* magazine.

Fayrene Graves, Librarian
Shorewood, Ill.

A Parody

□ Hope you guys can take a joke. I'm referring to the March '84 issue of *National Lampoon*. They did an excellent parody on your rag. Called it "Equalriders." I sure laughed my ass off. I dig your mag just the way it is. Sure, it's extra raunchy at times, and the ol' lady contest and tit shots cater to the men. But

there's somethin' in it for both of us. I'm hoping to be in the wind soon beside my ol' man. That's equal enough for me.

The Fish
Muskegon, Mich.

□ Have you checked out the March '84 issue of *National Lampoon*? In case you haven't, I sent you an article from it. All I have to say is whatdafuck!

Kappy
Dublin, N.H.

□ If the chickies want a biker mama magazine, go get the March '84 issue of *National Lampoon*. It's a parody on *Easyriders* but the ladies might like it.

Cock photos are for *Playgirl* and porno mags — not *Easyriders*.

Sasquach
Brea, Calif.

□ A note to all you splittails who read as well as ride. Check out *National Lampoon's* March '84 issue. You might get a kick out of the spoof on *Easyriders* — it's called "Equalriders." But do keep in mind that it's only a spoof — and you're only females.

Bill H.
Mission, Kan.

Triumph Blues

□ Did you know that today's date is the same backwards as forwards? Well, nearly anyway.

I didn't write just to tell you that, though. See page 43 of your March issue. Sorry to disappoint all you Harley freaks, but the Triumph plant at Meriden is definitely not "still fully equipped, etc." The week before last, the *British Motorcycling Weekly* showed two pictures of the works in the process of demolition — imagine that for a comedown, eh? (At least for all us Triumph freaks.)

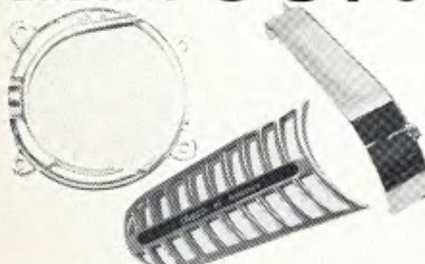
Stewart Wilson
Cheshire, England

Weighty Problem

□ I've got a real problem and need some real help, so if you have no advice, maybe some readers will be good enough to help. My problem is that I'm 24 years old, 5' 2" tall, weigh 200 lbs., and my husband is always calling me things like Shamu or Pork Chop! I told him he should

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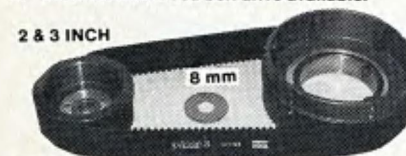
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love me for what's inside and not just the surface, but he won't give up.

I don't like being fat, but I can't stick to a diet for very long. Now, I love my husband very much and don't want to lose him just because I'm fat, but I've noticed that things are changing a lot lately. For example, we hardly spend any time together. I love to make love to him — he really likes getting head and I love giving it to him — but lately he's not interested in any kind of sex! I know he's not fooling around — he's just not interested anymore. I need some advice on what the hell to do before it's too late.

How about some ideas? Does anyone out there know what I'm going through?

Wanda
Reading, Pa.

Slab-side Harley

□ To the owner of the '64 panhead who put a '68 shovel top on a pan bottom (April '84 issue): Seems that you have not been into Harleys, long, son. What you have is a "slab-side," which Harley made for a few years. I ride a '68 slab-side myself.

Little Chief
Columbia, S.C.

□ Be proud of your "shovel-pan." Get a few cold beers, spin up a doobie or two, and get in the wind. I am.

Harley Mike
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

□ Re. Frank Montagues's situation (April '84): Try "shopan."

Animal "Cheech"
Omaha, Neb.

Piss Tests

□ This is in response to "Confused" (April '84) and to anyone else dealing with this kind of test.

I was a corpsman in the navy right at the start of their so-called "Drug Purge '82." They happened to let me operate one of the first machines they purchased, and I had the chance to talk with a factory rep. This is how it basically works.

When you smoke the "evil weed," smoke enters the lungs, and the narcotic ingredient THC enters the bloodstream from there. Since THC is fat-soluble, it is stored in the fatty tissues for about three to five days after smoking. As the body

burns this fat during normal body metabolism (like fuel), the stored THC is released back into the bloodstream, and from there into the kidneys where it is filtered and released into the urine. The amounts aren't large enough to get you stoned again, but are sufficient to chemically measure.

You're probably dealing with the Emit S/T Urine/Drug Analyzer. It works something like this: There are two holes in the machine for vials, one for "control" (known quantity) and the other for "test" (unknown quantity) — your sample. The vials contain a powder that chemically reacts to both water (test) and urine (sample) when mixed. The chemical reaction that occurs is measured photoelectrically and compared. If the computer in the machine says that the sample is less than the test, it's a negative reading; more, and it's a positive reading — and they've got ya.

The machine itself isn't much bigger than a typewriter. It has reagents that can test for just about anything from pot to speed to down to synthetic chemical drugs. But pot has the lowest incidence of "false positive" reactions. The others can react to over-the-counter drugs, and the tests aren't nearly as accurate as the company would like, so they are easily refuted by legal-types. (The company claims 99.5 percent accuracy in 99.5 percent of the results.)

Because THC is excreted very slowly, the machine's manufacturer claims accuracy over a period of 30 days. So the 28-day lapse is "accurate" by manufacturer's standards. But what they fail to mention is that their precious accuracy curve drops off drastically after about the first two weeks.

There are ways to beat it. Regular table salt will render the results negative and inaccurate, but it's hard to dump it in the little bottle they give you and is easily detected when the urine has time to sit and settle. Another way is to drink lots of water or juice and dilute the urine naturally. Makes your piss look like water. Of course, you'll spend a lot of time in the pisser, but that's better than a positive test. (I've personally proved this method.)

One last thing: The test is

qualitative, not quantitative. That is, they can measure presence, not amount (as in blood alcohol).

If you're military or locked down, you can obtain books from the ACLU to help you out — *The Rights of Military Personnel/Prisoners* — at a nominal charge. It's worth it. I've been out two years, so someone else may be able to add any current updates occurring in that time.

Ride and smoke free. Remember, Big Brother is watching us.

Chris M.
Bremerton, Wash.

□ This is in response to "Confused" from Ashland, Kentucky, in the April issue. He wants to know if marijuana can be detected after 28 days of not smoking. Well, for six months I worked with the assholes who do the tests and it goes something like this. If you smoke a joint, the THC that gets into your system is going to be there for a while. It takes seven days to get rid of the first half. The rest stays in your system up to 30 days. And depending on how much you smoked, it can be easily detected by a urine test. Just goes to show you that if they want you bad enough, they'll find a way.

BTI
USS New Jersey
Beirut, Lebanon

□ In reference to "Confused" from Ashland, Kentucky: I'm in the air force, stationed here in South Dakota. I was told by the powers-that-be that the piss tests are able to detect THC in your urine for only 24 to 48 hours after use. Also, the method used by the air force is calibrated so that only a person who has actually smoked pot will get a positive result on the test. This way the "I was in the same car with people smoking pot" alibi can't be used.

Horizontal Dave
Ellsworth AFB, S.D.

□ Yes, they can detect traces of weed in your piss 28 days later. But there are also a couple of catches. For instance, those piss tests have been found to be about 95 percent accurate. But the biggest bitch is that those tests violate our constitutional rights. According to the U.S. Constitution, you do not have to produce evidence against yourself. And if piss-

in' in a bottle under guard ain't producing evidence against yourself, then Miraculous Mutha must be a bathing queen.

Mo
West Germany

☐ I spent some time as a Squid and they gave me four piss tests within three months. I passed each one and never stopped smokin'. Anyway, a close bro I used to party with was sent to a navy school to learn the machine they use. Well, they say it's good up to 30 days after ya smoke. But he found out that if ya keep a fairly regular drinking schedule, the alcohol cleans out your system, and if ya ain't into drinking, try some apple juice or Kool-Aid. The acids in them do the same thing as alcohol, and if ya really wanna be sure, try some vinegar — it'll clean ya out for sure. As for potency, I always had top grade.

Another thing, that test ain't 100 percent accurate and if ya got a good mouthpiece, ya might walk. Good luck, bro.

Willie
Palm Beach, Fla.

☐ I'm currently employed by Uncle Sam's canoe club, and I have discovered that whether you party or not, if they want you busted, you're busted.

For instance, I'm like every other normal biker. I tell people what I think of them, even officers. Anyway, I was recently busted for use of THC and also some of that "South American snow." Now, any dipshit knows the government doesn't pay enough for it to snow. Well, to make a long story short, I argued till I was tired of yelling, but I still had to fork over the money for the fine.

So the only advice I can give you is either learn to keep your mouth shut when you should or do like me — live your own life and fuck the military!

Busted
Norfolk, Va.

Sick Of Bitches

☐ Hey, "Sick of Bitches" (April '84 issue): Shut up and listen. First of all, I've been in the wind for almost 20 years now, and most of that time I've owned my own scooter. I don't always agree with what the ol' ladies have to say, but I'm pretty sure we all agree

that you must have your head up your ass. I mean, what is this shit about all women being unequal to men? You must be running with some real mental midgets.

You may be able to do some things better than me, but I doubt it.

Preacher's Ol' Lady
Salem, Ore.

☐ This is in reply to that asshole Paul (April '84 issue): If all we "bitches" are good for is fuckin', then explain why I've been busting my ass 45 hours a week for a year while my ol' man sits at home, unemployed. Explain why I gave him the money he needed to buy his first Harley. Explain why I watch his back when he's too drunk to and why I lock up the scooter after he's passed out. Explain why that scooter's chrome is always so bright that it hurts your eyes to look at it. Explain how his house and clothes stay clean and how he gets his three squares a day. I'd do anything in my power to satisfy his every want and need.

If you just want somethin' to fuck, then find a sheep or a hole in the wall.

Tera
Kankakee, Ill.

☐ About being equal: Most assholes like you say we chicks shouldn't ride a bike unless we're on the back. Well, I figure I'm pretty equal since I ride a '56 panhead Hydra-Glide. And I'll bet I ride better than you.

Krazy Kar
Roselle Park, N.J.

☐ All the bikin' mamas I know could kick yer butt faster than you could haul it!

Lady in Leather
Wailuku, Maui

Wants Male Mail

☐ I'm an Australian biker lady who would really like to hear from some of you American bikers. I would appreciate a photo of you and your bike, and would especially like to hear from guys doing time in jail. (In these cases, a photo may not be possible, right?)

Alysoun "Pinky" Learmonth
83 Rembrandt Drive
Middlecove, 2068;
Sydney N.S.W.
Australia

Male Call

☐ Thank you, thank you,

thank you, *Easyriders*! If not for your "Male Call" section, I probably woulda roamed the country aimlessly in search of my dream man forever! But thanks to you beautiful people, I've found him. Thanks for "Male Call" and for giving me the chance to find my one and only!

Kay the Runt
Wadhams, N.Y.

Scumbags

☐ You fucking scumbag, lowlife muthafuckers have got my last dollar. I'll never subscribe to your rag again because you can't find a quarter-inch of space to say goodbye to our sister and state officer of ABATE, loved by all throughout the state: Suzie Gates of Oregon. You dumbfucks have probably lost the request, which was sent over three months ago. Get your heads out of your asses and lay off the drugs a little.

Thanks for nothing.
J.C.
Tenmile, Ore.

Fan Mail?

☐ Thanks for all the "pats on the back" for the "Drunk Puzzle," but I have to admit, I got more complaints. Ya gotta face the facts, though. I did warn you before you started lookin' for the words!

Bright Eyes
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Strange Guideline

☐ Just want to let you know that the Virginia Department of Corrections has come up with a new guideline that refuses us convicts the right to receive *Easyriders* magazine. They say it's obscene, yet we are still allowed to receive *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and *Biker Lifestyle*. That just goes to show how fucked-up the backwoods redneck, conservative bastards who run Virginia are.

Rebel
State Farm, Va.

☐ Enclosed is the official notice that your mag has been declared obscene and will no longer be permitted into any state institution in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Speaking as a subscriber and an inmate here at PCC, we are starting a class-action suit against the move. We hope that you will take some sort of action also.

Continued on page 114



ALWAYS LIGHTS

This genuine ZIPPO lighter is manufactured by American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

If your lighter **ever** fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Rolling over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.) To get your primo ZIPPO with the **Easyriders** insignia, just send \$11.00 for each.

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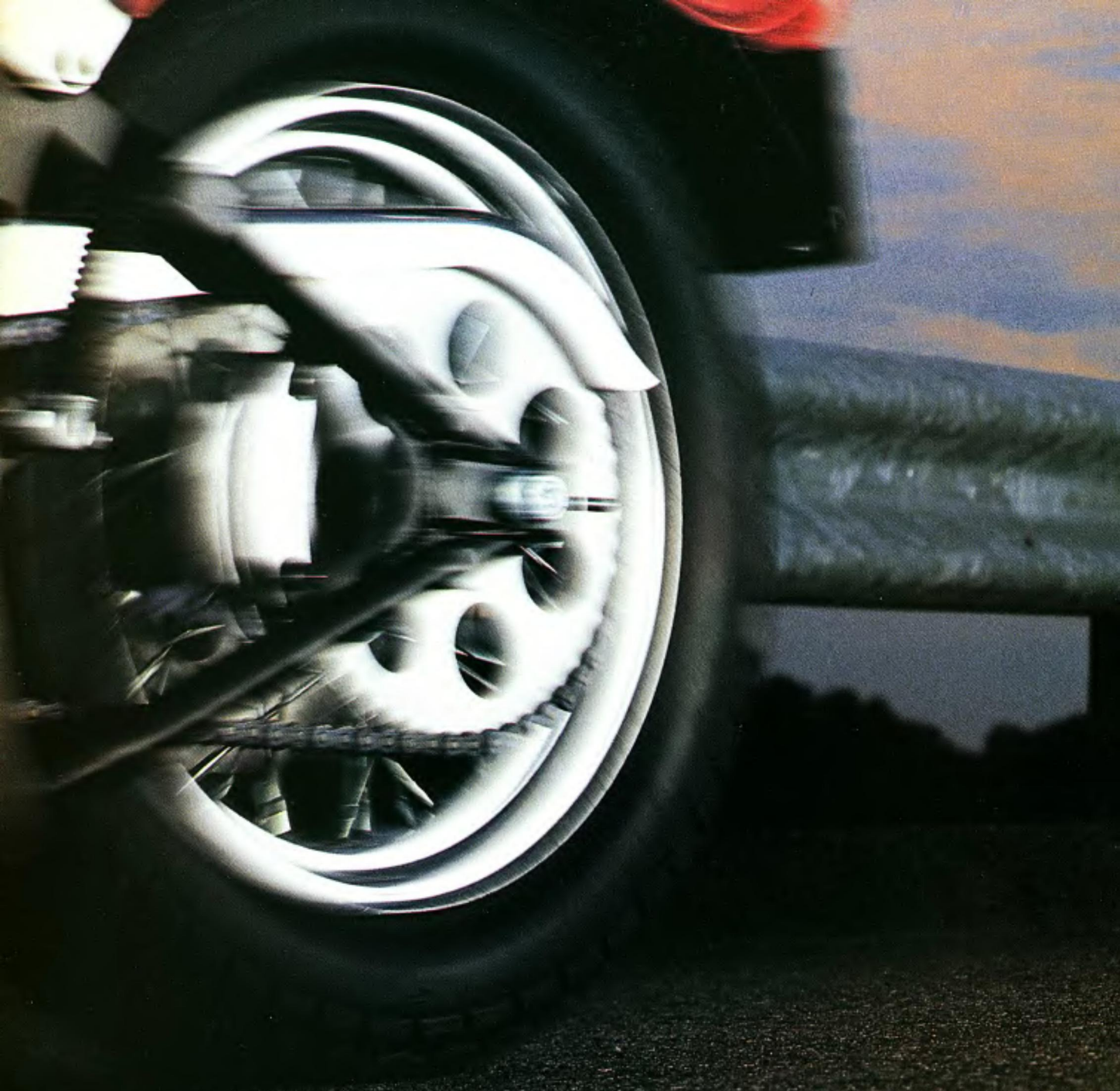
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Canada add 75¢ for postage; foreign orders add \$5.50.

Must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Everyone Goes For The Looks Of The New Harley Softail



One look at the New Harley® FXST Softail™ hits a soft spot in anyone who understands and appreciates fine custom motorcycles.

The bobbed rear fender. Forward foot controls. Chrome-plated horseshoe oil tank. And special custom detailing. Riders stand at a respectful distance just to look, just to stare, just to catch a glimpse of the hottest new custom design ever forged from Milwaukee steel.

And then, we hand them the keys.

Because if you love the looks of the New Softail, you will be equally as stunned by the ride.



We Want You To Go For The Ride.

The Softail recreates the hardtail look with gas-charged, horizontally mounted rear shock absorbers. With progressive dampening in both the front and rear suspensions. The look is hard custom but the ride is smooth cruising.

"The Softail takes the factory-custom premise right to the edge, providing the look of a pre-'57 rigid-frame H-D with the suspension and ride quality expected of a 1984 motorcycle."—*Cycle Guide*, October '83.

The low slung custom seat is just 25¼" off the ground. The big chrome 80-inch Vee, our new V² Evolution™ Engine, sounds like the same V-Twin but

has new torque and new horsepower that must be felt to be believed. That's why we want you to ride one.

We invite you to test ride this new Softail and all the New Harleys at your Harley-Davidson dealer.

We think a rider who goes for the looks should be able to go for a ride.

The New Harleys. RideOne.™

Harley-Davidson® Motor Company, Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

PICK OF THE LITTER

There were about 300 bikes trying for prizes on the Daytona Boardwalk — this sassy Sporty rumbled off with the Blue Ribbon.



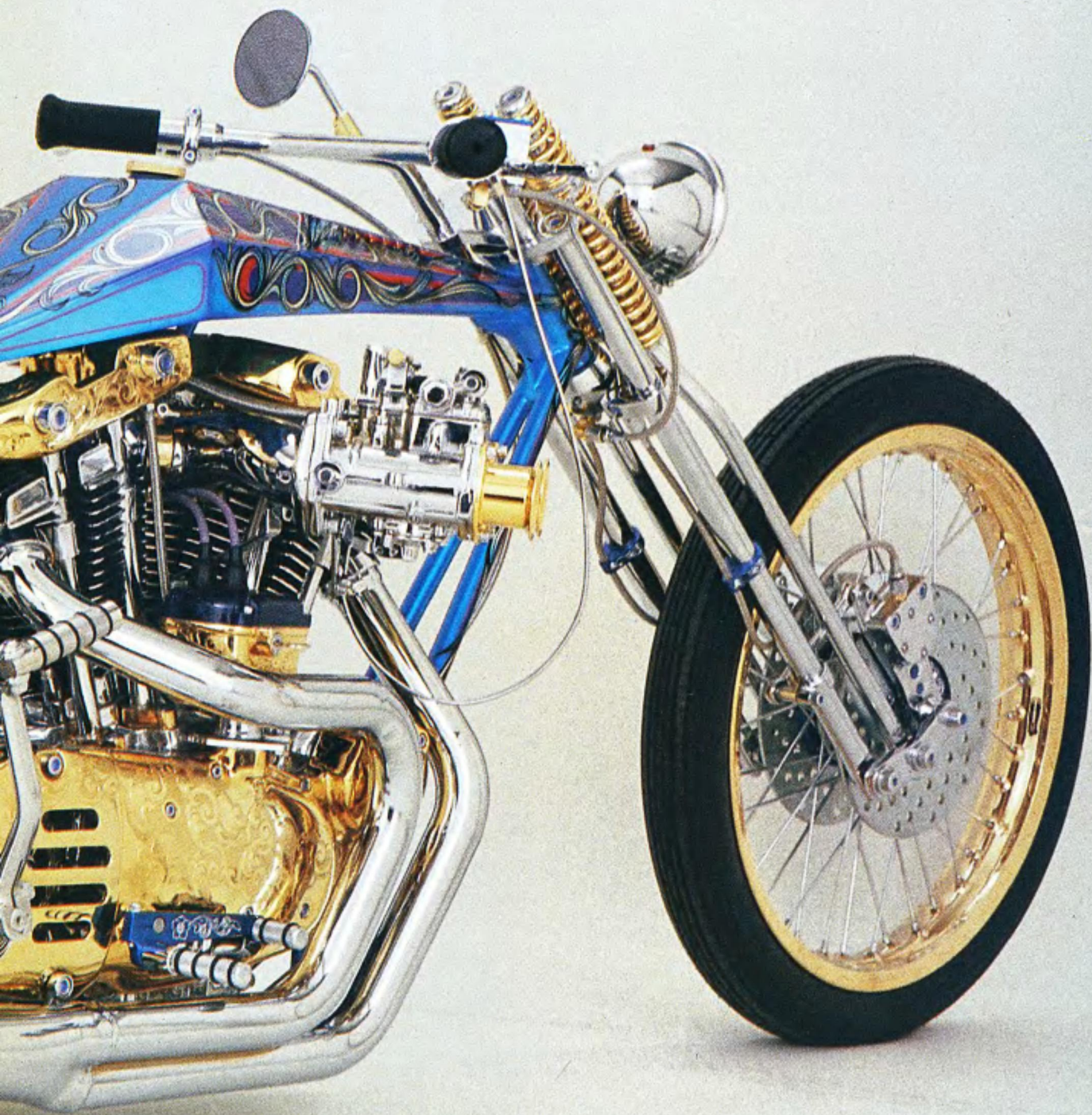
Some guys just don't give a damn about "good enough." As far as they're concerned, if you ain't number one, you ain't shit. Mike Crawford is one of those dudes. In 1982, Mike, a welder by trade, built himself a bike and brought it to Daytona to enter it in the Rat's

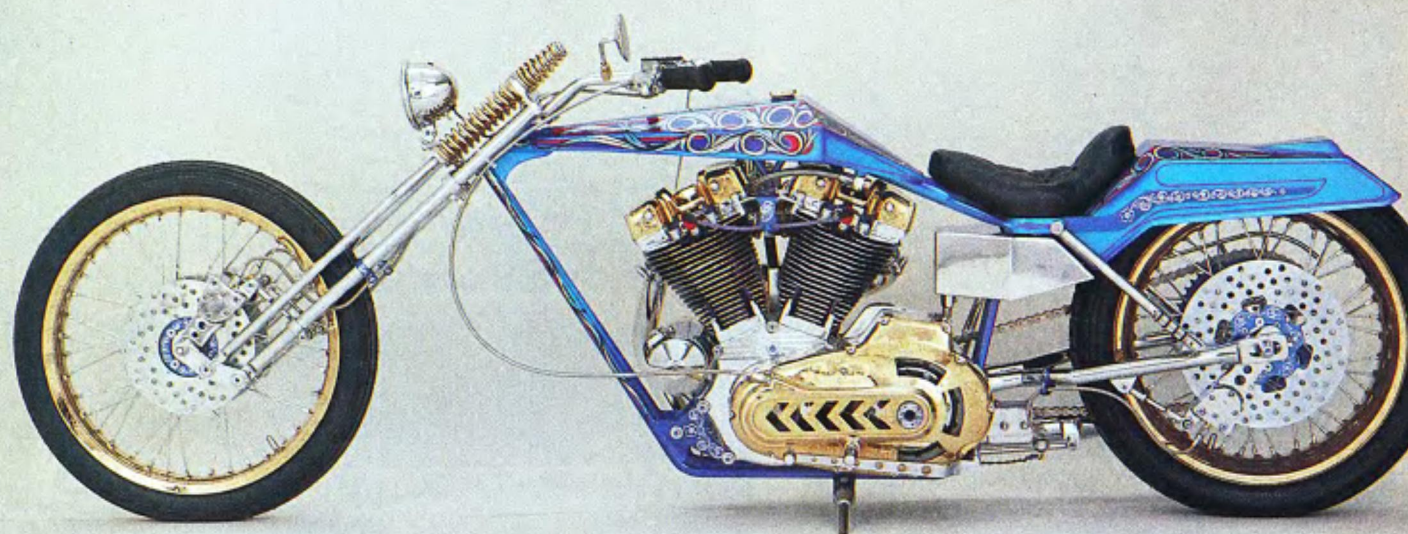
Hole show on the Boardwalk. Against some of the toughest competition anywhere — customs from all over the country — Mike's scooter took a third.

"I didn't even bother bringin' the bike back home," Mike says. "I just sold it right there at Daytona and used the money to pay

for rebuilding this Sportster." The decision paid off. Mike's ride was golden in more ways than one in this year's show — it gleamed like the inside of Fort Knox and it snared the top prize in the 751cc to 1000cc class.

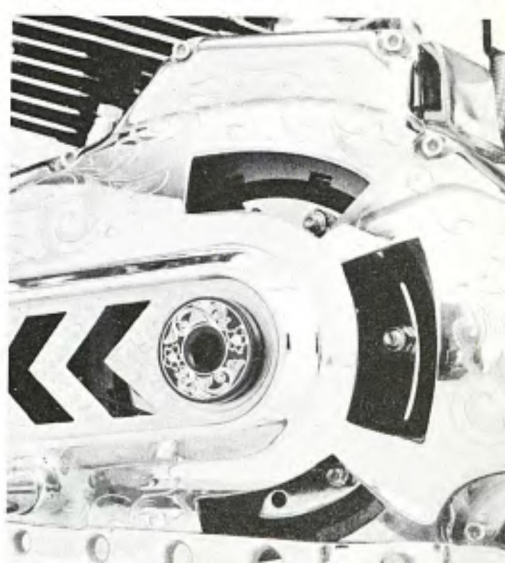
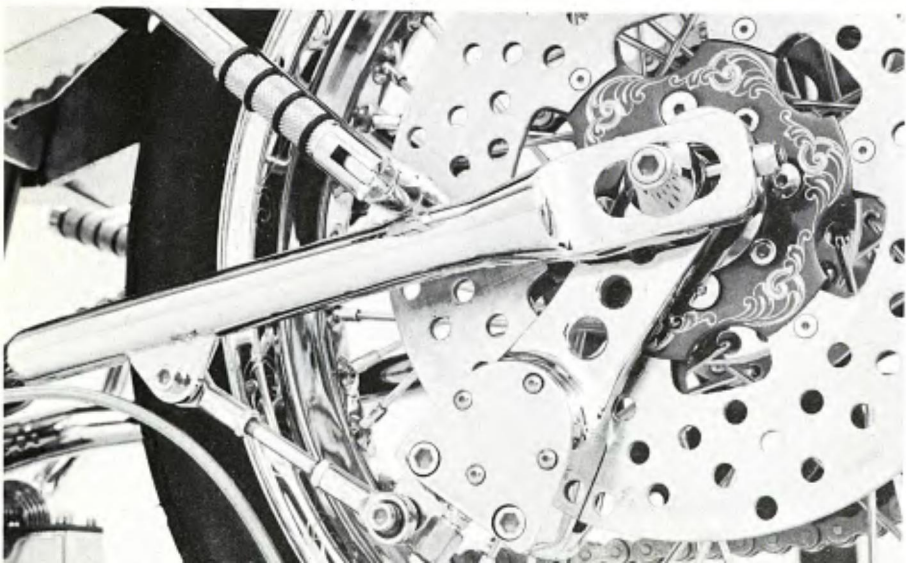
"As you can tell, the styling of this bike was influenced by Arlen

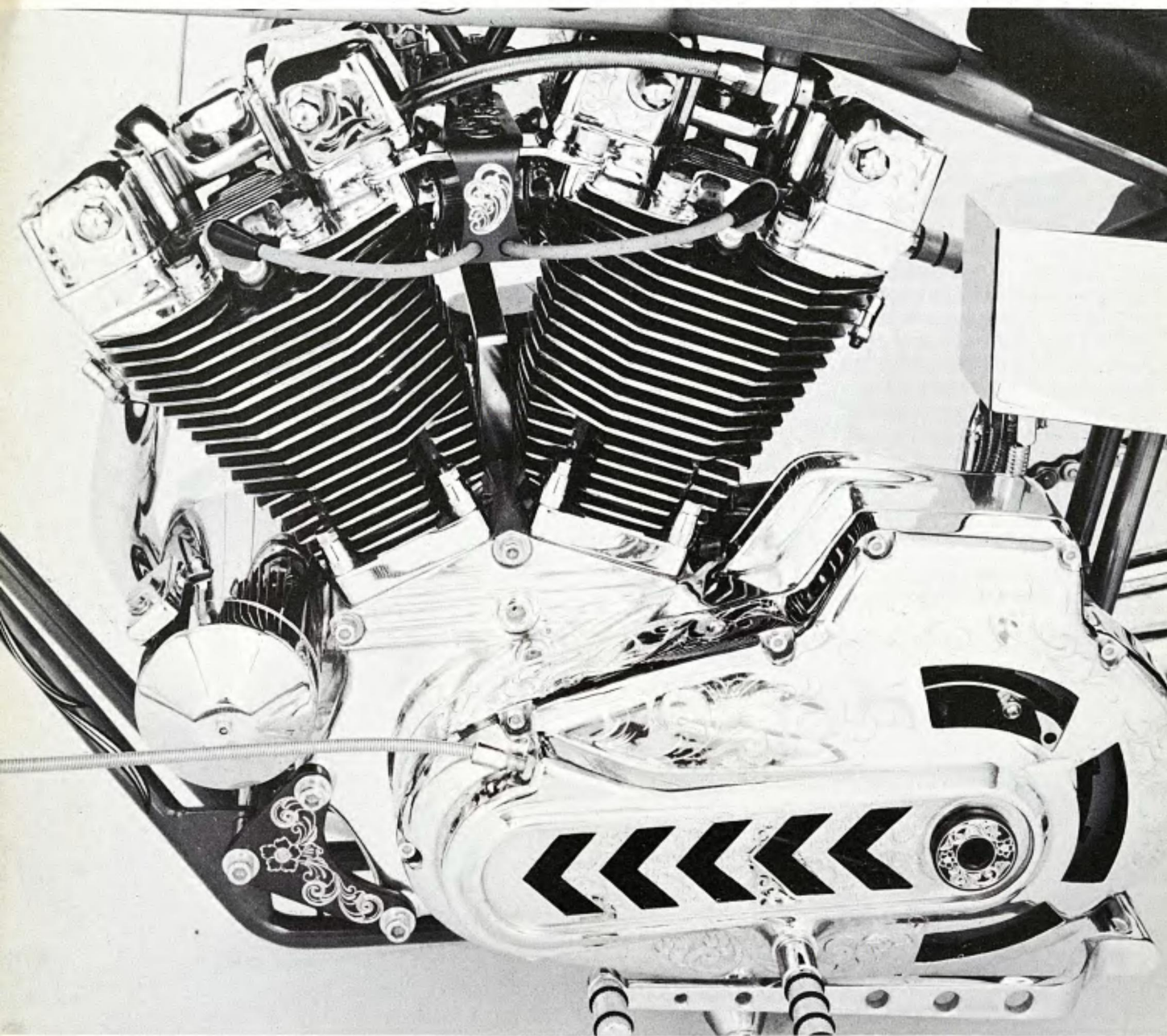




Ness," Mike candidly admits. "But I didn't want it to be a clone of a Ness design. I wanted it real low, but I also wanted it to be different. That was the biggest problem in building it, designing the tank and fender to be unique. Let me tell you, several were made and scrapped — one because I suddenly realized I was copying and slightly modifying a frame design I had used a couple of years ago on a different bike. It's damn hard to trash something you've busted your ass building with your own hands, but it had to be done."

Mike, who also owns a 90-inch shovel to hack around on, has had bikes in his blood since as far back as he can remember. "My dad used to sit me up on the top of the gas tank and take me put-





tin'," he says of his childhood days. "There was always a Harley in our garage, even before I got my first one at seventeen."

We were rappin' with Mike about his prize-winnin' ride less than two weeks after Daytona and, like the perfectionist he is, he was already deep into planning his next moves.

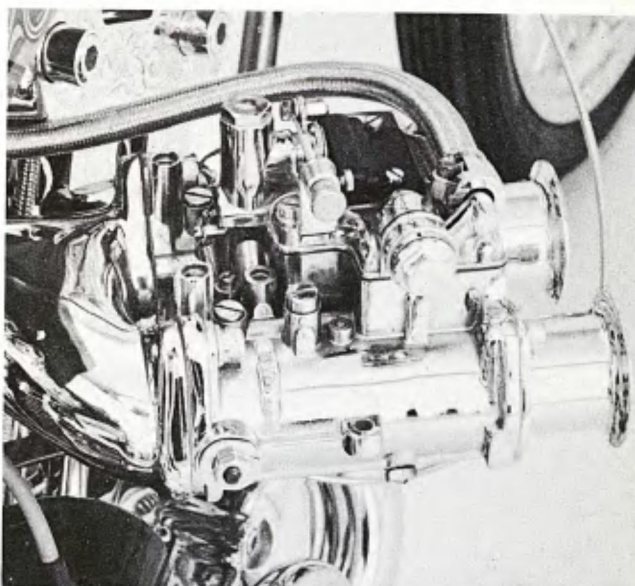
"First, I'm gonna take this bike to the Harley Rendezvous this summer," he said. "But that's not the big move. The hot plan is to go to work on my buddy's 96-inch fatbob and rebuild it into something that will make this baby look tame.



Owner: Mike Crawford		City: Portsmouth, Ohio	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: custom	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: XLCH		Type: swingarm	
Value: ?		Rake: 48 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 5 in.	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: lowered seat	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: 3/4-in. tubing	
Year: 1972		Risers: welded on	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): handmade/owner	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: handmade/owner	
Displacement: 61 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: B&M Cycle		Front pegs: SB&F	
Balancing: B&M Cycle		Rear pegs: SB&F	
Pistons: 8 1/2:1		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: handmade/owner	
Heads: Manley valves and springs		Oil tank: handmade/owner	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: Arlen Ness		Primary cover: cut out	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto		Seat: Crawford's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: stacks		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Arlen Ness		Height: 1 1/2 in.	
Muffler(s): Arlen Ness		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews C-ratio		Type: springer	
Year: 1972		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: Karate belt drive		Special features: gold springs	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Sifton	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Cycle Fabrications		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM6
Color: candy blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: silver leaf			
Other special modifications: Too many to list. Special thanks to Paula, Kelly, Mom, Dad, Bruce and Mary of B&M Cycle, Dave and Dino of Cycle Fab., Sam.			



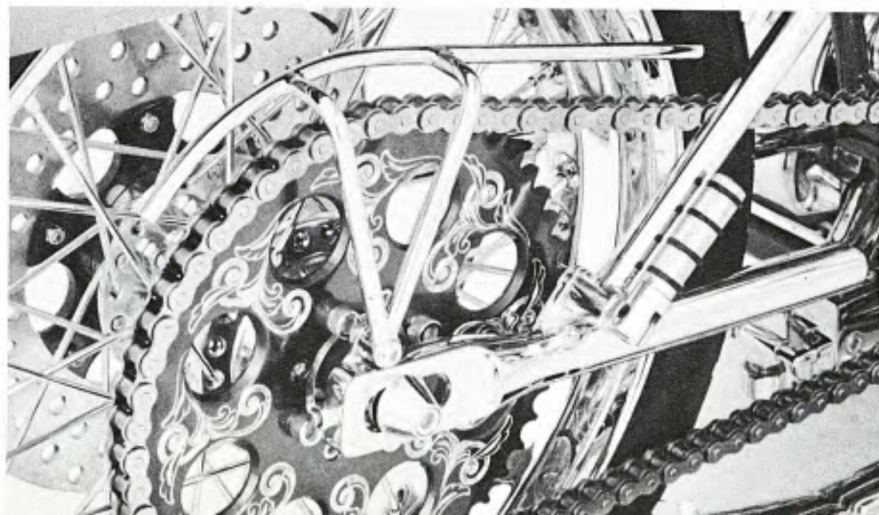
Photos by Pete Chiodo



"Then we'll just go back on down to Daytona with both bikes and see if we can't roll up two of those first-in-class trophies and take 'em home."

Like we said at the beginning, guys like Mike Crawford figure that if you ain't number one, you ain't shit. And that if you're really number one, you won't feel satisfied until you've copped all the top trophies.

—Butcher



SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH

This year's bike week was a lot like the 25 that preceded it — more action than anybody except bikers could handle. A late blast of winter buried hundreds of miles of Midwestern highways in drifts. . .by the evening rush hour, snowy roads brought traffic to a near halt in and around Washington. . .winds of up to 50mph accompanied the storm into the Carolinas. . ."I can't see out my window," said Glenn Williams at the National Weather Service office in Fort Wayne, Indiana. . .In Nebraska, about 600 miles of state highway were closed because snows plows couldn't get through. . .

—from AP dispatches

"Tough titty." — from me and Bomber's dispatches

Monday, March 5 — Bomber always says the first thing we gotta do when we get there is find a couple of them DFP blondes and handcuff 'em to our motel beds.

He's wrong, of course. That may be the first thing he's gotta do when he gets to Daytona, but the first thing I gotta do is piss — the Drink, Fuck, and Passout chicks can wait till second.

Don't know why it is, but bein' near the water always seems to do something to my kidneys.

But enough of that old shit, the point is that these old and wasted kidneys had made it to Daytona for another Bike Week — number 26 for the town and number maybe about seven for me (unless you don't count the year I never got past the New Orleans Parish slam).

One thing I was determined about — this year was gonna be different. Kick back, enjoy, soak up some skull and sun. No racin' round like a hyperactive prospect on a mission for the prez. This was gonna be party-time,

not set-a-record-chasing-wild-geese time. Start by grabbin' a few beers and hittin' the room to peel off a few layers of dead rebel bugs and grab some shut-eye.

That almost worked — at least the part about scorin' the beer did. And who says ya can't wash bugs away with cold water? The sixth guy into the room does it all the time.

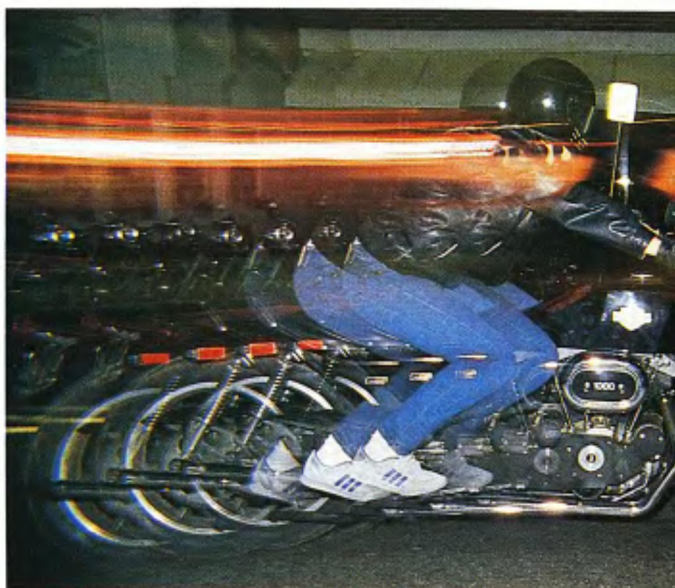
'Course, the sleep bit was a total washout. Ya'd think the chicks wouldn't be able to squeal that loud with all that booze in their guts (not to mention what was in their mouths), but they always surprise ya somehow. It wasn't important, anyway. The important thing was that I'd kicked away the afternoon and made it to the dark time, the let's-check-out-the-action time, the head-down-to-Main-Street time.

