

Easyriders®

\$2.95
August 1984

**Should Motorcycling
Be In The Olympics?**

Trouble With Twats

Eight Feature Bikes

***Harley Evolution
Engine Winner!***

**Buns! Buns!
Beautiful Buns!**

Tattoo Show





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Easyriders

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Audited Paid

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 31st.

Cover photo of Debby and Hot Rod by Pete Chiodo



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by **MAC**



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Okay, Rufus (my dog), shape up and quit lickin' your balls. I got a job for ya. There's a dude in Massachusetts who trains dogs to find house termites and rents 'em out. I don't know how he does it—but it beats sniffin' a bitch's encrusted asshole, doesn't it? It doesn't?

There're a few turds out there claiming they're me. Well, I'm gonna tell you a secret that will trip them up. The real Spider (me) has a turd tattooed on his upper left arm and his real first name on his right wrist. Besides that, he's 6'3" and very hairy. So, if anyone else claims he's Spider from Easyriders, give 'im five in the gonads.

Now, you ain't gonna believe this. There's a church in Italy that worships the foreskin of Christ! But would you believe some lowlife (probably a biker—they're accused of everything) ripped it off? How do they know it was Christ's? Hell, I don't know. I didn't even know he'd been circumcised. (No one tells me anything.)

Here's a real bad guy. He goes in to stick up the bank, but gets so rattled that he faints—and gets caught. If he'd succeeded, he would've run out to his car only to find that he'd locked his keys inside.

Another bank robber, wearing a bright-red T-shirt, red jacket, and bright-blue jeans with a chain and lock for a belt, plus a black patch over one eye, crawled across the bank's floor on his hands and knees. He stuck up the bank, ran out, and gave all the loot to the first traffic officer he came to. (No comment.)

Someone's always comin' up with ways to fuck up our good times. Now they claim extra tight pants on chicks can hurt them—squeeze a nerve or some shit. But tight pants are worth it to women—nothin' nicer than a plump woman's ass.

He got out of his car to dump some trash, but he left the cage in reverse. The opened door knocked him to the ground and the car continued backward. It kept going in a circle and ran over him three times before it stopped. Some days you should just stay in bed.

Once again a biker is snuffed and the chick got off scot-free. They came out of a bar. The chick threatened her ol' man. He got on his bike and she got into

a car, whereupon she ran into his bike, knocking him to the ground, running over him, and killing him. But they let her plead guilty to reckless homicide, not murder one. And get this—she got a suspended sentence! What the hell—it was only a biker, right? Right!

Now, here's another bank robbery you'll find hard to believe. The dude stuck up a bank, ran outside, and quickly jumped into the first cab he saw. Surprise, surprise—he found himself locked into the back seat of a cop car. (He was arrested.)

There's a new male contraceptive that dudes are supposed to rub on their abdomens, buttocks, and cranks, but they've discovered a flaw in it. Don't ask me how, but for some reason it makes the females grow moustaches.

The dude was escaping from a holdup and jumped into a car, promising the driver he'd give him some dope at the end of the ride. When the dude was about to get out of the car, he gave the driver some Valiums, whereupon the driver, an off-duty policeman, busted him.

In Peking, China, a recent crackdown on pornography, netted a young photographer. He was executed last month for taking photos of nude women. The person who sent the clipping to me asked, "Shit, what do you suppose they did to the women?"

Two dudes in a prison lost hundreds of dollars' worth of TV and stereo equipment, radios, alarm clocks, and a gold watch when they were ripped off by two gunmen. One of the dudes said, "Shit, if you're not safe from armed robbery in a prison, where are you?"

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



W R D M O N G E R

Hal will be deeply missed.
Wizard
Cincinnati, Ohio

American-Made

Just received a pair of your Nasty Feet boots and must say they're a great fuckin' pair of boots. But there's another reason for their being great. These boots are union-made by American shoe workers.

Brad Steeze
Edmonton, Alberta

Like It

"Going Down" in the June '84 issue is one of the best things you've ever printed. Not only has T.M. obviously been there, but she sounds like an ol' lady you could trust at your back. Pay no attention to the jerks who'll hate it and her because of gender. It's the heart that counts. Buy more from T.M. Nice to see something by someone without an attitude problem. Keep the shiny side up.

Gingerman
Dayton, Ohio

Dave Mann

Why don't you print a picture of Dave Mann himself? Does he look as good as he draws?

P. Martinez
Jacksonville, Fla.

He draws better, if you ask me.



Centerspread

When I saw that broken taillight on the VW in the June centerspread, I laughed my ass off.

G.M.
Portage, Mich.

Laughed

I thought "Anything For A Friend" (March '84) was one fucking funny story. I laughed for five minutes.

Wildman
No. Highland, Calif.

"Tank"

After all the fucking movies I've seen in the past

Slave Market

Your story "Slave Market" (May '84) disappointed a lot of us. Being crippled is not losing a limb. It is withdrawal from normal mental functions that makes one crippled. A desire to "drop out" of society and being labeled in any way, shape, or form as being "inadequate" is crippling in itself.

Hank and Rammin' Ron
Tulsa, Okla.

Color Green

What the fuck is so bad about a green Harley?

T.J. Green
Helmuth, N.Y.

Spider says he's had a thing against the color green since drag racing days and the Bonneville Salt Flats when it was considered an unlucky color.

Never Printed

I doubt if this gets printed. Nothing from bros in Orlando ever does.

Dutch
Orlando, Fla.

Texas Prison

Bros in the Texas Department of Corrections who are thinking of ordering "Binders Plus" shouldn't. It's a good deal and great reading material, but the binders themselves are considered contraband.

Yankee
Huntsville, Tex.

Ol' Lady of The Year

Looks like we're going to have to stuff the ballot box next year in order to get a decent winner.

P. Pokorski
Allen Park, Mich.

You really fucked up this time, Spider. You should have your raisin pie filled with camel shit for a year.

Spike, Rabbit, and Elmo
Leavenworth, Kan.

I have to write to give you guys some credit. I just

received my May '84 issue and you really outdid yourselves. You got a real winner with Lynette.

Mac
Marksville, La.

If that's your idea of a winner, I wanna see what your ol' lady looks like.

Needle's Ol' Lady
Kenosha, Wis.

We didn't pick the winner — you readers did.

Hal Robinson, R.I.P.

I am really sorry about the untimely death of Hal Robinson. Although I never met him, I feel that I have lost a close, personal friend. *Easyriders* will never be the same without his talent.

Erich Thompson
La Habra, Calif.

Amen.

Man, I just got my *Easyriders* this morning, and I was flippin' through it when I saw that Hal Robinson had died. Well, shit, I didn't know what to think or say. It was like reading that some of my kin-folk had died. I mean, Robinson came into my home every month like a visiting bro — and no matter how fucked up my month had been, he never failed to have me roaring with laughter.

I've always wanted to be a cartoonist, but I lack the basic thing: talent. I always wished I had half his talent, and to know that talented pen is still makes the world a little darker and sadder. But I'm sure he wouldn't want us to go around dragging our dicks in the dirt, so I'm going to remember all the happiness he gave me and others.

So, Hal Robinson, ride on in Harley Heaven till we can be together and share more solid laughs.

Elmer Lee Ward, Jr.
Colorado City, Tex.

When I saw the farewell headline on the cover, I got

worried. When I saw it was for Robinson, I cried.

Face
Garland, Tex.

Just read the obit on Hal Robinson. I haven't felt this bad since some fucker ripped off my Wide Glide back in '81. My heartfelt sympathy goes out to the family and bros of this talented artist. Whatda-fuck will it be like without Red Rider?

Joe Haggard
Atoka, Okla.

Hal: Ride in the sky; Your drawings weren't a lie. The work everyone would buy is now stopped, and we ask why.

Sonny L. Zickefoose
Pendleton, Ind.

I was deeply saddened to hear of the death of one of the most talented artists around, Hal Robinson.

As with any individual whose work we've enjoyed and admired for so long, word of his passing is hard to accept. It grieves us all.

Through the years we've seen his work for *Easyriders* grow. The amount of painstaking detail that was his trademark became more and more unbelievable. Hal Robinson was truly a master with pen and ink.

When a brother leaves us, we are saddened. The sorrow is even greater when the brother was a man whose talent was enjoyed by so many.

It's hard to imagine *Easyriders* without Robinson. We are fortunate to have had an artist who devoted his talent to expressing our lifestyle with such skill and humor. And we are fortunate to have *Easyriders*, a magazine devoted to keeping our lifestyle alive.