Main Street at night, always different but always the same. From the Boot to the Garter, a sea of bikes profiling for the fillies and the camera freaks. Movin' with



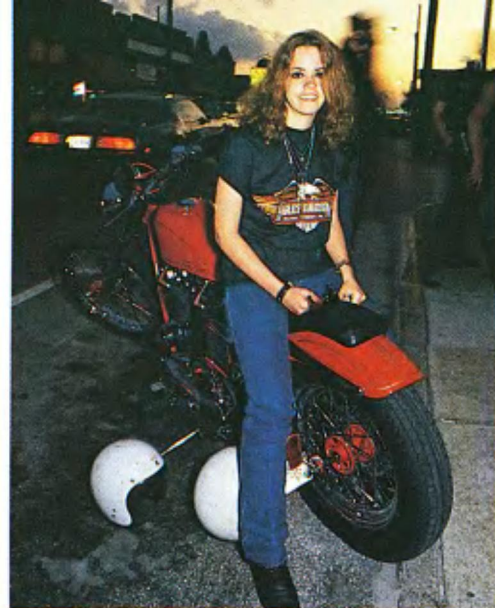


SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH



the crowds, I find myself pushed into a place called Kay's Coach House. Never been there before, but it's filled with bros. Might as well have a drink. Four of Daytona's finest saunter in, the gear hangin' from their Sam Brownes janglin' like dog tags. We give 'em a big round of applause, they smile and leave. What the hell, I suppose ya don't really have to be Johnny Carson to appreciate a good audience. Just outside I ran into an Atlanta bro named Gator; he ain't nearly as appreciative of the fuzz — his first day in town and he's already been written up twice 'cause of his cutouts.

Tuesday, March 6 — I'd originally had big plans to spend the afternoon over at the Holiday Inn Surfside, droolin' on the factory customs Harley was supposed to be showin'. But then I heard that one of Willie G.'s creations had been given a real super-special paint job and I figured there was no way I could properly



SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH





appreciate it through eyes that looked like red filters. So I stumbled to the beach to dry out. The chicks look fine, red filters or not.

I seemed to look pretty good to them, too, or at least my scooter did. While the line waiting to go for a putt wasn't exactly as long as the one they get at the end of the tent show when they let the kids take a dollar ride in a wicker basket on an elephant's back, it wasn't bad, either. So I spent an hour or so trolling up and down the sand with one or another little honey hanging on behind. It felt good to be on Old Betsy without that damn lid for a change, even though the legal limit is only 10 miles per. After a while I grabbed the cutie who held on tightest — and in all the right places — and headed for bed, her bed. Usually I'm as big on sharin' as the next dude, but with the crew Spider'd put together for Daytona this year, I'da been lucky if there'd been a few scraps left over for me if we'd gone to "my" room.

Wednesday, March 7 — Got the short straw and spent the day wrestlin' scooters around the garage Spider rented and fixed up as a

SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH

photo studio. Wasn't as bad as it sounds. . . got to see a bunch of truly righteous scooters "up close and personal" as they say on the boob tube.

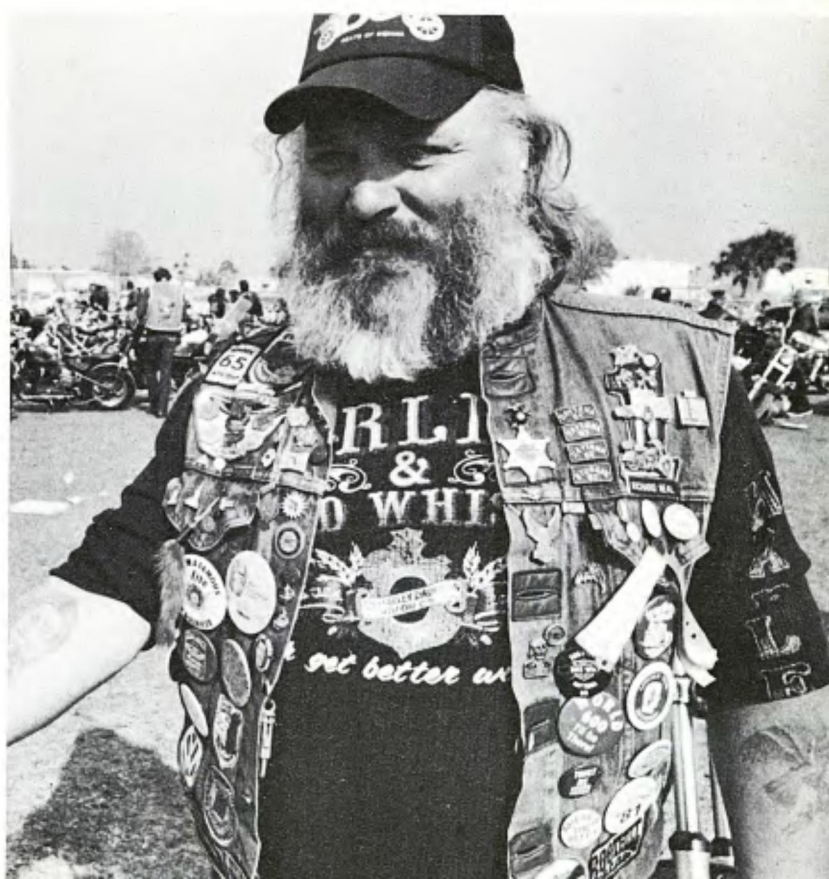
A couple of 'em were so great that I woulda traded six scrawny college chicks for 'em. One was so hot, I woulda traded six not-so-scrawny coeds for it — and thrown in my ol' lady and my official Paisano Publications Raisin Pie Card.

By the time Spider was ready to follow his nose back to Mutha, it was already dark and I needed a drink bad, so I wandered over to the Boot Hill and steered my way around the bouncer — a huge giant named Blimper (he woulda just been a "regular" giant, but his tattoos were so big and heavy they added a few inches to 'im) — and

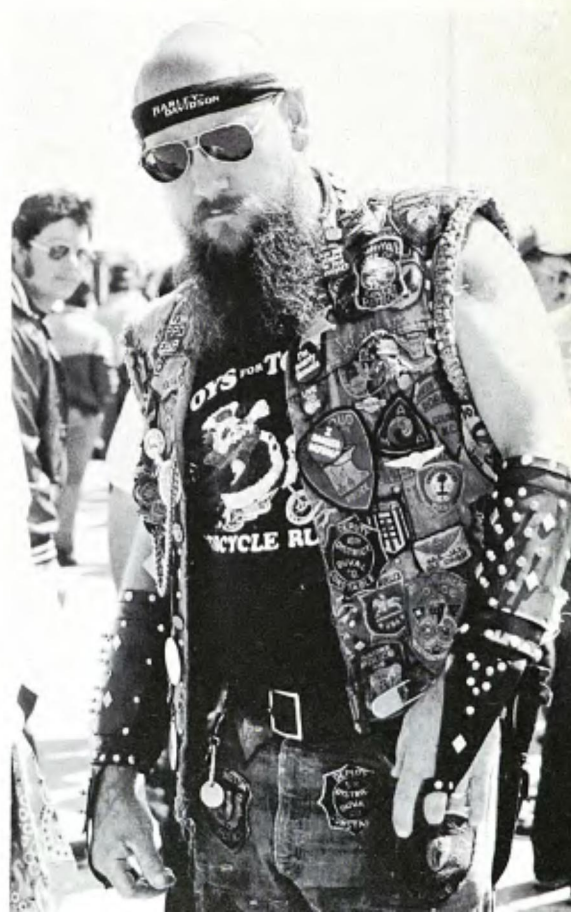
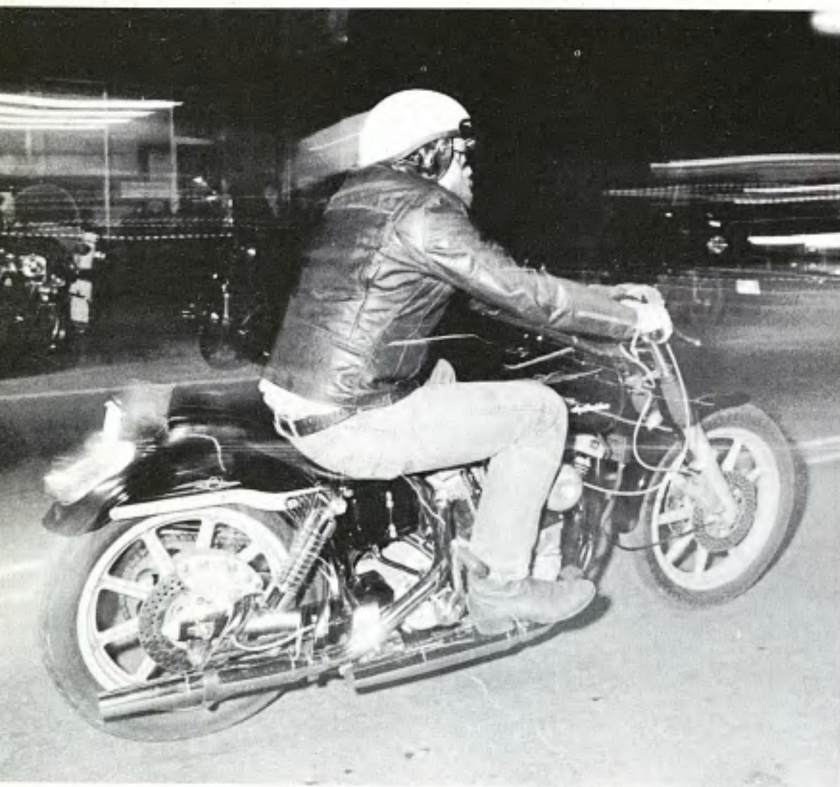
through the door. The next thing I remember is two miracles. The first is that I woke up the next morning. The second is that I woke up in the official *Easyriders* crib with my scooter still in one piece and close at hand.

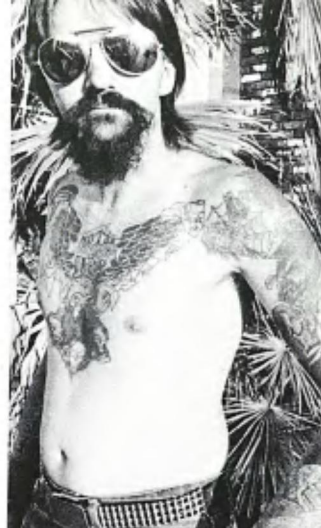
Thursday, March 8 — "It's so cold, I've been out here on the beach all day and haven't gotten in the water once, because it's sooooo cold." Nobody, but nobody, can snivel like them scrawny college chicks. So there she was, forced to wear her backless one-piece designer swimsuit that set Daddy back maybe sixty-five bucks (her tummy got too cold in the fifty-buck bikini) and she was bitchin'. Didn't the little slut know that people was freezin' to death back where she came from? Jeez, have to fumigate the p-pad if I give her a ride.





SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH





Actually, it was a little cooler today and a couple of the local straight types were sayin' it was really unseasonably cold — like about 70 or so. They ought to try ridin' a Michigan freeway with sleet stingin' their eyeballs and ice hanging off their fingertips sometime. Hell, maybe it would be enough if they just tried *ridin'* sometime.

Friday, March 9 — Finally made it over to the Harley stand at the Holiday Inn. As far as the H-D brass is concerned, Daytona is *the* bike event of the year — "a national convention for *our* riders," as Dave Caruso, Harley's vice-president of marketing puts it.

"Bike Week has a special impact for Harley-Davidson," Caruso says. "We watch the custom bikes to see what the latest trick is — whether it's oil coolers, chrome oil lines, highrise bars, hardtails, square headlights, yellow lenses instead of white — whatever.

"One thing I know, Willie G. would never miss Daytona, because he would miss a lot of the emotional input of what's going on with our bikes."

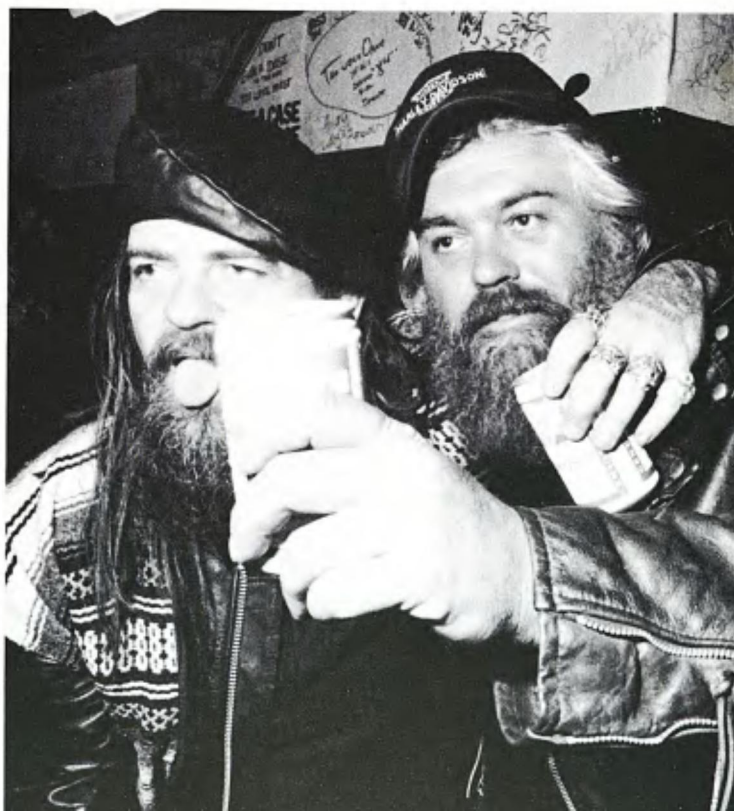
Caruso's attitude is reflected in everything that Harley does at Daytona — from shipping down crates and crates of Harley beer to setting up their newest models for parking lot demos. The thing that impressed me most this year, though, was a couple of Evolution-engined scooters that had been ridden down from Alaska by a factory-sponsored team of tourers — they'd sealed the oil tanks before they'd left and they were still full of 50-weight when they got to the Holiday Inn. Go ahead, you look up how far it is; Spider don't believe in lettin' us do *all* the work for you slackers.

Whatever the exact mileage, it was quite a feat. Now if I could only learn to hold *my* fluid that well. . .

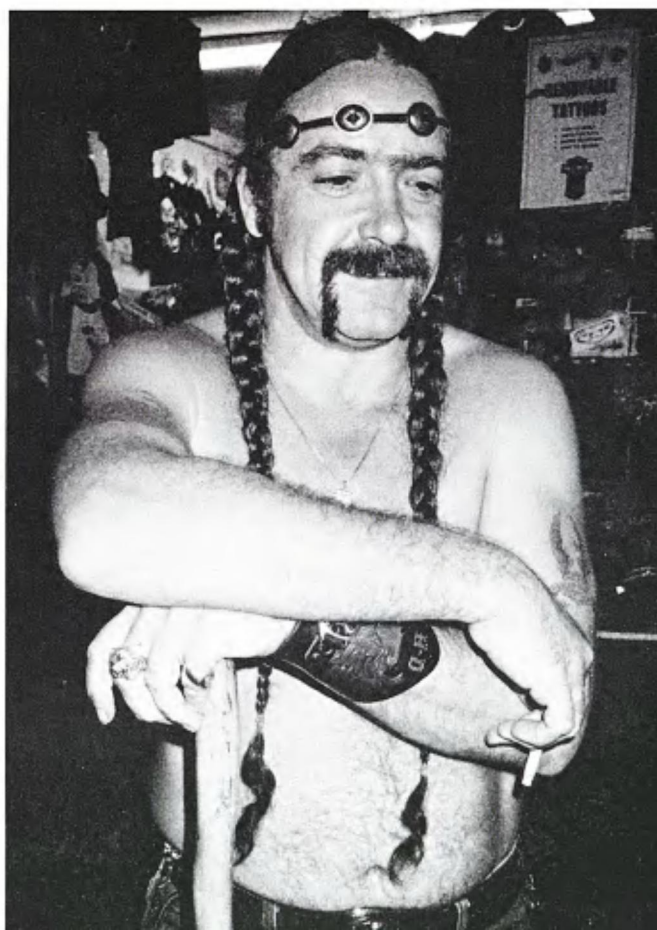
Saturday, March 10 — Headin' into the home stretch now. Figured it was time I made my ritual campgrounds tour. Check up on some old bros, make some new friends. Dave Caruso's right, that's really what it's all about, just like a convention. A chance to rise up as one and shout to the world: *We made it another year — you fuckers haven't stomped us into the ground yet!*

Damn right. Saturday — a day for feelin' good about who and what we are. In the wind forever, forever in the wind. We'll shout it even louder tomorrow.

Sunday, March 11 — And we did. They moved the start of the annual parade from the Beach to the Speedway on us (starts at the Daytona Beach Shores City Hall now, instead of the Hilton) but that didn't slow us down



SEVEN DAYS IN MARCH

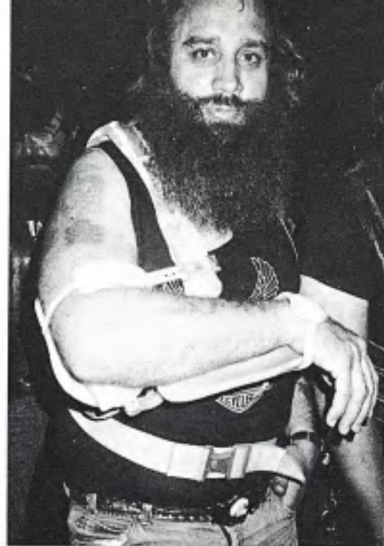


a bit — we still had the biggest parade in the history of Bike Week. Close your eyes and imagine a procession of bikers almost 200 football fields long; that's what we had. The last riders to mount up at the City Hall were still getting under way while the parade leaders were already well into their second or third brew at the Harley Heaven section of the track grandstand — ten ridin' miles away. It was mind-fucking.

Monday, March 12 — Apparently us bikers aren't the only ones who had a blast at Daytona this year. "It was a great Bike Week for us," Capt. Noel Ouellette of the Daytona police told local reporters. "I heard some of my officers saying things like 'Y'all come back' and shaking hands with bikers. I was really impressed."

Well, suh, we were impressed, too. . .by the bikes, the broads, the parties and the beer. We were even a tad bit impressed by the fact that your troops made over 10 percent fewer arrests this year than they did in 1983. Keep up that kinda good work and we *will* keep comin' back, bringin' all our spare change with us. For that matter, if you want a *really* happy party next year, how about joining the fight to get those stupid soup bowls off the heads of all Florida riders? That fight's still goin' strong, you know. This year ABATE even carried the battle right into the heart of Speed Week. . .but that's another story, for which you're just gonna have to turn to page 45.

—Trampo



Photos by Michael Lichner, Billy Tinney, Pete Chiodo, Jim Straller, Frank Spidder, and Charlene



Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

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

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is June 30th. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #133 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



DEBORAH

SHANNON

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

133

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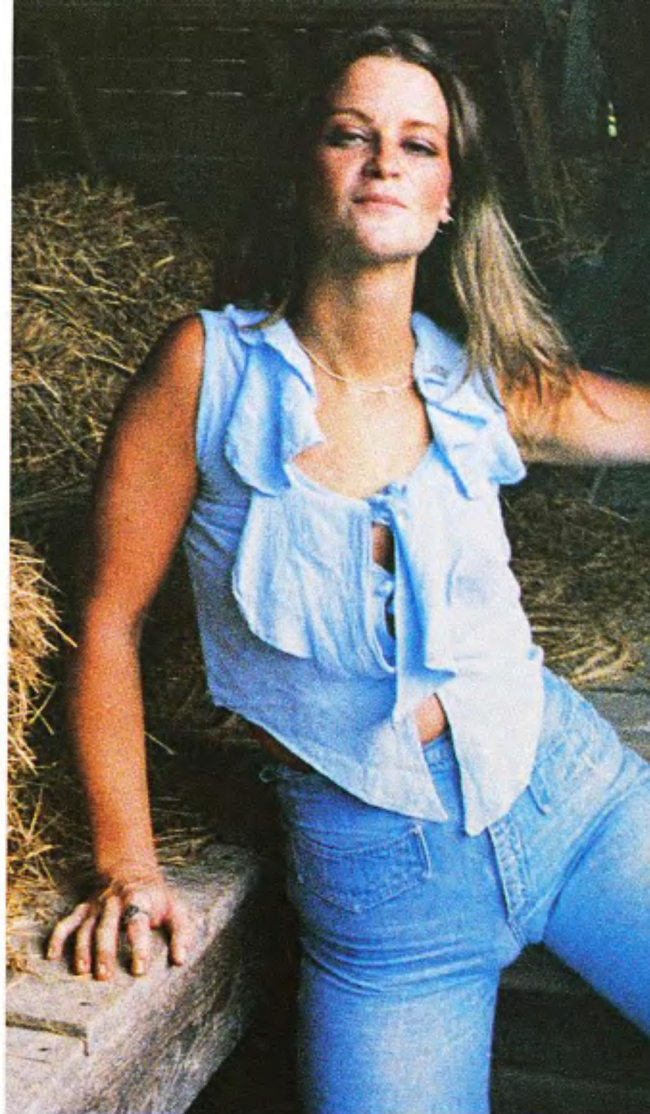
State _____ Zip _____

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.



Here she is, folks — **Susan**, the tenth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Jan, Sandy, and Kathy.



DEBBE

GERRY



It seems like an eternity, but it was only three short months ago that Mighty Mo embarked on the mad quest that would lead to his downfall.

It was one of those cool spring nights just before the summer heat rolled in to bake the valley. Most of the crowd had gathered at the bar, as usual, and I was feeling the best I had in a long time. The reason for my jovial mood was parked right outside the front door. After months of sweat and baskets of hard-earned long green, the rebuild on my putt was finally complete and tonight was her maiden run.

Justifiably proud of my baby, I was telling anybody who would listen about the modifications I'd incorporated into the '67 shovel and how it had been a labor of love to transform her into the creature of beauty and speed she was today.

Of course, everybody at the bar had heard fourteen trillion stories about rebuilds, so their attention spans were understandably short.

Everybody but Mighty Mo, that is. He was sitting forward on his barstool, eyes glittering, hanging onto every word as if I were telling the greatest joke in history and he didn't want to miss the punch line. Looked kinda like a grizzly that had spotted lunch. (Mo is one big sonuvabitch.)

Well, as I rattled on about the megabucks' worth of chrome, molding so smooth that it felt like silk, and the forty coats of black pearl paint, Mo started to look a little impatient. When I finally paused in my monologue to take a sip of beer, Mo reached over, grabbed me by the leathers until both my feet were off the ground, and bellowed in my ear, "The engine, numnuts! What the fuck did you do to the engine?"

After I returned to terra firma and managed to quit gagging (Mo has breath that would snuff a camel), I explained in the steadiest voice I could muster that anything that could be done to an engine had been done to mine: stroked to 102 inches, ported, polished, balanced, you name it — it was done. The list of parts suppliers conjured visions of raw power: Manley, Sifton, Andrews, S&S, Paughco, Keihin and so on.

Evidently I still hadn't satisfied Mo, though,

because he turned red and flattened a beer can to the thickness of a quarter (impressed the living shit out of me — the beer hadn't been opened yet). Wiping the suds from my shirt, I politely asked him what I'd left out.

"Pipes! What kinda pipes are you running?"

"Well, straight drags, naturally. Why?"

Wrong answer. Mo's face fell until he resembled a kid who had just dropped an ice cream cone. I would've laughed at his childish expression if I hadn't had this all-consuming urge to live for the rest of the night.

"I wanna hear it run. Right now!" was all he said.

Not wanting to anger someone who could easily be the result of Genghis Khan's mating

with an abominable snowlady, I dutifully escorted Mighty Mo to the parking

lot, tickled the carb on my pride and joy, hit the switch, and pressed the button. (Before all you purists start screaming about candyasses, you

should know that I've got two knees held together with Silly Putty and baling wire, thanks to a myopic old granny in a Buick.)

The rumble of the engine's coming to life made me sigh in enjoyment. The sound of a well-tuned Harley still gets my adrenaline pumping, even after fifteen years of riding. There's just no other sound like it in the

world. Unfortunately, Mo didn't seem to be sharing my enthusiasm. He stood there for a moment, then his shoulders slumped in disappointment and he muttered, "That's not it, either. Sounds like all the rest."

The impression that my baby was being insulted made me lose track of my common sense. "There's not a damn thing wrong with my bike, and you're outta your fucking mind if you think there is!" I had to stop and look around to see who was stupid enough to talk to Mo that way, then I realized with a sick feeling that I was the idiot. My life did the old flash-before-the-eyes bit while I waited for the end.

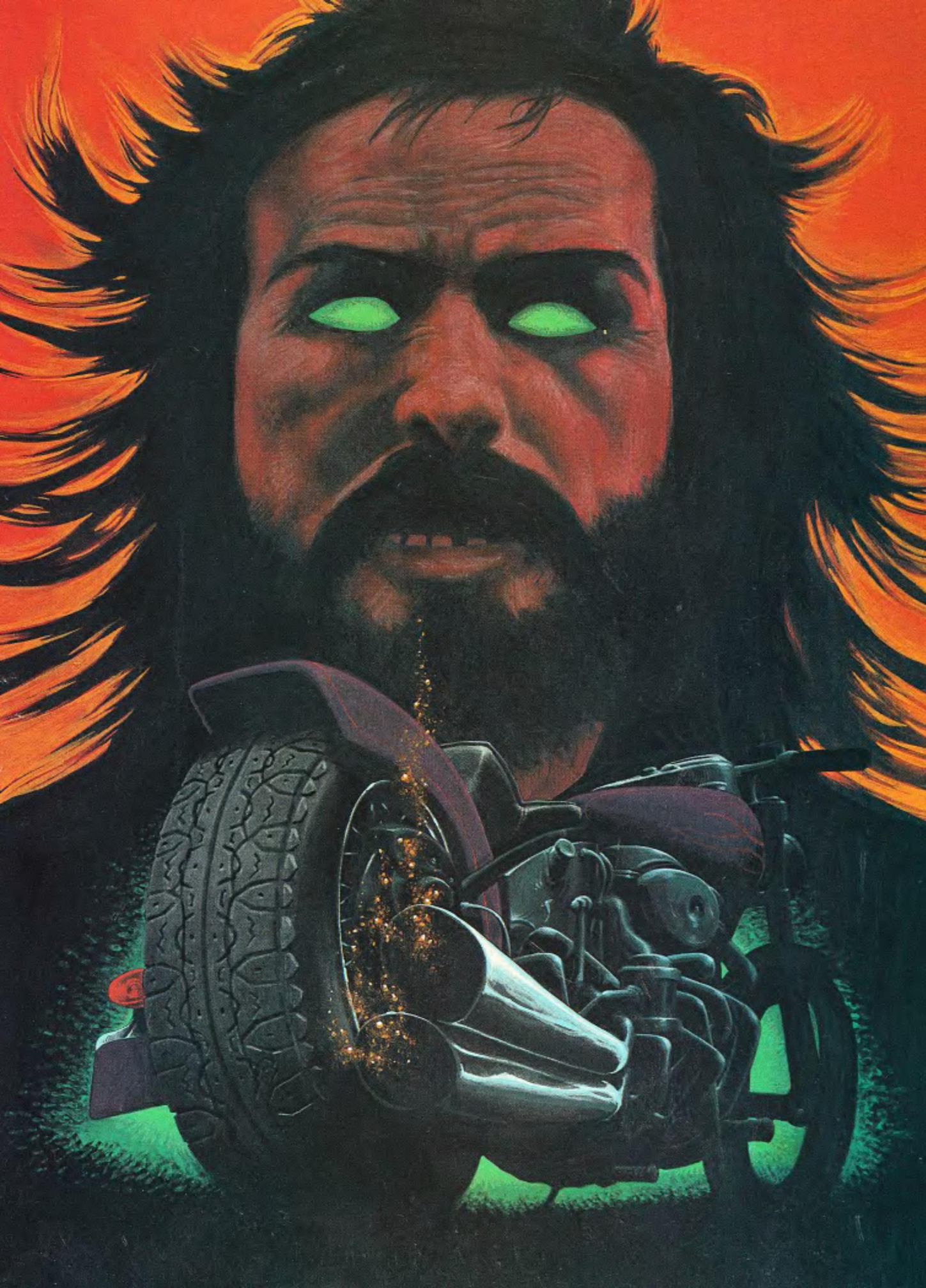
It came as a pleasant,

Continued on page 84

THE PERFECT PITCH

"...I'll never forget that sound. I can't even really describe it, except that the mellowness made my legs weak."

BY J.P. WHITE



Easyriders

\$100,000

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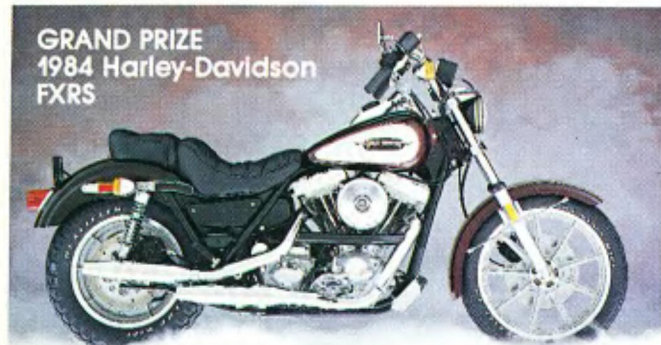


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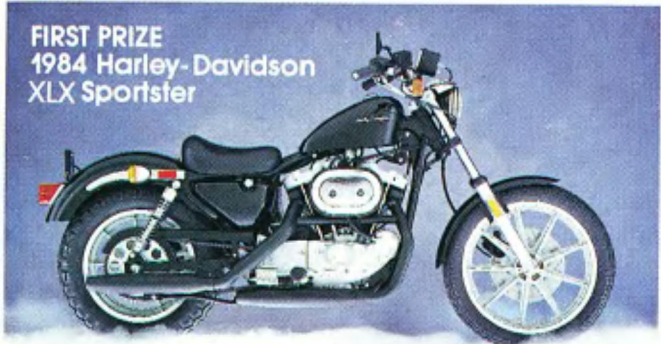
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1. Use the enclosed subscription coupon and envelope or print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on a 3"x5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to EASYRIDERS \$100,000 SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. Entry blank must be legible and completed in full to be valid. Entries must be received no later than July 16, 1984, to be eligible for the drawing. Easyriders assumes no responsibility for lost, misdirected or late mail.
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Turnin' Up The Dirt

Since 1965, John King's been racin' in the dirt — not for loot, but for the thrill of it all.

The sky is fallin' and the dirt is flyin'; our noses and eyes are burnin' with a nitro-methane coating; chunks of clay are bein' rifled at us from spinnin' nobby tires — but whatdafuck! We're with our people out at the dirt drags, havin' a ball.

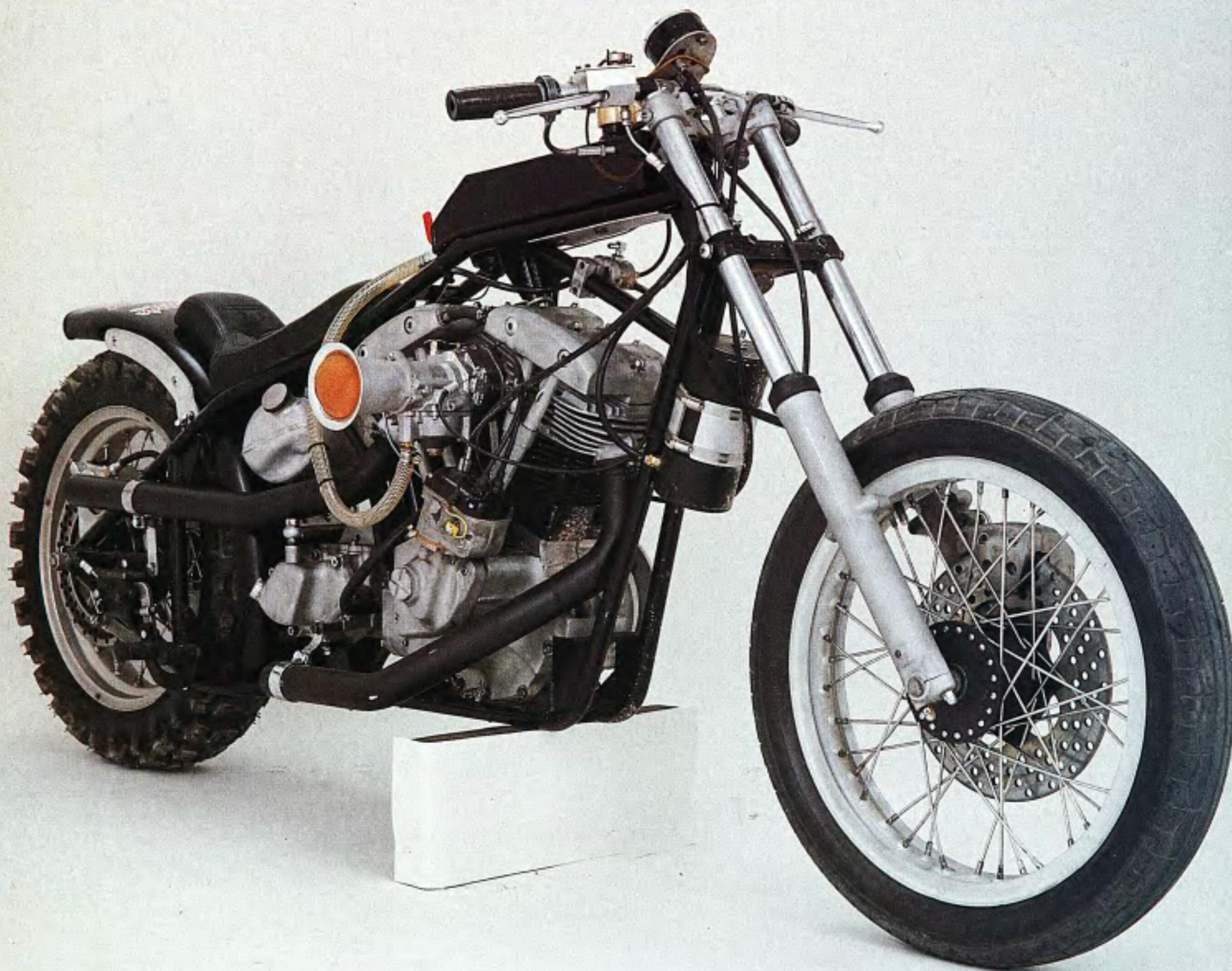
Bros, raise yer brew to the two gutsy dudes paired off in front of ya, sittin' astride their sleds, thumpin' motors poundin' out a beat that will propel them on an eighth-mile, five-

seconds-or-less dash in the dirt for glory. And glory is about all. Though nowadays cash purses are part of the prize, that isn't what lured John King and his competition to the dirt drags in the first place. It was, and still is, the thrill of it all. As King says, "It's a good sensation."

What speedway racing is to Europe and now California, dirt drag racing is to the Mid-Atlantic states. Maryland, Virginia, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and

North Carolina bikers and enthusiasts are the beneficiaries of a great, though localized, motorcycle sport, an event that has been around for about twenty years.