Robinson's work was more than original. It was unique. Hal was so loved and admired because, with tongue in cheek and pen in hand, he drew caricatures of us all.

few years, I finally found one that showed bikers in the right light, doing something that the average citizen wanted to do but didn't know how. "Tank" is a damned good flick.

Elton Portlock
Abilene, Tex.

Daytona

□ I was sitting at a local greasy spoon, having a cup of mornin' mud. And whilst flippin' through a rag of yours, I thought — with a smile — that year after year, I check out all the righteous scoots during Bike Week here in Daytona where I reside and frequently come up with the conclusion: Wow, I've seen a lot of them first in *Easyriders*.

Y'all got a good thing goin'.
Keep it up for us!

J.R.

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Boozefighters

□ I happened upon this very interesting news tip and thought that maybe you or another editorial writer might wish to run the story.

"The Great American Race" is scheduled to begin May 17 at Universal Studios. It's a cross-country race for vehicles from 1900 to 1936. There are three motorcycles entered. The top entrants are two old Boozefighters, John Cameron and Lance Tidwell, riding their pair of JD Harley Flexis. They each paid a \$5000 entrance fee to this grueling race that offers a grand prize of \$100,000.

These two good ol' guys deserve a little more recognition by everyone's favorite magazine.

Paul de Sailles

No. Hollywood, Calif.

Another Bitch

□ I'm stuck on this rock they call Okinawa with no weed, no pussy (except for these liberated Air Force cunts who look like dog shit with hairy nipples), one fuckin' TV channel, a hardon, Jap bikes, and I just found out today that they're sending me to North Dakota in January to freeze my balls off. With a little luck, my dick would turn into a gun and I'd blow my head off!

R.C.

Okinawa, Japan

■ What's wrong with hairy tits? You should see Mutha's.

A Bet

□ My bro's ol' lady bet me a piece of ass that you wouldn't put Spider's pic in your rag, so print it and get me laid.

Chris Fatzie

Center Moriches, N.Y.

■ It's in every issue.

Whatdafuck?

□ After going down on my bike and breaking my leg in three places, some straight people are shocked that I'm going to keep riding after I'm healed.

The answer is simple: If you had VD, would you quit fuckin' forever?

Murd

Pitcairn, Pa.

Solari Again

□ Solari, let me say that the use of profanity to make a point is nothing more than an example of a mind that can think of no more intelligent way to build an argument. Had you indeed had a case to present, there is no reason why you need call your adversaries "cocksuckers." The facts, remarkably absent in your presentation, would have spoken for themselves.

M.E. Turner

Providence Forge, Va.

□ Just finished reading Solari's "Grenada vs. Press vs. Brains" (May '84). All I can say is right on, bro. No one could've said it better. It made me laugh my ass off. Solari's certainly come a long way since he was wearing those fuckin' Mickey Mouse ears in Disneyland.

Fish

Trevor, Wis.

Shows Ya

□ I was reading through the June '84 issue of your rag when I came to your feature on Fabian's scooter, "Built From Scratch." This is a helluva nice machine, except for one big fuck-up on the builder's part. In the two-page shot of his bike at the beginning of the article, sticking out like a sore dick, is the word "Japan" stamped on the lower end of the front left fork.

Kind of shows where the good ol' U.S.A. has been headed, doesn't it?

W.J.S.

Otley, Iowa

Response to Paul

□ This is to Paul of West Australia (April '84), who was

tellin' chicks to "consider themselves lucky enough to have cunts 'cause if they didn't, guys wouldn't even talk to them."

Paul, consider yourself lucky enough to have been born with a small brain (probably a small dick, too). But I guess a small one is better than nothing at all. Paul, kindly screw yourself!

Seka

Kansas City, Mo.

Tough Law

□ To get an Australian learner's license (learner's, mind ya — so you can learn how to ride), ya have to do a test that includes slow riding and a test where you have to roar along a course and lock up both yer fuckin' wheels. Then ya wait a week and do a written test. Then ya wait another week and do another written test. Then in three months you can go for your probationary license.

A while back I got caught speeding and because I'd only had my license for a bit over two years, I automatically lost it and have to start all over again with a learner's license.

Sir Scunge

Victoria, Australia

Bike Show

□ We bros doing time in this burg need help. We need help from any and all bros and sisters in and around the Green Bay area to help us organize a bike show. So, all you bros and sisters out there in Wisconsin, help shine some light on us downed tramps.

Ray "Roach" Norris
Green Bay, Wis.