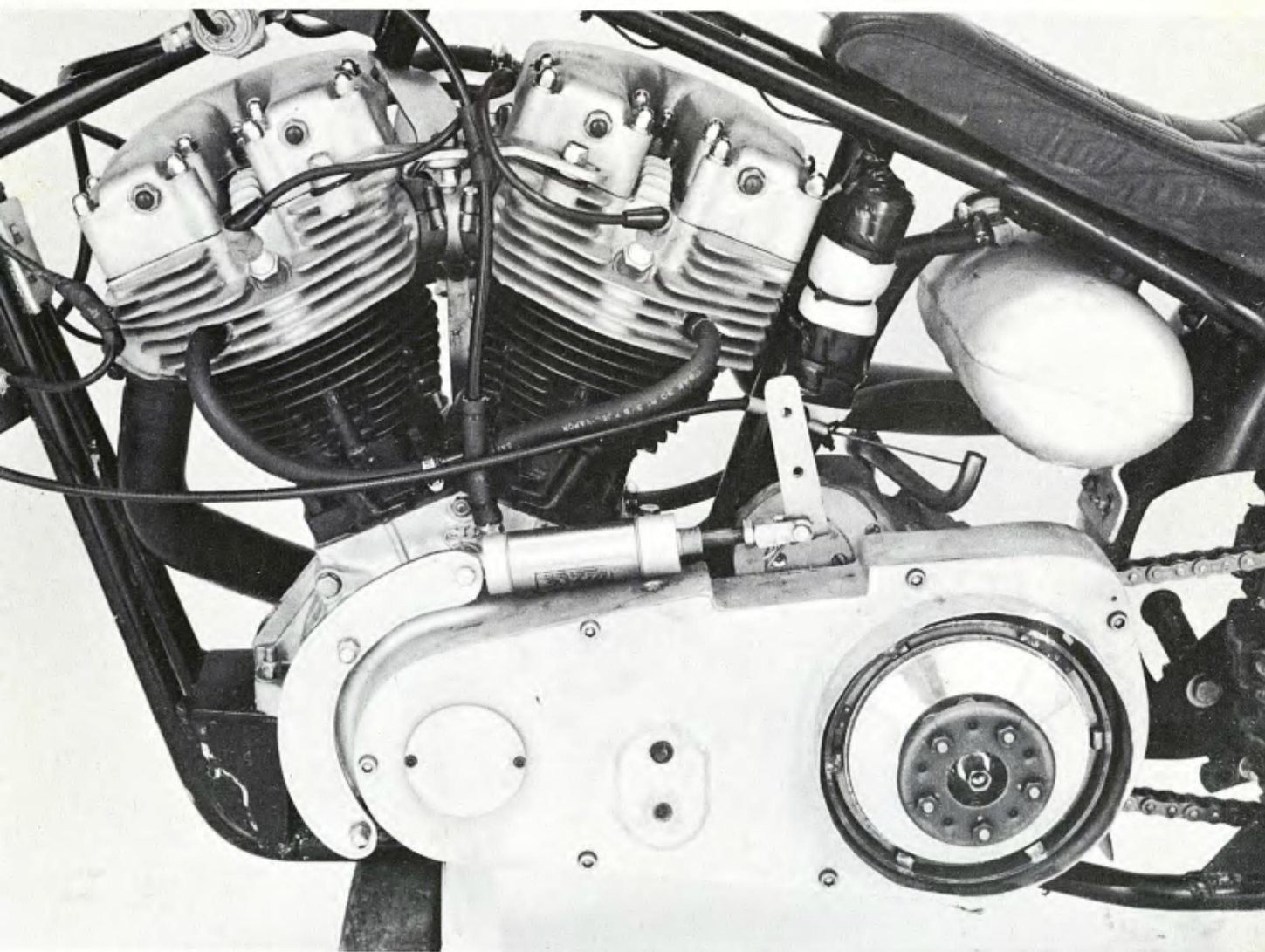
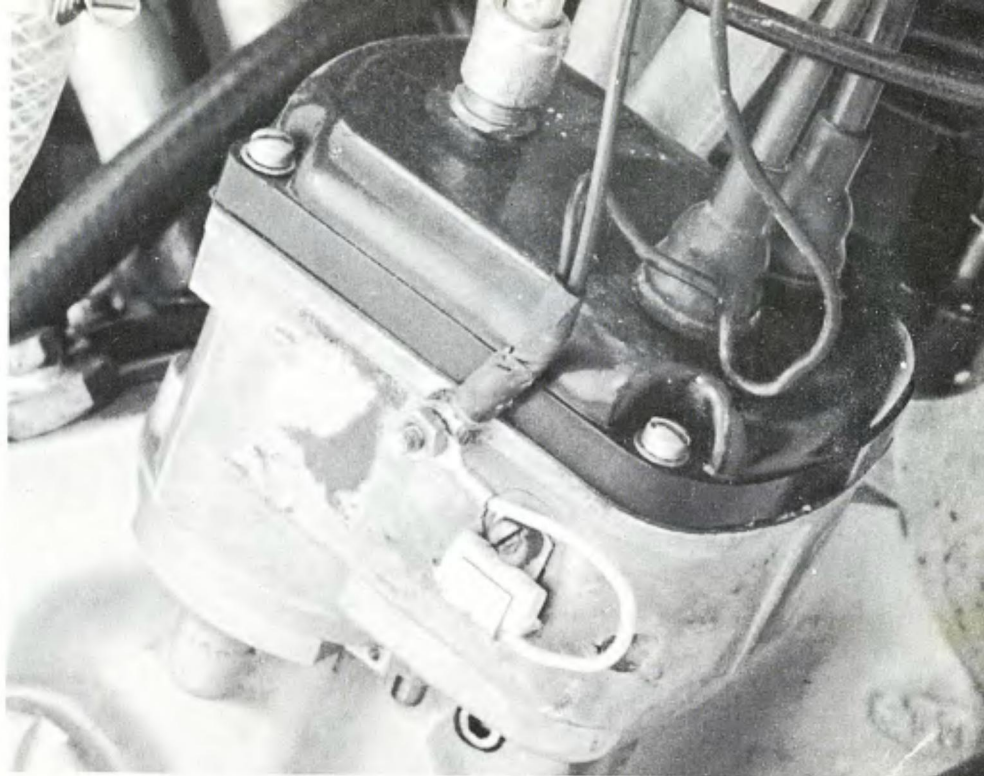
From the crabcake capital of the world (not the bitin' kind) and home of baseball's current world champs, the Orioles, strides John King, a dirt draggin' legend. Not that he'd cop to such a highbrow title, but that's the job of us scribes, to pro-

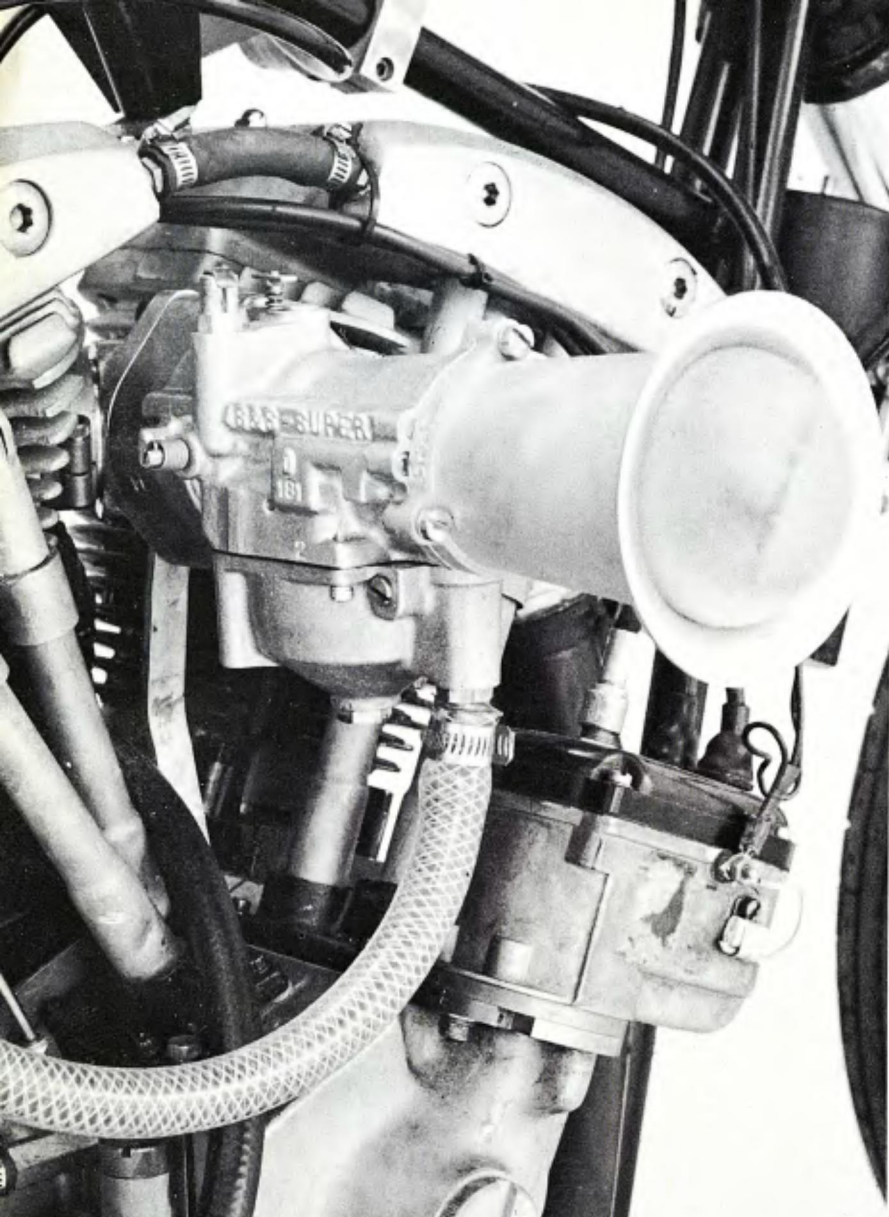


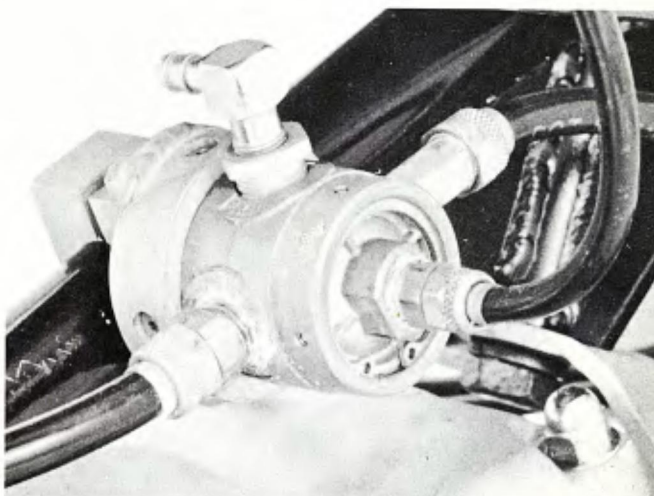
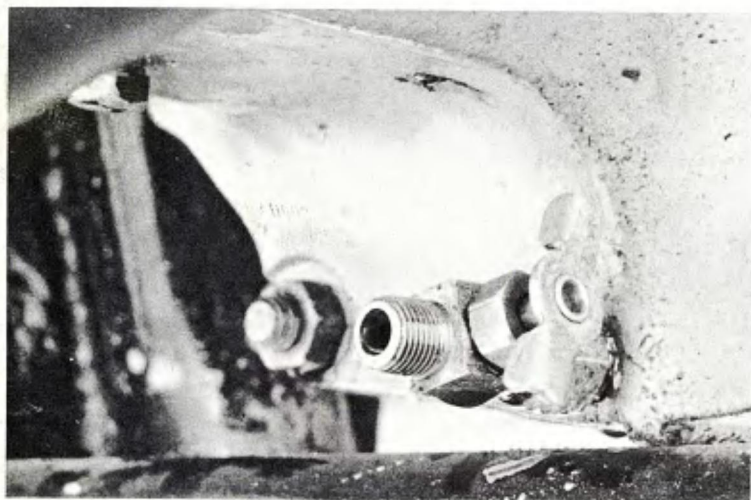
nounce and proffer titles. Anyone who's ever been skulled with clods of earth from John's 18-inch rear wheel, or seen him turn on the wick, would agree with the assessment.

We tracked John down in Daytona this year, where he was competing. But more important to him, he and his longtime partner and pit man, Frank Pandolfini, were havin' a good time. At night they could be found out at the Volusia County Speedway, where the organizers, for the first time, were tryin' hard to take up the slack for the loss of the traditional sand drags on the beach at Ponce Inlet with a new event in Daytona — dirt drags. This first year was shaky — poor publicity combined with inadequate lighting for fans and racers alike to see who was racin' and where they were goin'. But John King was there, promoting and participating in his chosen sport. Where there's a dirt track, there's a King.

In fact, where there's any kind of



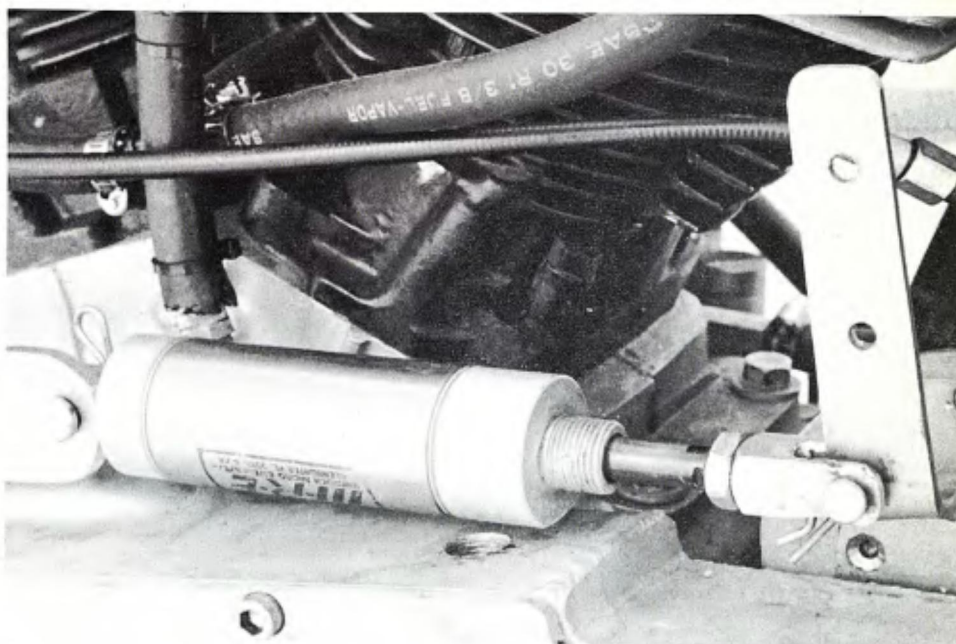




motorcycle track, you can bet John will be there, or would if he could. Ya see, the operative word here is motorcycles. Like a lot of us, bikes are what makes him tick, talk, and walk. With John, it's also gotta be Harley-Davidsons, though he will putt off to any number of places to see racin' action.

King's been into racin' dirt tracks since 1965, back when the event would be part of a field meet, sponsored by a local club that offered a trophy or plaque as the prize. He was always on Harleys, always there for the fun of it. With a Harley, King says, "You know you're on something that'll be around. Even if Harley shut down, there'd still be enough parts around to put up a scooter."

He races in the 1200-modified class, where the minimum is 1200cc. The bike you're lookin' at has been up five years in one shape or another. The main thing is to produce horse-

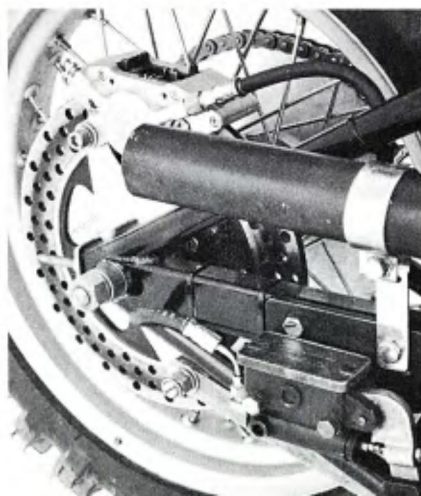




Owner: John King		City: Baltimore, Md.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: Perf. Mach. Engineering	
Model: Dirt Dragger		Type: double top tube	
Value: \$10,500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: always		Other alterations: a few	
Chroming by: none		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1977		Risers: none	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): custom-made	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 98 cu.in.		Speedo: tachometer	
Lower end: 4¼-in. stroke		Front pegs: none	
Balancing: static by owner		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: Axtell		Electrics: just ignition	
Cases: S.T.D.		Gas tank: custom aluminum	
Heads: Baisley Hi Performance		Oil tank: custom aluminum	
Cam(s): Leineweber L-61		Oil system: special	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): S&S 2¼-in.		Seat: Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: stack		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: 2-in. drag pipes		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1977		Extension: none	
Shifting: air shifter		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: up and down	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 55		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Biff		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Continental	Tire: 600 Tera Flex
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: lettering by Neil's Sign Service			
Other special modifications: Tuner and pit man, Frank Pandolfini.			

power. They've tried and continue to try all the new high performance gimmicks, but now they've gone back to the basics to turn up the dirt. Last year his bike was a 104 incher; this year he's back to a ninety-eight incher. He and Frank have equipped it with a 2 1/4 Super S&S. It's still in the testing stage. The partners believe in trial by fire, testing in competition.

John enjoys the excitement the spectators give to the racers, and says it's a reciprocal trip. "If the spectators enjoy, you enjoy." He prefers dirt to

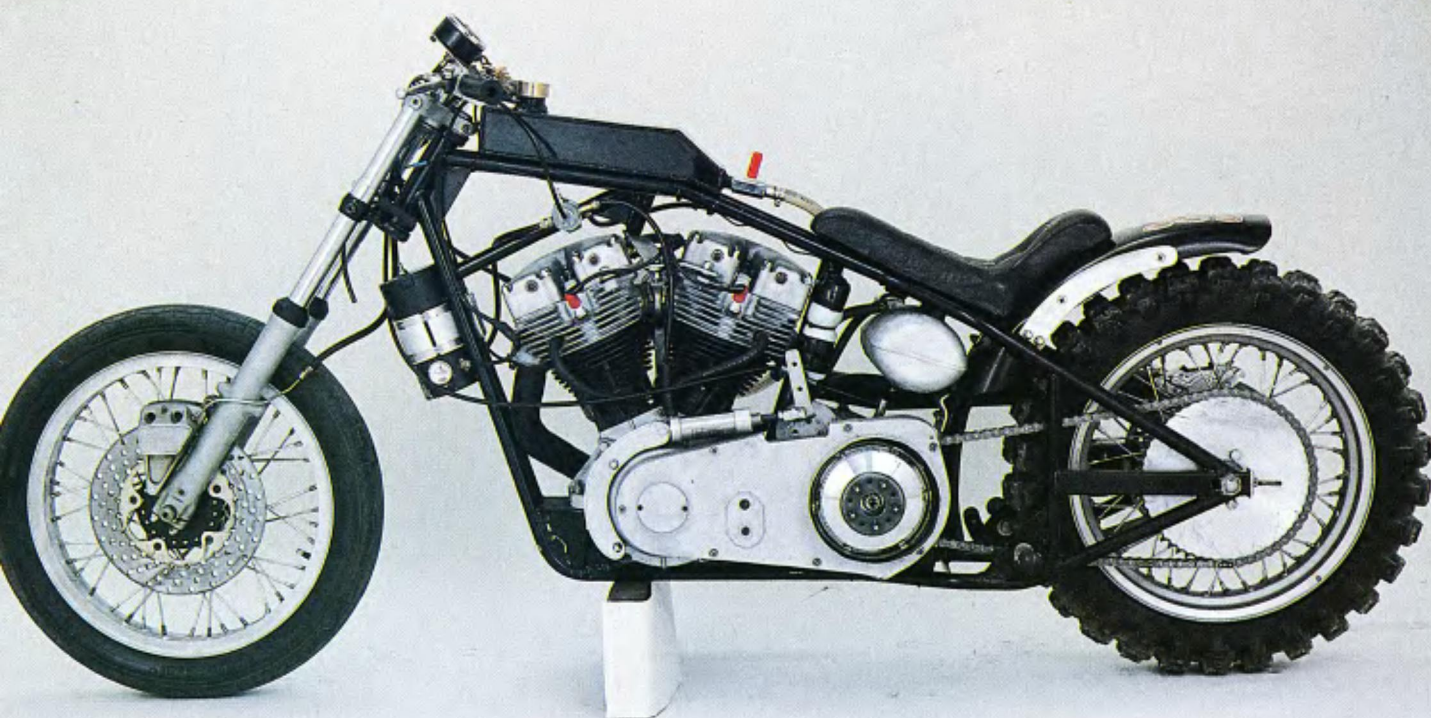


asphalt racing because the fans can get in close to the action. Most tracks are similar, he says, with the Surry track in Virginia being his favorite because of the good condition of the dirt — real loose. "Ya get your best traction with a sand-and-clay mix," John says. He also likes dirt draggin' 'cause dudes of all shapes race, and it's not open to just a bunch of tall-dollar dudes. Ya just need a good rear tire, power, and a low gear. And, we might add, a lot of heart.

—Suds



Photos by Pete Chiodo





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



BEWARE OF CROOKED CHICKS

There are about nineteen serious crimes committed every minute of the day. Of these, there is one murder every 26 minutes, one rape every ten minutes, one aggravated assault every 70 seconds, one robbery every 71 seconds, one larceny every six seconds and one motor vehicle theft every 32 seconds.* And the crime clock never stops.

According to an old adage: "Sugar and spice and everything nice, that's what little girls are made of." Apparently, some little girls find that image a bit too saccharine for their tastes once they grow up. You see, women play a very predominant role in the statistics of the crime clock.

Captain Robert Bradford, who heads the patrol division for the sheriff's office in Sacramento, California, stated, when asked about female participation in crime, "I see more and more women becoming involved in crimes against the person in the last year or so. I don't know what the hell the reason is. It's a trend of our times. Women are becoming more aggressive in everything. Naturally, I would think it would lead to crime also."

Women no longer drive the getaway car. They now do the robbing. They are, in other words, assuming roles traditionally dominated by men. The signs are abundant: Teenage girls are robbing banks, getting involved with murders and burglary rings, and even actively participating in terrorist activities.

The increase in their aggressive attitudes was demonstrated in the riot at the California Institution for Women in Frontera in 1975, where women prisoners destroyed property, set fires and caused damages estimated at \$500,000 because they were refused a traditional Christmas party. It was the worst riot by women in California penal history.

Freda Adler, a sociologist who authored *Sisters In Crime*, sums up the situation in these words: "...it would be no surprise that, once armed with male opportunities, women should strive for status in criminal, as well as legal pursuits. Women have always had the same aspirations as the dominant class. . ."

In a sense then, it is obvious that some women, like men, have always been dangerous. Either as a femme fatale or as a Mata Hari. We have had Helen of Troy, Delilah — who symbolically emasculated Samson with a pair of scissors by cutting his hair — and the "lady in red" who was Dillinger's downfall. Bonnie was with Clyde to the bloody end. And, if one is inclined to think along these lines, we can always go back to Eve, who pulled that apple off the tree and started the crime clock moving.

Empires have been built and destroyed for the so-called "weaker sex." Great monuments have been erected and then reduced to rubble on the whim and caprice of many great beauties of history. National leaders have sold their reputations, their souls and, at times, their

countries for a single night of cash-and-carry sex. What formidable weapons women must have, to wield such power. But it seems that those weapons provided by nature don't always suffice. Today they've been augmented by explosives and automatic weapons, enabling the weaker sex to hijack jets and engage in full-scale terrorism.

There are those who would claim that the feminist movement has contributed to women's "coming into their own" in the field of crime. Unfortunately, there are no valid statistics available to either substantiate or disprove that speculative allegation.

There is no doubt that women are out-pacing their male counterparts in crime. But women, unlike men, rarely have their crimes publicized. This is mainly because police are reluctant to arrest and charge them and because prosecutors are aware that most juries and judges will not convict them. The media doesn't care to ostracize a woman who's more than likely to be released anyway. There are exceptions: Sarah Moore, Lynette Fromme, Patty Hearst.

When women are prosecuted, the prosecution usually tends to be a persecution, as evidenced by the circus-type atmosphere at their trials. The fewer commitments for less serious crimes among women may only mean that plea-bargains have softened the offenses. It is also proof that judges are reluctant to send females to prison.

Continued on page 101

*Statistics taken from the Annual FBI Reports.

By Bob Collins

Easynews



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

'Rocket-Man' Gabelich offed by trucker

Speed was his religion — and he practiced it with all the cheerful zeal of a missionary converting heathens. Among his many, many accomplishments, perhaps the greatest was the land speed record he held for over ten years — 622.407 in the rocket-powered Blue Flame.

Gary Michael Gabelich, 43, could — and did — outrun just about everything. Except the Reaper, who came to Gary in the persona of a left-turning trucker who sent Gary and his '79 low rider up to Harley Heaven in a freeway crash a few months back.

He called his passion for speed "living on the ragged edge" and he'd been balancing on it since he was 16 years old. "I borrowed my father's Pontiac, put some headers on it, and went out to the Santa Ana drag strip," he later recalled. The promoter told Gary he'd have to get his parents' signatures on a release before he could race. So Gary drove to a nearby gas station, signed the forms himself, and went back to the drag strip to snare first place.

"I took the trophy home to show my parents and they went through the roof!" he recalled. "Dad threw the trophy away, but I retrieved it."

It was the first of an almost uninterrupted string of accomplishments; a new world elapsed time and top speed for the quarter mile (246mph and 6.47 seconds in a jet dragster) at the age of 18; the first driver to break the 8-second mark in a Double A Fuel dragster; the first man to win two major drag boat titles in the same year; first man to break 200mph in a drag boat.

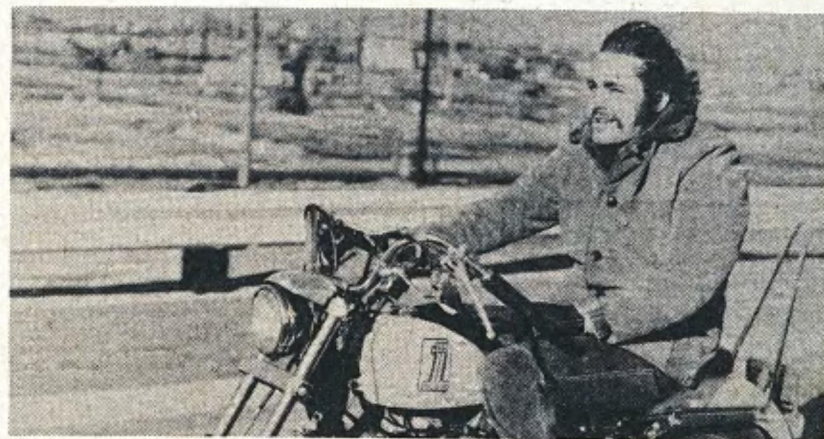
Along the way, Gary paid his share of dues. A crash in an experimental four-

wheel drive dragster crushed his left leg and foot and severed his left hand. Seven operations later he emerged from the hospital with his left hand back in place (and functional!) and his

standing land speed record.

"Gary was really up about it," a friend recalls, "because it gave him a reason to go out and do it again. He was sure the new car he was working on would

Photo courtesy of Rae Gabelich



left leg shorter than his right.

A few years after that, a drag boat Gary was racing disintegrated at 180mph, leaving Gary with a split liver, a crushed kidney and a separated shoulder. The doctors had prescribed all kinds of physical therapy for him, but he had his own ideas.

"When Gary was in the hospital was an opportune time for me to tear his XLH down and stroke the motor," his good friend Pat Leahy says. "Later I delivered it to his house. He came out on crutches with a sleeping bag in his hand, climbed on the bike and disappeared for two weeks."

Gary's biggest challenge came in 1983 when the British broke his long-

break the sound barrier. But it was destined not to be."

No, it wasn't. Like so many bikers, famous and unknown, whose greatest days remain ahead of them, Gary Gabelich had his chance to shoot for the moon snuffed out by some asshole who "didn't see the biker."

"It's great," he once told an interviewer, "to try to drive a vehicle and make it beat somebody else and win. There's not a better feeling for me than to be engrossed in a lot of horsepower. I like life on the ragged edge. That's what it all boils down to."

Or, as one of his bros put it, "A guy's gotta be a biker to drive something 622 miles per hour." Adios, biker.

Louisiana getting tough on drunken drivers

Louisiana has become the latest state to toughen up its drunk driving laws.

Under the new law, police officers can immediately confiscate the driver's license of anyone who registers 10 or more on a breathalyzer test and the license can then be administratively revoked for three months, even if the driver is later acquitted in a trial.

Other new provisions in the

law mandate a six-month license suspension for anyone who refuses to take a breath test and makes it a criminal

Bros protest after cop kills biker

Georgia bikers recently staged a protest run to highlight the minimal charges brought against a Carroll County deputy sheriff who killed a biker in a head-on collision.

offense to refuse to take such a test after an accident involving serious injury or death.

New penalties for second of-

Deputy Tim Fincher has been charged with failure to yield and driving on the wrong side of the road in the death of Billy Wade Plant, 28. Plant's bros think the charges should have been a lot stiffer.

fenders: failing the breath test, six-month license suspension; refusal to take the test, 18-month suspension; refusal to take the test after a bad wreck, criminal prosecution.

It should be emphasized that these penalties are administrative sanctions and are separate from any fines or jail time that may be assessed by a judge if you are convicted on the DUI charge.



It's like leprosy — a disease that can't be stamped out. What is? **Helmet law fever**, a form of brain disease that keeps rearing its ugly head in new and unexpected places. Latest recorded incident is in **California**, where some creature named Assemblywoman Doris Allen has introduced a bill (AB 2497) to make skid lids mandatory . . . The same fever is still raging in **Georgia**, where the state's Public Safety Committee managed to sidetrack a **repeal bill** that had passed the full state House of Representatives by a vote of 116 to 39. Seems somehow un-American that a panel of six members could subvert the will of 116 elected officials.

The Washington, D.C., police force wants to buy new scooters because half its officers weigh too much for the lightweight imports now in use . . . **ABATE** of Oregon reports it is sold out of those great biker art calendars we've been tellin' ya about. Get your order in earlier next year . . . A group of **Garden State** bikers have planned a three-day run to Worthington State Forest in Columbia, N.J., from June 29 to July 1. Fee will be 75 cents per person per day. **Reservations** are required by the state forest service. To make 'em, call (201) 484-0623.

Chuck Irwin News Flash: Remember last month when we told ya about the president of a **Suzuki owners club** writin' a snotty letter (bitchin', among other things, about how scary it is to take the ol' lady and kids to a Hog shop) to Harley boss Vaughn Beals? **Beals responded** by loaning the prez, Chuck Irwin, a 1984 FXRT for a 2000-mile road test . . . A judge has **rejected** a Mesa, Arizona, woman's bid to stay out of jail after she killed a biker with her cage. The woman had offered to lecture high school students on "how terrible it feels to kill a person while drinking and driving" instead of doing time. The judge said thanks, but no thanks.

Eight Texas cops, who won a \$38 million judgment against Kawasaki because their "police specials" went out of control, have filed a new suit alleging that the giant Japanese firm is transferring assets from the U.S. to Japan to avoid paying . . . A helmet law repeal measure has failed in Pennsylvania . . . During a Wisconsin barroom fight, witnesses said, the woman had **threatened** to kill her old man. Leaving the tavern, the dude hopped on his scooter and the ol' lady climbed in her cage. The next thing anyone knew, the ambulance crew was scrapin' what was left of the dude out from **under the cage**. The widow was originally charged with murder one, but accepted a plea bargain that guaranteed her no jail time if she copped a plea to reckless homicide.

And finally (as if that last bit wasn't enuf), the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles recently concluded a **two-year study** of why so many of the state's **fire trucks** were involved in accidents. They discovered most of the accidents occurred at intersections and 85 percent of them were caused by "civilian" drivers who, the report says, invariably had the same explanation for the mishap — "But, officer, I never saw the fire engine."

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 ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 6-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.

Largest helmet run ever hits Florida

5000 shed lids on Bike Week freedom ride

Five thousand bare-headed bikers tore themselves away from the beaches and bars of Daytona on March 10 to take part in the largest helmet protest run in history.

Sponsored by ABATE of Florida, the run was specifically designed to drum up support for a pending Florida senate bill that would abolish the mandatory helmet law for all riders over 19 year of age.

"We aren't against helmets," ABATE spokesman Mike Casey told local reporters. "But we believe an adult should have the right to decide how he protects himself."

Casey noted that the Bike Week run, coupled with ABATE's annual April rally at the state capital of Tallahas-

see, should "show the legislators of this state that a large part of their constituency is against the helmet law, and we are willing to go to whatever legal extremes are necessary to get it changed."

"Helmets restrict vision for some riders and are uncomfortable for others, so we believe they shouldn't be mandatory."

The 45-mile run began at a campground opposite the New Smyrna Speedway and covered a large part of Volusia County before returning to the kickoff site.

State and local law enforcement officials had previously indicated that they would not issue citations to riders breaking the helmet law during the

run and there were no reported incidents between the bikers and the police.

"They were given the right of way over the route," a spokes-

man for the county sheriff's department said. "There are rarely any problems with these bikers because they know exactly what they're doing."



Photo by Billy Thirney

War breaks out among bucket brigade

Though it isn't exactly common knowledge, there've been a lot of bricks flying back and forth between several prominent members of the pro-helmet lobby recently.

And, sifting through the sound and the fury, discerning bikers can find much evidence to support what they have long suspected — many brain buckets aren't worth the price of the dumb little stickers manufacturers glue in them to try to con the gullible into thinking they can protect your gourd from the forces of God, man, semi-trucks, and concrete abutments.

The fecal matter hit the rotary wind machine when Honda — presumably sensitized by product-liability lawsuits that several lid-makers and distributors have recently lost — began to do some independent tests on helmets the firm had sold under its Honda-line name a few years ago.

Hope ya don't die of shock hearing this, but according to Honda, the helmets did not pass the certification tests specified by the Snell Foundation, even though each and every one of them bore a certification tag when delivered to Honda by their American (!) manufacturer.

We don't normally have a lot of good things to say about import bike makers, but Honda, to its credit, immediately began trying to track down buyers of these helmets to offer them new lids

that do meet the standards — despite the fact that the allegedly substandard lids are years old and no recall has been ordered by the government. Honda also did two other things — they went to court and officially filed their intention to sue both the helmet maker and the Snell Foundation.

And that, as they say in Hollywood, is where the story gets really interesting. Responding to Honda's threat, top officials of the Snell Foundation publicly admitted that their renowned safety institution, whose logo in a lid is supposed to guarantee that the lid will not split in half the first time a bit of birdshit hits it, tests at most 300 helmets a year. That's right, 300. Three-zero-zero. According to Snell president Dr. Clinton Chichester, "We try to test roughly 300 helmets a year, and we attempt to inspect each factory at least once a year."

According to Chichester, the real problem is that almost everyone, including, presumably, the execs at American Honda and the officials who consider Snell certification a valid benchmark when deciding what constitutes legal headgear in lid law states, misunderstands the Foundation's actual role.

The Foundation is not a "quality-control outfit," Chichester says. "If the helmet manufacturers want us to be a quality-control agency, it will

cost them \$10 per helmet for the testing. The Foundation tests makers' samples, certifies them if they pass, and re-tests random samples on the market. The helmet manufacturer must bear responsibility for his own quality control."

As we see it, brothers and sisters, an unscrupulous bucket broker can produce a few high-quality lids, have them certified by the Snell Foundation, and then substitute egg shells for the fiberglass shells while still legally

inserting a Snell seal of approval in each helmet.

Apparently, we're not the only ones who see it that way. In a surprise move, Dr. Chichester recently revealed that the Foundation might consider testifying for the plaintiff in suits against helmet makers who have their samples certified and then refuse to maintain the same standards on the assembly line.

It's too bad it took the threat of a lawsuit to trigger this long-overdue decision.

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.

Helmet foe Fred Hill dies in prison at age 74

The world's best-known helmet law opponent is dead at the age of 74. Fred Hill died with his body in a cage — Pentonville Prison — but his spirit, as always, was free — immune to the constraints of the iron bars and gates.

Fred was no stranger to Pentonville — where he was struck down by a heart attack while in the middle of what his daughter called an "absurdly savage" 60-day stretch. He'd done time there and at other lockups on 30 prior occasions, always for the same "crime" — refusal to wear a lid while riding his scooter. According to Fred's daughter, Patricia Kennington, the unjustifiably lengthy sentence may have contributed to her father's death.

It well could have. Sources inside Pentonville say that because Fred was considered a "short-timer," he was not allowed to participate in any of the pris-

60-day term for refusing to wear lid turns into death sentence



Photo by M.A.G.

on's work or recreation programs. This meant he spent 23 hours a day locked in his cell — except when it rained. Then his one-hour exercise period was canceled and he spent 24 hours a day in it.

How's it go? Ride a bike, go to prison. Ride without a lid, get

thrown in solitary. Stand up for your right to ride without a lid, get sentenced to death.

Fred was a stalwart organizer for Britain's Motorcycle Action Group, always stressing the point that the helmet issue is really about much more than helmets. Fred's idea was

that the helmet issue was really a freedom issue, that the question was not really do you wear a helmet, but do you do what you want — or what you're told?

In Fred's view, Britain — and America — are supposed to be countries where citizens aren't always being forced to do as they're told.

He was no Johnny-Come-Lately to biking, either. He'd learned to ride as a frontline dispatch rider in World War II. Nor was Fred some thug who delighted in breaking laws. He considered going to prison "the most degrading experience in the world" — except for losing his freedom or his principles.

It is stupid to attempt to write an obituary for a bro like Fred Hill. He was his own man, made his own mark, and in many ways, left his own epitaph.

Listen, then, to the words of Fred Hill: "I

used to get five weeks holiday a year from the firm where I work.

When I started going to prison a lot, the boss came to me and said, 'Well, look, Fred, do you mind taking the time out of your holidays?'

"I am well able to pay the fines myself... and I could walk out of here a free man. But this would mean that I accepted this obscene law as part of our legislation. This I'll never do."

"The one thing I do not want is special treatment. I don't want people to say, 'Poor old Fred Hill, he's not got long to go' (and fix things) so that if I got stopped by a policeman I could just show him a pass and he would say, 'Carry on, Fred, you're special.'"

"I am 73 years old, still working full-time, and riding my motorcycle to work in London every weekday. I never wear a helmet and I've never paid a fine."

"The fight goes on."

New firm plans to build bikes in upstate N.Y.

The eagle's days of soaring alone may be numbered. A new, uniquely American animal — not a bird, but a buffalo — may soon be joining Harley-Davidson's winged emblem on the highways and outside the biker bars of America.

At least that's the word from Amherst, New York, where a group of about 40 engineers, businessmen and bike freaks are working to bring an entirely new line of made-in-America motorcycles to market before the end of this year.

"We're going to be building three very different types of machines," Larry Domon, president of the fledgling Buffalo Motorcycle Works, told *ER*. "We'll have 1000 to 1500cc V-twins, an 1800cc triple, and a 750cc single. The first prototype to be almost finished is the 1500 twin. That'll probably be the first model to go to the dealers and we hope to have a press preview for it in August and begin shipping it shortly after that."

According to Domon, the big twins will sell for around \$5000 in their standard configuration and under \$9000 in the custom "Hundred-Year-Cycle" version.

"Eventually we hope to build 'hundred-year-cycle' models of all our bikes," Domon said. "These will be identical to the standard models except that they'll be virtually handmade, using stainless steel wherever

possible. The tank, the frame, the brake discs, the fenders, the spokes, all will be stainless steel."

Despite plans for the high-priced limited edition "Hundred-Year-Cycles," Domon, a former General Motors engineer, stresses that the main idea behind the Buffaloes is to offer solid American touring bikes at a price that can compete with the Japanese imports.

"Unfortunately I can't say that we're making all the parts ourselves," Domon stated. "Obviously, when you're only building a couple of hundred bikes to start with, you can't tool up for that. A lot of items on the bike — the Weber carbs, for example — are being bought from outside suppliers. However, the entire motorcycle is Buffalo-designed and is being built right here in our own plant. And our engines are ours alone. Even the engine cases are being milled locally."

Speaking of engines, the Buffalo V-twins will all be shipped from the factory with overhead cams — but, using a kit available from dealers, can be converted to an overhead-valve configuration.

"Obviously, the overhead cam version will have somewhat higher output (about 100 crank horsepower for the 1500)," Domon said. "But we recognize there are a lot of traditionalists out there who equate

overhead cams with imports and we want to be able to satisfy them, too."

All the initial Buffaloes, despite engine size and configuration, will be chain-drive, Domon says, and will probably have six-speed transmissions. Like Harleys, the Buffaloes' seating will be down in the frame as opposed to atop it like it is on most Japanese tourers.

"We hope to build 500-1000 bikes the first year and go up from there," Domon said. "The response from dealers who are interested in carrying the Buffalo has been enormous and we're moving well on the prototypes and design work."

"The important thing is that we don't have to make a lot of bikes to survive. This company is made up of people who see this as a labor of love and are willing to work on a shoestring until we become successful. All our designers, for example, are successful engineers at companies like Kodak. They're doing this for stock, rather than up-front money, because they believe in it. I'm donating the office space and the plant is in a building donated by one of the other partners."

"Low overhead — that's the only way you can start a company these days. But for us, whose idea from the very first was simply to build a pure, ungimmicked-up, American motorcycle, it's been worth it."

Why Me?

I've been reading your shit for years and I can't understand why anybody would write you about their problems. You've got about as much sensitivity as a rubber made out of heavy denim and are about as funny as the guy who drops the cyanide tablet into the green room.

My question — not a problem, you understand, just a question — is, why does Spider keep a dumb, ugly big-mouthed old broad like you around?

Turd
Tehachapi, Calif.

- Must have somethin' to do with that b-i-g mouth.

Some Love

My ol' man and I have been together for three years now and he says he still loves me as much as ever, but I'm beginning to wonder. If he really loved me, wouldn't he be home more than one night a week?

Sal's Slit
Dixon, Ill.

- Depends how many other bimbos he "really" loves.

Gettin' Kinky

My ol' man and me love gettin' kinky. We've tried all the usual stuff — golden showers, butt-fuckin', tied down and tortured — but we're gettin' bored. We want something different — send us your suggestions.

Rabbit and Jimbo
Way down South

- Try bitin' the heads off chickens.

Porky Poet

I ain't no pig fucker.
I ain't no pig fucker's son.
But I'll fuck the pig,
Till the pig fucker comes.
What do you think of that,
Pig?

Pig Fuckers
Elmira, N.Y.

- Better hope he don't arrive totin' a shotgun.

Sure Cure

The ol' lady and me have a great sex life, except for one thing. She's a great fuck and says she loves to give me head, but what I can't figure out is why she says that and then won't let me come in her mouth. Can you help me?

Red Dawg
Columbus, Ohio

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



- Surprise the bitch. Tell her you're gonna use a rubber without mentioning the hole ya punched in the end of it.

Wet And Wild

Some nights after a few beers (15 or 20), I take a good healthy piss. The only problem is, I forget to wake up first. My ol' lady's started complaining about livin' with a "bed-wetting biker." I tell her to shut up and enjoy the golden showers, but she don't respond right. What would you do?

Rusty Springs
Buffalo, N.Y.

- Ask her how'd she like livin' with a bed-wettin' cager.

Twat Tech Tip

This is a tech tip for all us bitches with soft snatches (not you, in other words). If your ol' man works hard for a living, he probably gets his

hands all fucked up and has broken, jagged fingernails and sharp-as-razors calluses.

You probably know what these little bastards can do to a soft pussy and tender tits, but I've got a cure. It may take a little time, but it beats the shit out of havin' your snatch and tits scratched all to hell.

Take a piece of sandpaper (not too coarse) or an emery board (they work great) and sand his nails down just enough to smooth the jagged edges and provide a soft touch. Remember, don't go all the way to the skin or your ol' man's hands won't be worth a turd for a couple of days.

Once his hands are nice and smooth, the rest is up to you.

Pygmy
Cable, Wis.

- Whaddya recommend for his sharp, pointy little teeth?

Way To Go

Me and my cellmate heard that you have stretch marks as long and wide as the route from the redwoods of California to Daytona. Is that true?

Bob and Red
Pleasanton, Calif.

- Only if ya go through Canada.

Catch A Cager

Can we bikers start rammin' these fuckin' cagers up your slimy snatch to punish them for tryin' to run bikers off the road?

Clyde
Salem, Mass.

- Only if ya stuff 'em in rubbers first. I don't wanna catch nothin' I don't already have.

Get The Message?

I'm locked up right now and my ol' lady dropped me like a hot tailpipe. How would I go about telling her that I need her now more than ever before?

K.O.
Soledad, Calif.

- Tie a note to a tarantula and have him deliver it to her.

A Painful Solution

I went to this friendly bar the other night and this real good-looking squeeze was there. I just wanted to bite her and say "hi." Within five minutes she was all over me like paint. There was nothin' I could do but take her home and fuck her all night. My dick was so raw the next day that I couldn't fuck my ol' lady for a week. I told her I caught my crank in my zipper, but I'm not sure she believes me. If you heard a story like that, how would you check it out?

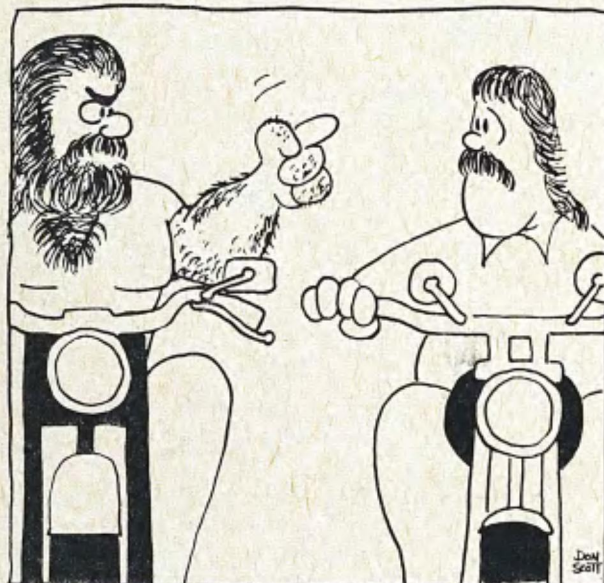
Breakdown
Alpena, Mich.

- I'd rip it off and look for the zipper marks up close.

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.



"I don't care if you excused yourself.
Don't fart when I'm behind you!"

What's the difference between a beer and a booger? A beer goes on top of the table, a booger goes under the table.

—J.P.
Sioux Falls, S.D.



"I don't care if he is a 'biker baby! We're not naming him Knucklehead!"

A bro's ol' lady went to the doctor one day and came home with a jar. She said the doctor had told her to come back the next day with a specimen, but that she didn't know what he meant.

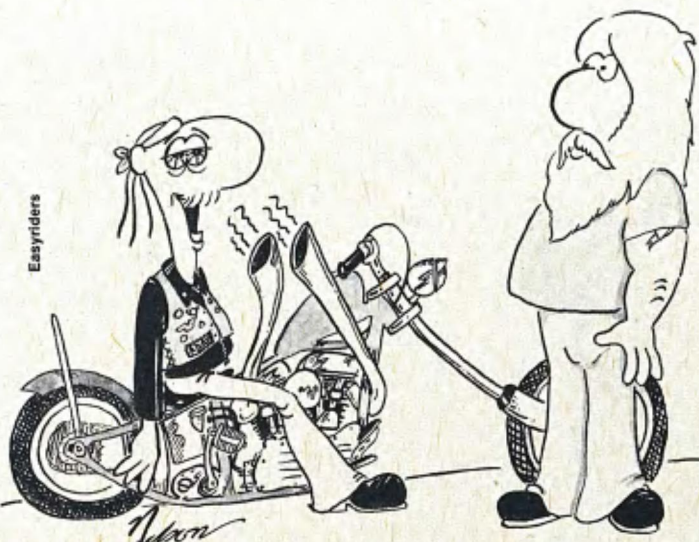
"I don't know, either," the bro told her. "Go next door and ask Mrs. Citizen."

About two hours later the ol' lady came back with her hair all fucked up, one eye all swollen and blackened, and mud all over her.

"Where the hell were you and what the fuck happened to you?" the bro asked her.

"It's all your fault!" she yelled. "I went next door to ask Mrs. Citizen what a specimen was. She told me to piss in a bottle, so I told her to go shit in a barrel, and that's when the fight started."

—Milty
Santa Cruz, Calif.



"This way I can save a lot of money on pot!"

A man in court for stealing a motorcycle was told by the judge that he could either have the case tried by him alone or before a jury of his peers.

"What's peers?" asked the defendant suspiciously.

"They are your equals," explained the judge. "They are men of your own class — your own kind."

"You try the case by yourself, Judge," said the prisoner. "I don't want to be tried by a bunch of low-life scooter thieves."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



"Ya gotta put your bra on.
I'm getting too much sway."

Reporter: "Okay, Tarzan, I know you were born in the jungle, so you only have one name. But what's your son's name?"

Tarzan: "Son's name Boy."

Reporter: "Okay, but your wife is from England. What's her name?"

Tarzan: "Wife's name Jane."

Reporter: "I mean, what's Jane's whole name?"

Tarzan: "Jane's whole name Pussy!"

—Ron Smith
Warsaw, Ky.

A guy walked up to a bar and said, "Give me 12 martinis!" "Twelve martinis, what for?" the bartender asked.

"I'm celebrating my first blowjob," was the reply.

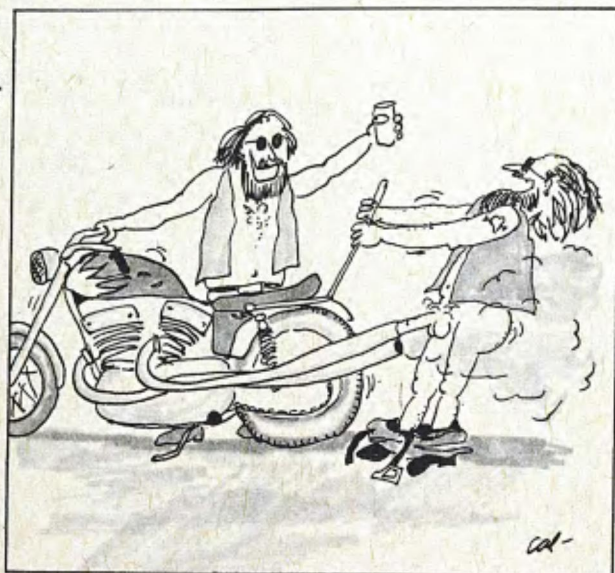
"Well then," said the bartender, "I'll give you three more on the house."

"Fuck it!" his prospective customer said. "If 12 of 'em won't get the taste outta my mouth, I don't want any."

—L.R. Hubbard
Mendocino, Calif.



"Hey, Daddy, ain't that one of them asshole bikers?"



"Give her more throttle, Jim — more throttle!"

How do you get six tigers in a Volkswagen?

You can't. You can barely get a little pussy in a Volkswagen.

—John D.

Weissport, Pa.



"Oh, sure, I love ya — like having a hemorrhoid and riding off-road in frosty weather on a hardtail Hog!"

A biker and a hunter were arguing about speed. The biker said he could outrun anything on the road. "Bullshit," said the hunter, "my dog will stay up with you."

"Pop your ass here behind me and we'll just see," said the biker. Away they went down the road at 40 miles per hour. "Where is your dog?" "Right here beside me."

At 60 miles per hour. "Where is he now?" "Right here."

At 90 miles per hour. "Don't tell me he is right by you now." "Yup." Screech went the brakes. The dog popped up beside the bike.

"That's not your dog," said the biker, thinking he was being hoodwinked. "That one has a collar on."

"That's no collar — that's his asshole. He's not used to these sudden stops."

—Rube

Little Rock, Ark.

Seven-year-old Johnny had been across the street all morning watching a house being built. When his mom called him for lunch, Johnny came home with a piece of 2x4 in his hand.

"Johnny," asked his mom, "what's the piece of wood for?"

"C'mon outside, Mom. The men building the house showed me how to set my 2x4s straight."

So they went outside, with Johnny telling his mom to hold the 2x4 against the side of the house.

"Hey, Mom, that's pretty close, but you're off to the left a little. Move it to the right just a little red cunt hair."

"I will not!" cried Johnny's mother.

"Fuck it, then! Nail 'er there."

—The Kid
Chicago, Ill.

Two rugrats named Johnny and Jimmy were inseparable. One day, while walking to school, they had to jump over a white picket fence. Jimmy jumped over, but when Johnny got on top of the fence he slipped and got a picket stuck straight up his ass. So he went home crying and Jimmy went on to school. When he got there, the teacher asked, "Jimmy, where's Johnny?"

"Oh," Jimmy replied, "on the way to school we had to jump this fence and Johnny slipped and got a picket up his ass."

The teacher said, "Rectum, Jimmy, rectum."

"Wrecked him?" Jimmy replied. "Damn near killed him!"

—S. Ritchie

Richmond Hill, Ontario

How many circumcisers does it take to circumcise a whale? Foreskin divers.

—Stephen

Atlanta, Ga.

The lovely young biker chick confided to her girlfriend, "You know, everytime I sneeze, I'm overcome by an unbelievably wild sensation of lust and passion."

"Holy cow! What do you take for it?" asked the girlfriend.

Came the smiling reply, "Black pepper."

—Snake

Lafayette, La.

An inebriated biker was stopped by the police while staggering down the street. When asked where he was going, he held up a key and said he'd lost his scooter and was looking for it. Asked where he last saw it, he said it was on the end of his key. The cop then pointed out that his fly was wide open. Looking down, the bro muttered, "Damn — I lost my girlfriend, too!"

—Howard Jones

Westminster, Calif.



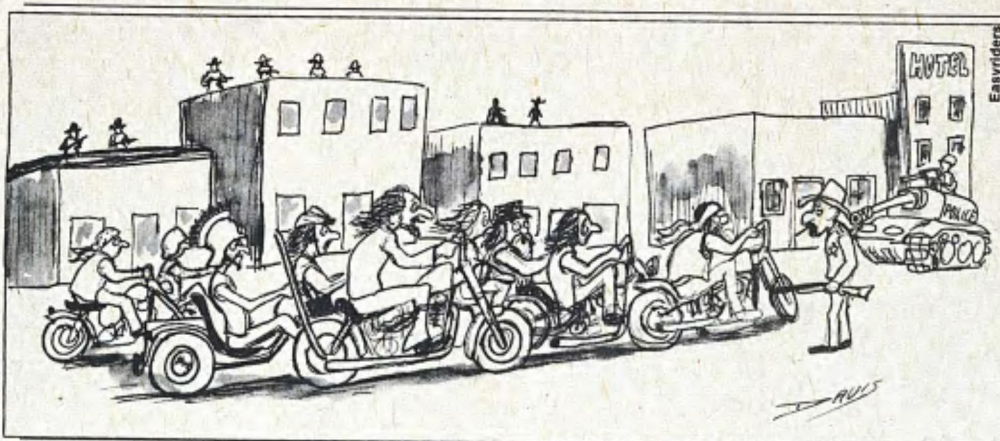
"I got nothin' you'd be interested in, young fella, just a coupla things that don't run no more!"

How did the bro break his leg golfin'? He fell off the ball washer.

—Thomas Yarnall
Chatsworth, Calif.

Do you know what you call the stain in your ol' lady's panties? Clitty litter.

—Rosie
Sacramento, Calif.



"You ever get the feeling we're not wanted?"

"I've got good news and I've got bad news. . ."

Now, where've you heard that before? It's the start of hundreds of jokes, a standard opening line every lawyer in the world uses to inform his client that he's going to be doing a short stretch up the river. Doctors, plumbers, mechanics — anybody who's ever had ya by the short hairs — have all gotten a lotta mileage out of it. Now it's my turn, because it's time to talk Agent Orange with you again.

Many moons ago, when the Government Accounting Office (GAO) laid a very bad report on the government concerning the VA's handling of their Agent Orange Study, we got a preliminary round of the good news/bad news bit. The good news was that, as a consequence of their fuck-ups, the responsibility for determining the effects of Agent Orange on Viet vets was taken away from the VA and given to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, a world-renowned, extremely capable organization. The bad news was that the CDC estimated it would take them until at least 1987, and possibly as long as 1989, to come up with the answers.

Okay, next we move along to the Agent Orange class-action lawsuit. The good news of last year was that our attorneys discovered some secret documents belonging to the Dow Chemical Co. that were pretty damn incriminating. Then the bad news — our regular attorneys dropped out of the case and we had to proceed with new counsel, a change that frequently delays and occasionally totally fouls up the rigid processes of litigation.

Additionally, returning for a moment to the investigation of the effects of Agent Orange: When the government handed all that responsibility to the CDC in Atlanta, it was good news to many vets, because somebody really competent was now handling the problem. But many others considered it bad news, because it might enable the public to figure, "Well, that's over with. They got the investigation they wanted." In short, many of us feared that with Agent Orange out of the

public eye, the issue might end up being forgotten all around.

Well, don't worry. Remember *my* good news and bad news? The good news is that Agent Orange is *back* in the news. The bad news is that all of the news isn't good news! Confused? Well, who the fuck isn't?

Here's the breakdown of the latest news, good and bad.

GOOD NEWS: — In March of 1979, the Environmental Protection Agency *banned* the production and use of dioxin-laden chemicals. That hit Dow Chemical right in the wallet, and over the last five years they spent more than \$15 million fighting the EPA ban. Dow has finally given up the fight — but the bastards can still sell their poison in other countries. At least they're out in the cold here at home.

BAD NEWS: — Now the *judge* has dropped out of the lawsuit! Judge George C. Pratt, of the Federal Circuit Court of the District of New York, who was on the bench since the beginning of our class-action suit, has recently withdrawn, citing the increased pressure of regular circuit court work as his reason. That leaves us with a new judge.

GOOD NEWS (probably): — The new judge is Jack B. Weinstein — and he's reputed to be a real ass-kicker. Word has it that he doesn't tolerate a lot of pretrial fooling around and that he keeps a tight rein on his cases. Also, he's experienced in presiding over large, consolidated cases like our suit.

A judge must be neutral, of course, but he can definitely influence the cases before him. This man may be a boon to us. Previous to his takeover, two smaller chemical companies had been let off the hook: Hercules, Inc. and Thompson Chemical. Weinstein has brought them back into the suit. Further, Judge Pratt had the suit focusing mainly on the issue of blame — that is, is it the government or the chemical contractors who must assume responsibility if AO turns out to be the cause of vets' ills? Judge Weinstein said at the outset that he intends to address the underlying issue of whether Agent Orange is harmful. In response, our former lead-attorney, Victor Yannacone, is

reputed to have said that the chemical industry itself is now on trial. The bottom line is that the chemical companies, if they lose, could become responsible to veterans and their families to the tune of *billions* of dollars in damages.

GOOD NEWS: — In mid-February the House of Representatives "overwhelmingly" approved a bill designed to compensate veterans *now* for certain disorders: chloracne, liver disorders and soft-tissue sarcoma (a form of cancer). The bill was introduced by Rep. Tom Daschle (Dem.-S.D.) and Rep. Robert Edgar (Dem.-Pa.). Now it goes to the Senate.

BAD NEWS: — Even though the CDC in Atlanta is still painstakingly investigating Agent Orange/dioxin, the air force just completed a three-year study of its "Operation Ranch Hand" personnel. The Ranch Handers are the guys who sprayed the stuff from the air. The study is based on the air force's monitoring of the health of 1045 of the 1269 pilots and crewmen who were on Ranch Hand spraying missions. The Pentagon held a press conference for media people and members of the House Veterans Affairs Committee on February 24, 1984, to ballyhoo the air force's findings. The report claims that among Ranch Handers there are no incidences of chloracne or soft-tissue cancer. Even though their own fucking report clearly shows a higher rate of skin cancer than in a control group and higher rates of testicular and genito-urinary cancer (which are considered rare in young men), the idiots made this statement: "The study has disclosed numerous medical findings, mostly of a minor or undetermined nature, that require detailed follow-up. In full context, the baseline study results should be viewed as reassuring to the Ranch Handers and their families at this time." You betcha, guys.

John Terzano, Washington Director of the Vietnam Veterans of America, stated that he felt the air force's report only confirms what the VVA has long been saying, namely that we Vietnam vets are at an increased risk of "adverse health

Continued on page 117

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Texas Flood/Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble

With so many guitar wizards around these days, it's easy for a rock fan to become numbed, jaded, and indifferent (which wouldn't be a bad name for a punk band, now that I think about it). Accordingly, whenever the latest hot-shit guitar honcho appears on the music scene, the veteran fan may react with a backlash toward all the fuss. After all, he's heard the hoopla before, and he's probably been taken in by the hype more than once, at least temporarily.

Scattered here and there among most guitar fans' record collections are albums by flash-in-the-pan virtuosos who are quickly forgotten once the hype dies down. But not forgotten by the disappointed fan; he resents each hum-drum record he bought because of a clever ad or some jerk's opinion he read in a magazine (the rag you're reading excepted, of course). So, determined this time not to be taken in again by the hype, such a fan may be predisposed to be unimpressed by the new top gun even before he's heard him play. Not exactly a fair attitude, but understandable nonetheless. It's like when a bro keeps tellin' you about this certain guy you just have to meet, how much you'd like him, what a righteous dude he is, and so forth. I don't know about you, but after listenin' to that kinda shit for a while, I begin to seriously dislike the guy before I've ever had an opportunity to lay an eye on him.

Well, the critics have gone ape shit over Stevie Ray Vaughan. For example, a *New York Daily News* article said, "Stevie proffers a can't-miss mixture of bring-down-the-house showmanship... plus the seamless taste and intelligence of Eric Clapton." The



L.A. Times called him a "guitar hero" and cited his "towering display of bluesmanship." And rock critic Pepi Plowman called Vaughan "the most exciting blues guitarist to come out of Texas since Johnny Winter." And so on. It's enough to make you turn against the cat without hearing him play a note.

Fortunately, there's good news. While Stevie Ray Vaughan may not be quite the guitar messiah the reviewers claim, he's damned good. Hell, no performer should be saddled with the task of living up to the sort of hype being generated by this Austin-based picker. But make no mistake — at 29, he's one of the best blues players around, and there's every indication that he'll just get better and better.

Texas Flood, Stevie's debut album on Epic displays his impressive skills as a blues player: hot licks, impeccable timing, and an obvious feel for the music he plays so well. Stevie is the younger brother of Jimmy Vaughan of the Fabulous Thunderbirds, who's no small potatoes as a guitar player himself. Stevie's two-man backup band, Double Trouble, consists of Tommy Shan-

non, who played bass with Johnny Winter years ago, and Chris Layton on drums. They supply the basics, and that's all Vaughan needs to dazzle you with some exciting, surprising blues playing and singing.

Seven of the album's ten cuts are Vaughan originals, and they're all good. You can drop the ol' needle most anywhere on **Texas Flood** and come up with a winner. The title track opens with a choice solo guitar reminiscent of all the Kings — Albert, Freddie, B.B. Vaughan's finger dexterity is remarkable as he holds those blues notes and bends them like they were made of rubber. His rawboned Texas sound comes right at you with no cuteness, pretense, or bullshit. If you close your eyes, you can damn near smell the sawdust and the beer and the sweat of Saturday night at the bar. This is a great album to plop on the turntable when you're still up guzzlin' suds with friends after the rest of the world has hit the sack.

"Pride and Joy" is a down-and-dirty standard blueser that features some tasteful guitar work behind Vaughan's singing, in his best Jack Daniel's croak: *I love my baby, she's long*

and lean/You mess with her, you'll see a man get mean/She's my sweet-lovin' baby/She's my pride and joy. Other outstanding cuts include "Blue Mood," with its speed-of-light intro and its make-you-wanna-dance rhythms, and "Lenny," an excellent instrumental Vaughan dedicates to his wife. This particular track is noteworthy for the way it blends the blues, a jazz riff, and (dare I say it?) even a touch of Santo & Johnny's "Sleepwalk" to produce a haunting melody different from anything else on the album. The record also contains an outstanding reworking of Buddy Guy's "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Stevie Ray Vaughan's music got him a Grammy nomination, and if you watched the awards ceremonies this year, you saw him playing along with George Thorogood in the industry's special tribute to Chuck Berry. Not bad for a guy who wasn't known outside his home state too long ago. Like many a performer before him, this avalanche of attention is new to Vaughan, but that doesn't mean he came out of nowhere or popped full-blown out of some ad exec's brain, a blues version of the Monkees. Vaughan was playing the blues in clubs and dives around Dallas when he was thirteen and has been a staple of the Austin blues scene for many years now.

Okay, I guess I've contributed my two cents' worth to the hype surrounding Stevie Ray Vaughan. But give him a listen and you'll understand why I'm so enthusiastic. If the guys at Epic know their stuff, they won't waste any time cutting a live Vaughan album as soon as possible. Vaughan's extensive skills are even more apparent when he's in his element before a live audience. In the meantime, if you like rock-solid blues, grab yourself a copy of **Texas Flood**.

Continued on page 120

**DAYTONA
INN**

**WELCOME
BIKERS**

VACANCY

OUR BUCKS ARE WELCOMED

You've heard it many times in the past. Certain residents of a particular city always piss and moan about us bikers coming to town. They don't like the noise we make, don't like our appearance, don't like our long hair and beards, don't like our sexy women, and in general, they'd just as soon we'd disappear. But, as you know, while the little-old-ladies-in-tennis-shoes are complaining, there's another segment of the town that welcomes bikers, and especially the bucks they bring. The liquor stores, the hotels, the restaurants, the parts businesses, and the gasoline companies love it when the bikers come to town and leave a jillion bucks there in a week's time.

While traveling around Daytona, we saw many "Welcome Bikers" signs up. We're not used to seeing "Welcome Bikers" signs, so they caught our attention. For your enjoyment, here are a few "Welcome Bikers" signs — believe it or not!

—Dogbreath

**EXOTIC
GO-GO DANCERS
WELCOME BIKE FANS**

BROADWAY



**STREET
STATION**

RESTAURANT

**BIKERS
WELCOME
BE HAPPY 4-7
LIVE
DJ**

**WELCOME
BIKERS AND FANS
YOUR HOME AWAY
FROM HOME**

**WELCOME
RACE FANS
CABLE**

99¢  **WATERBEDS**
**Break-
2 Eggs
& Toast fast** **RESTAURANT**

YES

NO

SPECIALS

**OPEN 7AM TO 12 MID
BREAK SPEC \$199
BIKE WEEK SP 16 OZ
NY STRIP SAL & POT \$995**

**Aladdin
Inn**

**WELCOME
BREAKFAST
SPECIALS
DAILY**

Photos by Charone

BEACH MOTEL
**WELCOME
YOU ARE A
STRANGER HERE
BUT ONCE**

THE WRECKED CREW

"The operation of a retirement house for over-the-hill bikers turned out to be something less than dull."

The idea of a retirement home for over-the-hill bikers occurred to Spike in a serendipitous manner. He went out looking for some excitement to bolster his sagging ego and discovered, instead, that he himself was a prospect for retirement. It was a shattering experience and it happened in a small beer bar just off Third Street, in an area mostly populated by senior citizens who were mainly comprised of little old ladies dressed in moulting fur coats, who walked very small, ugly dogs with a similar affliction.

After parking his flathead 80 against the curb for a fast getaway, Spike hoisted his naturals up to cover the beer belly showing beneath his soiled T-shirt and swaggered through the door into the dimly lit bar. By the third step inside, his pants had slipped back down and the beer belly was once again exposed. Arms akimbo, booted feet spread wide, he bellowed his arrival. "Gimme a beer, punk!" he roared, addressing the puny bartender, then added, "Where's all the broads?" The "punk" bartender he addressed was Elbert Wilson, now entering his ninety-second year.

The first "broad" to appear was Elda McCauley, who came slinking out of a dark corner to face up to the newly arrived invader. On her nose rested sequin-decorated bifocals as thick as Coke bottles. From the top of her blue hair to the floor, Elda measured just under five feet. The in-between part of her was clothed in white vinyl go-go boots, a blue-and-red plaid mini-skirt, and a blouse that was sheer enough to give a clear view of her breasts — which looked like two pieces of wrinkled macaroni.

One spangled arm rose. Without broadcasting her punch, Elda knocked Spike flat on his ass with an uppercut to the pit of his nostrils.

"I," she announced, "am your contemporary barroom broad." Her voice had the combined

qualities of Slim Whitman and Gravel Gertie. "Young dudes like you," she went on, "are just my meat. You can come in, have a beer and be quiet, or you can make a ruckus and I'll have Elbert here toss you out in the gutter you came from. So what will it be?"

What the hell, Spike told himself as he rode away from the place. I wasn't thirsty nohow.

"That's it," he told Lobo and Finger, when they held their weekly club meeting a few days later. "I'm retirin' from the life of a badass biker." He gingerly fingered his swollen nose. "Those ten dudes who beat me up nearly put me away before I got the best of 'em." Lobo and Finger nodded solemnly, mumbling approval.

"I think," Spike continued, "that it's time we took our money an' bought that piece of property we was lookin' at out near El Viejo. We can start us up a retirement home for bikers an' jus' take it easy from now on, without no hassles, no wars, an' no more trouble from the fuzz."

"Hubba-hubba," Lobo agreed.

"No lie, Jackson," chimed in Finger, compounding the euphemistic felony.

The last trouble any of the trio had encountered had occurred five years earlier — after a night of drinking and falling down. The local police had found them sleeping in the back of a dump truck loaded with pig shit. The cops had given them a ride home, warning them that the next time they were arrested they would be taken down to the local Social Security office and registered as certified old persons. The "gang" had been a lot more careful after that particular experience.

"Ain't this a shitass shameful way for us to end our careers," Lobo said, more statement than question. "We was once the toughest, meanest, biggest, most feared gang in the fuckin' country, man, an' look at us now."

"Yeah," agreed Finger.

Continued on page 92

BY COYOTE



A TOAST

Here is a toast to the ladies
Who brighten up our lives;
The ones who ride behind us,
And sometimes at our sides.

It takes a righteous woman
To love a biker man;
To pay the dues; obey the rules,
And just a damn few can.

They're the ones I'm toasting, bros,
The wenches in our world.
So, lift your mugs and join me,
And let's drink to the girls.

I propose this toast to our womenfolk,
That rare and special breed,
Who care for us, shed tears for us,
And understand our creed.

They feed us when we're hungry
And they warm us when we're cold;
Sometimes they drive us crazy,
By not doin' what they're told.

But when we stick our chests out,
They're there to watch our backs;
And when we turn the lights out,
They're waiting in the sack.

They wash our dirty dishes
And they polish up our chrome;
They pay our bail when we're in jail,
And make our hovels home.

Although we seldom say so,
And some of us never do,
We love our women deeply
With a love both strong and true.

When we take them riding,
Or meet them in the wind,
We know we're with our lovers,
Our own kind and our friends.

So, bros, let's drink to the ladies,
And bless them every one,
Because, Lord knows, without them
Life wouldn't be much fun.

They party hearty with us,
And match us drink for toke;
They squeeze our bulging muscles,
And laugh at all our jokes.

They tease us and they tempt us,
They ply us with their charms.
They whisper sweet things in our ears,
And snuggle in our arms.

They wile us and beguile us,
And impress us with their class,
And when we think we've got them trained,
They up and show their ass.

But that's part of the spirit
That makes them who they are.
And if they didn't have it,
We wouldn't pack them far.

Down all the roads we've ridden
They're the best we've ever found.
So, bros, let's drink to the ladies —
If they'll buy another round.

Jody Via



Illustration by Bruce R. Boker

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



XR Potency

This Harley XR dirt-tracker here has the same power-to-weight ratio as a potent AMA Superbike road racer, and it's made this particular way because other ways haven't worked. It's short, it's responsive and it's quick.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Ahhhh

So the next time someone tells you that magazine road-testers sure do have it soft, you just smile knowingly and think of me with both wheels locked up and sliding sideways at about 60mph. And you tell 'em you don't think it's quite that way at all.

—Charles Everitt
Cycle Guide

I Notice

Maybe you haven't noticed: Women ride motorcycles. The one thing that most of them have in common is that they wear clothing of some kind when they ride. The important words here — the ones that cause so much trouble — are "of some kind."

—Sue Rodengen
and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Old And Slow

I could understand paying \$7-8 grand for something that was technologically and mechanically superior, like a BMW, but Harley still clings to a design originally conceived in the '30s. As far as the Evolutionary engine goes, it's an improvement, but far from being Revolutionary, it's still the same old slow-turning (even lower

rpm's now) V-Twin that's been around forever and a day.

—Steve Iorio
Supercycle

Break-In Folklore

Everyone has his own folklore break-in methods. The advice usually goes something like this: Break it in fast and it'll be fast; break it in slow and it'll always be slow. Some truth exists here, but not enough to live by.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Plain, Ugly and Drab

In general, Harley flat-heads were plain; the 45 was simply ugly no matter how one looked at it, and the early K's were drab. The current big Sportster is a real looker, no doubt about it, but I consider it a public nuisance because of its noisy exhaust. If Harley fitted truly honest mufflers, however, I don't think anybody would buy the things.

—Jack Mercer
Northeast Riding

Thrilling Yarns

Do you thrill to ripping yarns of days gone by, when the men rode Nortons and Velocettes and the women wore suspender belts and stockings? Or perhaps it all bores you, and gets up your nose a bit: Ever had some twit with a Triumph implying that he rides a *real* bike, therefore he can down more ale than you can, and his is bigger than yours?

—Geoff Anderson
Superbike

Same Problem

It's pretty obvious these

latest proposals [lights on, fluorescent clothes], like those which have preceded them, are based on false reasoning and false assumptions. Evidently, they assume that if a car driver says he didn't see the motorcycle, it wasn't visible enough and then reason that some attempt must be made to make motorcycles more conspicuous.

—Mike Armour
Australian Motorcycle News

Customer Fun

The secret to turning the average motorcyclist into an enthusiast is activity. The place to start that activity is a dealership or accessory store. The customer bought the motorcycle for fun and as a hobby. Sharing that fun and hobby is what motorcycling is all about.

—John Wyckoff
Motorcycle Industry Shopper

Proboscis Nozzle

Perhaps Californians have become accustomed to that state's unique gas-filler nozzle that reminds me of the proboscis of some robotic elephant, but I never fail to be amused — and annoyed. As I struggled with this silly device, I noted that the fuel to make my scooter go was selling for \$1.25 per gallon. This price would have been outrageous ten years ago, but today it seems normal. In fact, I was far less annoyed by buck-plus gasoline than by the ridiculous contraption through which I had to dispense it.

—Ed Youngblood
American Motorcyclist

Happy, Happy

A happy customer is usually a return customer. And a return customer makes for a happy dealer.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

All Or None

Dirt-track racing is a subject about which American motorcycle enthusiasts know everything and nothing. They know everything because it all seems so simple: they know nothing because that apparent simplicity is a plain wrapper covering a marvelously complex kind of racing.

—Ken Lee
Cycle

Mature Cash

In short, we're looking at a time in the very near future when we're going to see a lot of mature adults walking around with pockets full of extra cash that they're looking to spend on "adult toys" [aka motorcycles].

—John Brumm
Motorcycle Dealernews

Innuendo

As Artistry drew nearer, the media hype began to whip up a frenzy of misinformation and innuendo. As we all know, bikers make good villains, be it in movies, TV shows, or written stories; and the Calgary papers ran headlines that many people thought went out of style 20 years ago:

Municipal District Moves
to Block Biker Camp
City Prepares
For Biker Invasion
Police Fearing
Biker Revenge
It sold papers... you bet.
—The Canadian Biker

BUSHWHACKERS



I'd been five years since I'd lived in San Diego, but I still considered it home. Old habits are hard to break, I guess. I'd spent a lot of time puttin' around the country, and for my money, San Diego had the perfect year-round weather for scooter tramps like me.

While I was still a pup there, I ran some fine smoke up from Mexico. Of course, that was in the old days, before Uncle Whiskers started spraying poison all over the crops. My goal was to make enough money to open a bike shop in town. I reached my goal, but with one slight twist. My cycle shop wasn't in San Diego — it was up in Frisco. The price was right and it was a dream come true, so I took it.

Since the move, I'd been taking some time off every summer to make my run south. I liked keeping track of which of my friends were still living in the old hometown. Every year, I'd make my run on a different scoot. This year I'd come by an old '47 knuckle that looked like it belonged on a scrap heap before I restored it. Now it looked like it had just been wheeled out of Harley's factory. Every detail was complete, right down to the suicide knob on the tank.

Just like previous summers, I'd pulled off the Coast Highway in L.A., threading my way around the cages crowding the freeway. The assholes never changed, they just multiplied every year. Making a pit stop at Bushwhacker's was one of those old habits that's hard to break. Otherwise, I'd have said piss on smog city and gone around it.

After the local dipshits almost wiped me out a few dozen times, I pulled into Bushwhacker's parking lot. As I wheeled in from the north, a cherry '69 shovel rolled in from the south. About eight sleds were lined up in front of the place. The shovel's rider pulled up at one end of the line, while I rolled it onto the kickstand at the other end. We both eyed each other's bikes with admiration. While I pulled off my gloves, he slid out of his leather vest and laid it across the seat.

"It's been quite a while since I've seen a '69 in as good a shape as yours," I said. "At least not out on the road, anyway."

"Not many like yours around, either," he answered.

I walked down the line and checked out his bike, then the two of us walked back to mine and looked it over. We agreed that none of the

"Making a pit stop at Bushwhacker's was one of those old habits that's hard to break. Otherwise, I'd have said piss on smog city and gone around it."

BUSHWHACKERS

BY STEVE MITCHELL

other scoots in front of Bushwhacker's had the class that ours did.

When we got inside and sat down, I offered to buy the first pitcher.

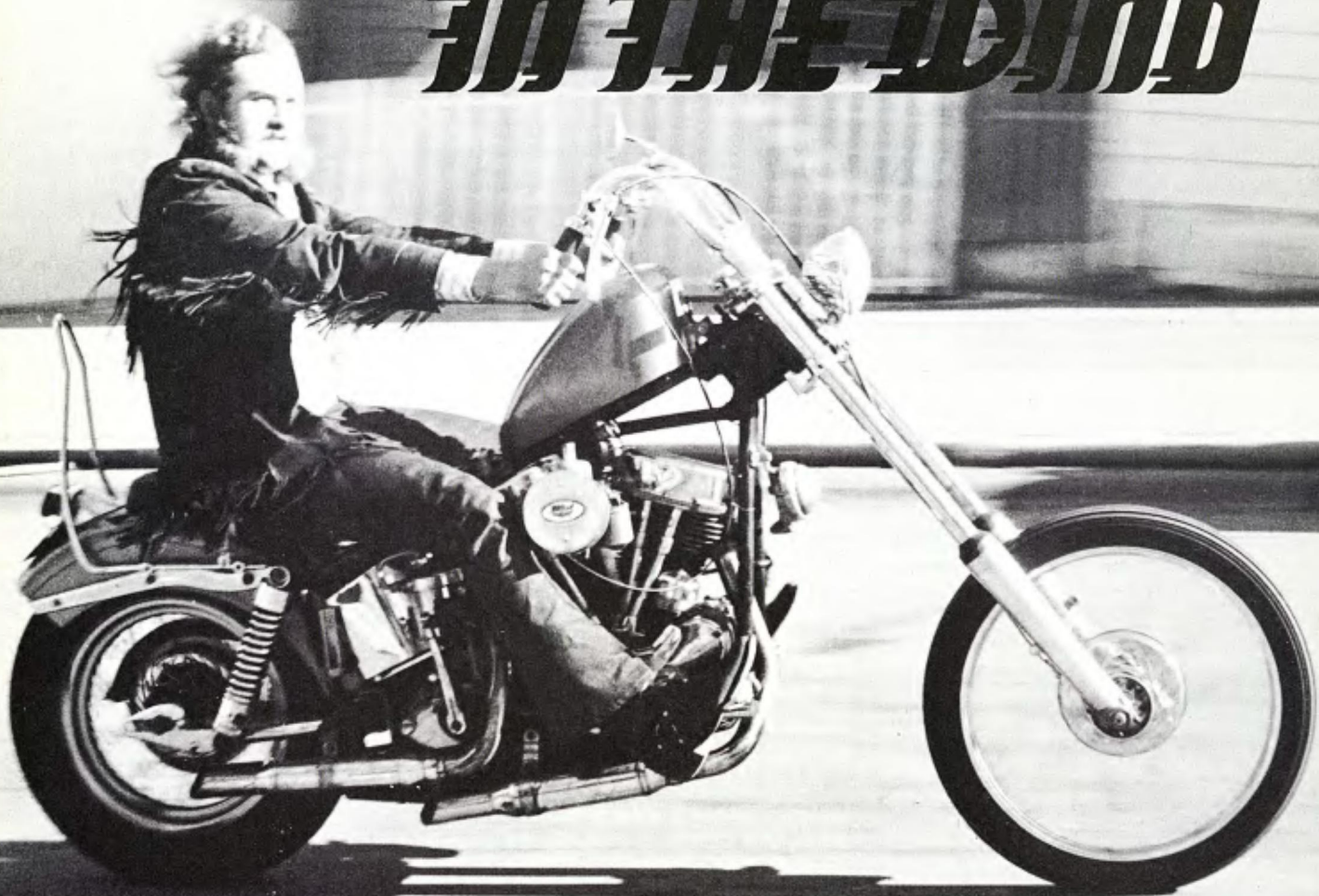
"Only if you'll let me catch the second," the bro said.

"Good enough," I replied. "By the way, they call me Rebuilt. I've got a bike shop up north where I do a lot of rebuilding and the name seems to go with the territory."

"That's funny, when I was a kid I had a twitch in my left eye, so everybody called me Tick. I haven't twitched

Continued on page 105

IN THE WIND



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Randy Thomasson, Daly City, Calif.

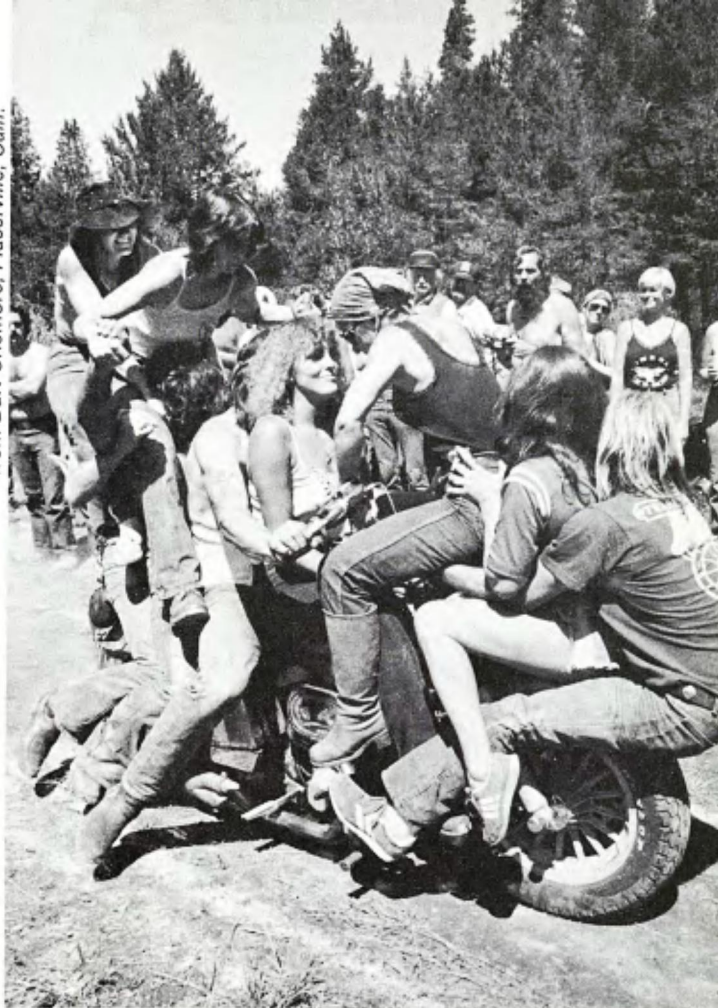


—from Albert Bureau, Montreuil, France





—from Burt Crismore, Placerville, Calif.



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the 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 John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

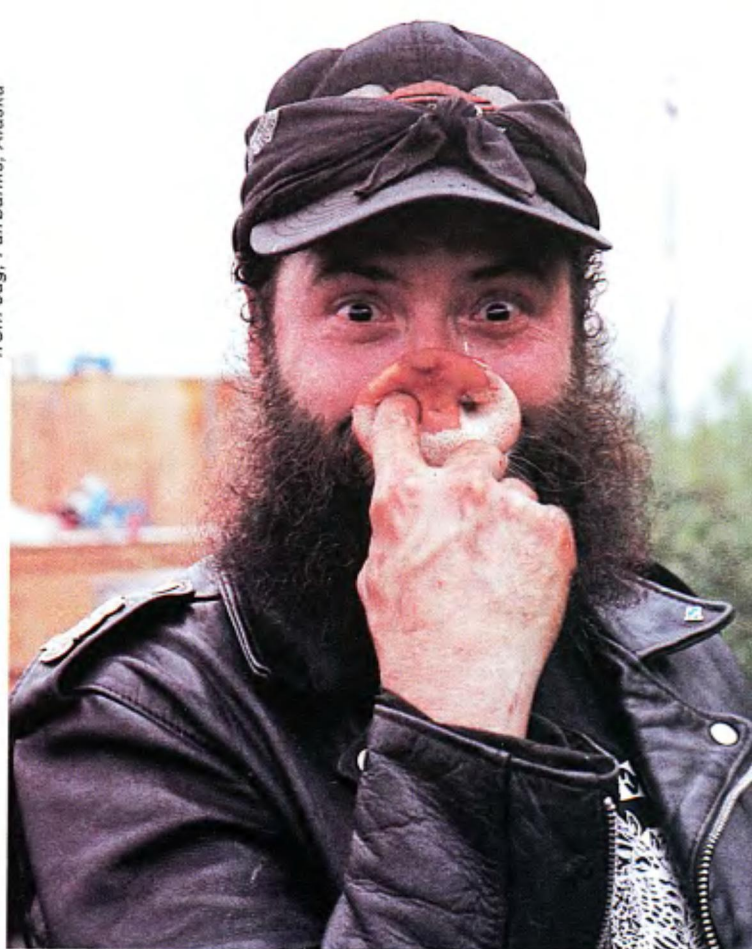
—from Terry Ballard, Prescott, Ariz.





—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.

—from Jag, Fairbanks, Alaska



—from Gene Grasso, Staten Island, N.Y.





BURN HER CLOTHES

If Spider would just bring around two or three more chicks like Tina every month, we might never get another issue out. But, with two or three chicks like Tina around, who'd care?

Spider kicked the door open and walked into my cubicle. "I finally figured out a way to shut down yer constant bitchin' and sniveling," he said.

"I always thought that was what ya grew yer knuckles for," I answered. "An' by the way, how many times do I have to tell ya that I wouldn't give a shit about yer kickin' open the door if you'd only do it on the latch side instead of the hinge side? Do ya have any idea how long it. . ."

"Yeah, you ain't gonna be able to say word one against this, ya piss brain, not a thing." As usual, Spider hadn't heard a word I'd said. Nothin' to do at this point but wait for whatever revelation was about to come out of his gourd. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long.

"We're gonna feature a chick in the next issue," he said, "who's such a stone fox that the feds oughtta make it illegal for her to wear clothes. Ya can strain yer pig eyes all ya want and ya won't find a single zit,





or a pinch of fat, or a birthmark anywhere. This chick don't even have any of them cell things yer always blatherin' about whenever somebody takes pity on ya and sets you up."

"It's *cellulite*," I reminded him. "Ya pronounce it SELL-YOULEET and, besides that, the only times anyone ever takes pity on me, it's because I work for you. Where's this so-called super fox, anyway? I gotta see for myself what kinda monster you dragged in here this time."

Gently taking my arm — in a grasp that felt strangely reminiscent of a police "comealong" hold I once had the misfortune to fall victim to — Spider dragged me down to the photo studio and flung open the door.

"Grape," he said, "this here's Tina; Tina, this here's nobody." My cardio-respiratory system nearly ceased on the spot.

I couldn't believe my eyes. The chick was fantastic — too fantastic. I mean, we get beautiful chicks in the magazine all the time, they flock around Madman and Tit Freak and a couple of the other bros like flies around Mutha. But not Spider. Never Spider. Sure, Spider gets his share of the big-jugged, long-legged beauties, but the rest of us never get to see 'em. He always says it would be bad for our concentration. Usually the ones Spider brings around the studio are "coyote ugly" — you know, chicks so bad that when ya wake up with one of them asleep on your arm, ya feel like gnawin' yer arm off to escape.







Photos by Pete Chioldo

"It's the best way to deal with that problem I ever found," Spider's explained on more than one occasion. "Ya wake up next to some animal ya don't even recognize and the first thing that hits ya is, 'How'm I gonna get this bow-wow outta here?' Lemme tell ya, the phrase 'Time to get back to yer place and get yerself dolled up fer the photo session' gets their lard asses movin' in Olympic time."

"Okay," I finally said to Spider, after I regained my speech. "What's the story? Where'd you find a sex object like this?"

"Her new ol' man's an old ridin' bro of mine," Spider replied. "He's always got the best of everything — and he likes everyone to know it. In fact, he's already got Tina signed up to do a spread in *Penthouse*."

"Why the hell would he want to put a righteous biker chick in one of those rags?" I asked.

"If you were any slower, ya wouldn't be able to balance on two wheels!" Spider snarled. "Thought I already told ya the dude liked to flaunt all the good shit he's got. See that bike she's oozing all over? Now let me ask ya somethin'. If you built a bike like *that*, would ya lock it up somewhere so nobody could see it, or would ya be out ridin' every chance ya got, enjoying the sight of everybody droolin' over yer scooter and wishin' it was theirs?"

"Shit, I'd be out profilin' every chance I got."

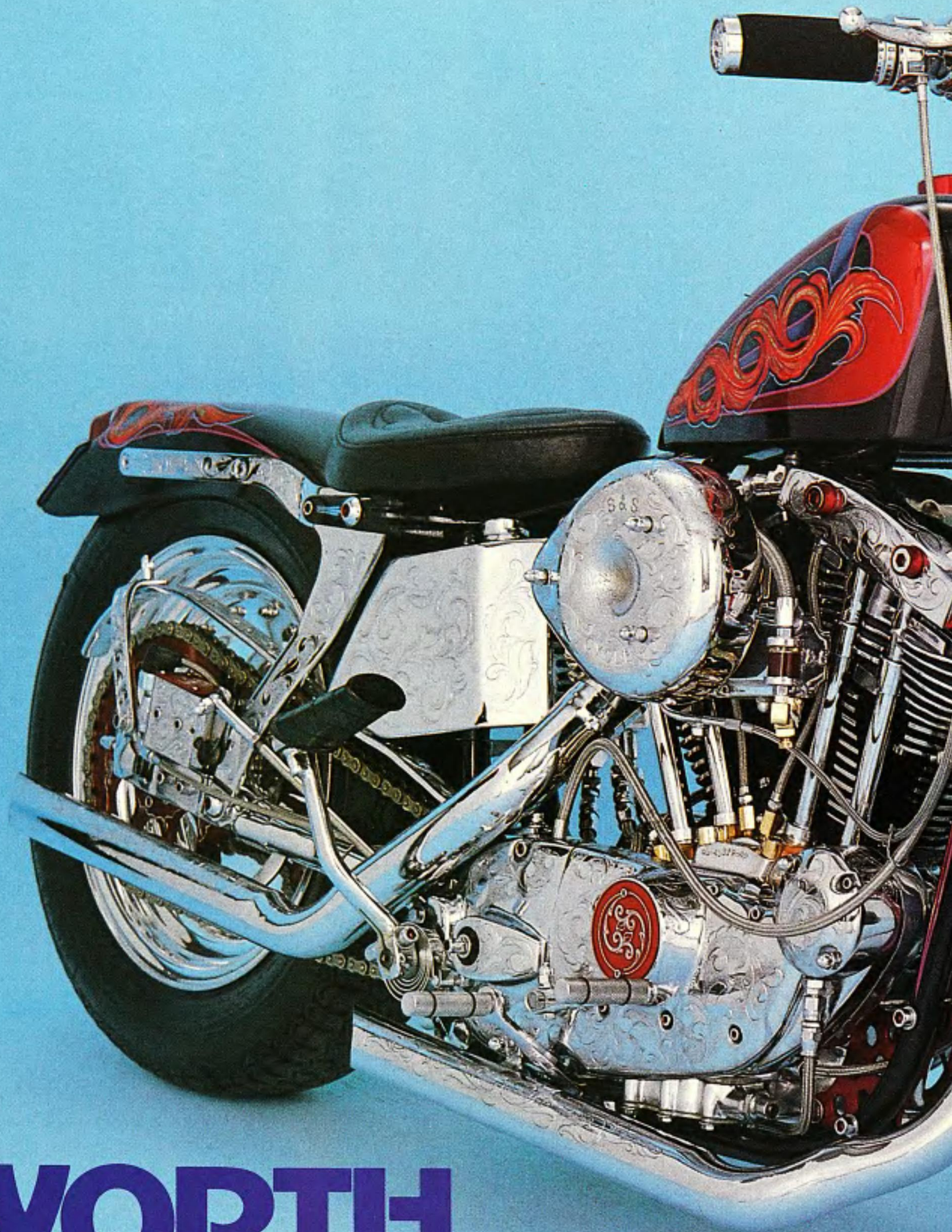
"That's yer answer," Spider said, slappin' me on the back so hard I bit my tongue. "It don't matter whether it's a boss bike or a bitchin' broad, some dudes just can't help showin' off all the good stuff they got."

—Grape



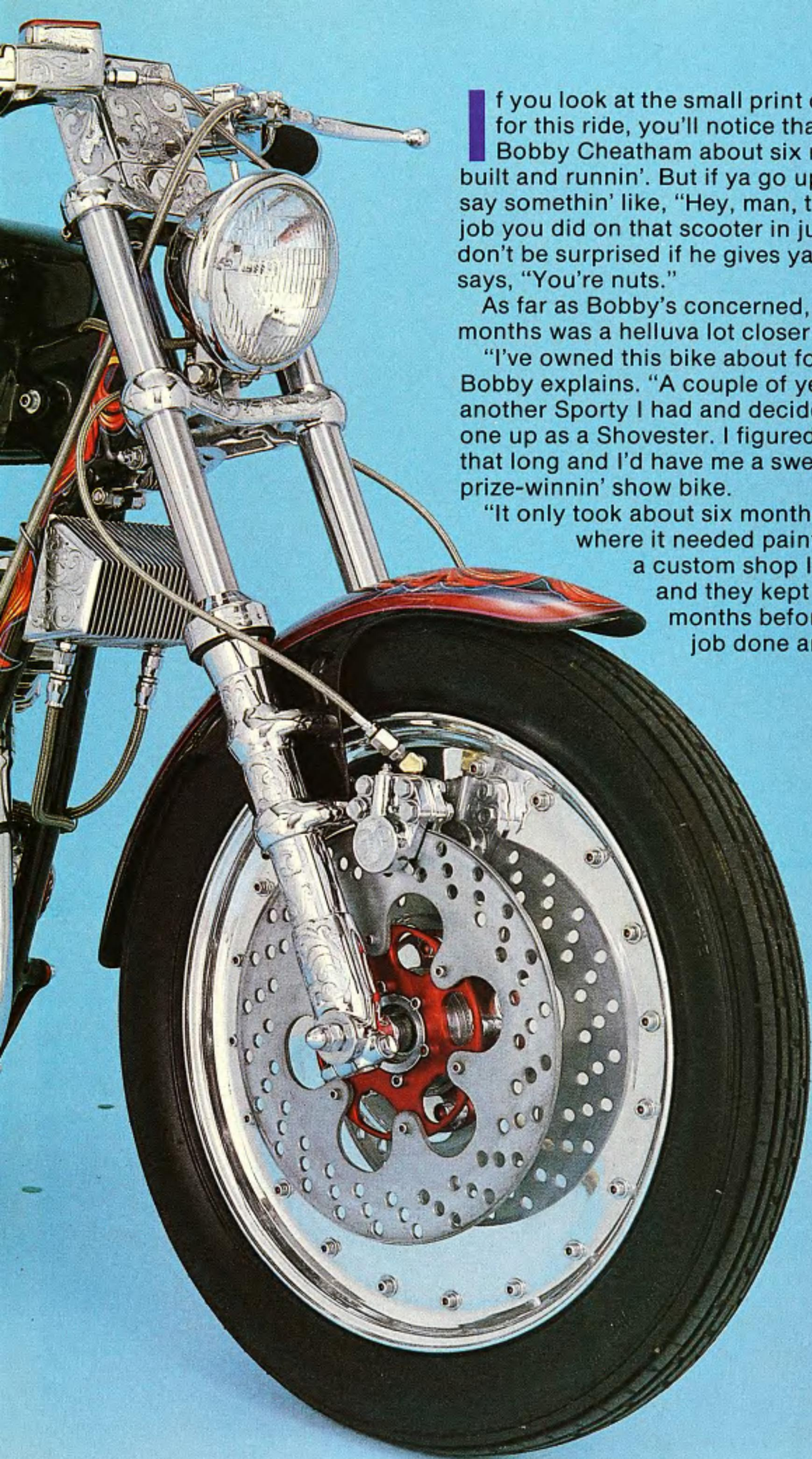






WORTH THE WAIT

Waiting for this super scooter to be painted made the owner even redder than his points cover.

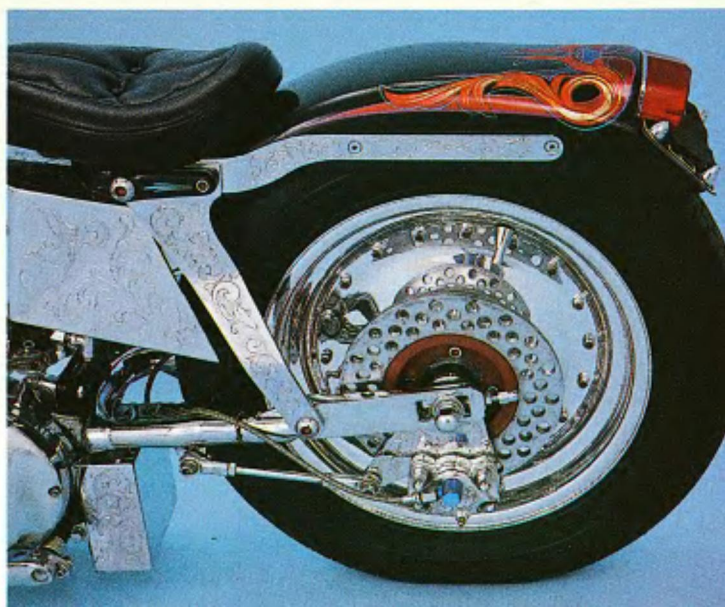
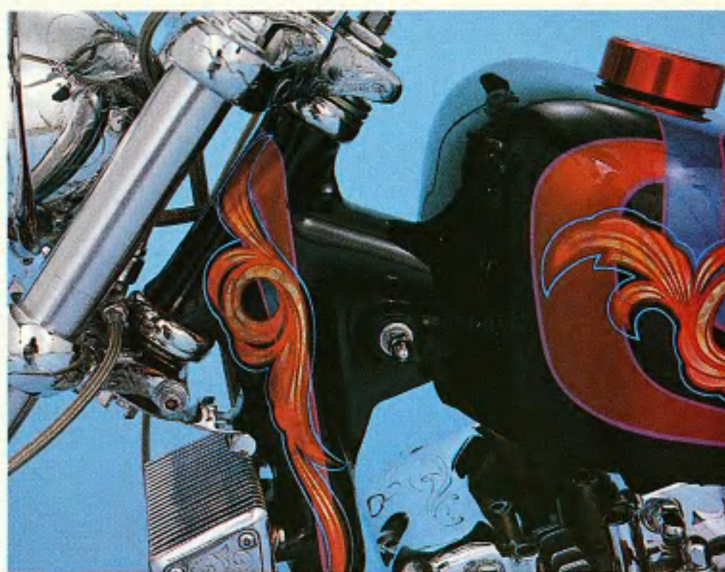


If you look at the small print on the bike chart for this ride, you'll notice that it took owner Bobby Cheatham about six months to get it built and runnin'. But if ya go up to Bobby and say somethin' like, "Hey, man, that's a helluva job you did on that scooter in just six months," don't be surprised if he gives ya a look that says, "You're nuts."

As far as Bobby's concerned, ya see, that six months was a helluva lot closer to two years.

"I've owned this bike about four years," Bobby explains. "A couple of years back I sold another Sporty I had and decided to build this one up as a Shovester. I figured it wouldn't take that long and I'd have me a sweet ride and a prize-winnin' show bike.

"It only took about six months to get it to where it needed painting. I sent it to a custom shop I'd heard about, and they kept it ten fuckin' months before getting the job done and returning it.



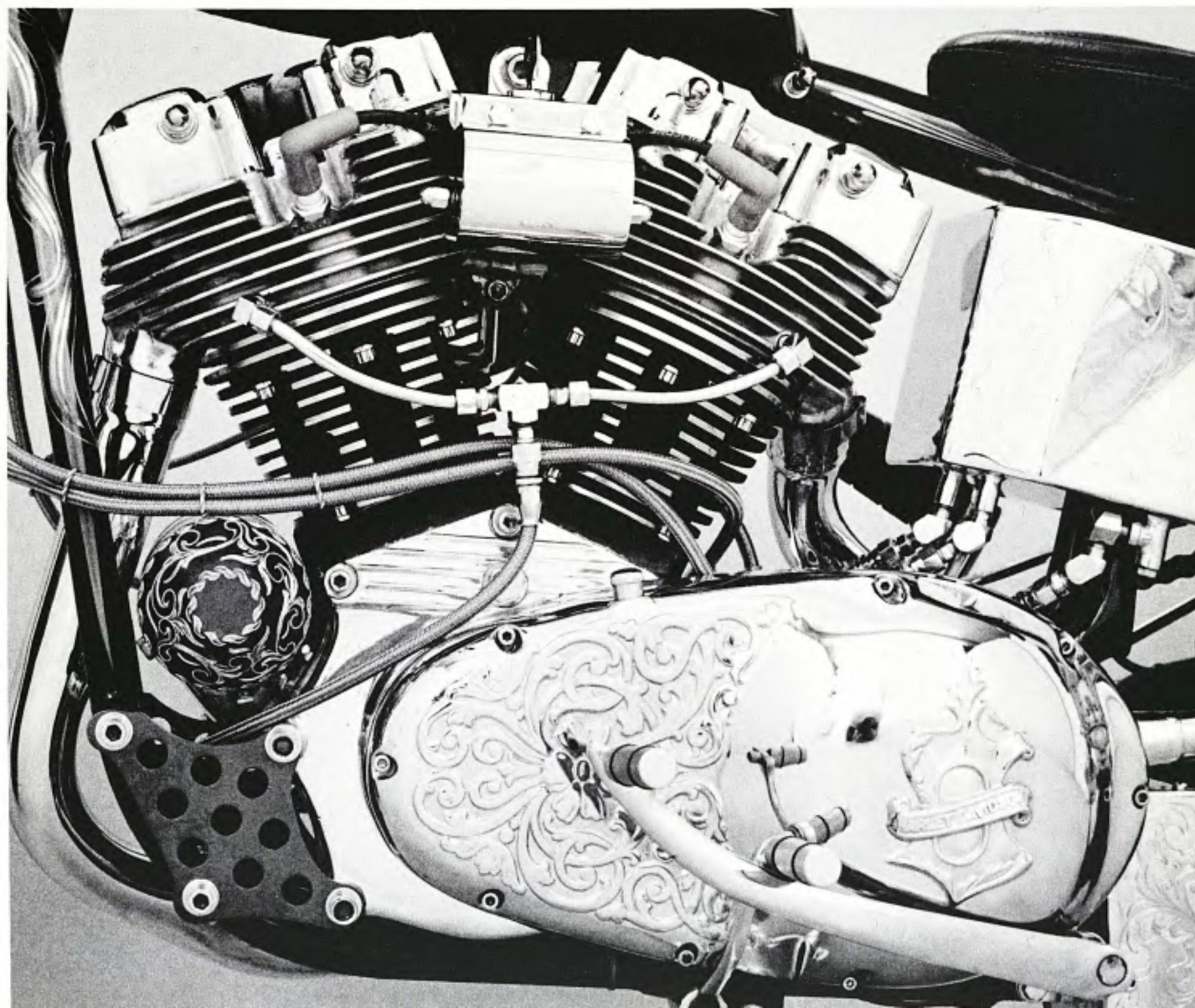
"The real kick in the ass was that the fuckin' paint job they did was lousy — after ten shitty months of waiting and after payin' out heavy bucks, all I could do was sandblast their crap off and start over again. The second time I sent it up to Cycle Fabrications and they did a helluva job — a dude couldn't ask for anything better.

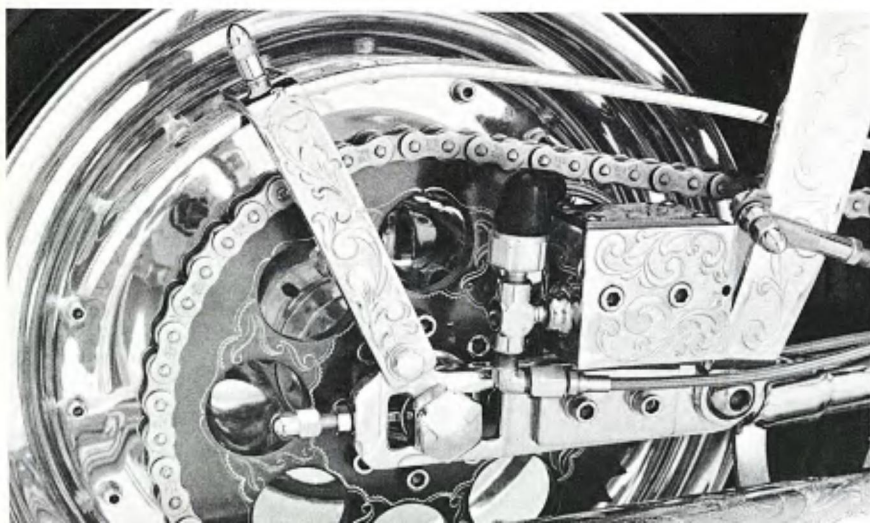
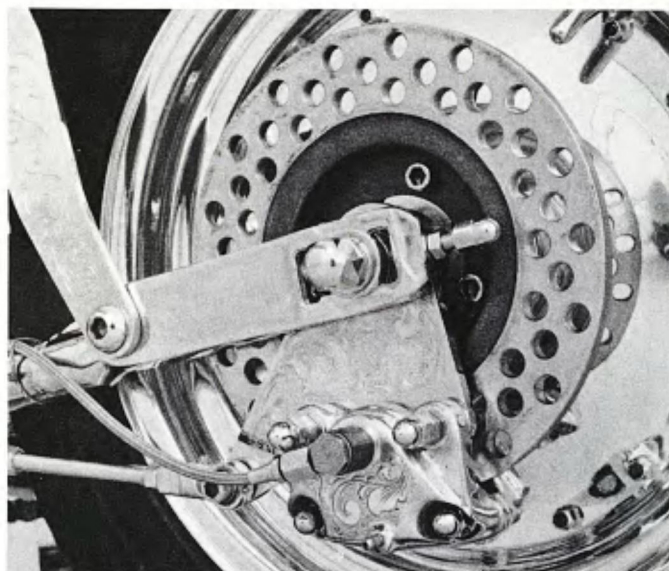
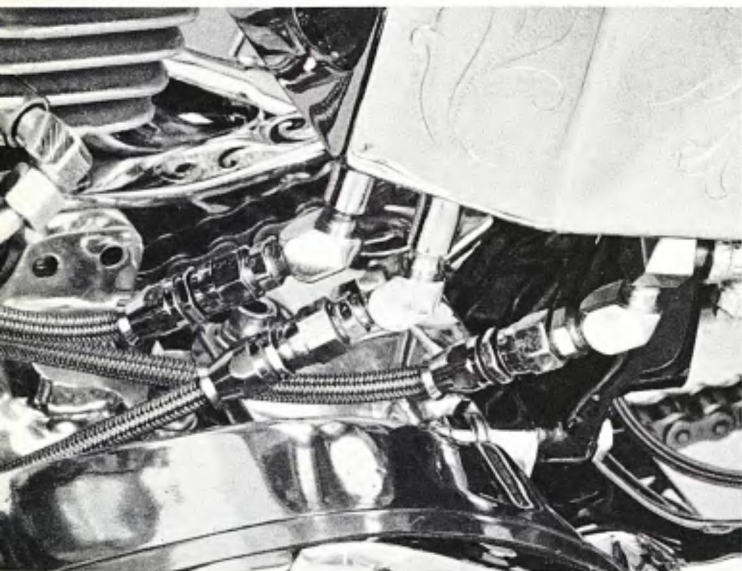
"The other nice thing was that they were pretty quick on the turnaround time. Still, including the ten months at the one shit-

hole, and havin' to prepare the bike for painting a second time, and all the transport time, the first paint fuck-up cost me well over a year."

Despite the bullshit he had to go through to get this bike to look and run the way he'd dreamed it, Bobby's hopes for it turned out to be more than justified.

We caught up with Bobby and the bike at the Rat's Hole show in Daytona, where they'd just picked up a hotly contested second-place

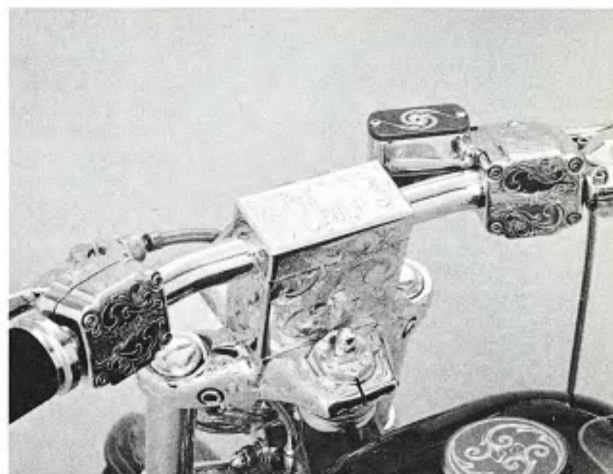




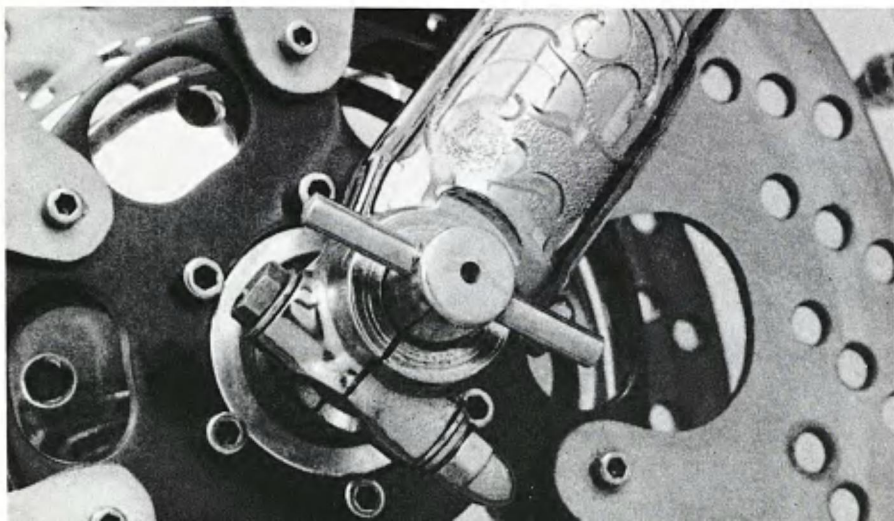
trophy. In the process, the bike had impressed a helluva lot of people — including us. But not its owner.

"Second-place is like havin' a harelippped sister and kissin' her," Bobby said. "I was a helluva lot happier at the Harley Ride-In. We rolled away

Owner: Bobby "Chico" Cheatham		City: Lexington, Ky.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Casey's Cycles		Year: 1963	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Wesley Sexton		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: Arlen Ness rear sec.	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag bars	
Year: 1973		Risers: machined by Donald	
Model: shovester		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Wesley at Pilot View MC		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 82 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: polished H-D flywheels		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Wesley		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S cast		Electrics: Wesley Sexton	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: Casey's Custom Cycles	
Cam(s): Andrews X		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: H-D solids		Primary cover: Magnuson	
Carb(s): S&S L series		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender	
Pipes: handmade 2-in. drag		Height: swingarm to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel plate	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: beveled and spaced		Type: Ceriani	
Year: 1980		Extension: stock	
Shifting: reversed pattern		Builder: Wesley Sexton	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: handlebar riser	
Trans sprocket: 19		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 50		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 17 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Cycle Fabrications		Hub: Kosman	Hub: Kosman
Painter: Cycle Fabrications		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: Imron		Brake: Kosman	Brake: Kosman
Special paint: gold leaf and striping			
Other special modifications: Engraving by Cycle Fabrications, Brockton, Mass.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



with the best-in-class prize at the show."

A first-class and a second-class in its first week of competition — not bad for a bike that was standing, not too long ago, dusty and forgotten in the corner of some rip-off paint shop. —Pacheco Clyde

Astrological Profile For Cancer

Cancers are one way only — theirs. If they don't get it, they cry in their beer, whine in their wine, shit in their pants, and play with the stools. (Problem with Cancers is they never get over improper potty training.) They're the cry-babies of the zodiac, but they're so damn cute they pull it off. Actually, Cancers are sensitive, can't take insults or criticism, plus they do a piss-poor job of wiping their asses and expect partners to foot the bill. Most have a good sense of humor (I hope).

Cancers are sentimental about material objects and hate to part with anything. They turn their pads into junkyards, dig through trash, hoard their dope and blow their noses on their guest towels.

Cancers are great in the sack (if you don't mind

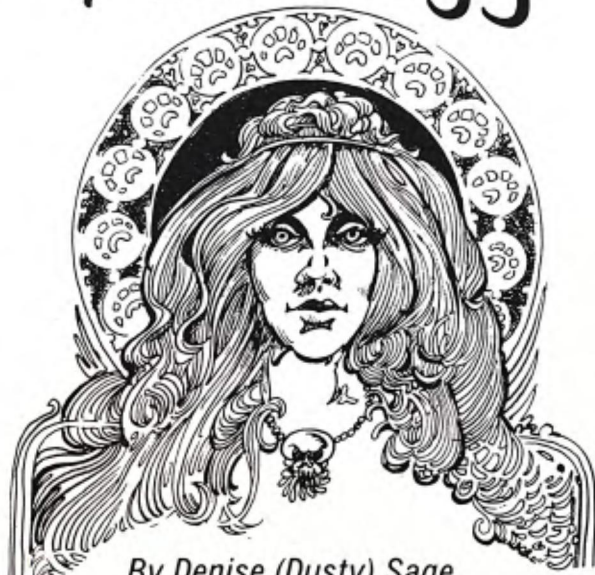
bangin' someone with ass wipe stuck in his crack) and love to eat in bed. (Some have head cheese on their cranks and their dandruff is like soda crackers). Sexually, they're wet and wild, and cry when they don't come. (Who doesn't?)

Cancers are susceptible to ulcers (from being pigs) and answer to the name "butter balls." Older Cancers have a habit of puking on partners without provocation, and are allergic to Preparation H and peppermint enemas.

Some famous Cancers are: Ringo Starr, Richard Petty, Manolete, P.T. Barnum, Kris Kristofferson, Ernest Hemingway, Linda Ronstadt, Gilda Radner, Phyllis Diller, Yul Brynner, Charles Laughton and Captain Kangaroo.

Remember, being a Cancer ain't bad. Aside from a lotta sniveling, acid indigestion and dingle berries on their buns, they're loyal and will be there in a pinch. (Even if it's your ass

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

they pinch!) Seriously, everyone should have at least one Cancer buddy — they're great at catching flies and licking stamps.

They usually know where to get free eats and a barf bag to go. So, cut Cancer some slack and he'll save it for you.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Looks like Mother Nature's on the rag again. Best take inventory on recent damage to the old bod — before you develop a leak in your plumbing and a cough that makes you crap. Otherwise, it's still hold-your-mud-or-beat-your-pud time. That overrighteous attitude of yours can nix a piece of raisin pie and some puss pudding. Lighten up!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Keep a lip lock on vague promises and be sure to back up brags. Otherwise, partners call your bluff. Remember, head-up-your-ass statements stink and you'll be the first to savor the aroma. Don't be tempted to shitcan caution. This includes your sex life, so don't smell and tell, bang and blab, or eat and run.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ This month's focus is on past fuck-ups and future favors. Return bucks owed bros or end up with a Mr. Five in the mug. Don't let party-time take priority over pending problems. This is definitely take-care-of-biz-or-go-for-broke time. Watch out for an influx of out-of-town trippers who invade your homestead

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Happy birthday! Party-time holds some strange surprises and a horrendous case of indigestion. Whatdafuck, go ahead — slop up the suds, pig out, bang your nuts flat and generally make a fool out of yourself. Later in the month someone comes back into your life with the same sob story you fell for once before. Watch out for this one's tricks.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ The name of the game now is guts. A chance to fall into a pile of shit and come out smelling like success is here. Opportunity has some pitfalls this time, but if you have the balls to ride her out, you'll be a winner. Time spent polishing your knob in the nearest bush ain't wasted, either. This month's full of hot spots.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Prime time to contact those in a position to advance your job status. (Be humble, even if it hurts.) Past ideas can gain momentum if pushed properly. Be flexible as long as it doesn't leave ya limp between the legs. There's plenty of time for tit-tickling and twat-twisting. Take care of biz first and empty your balls later.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Business prospects look like a one-legged whore — kinda tipsy. Worse yet, unexpected drains on your finances have you uptight and out of luck. (The roof could develop a leak worse than your old lady's douche bag or your rugrats might scarf up your paycheck and crap it out in a hundred pieces.) This one is on very shaky ground.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Let your usually secretive self hang loose with a tight partner. Two heads are better than one now. A heavy rap session can turn the tide in a sand-trap situation. This month has sink-or-swim overtones. Extra in-the-sack sessions can calm your nerves and keep the swelling down. Two squirts are better than one.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ All is not what it seems on the surface. Check under the bed, in the cracks, between the wrinkles, and especially where you plant your dipstick. Seriously, you shouldn't hesitate over legal advice if in doubt now. Double-check the small print and update your inventory on tickets pending. If you snooze, you lose.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Best save paybacks for a future fuckover, or learn to count on your lumpy skull. Keep calm and cool through this month and save yourself a real headache. If someone says "Get fucked!" do it — with his mother, if possible. Hold your temper. Sometimes it just ain't worth the effort or energy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Aside from a couple of minor hang-ups, this is a mellow one. You can slide through this one sideways and still get ahead. Your got-the-world-by-the-balls attitude stirs up some good times in the wheelin'-and-dealin' department. You get away with more than usual now and receive some well-deserved strokes.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Time to shoot off that wad you've got socked away for a special occasion. You're in a lucky streak the first half of the month. Enter contests — fart and belch your way to fame. Rummage through swap meets (ditto your own garage) for rare finds and check out your old lady's douche bag for stashed-away goodies. How about a hot game of poker between the sheets?

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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.

ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston
H-D of Clanton, 1210 7th St. South, Clanton

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Northern Arizona H-D 409 W. Pine, Ashfork

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle

CALIFORNIA

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Milch McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I. Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
American-Made Motorcycle Co. 4125 Franklin Blvd.,
Sacramento

Racer's II 8721 Garden Grove Blvd., Garden Grove
Dick's Cycle 9110 E. Artesia Blvd., Bellflower
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido

COLORADO

Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Plithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
Englewood

CONNECTICUT

Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market,
New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 9190 64th Way North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers

H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
The Motorcycle Shop 2039 95th St., Miami
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy.,
Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
American Cycle Supply 5503 Broadway, West Palm Beach
C & D Custom Cycles 11197 S. Orange Blossom Trail,
Orlando

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Melli Rd., Smyrna

IDAHO

American Cycle Supply 4901 Emerald, Boise

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Chicago H-D, Inc. 8888 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Orem
Don's Cycles, Inc. 25770 N. Hwy. 12, Wauconda

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie

IOWA

Lucky's & D.C. Scooter Accessories Box I, Charlotte
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston

KANSAS

Free Wheeling 500 W. 2nd St., Topeka
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

KENTUCKY

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville
B & D Custom Cycles #1 Cherry St., Winchester

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, ElkrIDGE
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville

MASSACHUSETTS

Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

Detroit Metro H-D Co. 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 35891 Gratiot Ave., Mt. Clemens
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
V-Twin Limited 66605 N. Lakeview, Sturgis

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Twin City H-D, Inc. 8545 Hwy. 101, Savage

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
Milwaukee Iron 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope

NEW MEXICO

Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches

Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
MC Cycles 527 Halstead Avenue, Mamaroneck
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
Electric City Cycle 1330 State St., Schenectady
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lumms Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yaddin Road,
Fayetteville

J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
D & D Cycle Repair Hwy. 211, West End

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shack 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan
Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 512 N. Grand Garriott St., Enid,

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua

SOUTH CAROLINA

Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston
Southern Scooter Supply, Inc. 1001 Paris Ave., Port Royal

TENNESSEE

Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Cycle Village Riverside Dr. at Main, Clarksville

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Moford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Besumont H-D 5550 J. Eastex Freeway, Besumont
Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Wizard Cycle Accessories 906 S. Austin, Brownwood
The Hog Shoppe 6431 Sunnyland Lane, Dallas
Roll Your Own H-D 2006 W. Erwin, Tyler

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
Chesapeake

Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Hwy. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston
Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay
Saul-Prall H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Rapid Transit H-D 6511 Highway 13 S., Wisconsin Rapids
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish

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 — \$14 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$14 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.

White Alaskan mountain man doing time. 24 years old, 6'2", brown hair and beard. Likes all women. Send flicks. Randy Baldwin, Box 600, Eagle River, AK 99577.

Down lady doing some lonely time. 5'11", long brown hair, brown eyes, 22. Would like to hear from some scooter tramps. Will answer all letters. Suzanne Loveday, A150922, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

I'm white, 6'3", brown hair, blue eyes. Born 10-17-55, a Libra. Ride a 1959 panhead H-D. Mark Keith Sullivan 48807, Unit 29, F-Bldg., Parchman, MS 38738.

W/m, 22, 6'2", 170 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes and good-looking! Need to hear from some foxy ladies. Send pictures and write soon. Jeff Holzschuh, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933.

Down and out, if you know what I mean. Hard up, in desperate need of female correspondence — or from anyone who wants to write. Don't delay, write this lonely hombre today. I'm 24, 5'7", 150 lbs. Be out in '85 or maybe sooner. Tim Greene 32882, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Attention, all you fine, sexy white ladies, especially you No. California women: Down w/m in Folsom needs correspondence, flicks and visits. I'm 6'2", 180 lbs., hazel eyes and brown hair, ride a Harley, love to party and what-have-ya. All will be answered, so before you forget, pick up your Bic and send a flick. Richard L. Morris, Box C52994, Represa, CA 95671.

W/m, 6'1", 150 lbs., brown hair, likes to party. Would like letters from some nice young ladies, 18-40. Will answer all interested. Please enclose picture. David A. Turner, 401 E. Main St., Rke. Co. Jail, 5B-9, Salem, VA 24153.

Attention! 30-yr.-old tramp, on the down side of 14 years, needs perfume-scented kites and lots of flicks from real, non-game-playing, bullshittin' babes. Rugsrats okay. I'm real, are you? If so, then scribe to: Pat "Tattoo" Gilham 18792, C-O-27, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Attention, ladies: Good-hearted w/m doing time at San Quentin would like to hear from all available ladies who care. I need family visits and someone there when I get out. Weight doesn't matter; where your heart's at does, though. Write me and send a flick. Those who aren't shy get quick reply. Brian Pledger, Box C-23642, San Quentin, CA 94974.

33-year-old white male, 6', 190 lbs., good build, brown hair and hazel eyes. Country boy doin' short term needs someone to write to. John W. Krebs 46028, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

W/m, 22, blue eyes, dirty-blond hair, good-looking. Would like to hear from you ladies; age doesn't matter. Send flicks, if possible. I will be out soon. All letters will be answered. Gary Childers, C-63915, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

I'm a good-lookin' Indian doin' time. Looking for women to write, 25-70. Not married yet. Please send picture. Will write all back. Talk about anything, it's up to you. I'm not shy. I'm 25, 5'11", 116 lbs., black hair with gray in it, brown eyes. Vernell Oxendine, Box 746, Troy, NC 27371.

W/m, 27, brown hair and eyes, 170 lbs., 6'1". Down and out with 40 years. Got 3 done, 6 to go and it's lonely as hell; so have a heart, write me a line, all you ladies. Thurman "T.J." Milam 336154, Rt. 3, Box 59, G-3-11, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Lonely bro a long way from home. I've been down four years and have two to go. Will correspond and trade flicks with anyone who is interested. I'm 25 and full of real live positive plans for the future. Need a lady in my life. Age makes no difference, it's the mind that counts. Lance Cunningham, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

I'm 18, 5'2", 125 lbs., curly dark-brown hair, 38-28-36. I enjoy horseback riding, walking on the beach, cooking, poetry, hiking, camping, traveling, trucks, drawing, fishing, hunting, sports, wrestling, all kinds of music, slow dancing and partying. Karla Janese Turner 489353, Box 147, FCI 430, Lowell, FL 32663.

Down for the winter. Interested in ladies from 40 to ? Other than real need not write. I'm 35 and white, so am right. Michigan-Ohio-Indiana area. Terry "Tro" Copperknoll 115111, Jackson, MI 49204.

Seems that everybody I know thinks they know me well. Why is it only the blind who can see I was bred in hell? I'm lookin' for the daughter of the devil to handle my desires. Rick "Wizard" Schwartz 31548, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Real outlaw biker would like some letters from you chicks while I'm down here. I'm 21, brown hair, blue eyes, 160 lbs., and 6'. Mark "Sinbad" Matthews, EF153125, Box 256, Mount Vernon, GA 30445.

Downed bro, 24, 5'7", 145 lbs., in need of mail, pics and visits from all foxes. Will answer all. Jay Bell, Z0496, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

Down with a frown fer takin' over a town jail. Need some flicks. Ladies, grab your Bics and write this white tramp. 23, 6', 175 lbs., long brown hair and blue eyes. Jed Myers 270962, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99382.

Two w/m down and doin' a piece of time. Need to hear from good-hearted ladies, 18-30, willing to drop a line. All letters will be answered. Robert William 83-A-2252, and Dave Hollenbeck 82-A-4375, MMCF, Box 2071, Wilton, NY 12866.

Lonely white bro, 26, blond hair and beard, 5'11" and 170 lbs. Hope this reaches some of the good people I've known through the years. Also hope some lady with class will drop me a kite. I'm for real and I'd like anyone else who's for real to try to brighten up this tramp's life a tad. Take a chance. Mark Benyo 83A6431, GMCF, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

One more good scooter tramp down. Need good-hearted ladies, 16-25 (hell, 35!) to keep my load light. Write, send flicks to Rick Stole 16448, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

I'm 28 and will parole in two years. Need good lady and would like to hear from some together ladies. J.D. Caylor, B82006, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 23, long red hair, hazel eyes, 6'2", 180 lbs., needs one special lady who's into riding, mountains and good times together. Release 7/84. Pic for pic. Answer all. Brian "Red" Rogers 11079-047, Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53952.

Good-looking outlaw, too wild for society and down doing time, needs letters from sincere, no-bullshit women, 18-30, mature and pretty. Don't play head games with me and I won't play them with you. Answers to all. Photos not necessary, but appreciated. Don "Trog" Chronaker 165724, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794.

Scooter brother, 23, 5'7", 130 lbs., down in the dairy state for four, needs kites and pics from solid, sexy ladies. All answered. Pics traded one for one. Chuck Bertrand 01064-089, Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53952.

W/f downed and in need of some sweet, nasty words from all you righteous bros. Take some time, scribble a few lines, and help ease my time till Dec. '86. Debbie "Outlaw" Fisher 29414, 3100 Wright Rd., Camarillo, CA 93010.

Good-looking chick, 27, down and out in Oklahoma. Would like to hear from any and all dudes looking for a great fun-loving gal. Elizabeth McGinley 97807, MBCC SHU, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Busted and disgusted in Stillwater State Prison, Minnesota. W/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., July 20th, Cancer, from Minneapolis/St. Paul is seeking young ladies to correspond with. Photos will receive faster reply, so come on, start writing. Stanley Paul Olson 100-153, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

W/m, 23, 6'4", 225 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Own my own business. Doing good, just looking for the right woman to share a lifetime of fun. Be in the wind first part of '84. Send some flicks and letters to Joe "Moon" Mullen 135348, SCC, Box 3500, Staunton, VA 24401.

White outlaw down for 5, only 1 to go. 5'6", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, also kinky and crazy, would like to correspond with some foxy chicks on the bricks. Will answer all. Send flicks and letter to Rusty "Li'l B" Beeson 45685, Box 7, 3-B-729, Moberly, MO 65270.

I'm independent, all alone and need to hear from sexy ladies, any age. Send full-length photo. Will answer all. I'm 25, 6', blue eyes, 180 lbs., blondish-brown hair. Mark Stolzenburg 160-677, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

W/m, 31, down but not out, would like to hear from all females. All letters answered. Bob Pollock, H.M. Prison, Box 71, East Maitland, N.S.W. Australia 2323.

W/m, 27, 200 lbs. of solid muscle, 6', with long brown hair and brown eyes, loves the deep backwoods and mountains. I'm looking for a real lady who'll stand beside me through thick and thin. (Must be 18-30 and live in Washington.) Mike "Corn-Fed" Ellsworth 631009, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

Lonely biker, white, 20, needs foxy woman to keep me alive. Please send pictures. I will answer all letters. Allen "Buddy" Pettypool 289182, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584.

W/m, 29, doin' three in N.C. till 9/84. Ladies, if you wish to correspond with a crazy con who loves the pleasures of life, please write, and we'll carry on from there. Send pic; all letters answered. Jimmy Massengale 10554-36, Box 1057, Taylorsville, NC 28681.

W/m, 22, 5'7", 160 lbs., Sagittarius, been down 4 1/2, and short to go. Want to hear from a nice babe, 18-24, who can help me shake this off and settle down. So, if you're nice, drop me a line and you won't be disappointed. Steve D. Morton, Box 746, Troy, NC 27371.

Two w/f, both 28, would like to hear from good male spirits. Down, but not for long, so please write before we're gone. Kimberly Price and Barbara Bryant, 1590 Maple St., Redwood City, CA 94063.

Attention, ladies: Two bros down for just a taste, in need of good conversation from any or all foxy ladies. Whaddya say? Billy Willett, C-66370, and Pat Montgomery, B-98317, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327.

I'm doing life, been down for 9 years now, am lonely and need to get some mail from some of you nice ladies out there. W/m, 34, 6'1", 185 lbs., brown hair and eyes. R.V. Kennedy 053114, Box 221-E-22, Raiford, FL 32063.

Downed nomad, independent, trapped in Florida and short-timing. Seeks righteous, stand-up ol' lady. Interest in bikes, runs, and live music a must. Must be honest, fun-loving, and mildly lunatic. Relocation and long-term relationship possible. No games, please. Dan Thomas 088143, Box 699-1-12, Sneads, FL 32460.

Prisoner, 36, single, wants to hear from a sincere lady. Will answer all. D. Gordon Brooks 134643, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Downed scooter tramp out in '84 needs letters from ladies who are into puttin' and partying. William A. Johnson, A-63710, Menard, IL 62259.

Okie, w/m outlaw, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. Looking every day for ladies (no scam) to find a place in their hearts to write. Not long to go and a lot of love to share. Send pics and letters to Dave "Dirty" Hoover 110278, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Down bros doing time in a Southern prison. Would like biker women, 18 to 35, to send flicks and kites to us. We'll do the same. Eddie "Rebel" Bryant 346228, and Sidney "Twenty" Skow 335992, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

White, blond, green eyes, 27, 185 lbs. Getting out in March '84. Looking for woman who likes to have a good time for sincere relationship. Robert W. Kozy, Box B88045, Represa, CA 95671.

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 memory of **Tim Alumbaugh**, 4/6/82-12/8/83, so very sadly missed. You were the best. You'll always be on my mind and in my heart. Rest easy till we meet again. Love, Diana.

In loving memory of **Charles "The Man" Sells**, 5/22/82. Hit in the head by a piece of lead from a punk-ass creep's gun; now the killer's dead, too, shot just like you, and I'm in the joint instead. The best always go first, bro. From Woody, Bug, and the Nashville crew.

In memory of **Keith "Thumper" Parker**, 8/7/57-12/10/83. True friendship and brotherhood for 29 years. You played hard and rode fast. You'll be missed by more friends than you ever knew you had. We'll miss you, but we know you found the peace. Mick and friends.

In loving memory of **Donnie "Bulldog" Kopp**, 1955-1983. To a real 1%er, the only one I ever really had. You lived by the sword and died by the sword. You'll always be in our hearts. We love you very much. We will never forget your stories. Leather and Lynn.

In loving memory of **M.C. "Charles" Jaramillo**, 4/1/59-6/6/83. You gave to us something no one else could or ever can. Until we ride together again. Loving you, Woman and The Kid.

In memory of **Dennis Downing** and **Mark Johnson**, taken from us 12/20/83 by a tragic accident. Our loss, God's gain. Ride on forever, bros. From your brothers, sisters and family in Michigan.

In memory of **Larry "Grumpy" Marlen**, 1/1/84. After all has been said and is done, for why is it thus we are here and so soon we are gone. The moment at hand is the only thing we really own. You rode hard and died free. We love ya and we'll miss ya until we meet again. Doug "Easy" and all your bros, sisters and friends in Bakersfield. Ride free, bro.

In memory of **Danny "Roadrash" Burke**, 9/11/82. We miss you, Dan, and we'll be seeing you in Harley Heaven. With love, Debbie Do-Da, Blue, Trash, Clean and Jake the Snake.

In memory of **Steve Boland**, 12/16/83, who died too young while still in Uncle Sam's canoe club, not knowing what real freedom was, snuffed by a drunken asshole in a cage. Now you can ride free forever. Mike Rosecrans and friends at Point Sur.

For **Punchy**, 7/28/48-8/28/83. In loving memory on your 36th birthday. I love you and miss you more and more every day. Love, Kathy. And we love you and miss you, too, Dad. Love, Ronda, Philip and Nicholas.

We, the Diamond Back MC, lost **Wild Bill Griffin**, 8/16/83, in Mississippi. He left us the way he lived (WFO). He will be missed greatly, but live with us in memory. Wizard. Oxford/Hattiesburg.

In memory of **"Wild Bill" Hess**, 3/21/83, VP, Rockwell, N.C., chapter of Ghost Riders. Those who knew him, knew him well; those who didn't can go to hell. And for "Sawdust", one helluva good dude and street survivor. We will meet again. Ghost Riders.

In loving memory of **Layne "Hillbilly" Wright**, 1/28/83. Murdered by a redneck piece of trash with a gun. There was no reason, except you were free and loved the wind in your face. Everyone who knew you feels the loss, but we know you're just watching and waiting for us to join you there in Harley Heaven. Heart and soul, forever your ol' lady, Debbie.

In memory of **Greg "Twink" Grosh**, who died in 1983. A bro to many, but a man who stood alone. Never to be forgotten or replaced. Your memory will ride with us all. ABATE of Ga. and most of all, The Bitch.

In loving memory of **Jason "Smurf" Silletto**, 1980-1983. You left behind a lot of people who love and miss you. There is not a day that goes by that Mommy and Daddy don't miss you. Our precious baby, you are now forever free. We love you dearly. Goodbye, baby. Mommy, Daddy, family and friends.

In fond memory of **Carl "Randy" Davis**, 2/26/55-8/21/83. He went the way he'd have wanted, on his scooter. You are in my heart. Love always, Jeanne.

In memory of **Juan Anselmi**, who died in the wind. We miss you. All your brothers and sisters, Henchmen MC, Bayou Laf, La.

In memory of one hell of a righteous bro. He's gone to Harley Heaven to ride on forever with his friends up there, but his everlasting memory will remain with us forever. **Gene Gibson**, our father, we love and miss you. Mike Gibson, Patches, Sharon, Renee, Bubba and Mickey.

In memory of **"Faulky"**, much more than just a brother lost. Be seerin' ya, mate! Shag, N.S.W., Australia.

In memory of **Dean "Doc" Kellier**, lost 9/1/83. You will always be remembered. We all love and miss you. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Your family and friends.

In memory of **Bill "Billy Boy" Mages**. He loved to ride and was the best at it. He was always so happy and gave us so many good times. You will never know how much you're missed, Billy. Thanks for all the good memories — they will stick with us forever. Your friends in Calif.: M.O., See, Markie, and Billy.

Black T-shirts with White Designs

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised in a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy. They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . . I Once Was. . . Like I Am. . . You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . . ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It. . . Piss On It! Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only). Send Orders To: Coco, P.O. Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302 Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear. Outside U.S.A. please send money orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

Steve McQueen — The Final Chapter

Steve McQueen — *The Final Chapter* by Grady Ragsdale, Jr. (Vision House, Inc.): The late Steve McQueen will always be of interest to bikers. On screen, he portrayed the kind of man a biker can respect — quiet, tough, uncompromising. There's not too much of that in movies anymore. The tough guys — John Wayne, Robert Ryan, and so forth — are a vanishing breed. And what we're left with... well, can you imagine Steve McQueen ever accepting the lead in "Tootsie"?

Off screen, McQueen commanded the same respect. Moreover, he was a devoted rider, a skilled racer, and a dedicated collector of scooter antiques and memorabilia. He was, in short, a genuine all-around motorcycle enthusiast. Engines and vehicles of all sorts fascinated him, particularly anything from the past, when style, quality, and workmanship meant everything.

The author of this biography notes McQueen's devotion to these artifacts: "He had spent years gathering antique toys: cast-iron cars, soldiers and tanks and ships, Buck Rogers guns, Kewpie dolls. He had old automotive display signs, rare neon signs, framed historic photos by the hundreds. There were old-fashioned cash registers and slot machines, bicycles and airplane propellers made of wood from another age, vintage gasoline pumps and jukeboxes with flashing colors. And of no less value was his incredible inventory of 140 classic motorcycles that included a 1914 Cyclone racer and a 1941 Indian. A favorite of his was a 1946 chopper Indian which he was sure offered him some anonymity because it was so ratty. Among the others, all of which were kept in running condition, were those whose names were legend: Pierce Arrow, Crouch, Iver Johnson, Ace, Excelsior Ner-A-Car, Cleveland, Pope, New Imperial, and Harley."

In spite of McQueen's sustaining interest to bikers, not everyone will find this book appealing. McQueen's fascination with bikes and cars is rarely mentioned; only the actor's

love for old airplanes is given much space. Instead, *Steve McQueen — The Final Chapter* concentrates on the last year or so — he died in 1980 — of the man's life, a period dominated by his fight against the rare form of cancer that finally killed him.

It's undeniable that, in one sense, this is a depressing book. McQueen, who was an ebullient, active, and charismatic person, is already gravely ill when the story opens,



though his cancer is as yet undiagnosed. Thus, the reader sees little of the Steve McQueen who raced cars and motorcycles and thumbed his nose at the movie execs who begged him to stop lest he injure himself and be unable to make more money for the studio. Nor is the reader introduced to the McQueen who used to ride his scooter from bar to bar, guzzlin' down the beer and bullshittin' with the bros like the good ol' boy carouser he was. Instead, we're presented a desperately sick man, sadly domesticated, weary and wasting away in spite of his heroic determination to live and get well.

Ironically, the cause of McQueen's illness may have been indirectly related to his love of machinery. After exploratory lung surgery, his

disease was diagnosed as *mesothelioma*, a rare and essentially untreatable, inoperable form of cancer. Asbestos inhalation was suggested as a possible cause. McQueen later admitted that after a car mishap during the shooting of a movie in 1963, he began to use additional flameproof padding in his clothing when he raced. The padding shed asbestos fibers, which McQueen inhaled.

Later in life, McQueen became a born-again Christian, a subject that occupies a great deal of the book's 198 pages. Author Ragsdale, also a born-again, assures us that the actor became a Christian well before he became ill. But the evidence Ragsdale offers for this is pretty thin and unconvincing.

Now, understand that I intend no disrespect by sayin' that. I'm not a Christian myself, but if they were cuttin' baseball-size tumors outta me, like they were doin' to McQueen, I'm sure I'd be lookin' around to make my peace with God, too. My point is that it really doesn't matter — a deathbed conversion is supposedly no less worthy in the eyes of God than any other. Nonetheless, the writer of this book seems to think the question is important, and even Billy Graham (who visited the actor near the time of his death and who wrote the book's foreword) touches on the subject of just exactly when McQueen got religion.

Personally, I don't care if McQueen was a long-time Christian or not. I do know that he was a helluva man, and not a saint. I never had all that much interest in saints anyway, and if McQueen didn't hunt up God till late in the game... well, I can dig it.

As the book's title indicates, this is the story of the last part of Steve McQueen's life, so perhaps it's unfair to expect more. But I, for one, prefer to remember the man as a bike-ridin', car-racin' fool, rather than as a tired, dying man. This book does little to help you remember him in his heyday, but if you're into "final chapters," you might want to give it a read. —Gravel

LOCKSMAN

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

They're refighting the Battle of the Alamo down in Texas. Only this time the walls being defended are not those of a church, they're the thick, gray slabs of the Texas Department of Corrections. And the defenders of those walls are not a bunch of colorful heroes dedicated to freedom, justice, and the American way — not hardly. They're the bureaucrats, wardens and guards of the TDC.

Who plays the role of Santa Ana's troops in this modern-day re-enactment? Why, the inmates, of course, led by their legal lieutenants from inside and outside the TDC's cages. And playing the lead as Santa Ana? U.S. District Judge William Wayne Justice.

It is now over two years — well over two years, in fact — since Justice found conditions within the TDC in violation of the Constitution and ordered a series of wide-ranging changes in the way the system was run.

Not the least of those changes involved so-called discipline — a word, Justice found, that in the TDC was often defined as a situation in which guards beat the shit out of prisoners.

"The frequency of prison guard violence makes it apparent that brutality against inmates is nothing short of routine in the Texas prisons," Justice wrote in his 1981 decision.

To correct this injustice, the judge ordered sweeping changes in the system's disciplinary procedures. He ordered prison authorities to develop a list of written standards regulating the use of force by guards, to punish guards who violated those standards, and to fully investigate complaints of brutality. To oversee these changes, a team of monitors headed by Paul T. Belazis was set up to look into complaints about guards and to report on TDC's compliance.

Well, the report is now in. It runs to 82 pages and it covers a period of close to two years after the judge's ruling. The results? Negative. The TDC, at least on the brutality issue,



is holed up in its private Alamo with no apparent intention of surrendering to the forces of law, order and the Constitution.

The guards took Charlie Brooks's watch and ring in June of 1982. Brooks immediately filed a complaint with prison authorities. His complaint was answered on Dec. 14, 1982. "Charlie Brooks," the investigating officer wrote, "was executed 7 December 1982. Grievance is moot."

—from the Belazis report

"Physical abuse of inmates has continued to occur with alarming force and frequency," Belazis reports. "The instances of abuse identified by the monitors' investigations go beyond overreactions to situations requiring the use of some physical force. In a great many instances, brutal, unprovoked beatings were inflicted upon inmates who were guilty of violating institutional rules but who posed no immediate threat to safety or security."

The inmate had been involved in a "confrontation" with two guards.

He wound up in the infirmary with a broken leg, two broken hands, cuts all over his body and multiple bruises on his balls. The guards, a warden and a captain, refused to discuss the case with Belazis's monitors despite a court order requiring prison officials to cooperate with them.

—from the Belazis report

Surprising, at least to Belazis, was the fact that most of the reported incidents of brutality involved officers — guards ranked as sergeants or above, often "high-ranking unit officials and staff."

"While the full extent of the magnitude of this phenomenon cannot be fully documented in this report, there is no question but that the improper use of force continues to be routine in TDC," Belazis reported.

The prisoner told the lieutenant guarding his unit that he felt sick. The lieutenant told him to keep working. Repeatedly, the inmate told the guard that he was feeling worse and worse. The answer was always the same — get back to work in that field. Eventually the inmate just keeled over under the hot Texas sun. The lieutenant walked over and began kicking the inmate to get him to rise. The man failed to obey; he was dead of heat stroke.

—from the Belazis report

Now, we haven't forgotten that most of you are not guests of the Texas Department of Corrections, but we still feel justified in devoting this entire column to what's going on there. The point, the thing to remember, is that most times winning that big court case is just the beginning of the fight. The battle to make that court decision a matter of fact, instead of just a matter of law, is still ahead and that battle can be very much like going up against the Alamo.

Perfect Pitch

Continued from page 32

though unexpected, surprise when I wasn't immediately reduced to dogmeat. Hell, Mo didn't even seem pissed. He just stood there with that forlorn look on his face and said, "I didn't say there was anything wrong with it; it's just that there's nothing particularly *right* about it either."

"Mo, just what the fuck are you talking about?"

"The sound. It's not what it should be. You know how sometimes you'll hear a song, and the tune will run around your head all day, even when you try to stop it? Somewhere out there's a bike that'll do the same thing to you, something that'll be totally unforgettable. If you ever hear it, you'll think about it for the rest of your life."

Personally, I thought Mo was out of his freaking gourd, but I wasn't about to tell him that. Instead, I offered to buy him another beer, but he declined, mumbling something about having some research to do. Research? The heaviest thing Mo ever thought about was whether to buy his beer in cans or bottles.

If I'd realized what the final con-

sequences of Mo's obsession would be, maybe I could have stopped the whole crazy thing right there, but how was I to know that the Great Experiment had begun? Instead of sucker-punching Mo and keeping him tied up until he'd forgotten about exhaust noise, I stood there shaking my head as he walked off into the night. To tell you the truth, I figured that would be the last I would ever hear about the subject.

Man, when I fuck up, I sure do it on a big scale.

I guess about two months went by before I heard from Mo again. During that time, nobody else had seen or heard from him either, and the consensus was that he'd left the area, so I was mildly surprised when he called and asked me to come over to his house.

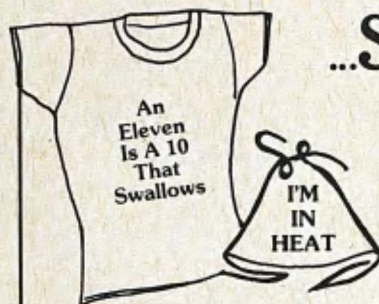
Of course, I had forgotten about the sound trip, but it was apparent that Mo had been thinking of nothing else. Jesus, I couldn't believe this was the same guy I had talked to such a short time ago. Sitting amidst a pile of books and papers covered with math equations was this pale, skinny scarecrow with tangled hair and a matted

beard. He looked like some loony hermit who lives in a cave on top of a mountain while he searches for the ultimate truth. It was his eyes that convinced me he'd finally gone over the edge — I mean, those suckers were so bright that they glowed in the dark.

Shit, I was spooked. Trying to think of something to say, I picked up one of the books and looked at the title: *Theory Of Sound*. The rest were the same type: *Principles Of Resonance*, *Tone Production*, and *Dynamics Of Sonic Waves*. I didn't even pretend to understand the formulas he'd written down; all I knew for sure was that he'd totally lost his mind.



"How do I spell relief? O-R-G-A-S-M!"



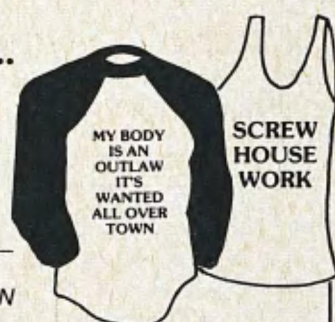
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go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

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"Dammit, Mo, give it up! This
crazy idea is friggin' killing you.
Look at yourself, man. You don't
even take the time to eat."

In response, Mo stood on shaky
legs, motioned for me to follow, then
led the way to the garage and threw
open the door.

Sitting there among welding
equipment, a lathe, and a mountain
of scrap metal was Mo's purple pan,
and attached to the heads was the
damndest-looking exhaust collector
I'd ever seen in my life. The maze
of pipes wound around the engine
like a dumped plate of spaghetti. I
wasn't sure what it was supposed to
do, but it was godawful ugly.

"Mo, you mean to tell me that
you've almost killed yourself to
create this nightmare? It looks like
a pipe organ with herpes."

Mo just gave me a little grin, then
went through the necessary rituals
of starting the bike.

To the day I die, I'll never forget
that sound. I can't even really
describe it, except that the mellow-
ness made my legs weak and sent
surges of pure pleasure racing up
and down my spine. Hell, it was bet-
ter than sex. Unable to tear myself
away from the seductive pulses that
washed over my body, I stood there
completely helpless until Mo turned
the ignition off. When the last rum-
ble had faded, I felt an overwhelm-
ing sense of loss. "Sweet mother of
God," I whispered in awe. "You've
done it, you've really created the
perfect pipes."

For the first time Mo spoke, and
the voice was a raw croak. "No, it's
not quite perfect yet. That's why I
asked you to come over. I know
there's a bunch of computers at
that hospital where you work. Any
way you can get access to them?"

"Well, I'm just a maintenance
engineer, but there's this sweetie
down in records who likes to do
some riding every now and then,
and she knows how to handle the
programming of those monsters.
Whatcha need a computer for?"

"Somewhere in my calculations
I've made a mistake and I can't find
it. Maybe if I program it into a com-
puter, it could hunt down the error
for me." Mo paused and turned to
me, that wild light in his eyes. "I'm
too close to stop now. Help me, man,
and I'll owe you forever."

Shit, Mo didn't need to beg for
help. I'd heard it run. I was
hooked — an exhaust junkie. And
while I couldn't imagine anything
sweeter than what he had already
accomplished, if he said it could be
better, I wasn't going to argue with
him. He'd convinced me that he

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

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PAISANO PRODUCTS
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knew what he was doing.

"Mo, if I get caught running unauthorized material through the computers, it'll be my ass. But I'll give it a try — if you agree to do something for me."

I could tell by his expression that a brother's asking payment for a favor wasn't sitting well with him, but he knew I had him by the short hairs. With a resigned sigh, he said, "Okay, what do you want?"

Looking hard at the pan with its Medusa pipes, I said, "Crank it up. I wanna hear it again."

With a smile of complete understanding, Mo reached for the bike.

I'd been sitting by the phone for almost a month after delivering the computer printouts to Mo when the call finally came. I had the receiver to my ear before the first ring stopped, and I heard the words I'd been praying to hear. "Get over here. I've done it!"

It was late at night, so traffic was light, and I set a new speed record making it across town. When I pulled up at Mo's, the light was on in the garage, so I didn't waste time trying the house.

The bike was sitting in the same place it had been the last time I was there, and I couldn't see any apparent changes to the weird pipes, but Mo was sitting on an old crate, smiling from ear to ear as he stared at his creation.

As soon as he saw me, Mo stood up and walked to the bike. I could see he was trembling, and after one kick on the start without any apparent response, he stepped away from the machine, that same smile still plastered on his face.

Oh shit, I thought to myself, he's finally lost touch with reality. He thinks the bike's running and he can hear the pipes. Suddenly, I real-

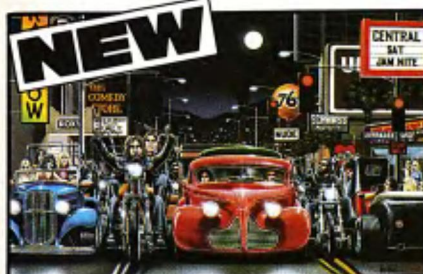
Easyriders



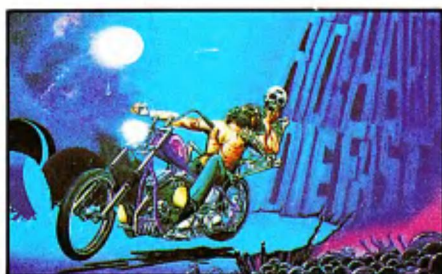
"He doesn't bite — he humps legs."

DAVE MANN

P.O.S.T.E.R.S



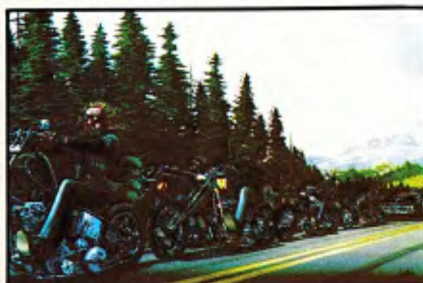
M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



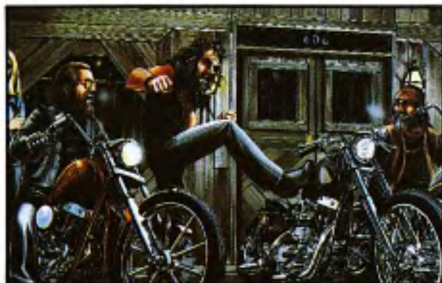
M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



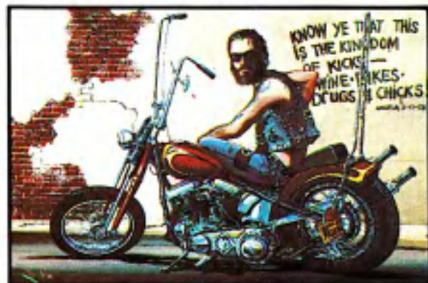
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



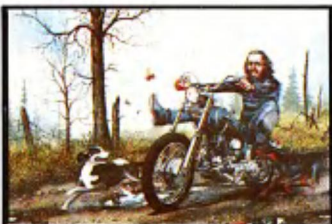
M-13 "WON'T START"



M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



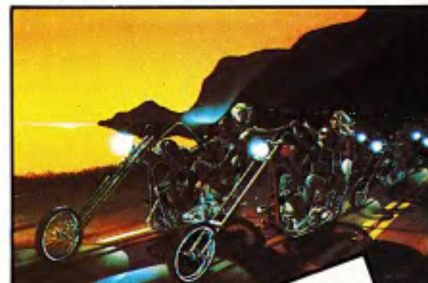
M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"

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☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13 ☐ M-14 ☐ M-15 ☐ M-16

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M-11 "EASYRIDER FOREVER"

"SEE NEXT PAGE FOR NEW POSTER FROM DAVE MANN"



ized that the engine was rocking in its cradle and the entire bike was gently vibrating. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stiffen as the truth struck me: *The engine was turning over, but there was absolute silence in the garage!*

"Mo, what the fuck have you done? What's wrong with the bike? Where's that sweet sound it had? You've ruined it!"

Rushing to the back of the bike, I disregarded Mo's warning shout and leaned down to see if there was anything coming out of the pipes.

My bones turned to putty, and I went down on my ass. The garage dimmed and brightened, and multi-colored lights appeared as I sped away from the planet's surface and took a short tour of the universe. After watching a sun go nova and having a short talk with the Supreme Being, I just floated around weightlessly for a few eons as sensations bombarded my soul in wave after wave of never-ending pleasure. Suddenly, this ugly, hairy alien appeared and tried to pull me down to this stupid-looking green-and-blue world. Enraged at the thought of having to leave my new realm, I fought furiously, but the creature was larger and stronger than myself

and kept dragging me down.

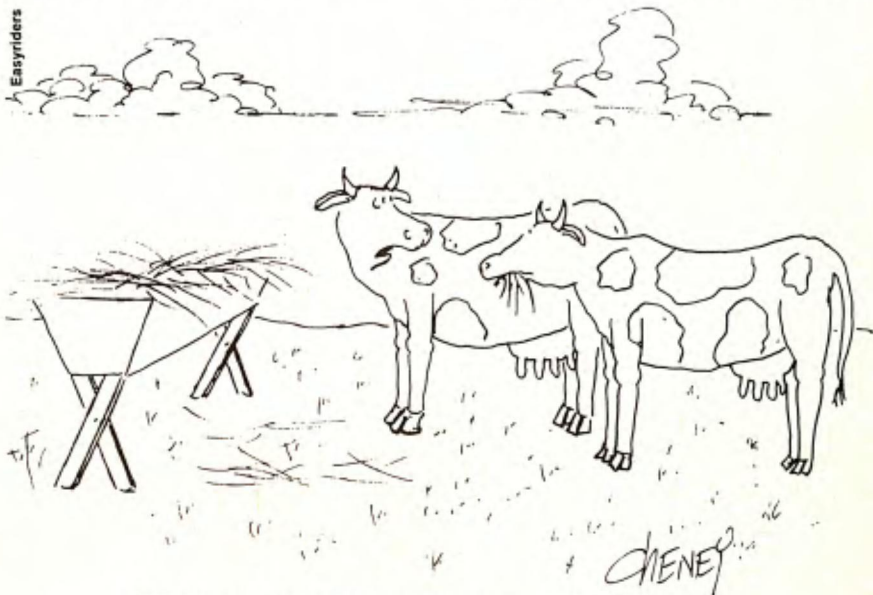
The dingy garage slowly materialized, and I found myself struggling wildly with Mo. As my head returned to normal, I stopped fighting and he turned me loose. Using the workbench for support, I staggered to my feet and stood there swaying as I regarded the pan,

which was still silently vibrating. Unable to talk, I turned to stare at Mo in disbelief.

The machine's creator stood there with that stupid smile on his face, then laughed and said, "Kinda gets to you, doesn't it?"

Finding that my voice was back in working order, I responded, "Jesus

Easyriders



"They tug on our tits for ten years then turn us into hamburger. . .
I tell you, there is no God!"



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#M-16 See Previous Page

H. Christ, what in the fuck happened to me? Where was I? And why in the hell can't I hear the damn thing run?"

"To answer the first question, you got too close and took the full effect of its power. The same thing happened to me the first time, and if I hadn't fallen forward, away from the bike, I'd still be on the floor. For the second question, you were right here, or at least your body was. As to where your mind went, that's anybody's guess. But if your trip was anything like mine, that was some wild ride, wasn't it? And last but not least, you can't hear it run because the tonal pitch is in the ultrasonic range, well beyond our human ability to detect it."

I still had one last question for Dr. Frankenstein. "What in the fuck have you done?"

"Well, it seems that I've hit on the right combination of tones to stimulate both the pleasure and imagination centers of the brain at the same time. The resultant sonic waves appear to travel in a fairly straight short line, so it only affects you if you're behind the bike and pretty close." Grinning like a proud father, he continued, "I hate to sound like a Valley Girl, but this is totally awesome, isn't it?"

Awsome didn't begin to describe it. Trouble was, I wasn't sure Mo understood exactly what he had sitting there. "Uh, Mo, I think you'd better come down off that cloud for a minute and listen to me. Do you realize what you've done here? In one stroke you've made booze, sex, and drugs obsolete. Why put chemicals in your body or waste time hunting down a bed partner who bitches most of the time, when all you have to do is fire up a bike and off you go to never-never land? This is a lot bigger than you think!"

Mo considered what I'd said for a moment, then replied, "Shit, I'm gonna be rich! I'll win a Nobel Prize! I'll be a damn hero!"

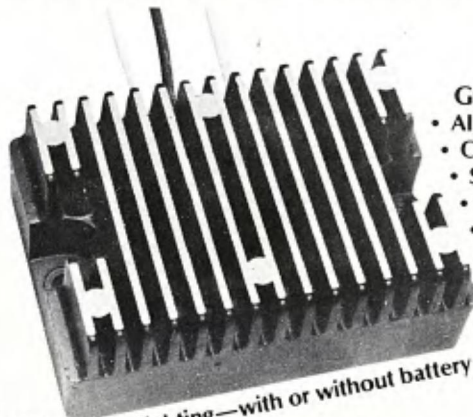
"Hero, hell! You'll be dead, bro. Do you think the owners of the booze companies, bars, and drug manufacturers are going to sit back and let you put them out of business? Like shit they will! And God help you if organized crime finds out about this. Face it, making people feel good is a big-bucks operation, and the powers that be aren't gonna let you screw up their little world."

"Are you serious? Do you think they'll try to waste me?"

"You can bet your ever-loving ass on that, and there's no 'try' to it. Man, the only thing that we can do to protect ourselves is to keep

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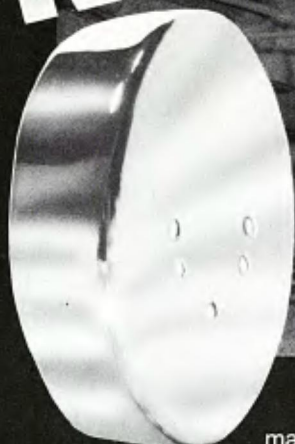
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this thing quiet, like just between the two of us."

Mo wandered out the open garage door while he pondered the suggested conspiracy, leaving me alone with his mind-bending machine. Still unnerved by the eerie silence of the running engine, I eased closer to the bike, being careful to stay to the front and out of the field of influence. Putting my head close to it, I could hear the soft whirring of well-lubricated metal moving, but that was it. It just seemed so fucking unnatural.

As I was standing there trying to decide whether I was in love with this thing or terrified by it, Mo came pounding back into the garage, long hair flying and eyes wide with fear. Shoving me out of the way without an explanation, he jumped on the bike, hauled up the stand, and blasted out of there, tires smoking.

Caught behind the pan as it rocketed off, I made another left-hand turn into the Twilight Zone, but since the scooter was moving away in a hell of a hurry, the power wore off rapidly. Regaining my senses, I shagged ass to the end of the driveway, only to see Mo's taillight dimming in the distance. As I was trying to figure out what was going on,

I heard a weird noise behind me and spun to confront whatever had scared the shit out of Mo. Now, there aren't too many things that bother me, but when I saw what was rapidly approaching, I lit out running as fast as I could.

It was the animals. Critters of every shape and size. Dogs, cats, rats, bats, squirrels, raccoons, rabbits, snakes, lizards, and birds, plus a few that I couldn't identify. Every kind of creature that can be found around a city was on the move, the winged things flapping around like it was Pearl Harbor all over again. And this entire army was after Mo.

Both of us had forgotten that most animals can hear or sense the ultrasonic vibrations that the human ear is deaf to. Recalling what those freaking pipes had done to me, I felt kinda sorry for the critters, but I sure as hell wasn't going to stop and tell them that.

Climbing the handiest tree, I watched as the living wave ran, hopped, scurried, slithered, and flew by, following the mechanical Pied Piper. In his panic, Mo hadn't realized that all he had to do was turn the damn thing off. But looking at the growing pack, maybe it was too late for that. Something told me I

had seen the last of Mighty Mo.

Well, anybody who reads the newspapers or watches television knows the rest. The cops were able to give an accurate description of what happened after Mo took off. A squad car spotted him almost

Easyriders



"Would you ladies like to hear me do an imitation of my father on the phone when my mother is out?"



"Hi there. You don't know me, but I know you, and I'm standing here naked thinking of the way your tits wobble when you walk and the way your pants stick in the crack of your cheeks."

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immediately and tried to pursue the speeding biker, but couldn't get too close due to the animals that were still arriving from every direction. Mo might've had a chance to escape if he'd made the expressway, but the birds and bats were making bombing runs on him, and in the confusion, he missed the on-ramp and ended up in the red-light district of town. (Subsequent reports indicate that nearly all the lovely ladies of the evening fainted from pure ecstasy, and are erecting a monument to the fallen biker.)

It was a stroke of luck that it was late at night, otherwise there might have been serious injuries, rather than the few cuts and bruises that were suffered. Everywhere that Mo went, chaos abounded. Cars went out of control and wandered aimlessly, crashing into buildings and other vehicles. Pedestrians simply fell where they stood, convulsing in sensual delight. Weaving a path of bliss and destruction, Mo managed to stay ahead of the pursuing creatures and cops until he braked to dodge around a jaywalker. At that moment, a rat the size of a small pony launched itself from a third-story window, landed on the fleeing biker, and began gnawing.

When the scooter tramp tried to dislodge the hitchhiking rodent, the bike drifted until the front wheel hit the curb, and the rider and his putt went down. In an instant, the growling, howling, hissing, and spitting mob was on him.

Several reliable witnesses later told reporters that they saw the biker surge up once, in a desperate bid for escape, but go back down when a two-hundred-pound Great Dane leaped on him. By the time the police were able to disperse the menagerie with tear gas, the only thing left of Mo was one steel-toed boot and the chain from his wallet. The bike and its incredible pipes were reduced to scrap under the sheer weight of the attacking horde. Mighty Mo had met his end, and he will long be mourned by biker and hooker alike.

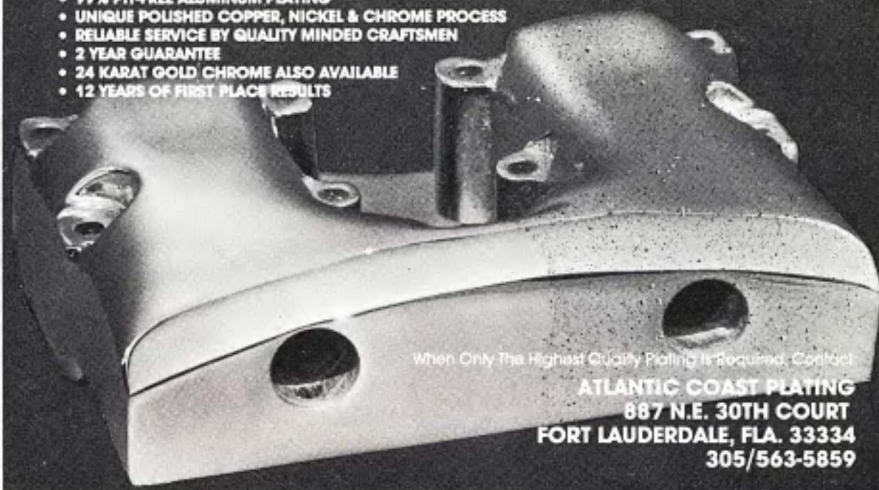
Following the catastrophe, the feds moved in, carting off the remains of the scooter and placing Mo's house off limits. Rumor has it that the military wanted the design to develop a new weapon, but the motorcycle was too far gone and they couldn't locate the formulas at Mo's pad.

Fucking right they couldn't find them. Remember, I'd experienced those whacked-out pipes. Anyhow, I think I've figured out all his notes. Tomorrow I begin welding. ■

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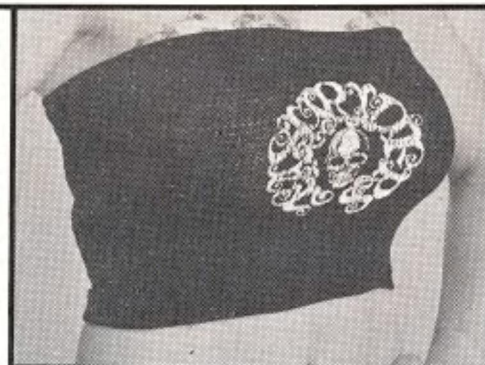
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Wrecked Crew

Continued from page 54

"We had two hundred members when I was prez. I'll never forget how scared everybody used to get when The Wreckin' Crew Motor-sickle Club would come ridin' into town." He leaned back in his chair, remembering their heyday, and flinched as he thought of how he'd earned his nickname.

It had come about as the result of a fight with the leader of another pack, in the middle of an intersection of the town they were busy tearing apart, over the Fourth of July weekend in 1946. They'd faced off and gone at it, slugging, kicking, clawing and biting, until, finally, while trying to gouge out his opponent's eye, he'd accidentally stuck his finger in the dyke bitch's mouth, and she'd bitten it off. *Chomp!* Just like that. He sighed aloud as the memory sent a twinge of pain shooting up his arm.

Over the years, The Wreckin' Crew MC gradually diminished in number, but the club's treasury kept growing and now the three remaining members were the heirs.

The acquisition of a large house, several miles outside of El Viejo, heralded the start of their retirement-home plan. After several weeks of labor they were ready to open it to guests. Ads in biker publications and word-of-mouth mention soon showed results. Their first customer arrived on a sunny morning in April.

The old man who came chugging along the gravel driveway on his '26 JD wore the beard of Methuselah and rags that his great-grandfather must have handed down to him. His cut off appeared to be held together by dirt, and it was adorned with medals and patches dating back to World War I. He braked the ancient

Easyriders



"I heard they were a scalping tribe, but I didn't know they were kinky, too!"



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bike by taking his feet off the pegs and dragging them along the gravel path until he crashed into the ivy surrounding the front porch.

"My name is Samson, not Simpson," he cackled loudly as the three proprietors of the home hurried down to his aid. "I'm the meanest doughboy this side of Verdun, an' half the bastards in Paris call me 'Daddy.'" He thrashed with a palsied weakness as they lifted him off the downed antique and put him in a wheelchair on the porch. "I eat gunpowder, spit bullets, shit on cannonballs, rassle gorillas, and," he thumped his bony chest, "I rides a Harley — if you don't ride a Harley, you ain't shit!"

Samson, whose real name was Elroy Percival Cheshire, was a guest in the home for three days before the second old biker arrived. During that time, Elroy managed to fall down the stairs twice, OD on Geritol once, break a tooth out of his dentures chewing the noodles in his chicken soup, and piss off the Mexican housekeeper Rosita by extracting three of her pubic hairs when she bent over to dust under his wheelchair.

The second arrival made it only halfway down the gravel drive before

the skinny tires of his Flying Merkel sank into the soft ground and the bike spit him into a bed of asters. After that incident, the old-timers arrived at regular, although less spectacular, intervals and before long, the residence had reached its predetermined quota.

The operation of a retirement

house for over-the-hill bikers turned out to be something less than dull. It also proved to be less than profitable, and *that* had to be remedied. Earlier in life, Spike had noticed that small sales of pot brought large rewards in a hurry, so he began turning over in his mind some ideas that had been vegetating there.



"I'm down to a pack a day."

DON'T LET THE YEARS SLIP AWAY...

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Once everyone had settled in at the home, all the excitement died down and boredom set in like rigor mortis. Now seemed the right time to initiate plans to liven up the premises.

The staff — Rosita the housekeeper, the cook, and the gardener — were hired from the ranks of illegal aliens for reasons of economy. Most of them had barbed wire scars on their hands from holding down the fence at the San Ysidro crossing. The carryings-on of the old men did nothing but confuse them.

Let us mention here that referring to old bikers as "over the hill" does not mean "finished," in a literal sense. It is merely a euphemism. Bikers, regardless of age, are never totally over the hill. There are certain aspects of life that are never forgotten nor given up by bikers, no matter how old and decrepit they become, and first and foremost comes the eternal quest for — pardon the expression — pussy.

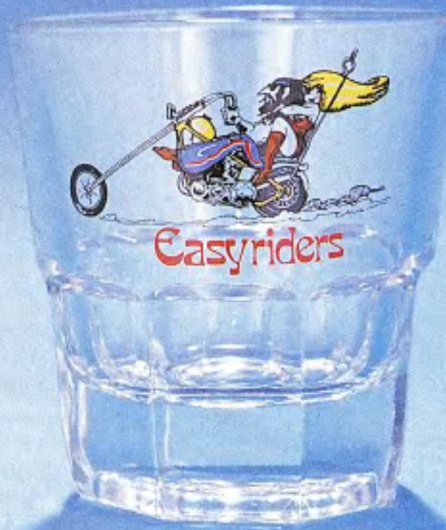
Rosita was as quick on her feet as a cat tap-dancing on the freeway, and she was wise to the ways of bright-eyed old men, especially since she remembered the surprise and pain of having her bush plucked by Samson. She was, however, a born victim — at least of sorts. Several months after the home went into operation, Spike was making his rounds, checking to make sure that none of the guests had crapped out during the night, when he heard muffled cries coming from the room of Long John Johnson, an ex-biker whose major physical attribute made Long Dong Silver and John Holmes look like girls. He had even been mentioned as a candidate for the *Guinness Book of World Records*, but a certain part of his anatomy was longer than the Guinness list of categories.

Pushing open the door to Johnson's room, Spike found Long John, Samson, One-Eye, and a wheelchair-bound invalid named Pete gathered around the bed. Neatly tied to the four corners of the bed by wrists and ankles lay the stark-naked Rosita.

The screams Spike had heard were not screams of pain. Neither were they screams for help, nor of fear, nor those of a woman apprehensive about being penetrated by someone not of her own choosing. No, indeed. Rosita was laughing so hard that tears streamed down her cheeks, while the ancient crew of would-be rapists stood around the bed with downed trousers and dorks that hung limp as rags, each

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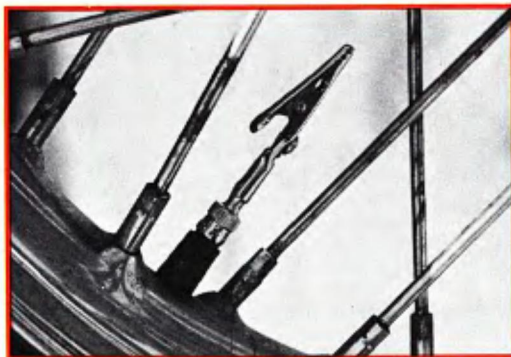
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man cursing his tired soldier and threatening him with a dishonorable discharge if he did not comply with orders to stand at attention.

Later, during an early-morning stroll around the premises, Spike wandered again to the rear of the property, where the land sloped downward across a meadow to merge with the forest. On the far side was a small stream. Patches of sunlight fell on open glades here and there. Noting that the ground was fertile, Spike reasoned that the growth and cultivation of pot plants would prove to be as therapeutic as it would be profitable. At a midweek meeting of the home's directors, he introduced the subject under the heading of "new business." They all knew, however, that there was nothing new about it, since pot growing has been around for a little longer than somewhat.

"Suppose we get caught," Lobo said. "We'd lose this whole setup and you know we'd all be in deep shit with the law."

"What are they gonna do to ya?" Spike asked patiently. "Send ya up for life? Look around ya. How much time is Samson gonna spend behind bars if he gets sent up? He ain't got two years left in him. Look at this face." He leaned forward, jutting out his chin and pointing at his own visage. "This ain't no fuckin' road map — them's wrinkles, man." He sighed, looking into the faces of each of his friends in turn. "Between us all, we ain't got but about twenty years left, whether ya like it or not. I know I ain't, but I can sure cram a lot of livin' into what I've got, an' have a lotta fun doin' it."

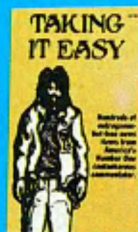
Spike pointed at Lobo and ordered, "Stand up, Lobo! Stand up

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"I got my tattoo removed."

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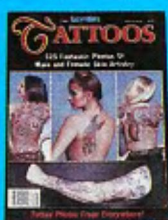


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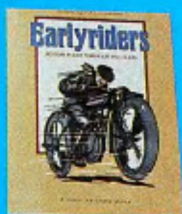
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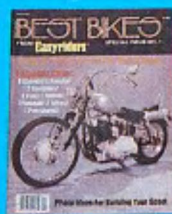
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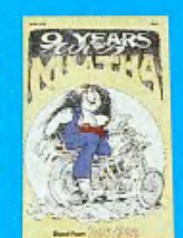
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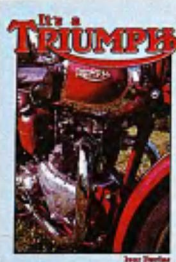
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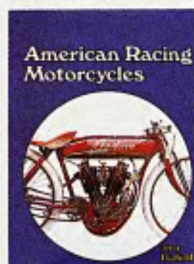
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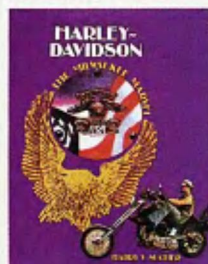
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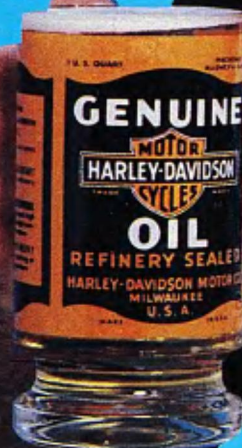
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quick, like ya used to." The paunchy Lobo struggled to get out of his chair, grunting, puffing, and finally having to grab the edge of the table in order to stand.

"Shit!" Spike said. "Ya look like ya shoulda been put in a box day before yesterday, but ya weren't. You're still alive an' you're gonna stay alive until we get this pot project rollin'. We'll make some kinda announcement an' lay it on the others durin' the evenin' meal. I can almost guarantee everyone'll go for it." And so they did.

Living apart from the community, the residents were able to conduct themselves in any manner they chose, without interference from citizenry or police, and the age and condition of the average old-timer practically guaranteed peace and tranquility most of the time. The only bad blood occurred when comparisons between motorcycles turned to shouting matches, fist-and-cane-waving, or the occasional act of revenge, like pushing someone's wheelchair — usually occupied — down the stairs.

The cultivation of pot plants in forest clearings went smoothly from the start. Thanks to Rosita and her connections with back-door visitors to America, some new and potent strains of grass found their way into the carefully manicured and seeded plots. Before long the small areas between the trees became virtually impassable from the heavy growth of pungent-smelling greenery. Whatever arguments might have existed at the start of the farming venture soon disappeared.

A distinct atmosphere came over the place. Numerous trips into the city were made by residents of the home who were mobile enough to travel without their knees, hips, elbows, and sacroiliacs seizing up when they reached cruising speed. They each set off with saddlebags loaded down with green stuff to smoke and returned with green stuff to spend. Lots of it.

Now, one might assume that with such large amounts of revenue rolling in, the home's occupants — all partners in this antisocial and criminal venture — might invest their money in real estate, Swiss bank accounts, or maybe even custom auto manufacturing, like a certain famous someone else. Not so! If anyone could be referred to as a realist, then each resident of the home deserved that reference. There's great comfort and security in the knowledge that illegal acts, if discovered, can only result in a short sentence that has been prede-

terminated by an authority higher than the local constabulary. For many of the malfasants, a twenty-year sentence would actually mean less than a week of hard time, for, as everyone is aware, prison food has been known to hasten aging and cause terminal cases of *digestivitis disgustus*, or worse. Why save for a future when said future might extend no more than a year, a month, a week — or for some, perhaps this very afternoon, depending upon how excited one got while viewing the most recent collection of porno flicks being shown on the home's closed-circuit TV. (The old men watched them every night and solemnly declared that they were jam-packed with redeeming social values.)

A great deal of the shared profits were dealt with in selfish and extravagant ways. Electric wheelchairs with sissybars, Frisco pegs, air horns and hopped-up batteries now rocketed around the main living room, making the place look like race day at the Houston Astro-dome. Weekend visitors were not patronizing sons, daughters, nieces, and nephews, but hard-bellied strippers and other dolies from the nearby town.

The turnover of occupants was slow, but since time does, inexorably, take its toll, those who came in perpendicularly seldom left in the same position. Boots-on and horizontally was the most common method of departure, and many of the residents departed during the night, having lost their spark during sleep or a dream in which they envisioned Dolly Parton standing at the foot of the bed in her birthday suit.

Samson — the bush plucker — met his end during the evening meal one night midway through his

second year at the home, when he dozed off and drowned in his bowl of chicken broth. Long John Johnson died one night when he got an exceptionally large hardon that deprived his body of enough blood to keep him ticking.

Rosita was suspect in two deaths, but Rosita was easy to forgive. In the first case, she admitted having allowed one Charlie Bingaman to stick his head under her skirt to give her a kiss on the pudenda. He was found in a crouched position, dead as a door knob, with what appeared to be a petrified tongue and a smile on his face. The second death blamed on Rosita was Rocky's.

Rocky was flat on his back atop his bed when found. He was stark naked, except for his riding boots and spurs, and each of his hands had such a firm grip on the bedrail that it required a tire iron to pry his fingers loose. He had gritted his teeth until his dentures snapped, and there was a trace of Rosita's lipstick on his dork. Rocky had, in actual fact, been blown away!

Then there was Pee Wee, who came home from town drunk and had great difficulty getting up the stairs. He didn't have any trouble coming down. They buried him three days later.

Eventually, a troop of Boy Scouts did their duty by reporting the greenery they'd found while hiking in the forest. The local sheriff, fully aware that large busts come in two types — those on pretty girls and those on a sheriff's election record — hastened out to the retirement home to investigate. His inquiries were polite, since he'd been in too much of a hurry to bring a search warrant, and he was treated not just politely, but royally.

Upon learning the reason for his visit, the sheriff was invited in for coffee. Accompanying the coffee was a plate of Rosita's tasty, freshly baked chocolate brownies — a concoction that would have made Alice B. Toklas turn green with envy. Three days later, the missing sheriff was located sitting on the curb in Ames, Iowa, smoking a doobie that looked like it had been rolled by Paul Bunyon and asking passersby, "Hey, man, whadafuck time is it?"

Meanwhile, as cowboys say, back at the pot ranch, some old men were busy loading money and possessions into saddlebags on shiny new motorcycles and preparing to book off down the road into oblivion. They were going to escape from a justice that wasn't just, for a crime they'd committed that wasn't very criminal — although it was viewed

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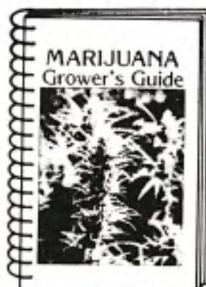
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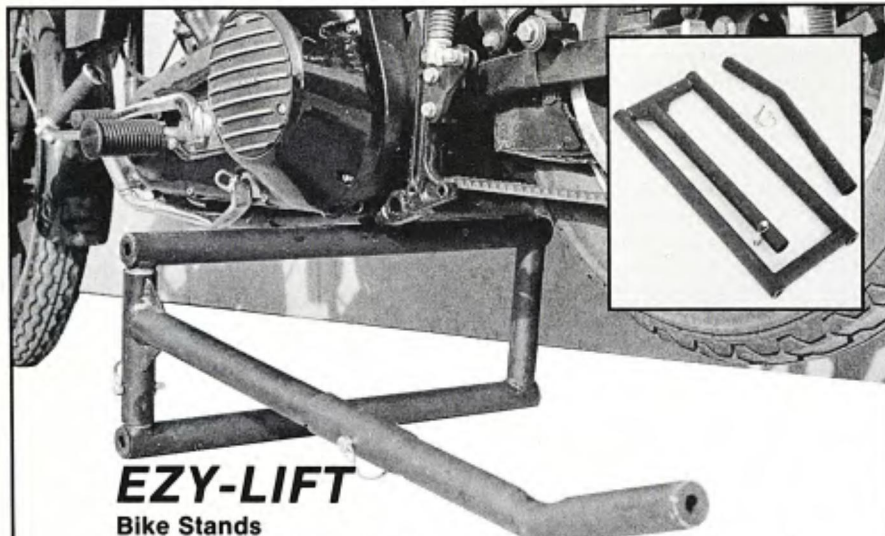
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differently by social critics. They had grown, used, and sold an illegal substance to persons above legal age who knew what they were doing and who bought it for their own use behind closed doors. But, as Spike had once asked, "What are they gonna do, sentence us to life?"

The men loading their bikes for a getaway had each been sentenced by a higher authority for the simple crime of growing old. The penalty was that they would simply not wake up one morning.

They say that there is a place for everyone in heaven. From childhood, we are told that not a bird falls from flight that is not noticed by the Great Hog Rider In The Sky, and that eternal happiness will be found by all deserving souls. No one, it seems, has ever determined who is right and who is wrong and who is deserving, so we must assume that all are deserving and that acts committed in life do not follow a person beyond the threshold.

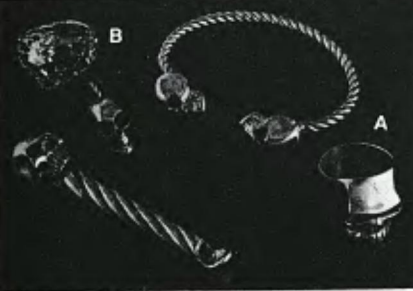
The authorities searched for the culprits a long time, but search as they might, they could find no trace of the dozen or more men on shiny new bikes who rode away in the night. The newspapers made great sport of police efforts to locate and prosecute the criminals who had eluded them. Perhaps they're searching still.

If there is a road that leads away from life, then there must be another special road that old bikers follow. And that's the road that leads to Harley Heaven. If that's true, then thundering along that endless road there are vast numbers of ragged men with smiling faces, and in their midst are some old dudes who tried to find a place to rest — and who had a ball before the lights went out. ■



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Soap Box

Continued from page 42

The 1983 FBI Uniform Crime Report states that, while male crime rose 27.8 percent over the year before, total crimes by females rose 95.3 percent in the same period of time. The increase for minor boys was 123.5 percent in comparison to 264.6 percent for minor girls.

While women lead the nation in many criminal endeavors, there are still those who do not commit crimes of greed or for a thrill. Many women turn to crime (welfare fraud, forgery of welfare checks and food-stamp scams) to feed their families. These women would never think of robbing a store or assaulting a person, and the thought of turning to prostitution sickens them. Lacking the education to do anything else, they cheat the state out of a few bucks because of need. However, they are still classified as criminals.

In the past, when the FBI or state justice departments revealed crime statistics, they failed to cite the percentage of female crime, or failed to state which crimes were committed by women. Therefore, the newspaper reader or television viewer was kept in ignorance of the actual role women have played in the field of crime. With this inadvertent ignorance went the assumption that all crimes were being perpetrated by men. The traditional thought held that women were sugar and spice and could not, or would not, deliberately get involved with crime. But sugar and spice can be laced with arsenic.

A Sacramento-based FBI agent involved in the investigation surrounding Lynette Fromme's attempt to assassinate former President Gerald Ford, made the following statement: "...the first time I went up to interview her, I thought she was a teddy bear. Then I read *Helter-Skelter* and saw the Manson film — and the next time I had to go back, I didn't turn my back on her."

When it becomes obvious that a woman has committed a crime, the first impression is that she was coerced or provoked. In many cases, that might well be true. Such a case involved Inez Garcia of Monterey County in California, who, after being attacked and raped by two men, went back to her home, got a rifle and shot one of the men to death. She was subsequently convicted of murder in the second degree. Her conviction was reversed, and in 1977, after a retrial, she was eventually acquitted.



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It is particularly interesting to note that in 1983, out of 5582 cities with a combined population of over 121 million persons, there were 7,226,079 reported crimes, and only 21.3 percent of these were cleared by arrest. From 1979 to 1982, arrests of women for crimes of murder went from 7563 in 1979 to 19,720 in 1983. This is a 160 percent increase.

Victims of murder in 1983 were male in three out of four instances, and approximately 51.2 percent were killed by women. As a matter of record, murders within the family made up one-fourth of all murders that were committed in 1983. Over half of these family homicides were spouse killing spouse. In this type of homicide, the victim was the wife in 52 percent of the cases.

A closer look at the male-female arrest ratio indicates where this crime wave is headed. Here is a less serious offense as an example: Motor vehicle thefts by women in 1983 went up four percent over the 1982 figures and eight percent over the 1981 figures. Male arrests went up two percent in the same periods of time for the same offense. However, male arrests outnumbered female arrests in 1982 at a five-to-one ratio and at a four-to-one ratio in 1983. Yet, for all the confusion in statistics, female arrests increased nine percent in 1982 and 11 percent in 1983. This would seem to tell us that if the present trend continues, the ratio of male-female arrests will soon be on a one-to-one basis. Arrest patterns for the years 1981, 1982 and 1983, indicate that the number of females arrested for disorderly conduct showed the most dramatic upsurge. Disorderly conduct is described as prostitution, bar-hustling, fighting and vagrancy.

Throughout the history of this country, there always have been "gun-toting" women, eager to be remembered in the crime hall of infamy. America produced Calamity Jane, Belle Starr and Annie Oakley as early pace-setters. Those women had legends built around them, warranted or not. Other well-publicized women criminals were Ma Barker, Ma Duncan, and Barbara Graham — who died in the San Quentin gas chamber. More recently, we have heard and read about the loves and lives of Sandra Good, Susan Atkins, Patty Hearst, Sarah Moore, "Squeaky" Fromme and Margaret Klasse, to name a few.

Women in crime is not a recent phenomena. If it hasn't been done by a woman, it hasn't been done at all — or it hasn't been invented.

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There are reasons for this: The world is just starting to awaken to their gunshots, and that enlightenment is largely due to the feminist movement and the higher profile that women are assuming in society today.

Dr. Sam Shepard served ten years in an Ohio prison for allegedly killing his wife. He was unable to prove his innocence and many felt he was covering up for a woman during his first trial. He was subsequently acquitted at his second trial. Dr. Bernard Finch served far more time in prison than did his co-defendant, Carole Tregoff, for the murder of his wife. Same murder, same evidence. The only logical explanation is that, in general, women are thought to commit serious crimes only because of the coercion of a man — for a man. In fact, it has been established that most crimes of passion (and violence) are committed for, or on account of, a woman.

Women in the United States have been fighting for equality for 200 years, but adding to the crime statistics is the wrong direction to take. Whatever happened to the girl-next-door in the short skirt and tight sweater? Far too many of them are now wearing loose sweaters to conceal the gun in the waistband of the Levi's that they traded the skirt for. Fortunately, this represents only a small percentage, but even that is far too much.

When arrested as juveniles, these girls are placed in juvenile detention centers where they mix with other disturbed and restless adolescents. This is like using the centers as "shock therapy." As shock therapy can often do, it can warp the mind. Where does one turn, right or left, on the forked road? This is like asking one depressed person to cheer up another depressive manic — or asking a paraplegic to assist another paraplegic in macramé.

Some well-meaning parents have deliberately left their offspring in these juvenile lockups in hopes of

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their receiving some therapy. They do! The girl arrested for prostitution tells the neophyte in crime how easy it is to make money doing something that the latter enjoys doing for nothing and will do anyway.

Youngsters who remain in juvenile detention centers for any length of time are more apt to return than not. A hundred years ago, these centers might have served as deterrents, because they were cesspools with dirt floors and buckets for sanitation and toilet facilities. Often the same bucket served both purposes. But today, the newcomer meets the already sophisticated robber, burglar, prostitute, shoplifter and car thief. Friendships mature — right into state prison.

California Department of Corrections figures appear to substantiate some of the changes in female-related crimes. In 1972, seven percent of new female commitments to prison were for murder. A decade later, nearly 22 percent of the newcomers were convicted murderers.

Solutions to the problems lie not with prison correctional staffs or with the courts, for detention facilities only tend to intensify an already erratic behavior pattern. The solution is in the prevention of crime and in a meaningful search for alternatives to incarceration for relatively minor crimes, particularly those committed by first-timers.

Are today's values too demanding? Not demanding enough? Inflation always seems to be a good excuse. Perhaps new political ideologies are framing some sorts of things within a very ugly picture. Is the justice system failing the public? So far, no one has been able to offer a good solution. There are answers, but before they can be found, the right questions must be asked.

Crime statistics are nothing to be proud of, especially when there is a steady increase and no end in sight. When we see the "gentler sex" taking such a predominant and active part in crime, it is time to reevaluate values and priorities. ■



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Bushwhackers

Continued from page 59

since I was ten years old, but my friends still call me Tick."

Thoughtfully, I said, "Tick, that sure sounds... I remember now! Don't see how I could forget, sitting here in Bushwhacker's. If I remember the story right, one of the original owners of Bushwhacker's was called Tick."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. Didn't you ever hear the story of the Bushwhackers?"

"Bits and pieces, here and there," said Tick, curiously. "What do you know about 'em?"

I leaned forward, pouring the cold, golden liquid from the pitcher into our mugs. "Well, the way I heard it, the original Bushwhackers were four dudes who grew up together. When they were around thirteen or fourteen, they got this nymph chick out in a field one day and she took all of them on. When they finished with her, or she was finished with them, I'm not sure which, they got to laughing at how she'd humped her bush into them so hard, they were all hurtin'. I'm told that's how they first got the idea for the name Bushwhackers."

"As I said, Tick was one of them. Another was called Pony, 'cause he wore his hair in a long ponytail. The third one was the mechanic, and because he was always greasy they called him Sleaz. I guess I'm lucky they call me Rebuilt. The fourth was called Wheeler and they say he could do things on a bike that would make Evel Knievel shit in his leathers."

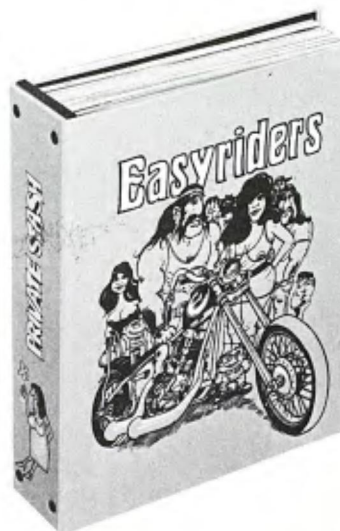
"So far, that's basically the same story I've heard," said Tick.

"Well," I continued, "a few years later, they all had Hogs of their own and formed their own private scooter club. Their emblem was the Harley

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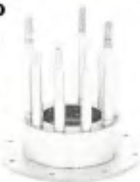
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wings with the name Bushwhacker lettered above it, and a triangle of sheepskin, point down, glued on below it. That was their way of saying just what bush they were whackin'.

"As I heard it, they then got into some heavy snow dealing here in L.A., and it wasn't long before they had themselves enough cash to open this bar. Of course, when the word got around about a bar that was exclusively for bikers, they started getting customers from all over the country. Every biker passing through town made a point of stopping in to hoist a few.

"Once they opened the bar, the Bushwhackers were clean. They didn't need to deal anymore because, they had a gold mine right here, and it was all legal. But having all the scooter trash in the country stopping in here pissed off the cops. Next thing you know, they nailed Pony on his way to pull his shift at the bar, planted a half ounce of blow on him, and carted him off to the ol' Graybar Hotel."

Tick handled the refill chores while I got into the really interesting part of the story. "Pony and the boys, and the two narcs who busted him, knew it was a railroad job right out of the gate. It wasn't really Pony they were after, he just happened to be handy. What they really wanted was some excuse to pull the booze license and shut down Bushwhacker's. Of course, any bust they could make stick would be gravy.

"When Pony got to court, they offered him a deal. If he'd roll over on the other three, they'd knock his charge down from possession-for-sale to simple carrying. He'd only have to do ninety days; the others would go to the joint for a few years, and Bushwhacker's would be shut down. Naturally, Pony told the fuckers where they could shove their deal. When they made the offer he found out that it wasn't just the narcs who were in on it. The DA, the

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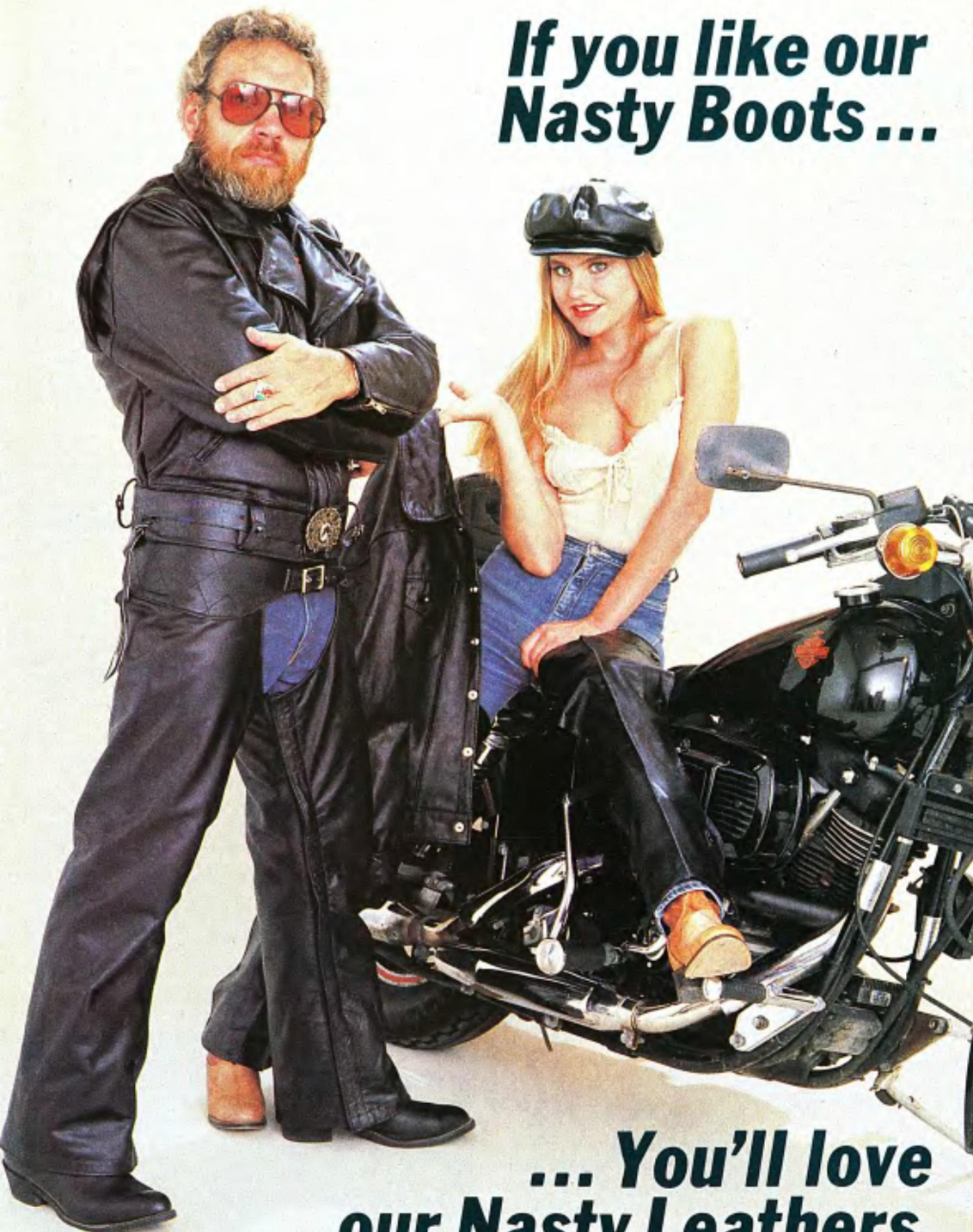
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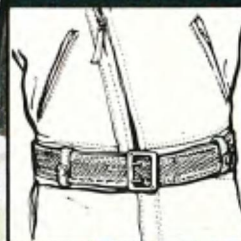


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judge, and his own fuckin' lawyer all had a piece of the setup.

"Well, Pony ended up taking his lumps and did three years. Right after he was sentenced, the Bush-whackers sold the bar. A funny thing happened, though. On the morning Pony was sent to Soledad, the same two narcs who set the frame around him disappeared. Their cars were found in the police parking lot. It looked like they'd gotten to work that morning and just evaporated. The strange part was, nobody saw or heard anything. It made a big splash in the news, but as far as I know, the cops never did figure it out."

Tick started laughing and motioned to the bartender for another pitcher. "Wait a minute, that's not all," I said. "The very next morning, the DA steps out the front door of his house and he's never seen, or heard from again, either. They found the asshole's car still parked in his driveway."

By this time, Tick was laughing so hard he was sprayin' beer all over the guys at the next table. From the looks on their faces, it was clear that they didn't find anything funny about it. "Let's try to get out of

here without tangling assholes," I cautioned him.

He settled down some and I continued. "At the very same time the DA is pulling his disappearing act, the judge is in his cage on his way

to work. Seems the ol' fucker caused quite a traffic jam when he stopped for a red light, because the next thing anyone knew, he'd turned invisible. They found his car with the motor running, just sitting at



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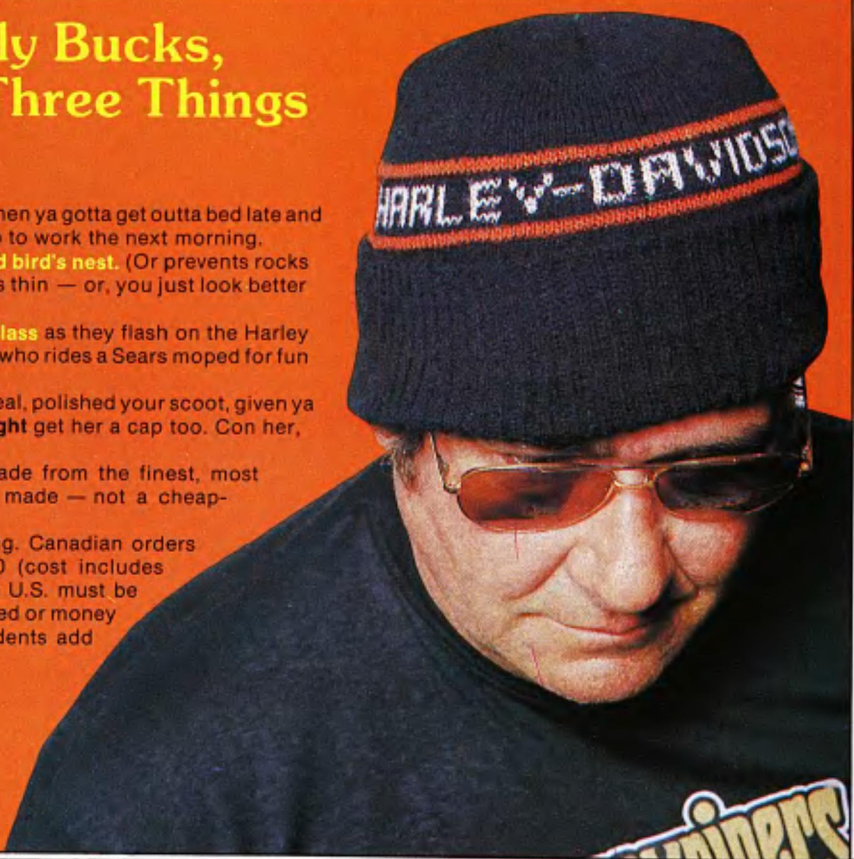
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the intersection. Shit, at that hour of the morning, you'd expect a hundred fuckin' people to be around, but nobody saw a thing. The cops advertised for witnesses on TV and in the newspapers, but they never turned up anyone who could help them."

Now the two of us were crackin' up and everyone in the place was lookin' at us like we'd pulled up on rice grinders, wearing Snoopy helmets with goggles. I filled our mags once again and chug-a-lugged mine, hoping that if I kept my face in it, I wouldn't end up giving someone a bath he didn't want. Tick must have had the same idea, 'cause when I looked at him, he was already pouring a refill.

"Like I said, it's really weird. They never were able to find any of them. Nobody even knows if the Bushwhackers were still around when it all went down. They'd hit the wind after selling out and were never seen or heard from again, either.

"Of course, there's no way of knowing what *really* happened to those law-and-order dudes. Pony probably wasn't the only person they'd ever screwed. It could've been someone settling a score, or who knows, maybe they just had an attack of conscience. All I know for sure is, the Bushwhackers eventually became a legend."

Chuckling, Tick said, "Don't tell me, let me guess the rest. I'll bet Pony's lawyer turned into a puff of smoke, too."

"As a matter of fact, yeah, you're right. It happened a few years later, though and he didn't create as big a stir in the news as the others did. I believe that he walked out of his office headed for court one day and vanished into thin air — he must've puddled up and run down a sewer, or something."

We were having so much fun with the Bushwhackers' story, we decided to have one more pitcher. After we'd downed it, I looked over at Tick and said, "Now tell me about your 'bits and pieces.' Did you ever hear any more about those guys? The Bushwhackers, I mean. I don't give a shit about those other turds."

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, looking around the room before leaning forward and continuing in a whisper, "I hear the four Bushwhackers are still together. Not only that, but they have another bar. I heard they sold this place for a big profit and went right out and got themselves another one."

"No shit? Where the hell is it? I'd like to check it out."



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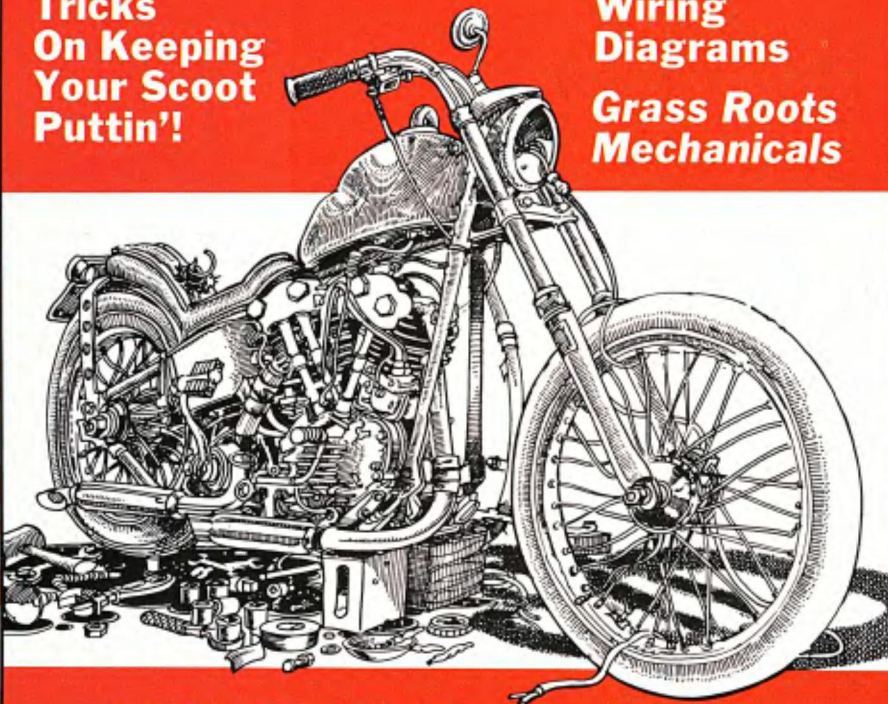
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"Well, they definitely got out of L.A. What I heard was, they have a place up in the northeastern part of the state."

"Whereabouts?" I asked impatiently.

"Would you believe I happen to be going up there right now? Want to come along?"

"Shit, I'd really like to, but I'm headed in the other direction."

"Well, if you live up north you must know where I-80 crosses the border into Nevada."

"Sure."

"About fifty miles before you hit the border, there's a town called Mountain Valley. If you ever get up that way, you can't miss the place. There's only one main street and the Bushwhackers' place will be the only tavern around with scoots lined up out front."

"I'll be damned," I said. "I really wish I could go up there with you, but my run down south is a tradition with me. It's the only time I get to see the guys I grew up with."

"Too bad," said Tick, standing up and extending his hand. "Nice knowin' you, Rebuilt. See you around, bro."

We shook hands and I walked out with him. Tick slid his vest on and kicked the shovel to life. When he wheeled around and headed for the driveway, I saw the screaming eagle on his back. Just above it were the faded letters spelling out "Bushwhackers." Below it, was the unmistakable patch of sheepskin, point down.

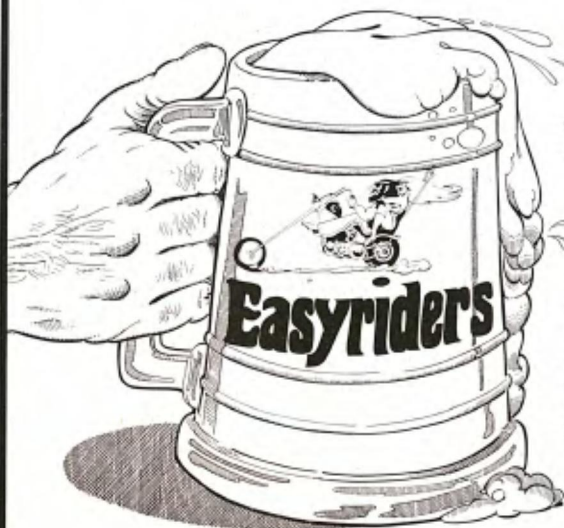
As loud as I could, I screamed. "Hey, Tick!" It was too late — the roar of the shovel drowned me out. Fuck it, I thought, running for my bike. I was going to ride with a legend and meet three more. San Diego could wait till next year. ■

Easyriders



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White man, 32, 6'6", 225 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, Aries. Down 6, one to go. Looking to make a new start in early '85 and need a good woman to start with and keep me going. I'm sincere, honest, easy to look at and maybe a little crazy! Looking for an honest, determined, reliable and trustworthy lady, from 18 to 30, to build with. No fannies, game players, headfuckers or screaming, trifling bitches needed — or if you're not serious, save your stamp. Slip a flick in with your scribe and send it to Edward Colville, c/o Tschantre, 236 Congress Avenue, Rochester, NY 14611. (133)

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Tattoo shops: Need T-shirts, hats, pins or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tattoo World, 15337 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Larry B., Malakwa: You fit into me like life into laughter. Happy anniversary, July 28. Your one-man woman. Tits-wiggle. (133)

Greenjeans and Legs, two in the wind, twice the adventure, twice the fun. Second season together. Happy anniversary. Love, Legs. (133)

Jimmie "Dean" Sykes: Arrive in Sacto. July 12, 1984. Would like to see you. Contact Jan, Joe Aquirre, #16 Uptown Village, Ithaca, NY 14850. (133)

Handsomen retired serviceman, 41, 6'3", 215 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, warm, kind-hearted, affectionate, loving man. Also, a man who really appreciates my lady and her love. Seeking sweet, affectionate, loving companion and wife. A lady who is totally submissive to her man, who loves and needs a mild spanking before making love. Ladies with children are welcome. Also, incarcerated, handicapped or pregnant ladies. Race, age, looks unimportant. So, please write me and send picture and telephone number. Will do the same. J.S., Box 13091, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (133)

New York outlaw, down in Jersey, seeks New Jersey inmate locked down in New York for mutual transfer. Write to Ray "Desperado" Lindsay 78202-6L-176, TSP, Trenton, NJ 08625. (133)

"Joker": I miss you and I'll wait for you, babe. Love, "Queen of Hearts." (133)

Secret address. Remails/forwarding. Prisoner's discount. Box 740256, New Orleans, LA 70174. (133)

W/m outlaw, 28, doing hard time, needs sincere lady. Wayne Skellern 73437 P-1, Delmont, NJ 08314. (133)

Free, modern-language, easy-to-read Bible for any bros doing time. Write Jay Eschbach, Box 6998, Burbank, CA 91510. (133)

"136985": If we're reading this together, then all is well. If we're still apart, keep looking to the future. We both know the nicest people are born on July 16th. Happy birthday to us! I love you. "136985%." (133)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15337 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Make money by the minute, around the clock, for doing paperwork at home 8 hours a week. Grows to a lifetime income. Totally new, ultramodern project unlike anything before. Still ground-floor. No experience or education requirements. 10,500 people already doing. Division of major U.S. corporation. For details, dial (216) 452-2171, 24 hrs./7 days. Ask for Ext. H362. (133)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,364 to \$50,112. Call (216) 842-6000, Ext. 33852. (133)

Jobs overseas. Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 24634. (133)

MC club patches, pins, T-shirts, awards or anything else you need. Send SASE to TW, 15337 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Motorcycle Mechanic: Train at home for exciting career. Work with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC54, 4400 Campus Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92660. (133)

Need credit? Get Mastercharge, others, without investigation. Legally discharge debts, protect assets, restore credit. Loans. Guaranteed. Details, SASE to Inflation Reports, ERC, Box 60148, Los Angeles, CA 92631. (133)

"Visit To The Tattoo Shop." Fun book, \$3. Dinah, Box 7133, Santa Rosa, CA 95407. (133)

Nell: Happy birthday, July 22. To the best lady a guy can have. Love, J.J. (133)

Peckerwood, 30, from L.A. area, getting out in a year. Gonna need a lady who's got her shit together to help me get used to being free again. And she needs to be able to handle all this tender loving care that I've been saving for a while. All interested boxes, please write Keith V. Capezio, C39376, Rm. 6256, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA, 93409-0001. Photo appreciated. (133)

Lazy Nickels Newsletter. A must if you like good smoke. Send stamp to Evan Eyerick, 635 E. Santa Anita, Burbank, CA 91401. (133)

Happy birthday, Sex, 7/24/84. Wherever you go, my love goes close beside you. . . Wherever I go, you go along in my heart. Shylo. (133)

TNT: What do you need: Write General Delivery, Cave Junction, OR 97523. Jack, Jr. (133)

Ronnie: Happy birthday! 10 down, 40 to go. I'll love you forever. Your girl, Ninny. (133)

Tonopah Rocky: Happy 31st. Enjoy everything, always. Loving ya, Peggi (133)

Lonely brother seeks correspondence for love, friendship and communication. Letters, photos, phone numbers. Promise to answer all sincere replies. James D. Phillips, Box 7474, Orlando, FL 32854. (133)

Diabetic bro on kidney dialysis, collecting biker-related photos, club cards, whatever! Make my day — send yours. Much appreciated. Still can ride! Mountain Cat, Box 901, Columbus, NE 68601. (133)

"Where's the beef?" Inmate looking for serious, sincere, even sensuous contact: Write Roosevelt "Madd Dawg" Green, Box 3877, H2-36, Jackson, GA 30233. (133)

I love you, B.L.B., and don't you ever forget it, babe. Yours till the wheels fall off. Kat. (133)

Kelly: Happy birthday, bro. I hope you tied one on like two years ago. I'm still in Denver. Alone, waiting for your return from the Springs. Call me collect. (303) 778-7147. Shotgun. (133)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (133)

47-yr.-old, short-time white prisoner would like female pen pals. Richard J. Smith 23948, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (133)

Boogie: Time's gettin' short. Not long now, and we'll be together. I live for that day. Love, your Wenchi. (133)

Wanted: Intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (133)

San Diego-area female, 25, white, not fat, tired of dates in cages. Wants to meet male with newer Harley for weekend rides, camping, good times. I have no kids or addictions, and love to party! Letters with phone numbers get answered first. Kathy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (133)

Charlotte Classic Bike Show & Swap Meet: Sunday, June 10, 1984. Metrolina Fairgrounds, Charlotte, North Carolina. General admission: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. \$1000 cash door prize. For more information or advance reservations, contact Dixie Classic Productions, Inc., Box 9097, Charlotte, NC 28299. (704) 536-8535 or (704) 732-1297. (133)

Wanted: A loyal, pretty woman, willing to relocate, who wants to settle down with one man and ride. Age, 17-33. No fat women, no game players. Must send picture. Spirit, Box 473, Ingleside, IL 60041. (133)

Hey, let's get hitched! I'm 30, 6'1", and 190 lbs., doing time in Folsom for robbery. I'm into art, guitars, weightlifting and hearing from sincere ladies. Scott Miller, B-59352, Represa, CA 95671. (133)

Tom: May we forever be in the wind. Sturgis '84. (133)

Buffalo: Happy 31st birthday, babe! You've made my dreams come true; hope I can do the same for you! I'm one lucky lady, 'cuz you're one special tramp. Ride hard, die free. I love you! Bobbi W. Yum. (133)

'42 knuckle, completely rebuilt, original springer, some Brown's chrome, suicide clutch. \$6000. Wisconsin. If you want something for nothing, don't bother me. Slick, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (133)

Scooter tramp, 20, down for 14. Looking for scribes, pics and possible visits from sincere ladies. Your pic gets mine. Mike Powers 123504, JRCC, State Farm, VA 23160. (133)

Downed bro needs scribes from you lovely ladies out there. Make this time somewhat better — send me a letter! Lynn West 257581, Box 1000, Steila, WA 98388. (133)

Colorado-New Mexico ladies: W/m, 32, 6'4", 200 lbs., Harley rider, moving to area soon. Want to meet tall, slender Indian and Mexican ladies, age 20-33. Children okay. Send photos to Rick, Box 747, Catlin, IL 61817. (133)

W/m, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., looking for sincere ol' lady. Have home, job. No B.S., mind games or boozers. I'm just an everyday guy looking for a lady to spend my life with. Photo, please. Vince, Box 3573, San Bernardino, CA 92406. (133)

Two well-built, good-looking Italians, doing time without their spaghetti, would like to hear from all women. Looks unimportant — must be warm, honest and sincere. Will answer all! Write Michael R. Gross 072141, and Michael Salvatore 051223, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (133)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts or having knowledge of Efram Fritz Bahr, last seen Marysville, Washington (1978) and Minneapolis (1979), contact Victoria Chapter, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Urgent. From the Victoria Chapter: Pat, John, Keith, Dave, and Jim. (133)

Lonely dude would like to hear from all ladies. Age, looks don't matter. Just a good heart will do. Will answer all. Joe Marshall, C-64122-C-5352, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (133)

Lonely and blue. Lady, I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. Steve Apostolides 153567, Rt. #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (133)

Happy birthday, Diane. You're not getting older, just sexier. I'll love ya forever. Your ol' man, Rick. (133)

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)

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)

Tired of head trips and attitudes! Looking for good woman, 18-25, who's got her shit together — in one pile. If you think you can hack work, good times, house-mousing, hard riding and a couple of long trips a year, you might be what I'm looking for. I'm white, 5'11", 185 lbs., 29, and don't put up with bullshit. No fannies, dopers or rats. Flyers with flicks answered first. Southeast Texas. Michael, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (133)

Biker, 35, with 13- and 17-yr.-old boys, 1980 Glide, own place, and good job, needs sincere lady. Picture would be nice with letter. Dave, Box 220, Windsor, PA 17366. (133)

Looking for Bay-area biker to putt, play and dance with. Prefer tall, aggressive (but not dangerous) men. Send picture, short letter and phone number. Sky, Box 13, Lafayette, CA 94549. (133)

Serious-minded, affectionate, lovable, energetic, and intelligent ladies: Write and send picture to lonely guy who needs what you've got! W/m, 30. Steve, Snow, Box A-4182, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (133)

Needed: bikers, American/Canadian; your club's name, founder, chapter, date founded, club cards. To include in a new book entitled "Motorcycle Clubs — National Directory — United States/Canada." Expect publication early 1985. Name of current president, number of members, and group picture optional. Past clubs included. All entries authenticated before publication. This will be a special book for all bikers. Respectability at last! Mike Locke M-4847, Drawer R, Huntington, PA 16652. (133)

Steven Lee Collins: Happy 30th, 4/17/84. You are my sunshine; let me be yours. Love always, Nancy. (133)

Fox: This is a promise good for one (1) lasagne on the 7th of the 7th. Happy birthday. Love from Mo. (133)

Downed tramp, 30, out soon. Looking for ladies, 25-35, who are looking for a sincere, honest, lasting relationship and are financially secure. All who send SASE/picture answered first. D. Taylor 19398, Box 30, 25-5C, Pendleton, IN 46064. (133)

Phil Densmore: No excuse for not answering your last letter. Need to talk to you ASAP. Jackie and me got some news. Bruce Lawson, R4 Division, USS Vulcan (AR5), FPO New York, NY 09548. (133)

W/m, looking for lady who looks just as good in lace as she does in leathers and is willing to relocate to southern Florida. Send letter/pics. Rab, Box 25681, Tamarac, FL 33320. (133)

Scooter Tramp, JC: Wishing you the best birthday ever! Respectfully yours, your ol' ladies: Road Angel and Munchkin, and the kids, J.C., Jr. and Tammy. (133)

Rebel: Another magic year, honey. Thanks. Remember, you're the only man in my world. Your ever-lovin' lady, Mo. (133)

Nick: Happy birthday to "The Best," 7/31/54. Much love, your Rosemarie and Anthony. (133)

Edd: Happy birthday (late). I'm yours and I'll love you forever. Your lady, Mary. (133)

Must sell. Complete basket, with frame, Wg. wheels, tranny, etc. First \$1800, or best offer. No collect calls. (318) 628-7178. (133)

W/m, 19, Rock 'Ra' Billy, 5'10", 160 lbs. 4-yr. vet of Northern Canada Industrial Construction. Riding tightrope, between freedom's road and 8' by 5' cell. Seek correspondence from young, sweet 'n' fancy. Swamp Daisy with a sense of adventure. Willing to share the growing pains of a reforming Confederate, who's trying in a few ways to prolong his days on earth. As of now, I am out on bond that I put up. Win or fail, I'd still appreciate hearing from new and experienced smiling faces on the playground. Those ladies writing should love Hogs, Jeeps, beer, loving, Neil Young and Bob Seger music, dusty roads, plus be "one-of-the-bros" types. No "tell you wha' ta do's" or barflies should write, unless they're rich, beautiful and dumb. What I am is adventurous, ambitious, secure, honest, reasonably sane, a touch wild. I may go down for a spell, but I'll be out in a short time (if I go at all). I'm getting off the Rocky Road express lane and taking my path on a course with no waves. And just maybe, if I could find one special sane dame, I would give the RCMP a chance to forget my name. So, if you're an adventurous lady seeking a wild rebel gone a shade mild, write A. Brown, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (133)

Hawk: Happy belated birthday, 3/26. I'll forever treasure our sweet memories! Lyle. (133)

Dan Wiire: Happy belated birthday, brother (3/17). Love, your little sister, Lorr. (133)

John Hynes: Happy birthday to one sexy dude. You, me and that scooter forever. Always yours, Cathy. (133)

Down bro looking to kick it with females around L.I. and N.Y.C. area. Tony Classi/Bob Broderick, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562. (133)

Jack: I love forever and always. I would ride the river with you — what more can I say? Your Starr, Ruby. (133)

Belt: Smile, I'm still with ya. I do care. Love, "Bird." (133)

Swap Meets: May 20 and June 24. I-70 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. (133)

Wanted: Young, attractive, intelligent ladies, who are about the bigger and the better things in life. Good-looking male, 24 earth-years young, jailed temporarily. Picture for picture. Everoy R. Mulholland III, Box 160, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada S6V-5R6. (133)

White female, 24, 5'2", 105 lbs., is looking for white male who likes to ride. No deadbeats or head games wanted, or house mouse to compete with. Would help if from Kansas City, Kan., or Lawrence, Kan., area. I'm ready for companionship, lovin', ridin' and partyin'. Send picture and scribe. Angie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (133)

26-yr.-old male looking for letters and visits from thorough women in free world. Sherman Pendleton 118464, D-4, State Farm, VA 23160. (133)

Prison correspondence wanted: Michael Zilkosk, Box C-39418, 5B47, Tamal, CA 94964. (133)

Monger

Continued from page 9

As I see it, if they stop all subs in Virginia, you people are out a good hunk of change. And you know as well as I do that if Virginia gets away with it, there are several other states that will follow their example.

These people have already stopped not just *Hustler*, but *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Oui*, *Gallery*, and all girlie mags. They seem to want us to forget what women look like. I really believe they'd let us have *Blue Boy* and *Ram Rod*. These people are on the strange side, anyway.

Please advise me if you're going to take any action and what. It may be of some use in our own class-action suit.

From a Commonwealth of Virginia Department of Corrections memorandum, 3/9/84: "The purpose of this memorandum is to disapprove officially and uniformly *Easy Rider* (sic) magazine, *Hustler* magazine and *The Virginian* (published by Prison Atheist League of America, Inc.) on the basis of obscenity as specified in DGL 852."

Tattoo Paul
State Farm, Va.

■ There is no basis for such a ruling — unless they feel that viewing a tit shot will make you a raving sex nut.

Sleazy Jailbait

□ I moved to Connecticut three months ago and would like to know if there are any good biker bars in the Hartford area. I've been in a few, if you can call them biker bars. They only have wimps and a lot of sleazy jailbait girls. Do they have any swap meets? Are there any real biker bars in the Hartford area?

Frank F.
East Hartford, Conn.

Motorcycle Women

□ I just got your rag, *Motorcycle Women*. Fuckin' great, man! I've looked at it 15 times so far and I'm going through it again.

Wild Bill
Jessup, Md.

Damn

□ Up here in the Texas hill country there are lots of *Easyriders* readers, including me. Well, the other day I was at the store getting munchies when I saw a yellow cab

and on the side of the door it said, "Easy Rider Cab Co." No shit! Now they're naming cages after your rag.

Sweet Sue
Kerrville, Tex.

Anything For A Bro

□ By the way, my ol' lady said she would sit on my face for a month if you print this.

FTA
West Germany

■ Have some hair pie — enjoy!

I Got It

□ I got no scoot. I got no beer. I got no weed. I got no job. I got no ol' lady. I got no friends. I got no money. All I got is 75 issues of *Easyriders* — so I guess I can't complain.

Joe Blow
Richmond Hill, Canada

Likes Us

□ As a motorcyclist of many years and a motorcycle dealer, I am most upset by the degrading nature and low moral standards your magazine sets.

An organization has to stoop pretty low to print the type of filth you guys print. If you were more interested in motorcycles than the mighty dollar, you would never turn out the filth that you do.

How about raising the moral standards quite a few notches? I certainly won't sell your magazine in my shop.

Motorcyclists have been fighting for years to improve their image, but it's a hard battle when clowns like you set about to bring that image to the lowest of the low.

A.B.M.
New Zealand

Too Many Letters

□ There must be a million letters here. They're everywhere, floor to ceiling, in every room. I haven't seen my cat in weeks. I can't find the kitchen.

Okay, you can stop or help me with this mail. My ad in the February '84 issue drew an overwhelming response. Well, what am I supposed to do? There's "Male Call" everywhere. I can't possibly answer it all.

I guess I can say thanks a lot to everyone who spent time responding. I'm reading every word of every letter and, believe me, this is taking some time.

Sunshine
Davis, Calif.

A Question

□ Does anyone out there know how I can get a subscription to *Motorrad* or any other German bike rags?

M.F.
Beacon, N.Y.

New Laws

□ Regarding "Misery in Manitoba" in the "Short Strokes" column (March '84 issue), I would like to add the following comments. The NDP (No Democratic Process) government presently in power in Manitoba, elected by the people because they stood for the people, have once again stuck it to the people. Not only have they rammed seatbelts and helmets down our throats, but they have shoved no-smoking areas, child restraints, and bilingualism up our asses (personally, I prefer cunnilinguism). As far as I know, the new legislation does not include mandatory 24-hour-a-day headlight use and gloves and/or goggles. Ragheads can ride unprotected as well as groups who obtain special parade permits. That's so the Shriners can "Do It With Your Fez On." As for the Conservative Party's repealing the bill if they're elected — well, we all know how difficult it is to repeal laws once they are passed, but all power to them. In any case, they will definitely get my vote for making an anti-helmet law stand.

Patrick "Riff Raff" Rafferty
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Whatdafuck Day

□ Thanks all to hell for Whatdafuck Day. A bro and I called off work, locked the door to the shack, twisted a few numbers, and popped the top on some worm juice. Why limit this holiday just to bikers? Why not make it a national holiday?

Wasted Bob
Walnut, Ill.

P.S. Will it be the same day next year or does it kind of hop around, like my ol' lady?

□ What ever happened to Whatdafuck Day? My friends and I got a really big kick out of that day. I mean, we partied our asses off. Gave it the utmost respect. Then some ding turned around and forgot to put it in September of the '84 calendar.

Marti, Tammy, & Dusty
Bridgeport, Conn.

Southern Mouse Letter

□ In reference to the letter sent to you by "Slick" from Tucson, Arizona, in the March '84 issue: Sorry to break your heart, Slick, but it was not "our Southern Mouse" who answered the call that sent you into immediate bliss. You have fallen in love with the dynamite gal in our Products Department. I answered your call when you were bombed with this Tennessee 'n' Texas drawl. I've had a lot of comments about my accent, but your letter was the highest of compliments. Alas, my talkin' hasn't earned me that bonus you mentioned, but it has managed to inflate my ego almost to the point of explosion! Thanks, Slick.

T 'n' T
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

What Does It Mean?

□ Boy, am I ever embarrassed! In the February '84 issue you printed a letter that I sent in and your reply was, "It's a chick who asks dumb questions."

The question I asked wasn't dumb, but what you printed was. You printed, "What the hell is a screwie?" The actual question I sent in was, "What the hell is a screwie?" Leaving out the "j" in screwie and turning it into screwie was asking a dumb question which I had nothing to do with. I mean, don't we all know what a "screwie" is?

Peaches
Fountain Valley, Calif.

■ We don't — but we're not dumb chicks. What does it mean?

Ol' Lady Contest

□ The seventh monthly winner in the Sixth Annual Ol' Lady Contest is a gorgeous fox. Sue has to be the most beautiful chick I've ever laid eyes on. If Sue doesn't win Ol' Lady of the Year, I'll be pissed.

Ozz
Walpole, Mass.

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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Heavy gloves, tough enough to ward off the elements. Insulated for cold weather or summer wear. Can be ordered with Kal Stars or plain; black or brown; at the ridiculously low price of \$26.00, plus \$2 for shipping. Please state glove size: small, medium, or large.



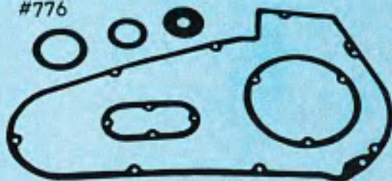
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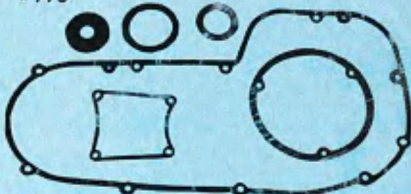
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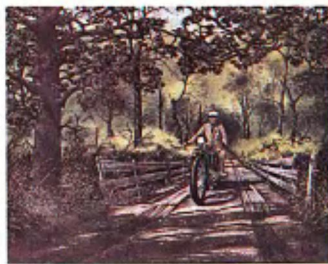
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An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed on high quality, heavy paper — all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only one of three hundred and to be personally signed — Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer — \$62.50 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served — order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs. (COD's accepted with \$25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.) We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.

(only 300 of each print — no more will be printed)

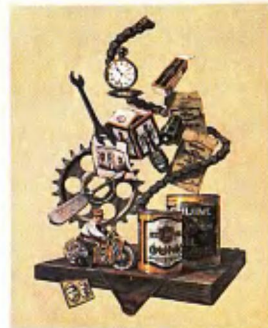
Dave Mann Prints



A. 29" x 24 3/4"



C. 29" x 24 3/4"

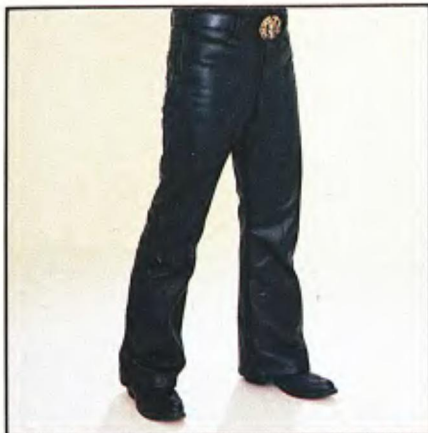


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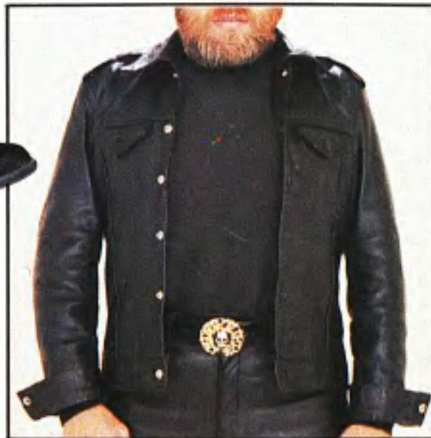
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U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-50. Allow four weeks for personal checks and eight weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**. California residents, add 6% tax.



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Vet Voice

Continued from page 50

effects" resulting from our contact with the herbicides. Rep. Tom Daschle disputed the report and Rep. Edgar of Pennsylvania is considering having the House Veterans Affairs Committee conduct investigative hearings into the air force's findings.

GOOD NEWS: — Rep. Don Edwards (Dem.-Calif.) recently spent a week in Vietnam. He came back to report that he had seen an incredible number of cancer cases, birth defects, and other ills associated with the herbicides we used there. He also reported that he saw terrain over which we'd sprayed Agent Orange and the other herbicides, and that that land is no longer lush jungle. Edwards described the areas as having only "sickly grasses" and tree trunks without foliage. He further said, "There is apparently no animal life, other than rodents, whose natural enemies have disappeared."

Rep. Edwards, a ranking member of the House Veterans Affairs Committee, has announced his intention of pushing for the United

States to spearhead an international team of scientists to conduct studies in Vietnam. Their purpose will be to get to the bottom of the Agent Orange link to the diseases that both the Vietnamese and we vets have experienced. He's suggested that both the World Health Organization (WHO) and the United Nations Development Program, among others, get involved.

So far, the Veterans of the Vietnam War organization has expressed an interest in working with Rep. Edwards in this regard. I'll

let you know later if anything develops. Damn, that's a whole lot of shit goin' down. I hope to hell you guys are getting informed by all this.

By the way, a short while back I referred you guys to a previous issue for the address of a Vietnam vets MC, but as it turned out, *Easyriders* didn't print the address. (Fuckin' confusion!) Anyhow, I dug it up and here it is:
**Vietnam Veterans Motorcycle Club
Wisconsin Chapter
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Now, that's just the Wisconsin chapter. Drop 'em a line and ask about the national HQ or other chapters. I'm sure the bros there are ready to help.

As a Vietnam vet, when I read the letter from "The Bandit Nomad," I wanted to puke. This dipshit will never understand that if you play, you gotta pay. The idea that the only people you have to be straight with is riders or bros is bullshit! My idea is that if you are straight with a person, he will be a bro. This shitfucker sounds like he is goin' right out to freedom and do it again! Why?

Be straight and it will come back.

[Can't give ya a name for this one. Not due to a lack of guts on his part or mine, I just can't read the friggin' thing, but I think it's Steve something.]

I was with the 101st Airborne, 1st Bde., 42nd Dog Div. Tell 'em about us LRRPs who went into Cambodia and Laos, and how some of us never made it back, but were listed as MIA because the muthafuckers couldn't say we were in Laos or Cambodia, because we weren't supposed to be there.

I remember collecting ears and fingers for a case of beer. . . Can't write anymore 'cause it hurts and it don't matter to those political muthafuckers anyway.

God bless ya, bro!
 [No name given]
 Oceanview, N.J.

[Hey, God bless you, too, bro. Yeah, I remember LRRPs, and we'll get the stories out sooner or later. But for now, do me a favor — lighten up on yourself, friend. Don't let all that shit make you just another statistic, please.] ■

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Downtime

Continued from page 51

Uh-Huh/John Cougar Mellencamp: John Cougar had a problem, and I'm not talking about the fact that he was unhappy with his showbiz monicker of Cougar and wanted to use his given name, Mellencamp. No, the real problem was what to do as a follow-up to 1982's smash release, *American Fool*, a record that went platinum three times over, making it the best-selling record of that year.

It took almost two years for Mellencamp to answer the question of how he would follow up such a chart-buster, and the result is *Uh-Huh*, a good album, but also something of a disappointment. Mellencamp's critics like to put down his music as a sort of diluted Bruce Springsteen. Now, Cougar...er, Mellencamp... stoutly rejects such comparisons, and when he's interviewed he always stresses that he's no Rock Guru, but just a down-home, blue-collar, good ol' boy. Aw, shucks.

Still, listening to *Uh-Huh*, you have to wonder whether Mellencamp isn't feeling the pressure of those Springsteen comparisons, the

pressure to write stuff with "significance." That seems the only logical explanation for why he saddled some of the record's house-rockers with such thin, unfocused lyrics.

Using liberal Biblical references, he seems to seek some prophetic tone, but it just doesn't work. For example, from "Warmer Place to Sleep": *Well, I've seen the heart of*



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darkness/Read the writing on the wall/And the voice out in the desert/Was the voice out in the hall/And once he called me Abel/And once he called me Cain/And for forty days and forty nights I slept out in the rain. It goes on like that.

Cougar... Mellencamp, that is... Wait a minute, I'm tired of this shit. Before I say anything more about this record, I want to get something off my chest: I'm fed up with this Cougar/Mellencamp business. In interviews and press releases, Mellencamp has said that the name Johnny Cougar was forced on him years ago by management as a condition for recording his first album. Always unhappy with the phony name, Mellencamp said he wanted to return to his real one. Except, does he or not? He retains the Cougar like an umbilical cord to the past, lest people who knew him by that name think it's somebody else.

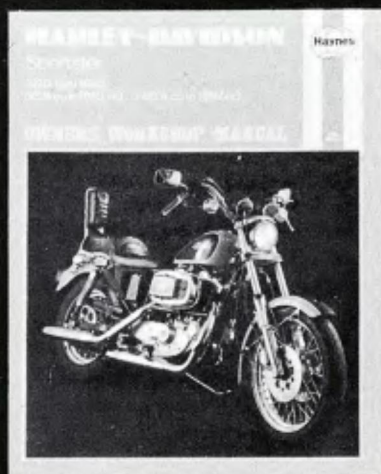
But if Mellencamp is on such a big honesty and sincerity trip, why doesn't he just abandon the Cougar and not look back? Instead, in a sort of split-personality uncertainty, he drags the name around like a security blanket he's ashamed of — even to the point of putting quotation marks around it in the songwriters' credits. C'mon, John — shit or get off the pot. Personally, I don't give a damn what he calls himself; the whole business is about as interesting as discussing what happened to Michael Jackson's other glove. I like Mellencamp's music, and he seems an all-right sort of guy, but I wish he'd pick one name or the other and

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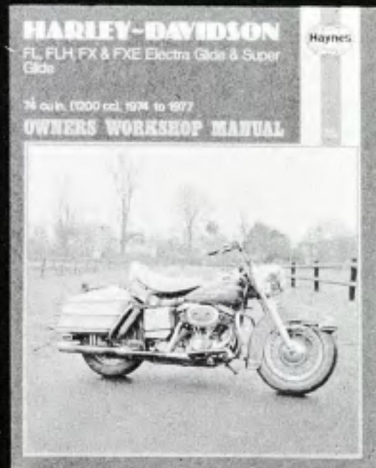
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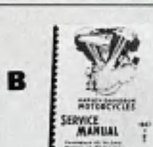
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stop working so hard at convincing us that he's just plain folks.

Of course, some songs echo the Stones influence more successfully than others. Among the better is "Authority Song," a real foot-stomper that makes you want to jump up and dance your ass off. The chorus — "I fight authority. Authority always wins" — brings back memories of Bobby Fuller's immortal "I fought the law and the law won," although the Fuller tune makes more sense than Mellen-camp's murky song praising rebellion. Nevertheless, the tune is a bona fide finger-poppin' ass-kicker, so you can forgive a lot when it comes to the lyrics.

Perhaps the best cut on the album is "Pink Houses." You may have seen the video of this one, featuring Mellencamp exuberantly dancing around in the fields and dirt roads of his home state, Indiana. The song is both catchy and well-written, offering Mellencamp's earthy picture of America that is simultaneously both critical and hopeful. Maybe none of us are going to grow up to be President like that bullshit story they told us, but America's still the best country in the world.

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satire done as a cha-cha. Moreover, Mellencamp runs into a heap of trouble when he tries to sing falsetto, hitting a couple of sour notes that curdled the milk in my refrigerator, twenty feet away from the stereo. This tune should have wound up on the editing room floor, if not in the studio toilet.

I guess I've come down pretty hard on this record, but that's due more to my high expectations than to anything really terrible about the music. Actually, I like the album, but it grows old fast. Mellencamp will probably cull another couple of hits from **Uh-Huh**, and justly so. But the record is only a partial success, and in my opinion Mellencamp would do better to stick to slice-of-life images of breadbasket America and shy away from trying to tell us how the cow ate the cabbage and other such weighty matters. There are too many musical philosophers in rock already, as it is.

In case there's any lingering doubt that I do indeed like Mellencamp in spite of this lukewarm review, let me mention the pictures on the record sleeve. Many of these photos were taken while he and the band ate lunch on a table set up in the muck and mire of a pigpen. (By the way, I think he blew it when he failed to call the album **Picnic in a Pigsty** instead of **Uh-Huh**, which strikes me as a dumb title.) In one of these shots, Mellencamp pretends to be fucking an enormous porker, its front legs resting on the picnic table as our boy holds its rump and grins from behind. Anybody who'll release to the world a photo of himself fucking a pig is all right in my book. ■

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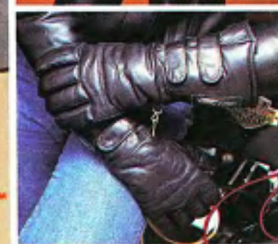
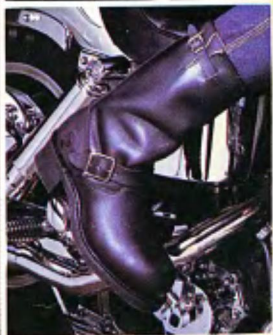
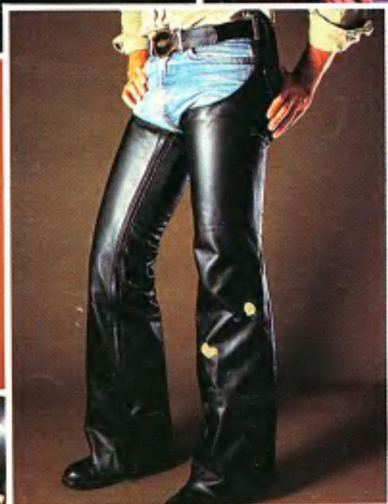
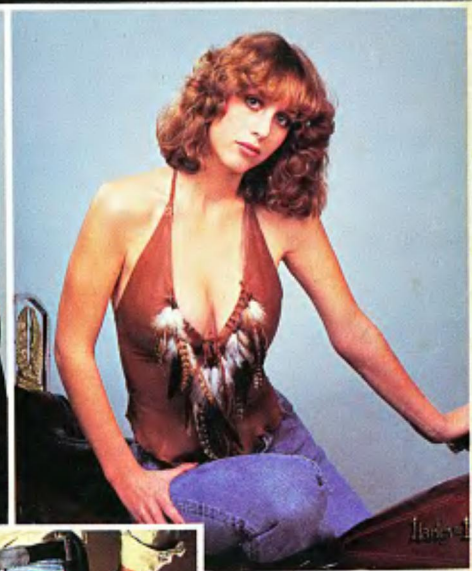
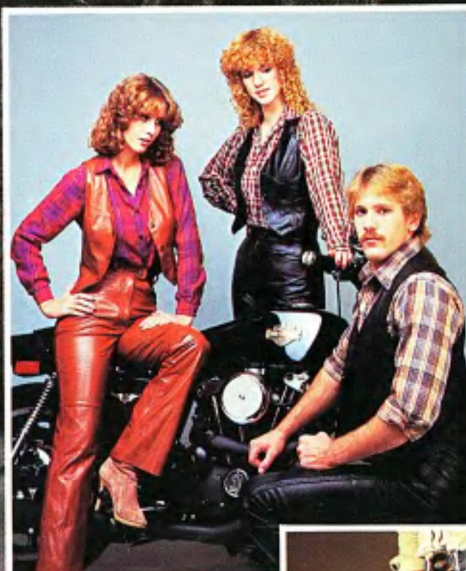
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