Tech Tip

□ A few months back there seemed to be a question on what to lube a tire with — grease, WD-40, etc. — to ease assembly. Dish soap is good, if ya ain't got rubber lube.

Anyhow, it brought to mind a possible tech tip. A lot of folks run tube tires, but most of 'em don't powder the inside of the tire before they put a tube in.

Your tech writer can explain better than me about tire and tube heat incurred by roll and flex and chafing against each other. The next thing you know, the sucker is flat.

Being the cheap fuck that I am, I steal my rugrat's baby

powder. Don't laugh, it works. Don't cost shit and makes yer fingers smell nice till ya wipe yer butt.

Maybe you could take a picture of a container of Johnson & Johnson for bros with no kids.

Tim

Beaver Dam, Wis.

Toy Run

□ Please settle a bet for me. A real good (and I mean good) friend of mine says there is no such thing as a "Toy Run" held yearly by the Hells Angels from different chapters. I'm from L.A. and know there is one held there every year at Christmas time for the needy little ones. Will you help us out on this one, so I can sit on his face!

Wild Heart

Fresno, Calif.

■ There is a yearly run, only it's sponsored by the MMA. Almost all clubs support it.

A Fact

□ I've been reading *Best Biker Fiction #1* and just finished the story "Death of A Chopper." It's a hell of a story! But it might not be too far out of line.

This morning I heard on the radio that New Jersey has accepted a plan to sell only unleaded gas by the year 1986.

This afternoon on the radio I heard they had designed an electric car that will go 90 miles before having to recharge the batteries. It comes out to only 2½ cents a mile for fuel — and no air pollution.

So we'd better get our shit together and keep a fiction story from becoming a fact.

Rod Baker

Carlstadt, N.J.

Thanks A Lot!

□ Whatdafuck! Not only do we guys in Canada pay wild prices for subbing to your mag, but now we can't even enter the fucking sweepstakes. Why not?

Pat

Ashern, Manitoba

■ Your Canadian lawmakers wouldn't cut us any slack.

Likes Mag

□ In all my years of crawlin', fallin', walkin', staggerin', stumblin', mumblin', drinkin', fuckin' up, being held down, put down, brought down,

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locked down, bummed out,
worn out, thrown out, yelled
at, pointed at, aimed at,
abused, confused, accused,
and often amused times, I
have never ever read a rag
like *Easyriders*.

Of all the jokes I've read on
outhouse walls, subway
walls, shopping malls, shit-
house stalls, and jailhouse
walls, I've never pissed my-
self more than over the jokes
I've read in *Easyriders*.

I've seen some of the most
heehaw, yahoo, wild, crazy,
fucked up, drunk up, big
baboons, hairy goons, one
percenters, none percenters,
inlaws, outlaws, foxiest big-
titted, little-titted, fat-assed,
tight-assed, badassed
bitches, some with red nip-
ples, brown nipples, round
nipples, nipples the size of a
microdot acid to nipples the
size of a Frisbee, broads you
might find in *Penthouse* or
Hustler, *Alligator Wrestler's*
Manual or *Ripley's Believe It*
Or Not.

I've seen some of the most
ratty, dirty knuckles, pans,
shovels, flatties to ever putt
down the highway and some
of the meanest, cleanest,
most righteous Harleys to be
seen in your "Wind" pictures.

I think that sums up your
magazine cover to cover.

Pit Bull Breath
Toronto, Ontario

Raisin Pie

Here's some top-notch
info on raisin pie, taken from
The Desert Sun Newspaper
of Palm Springs, California.

- 2 C. raisins
- 1 C. orange juice
- 1 C. water
- 1/2 C. sugar
- 2 Tbs. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 Tbs. lemon juice

Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie
Beaten egg and sugar, for
glaze

In saucepan, combine rais-
ins, orange juice and water;
bring to boil. Reduce heat;
simmer 5 minutes. Combine
sugar, cornstarch and all-
spice; stir into raisin mixture.
Cook and stir over medium
heat until thickened, about
one minute. Remove from
heat; stir in nuts and lemon
juice. Cool 10 minutes; pour
into pastry-lined pie plate.
Cover with top crust, seal and
flute edges.

Cut leaves from leftover
pastry to decorate top of pie,
if desired. Cut slits for
steam. Brush with beaten
egg; sprinkle generously
with sugar. Bake in 425-
degree oven for 10 minutes.

Reduce heat to 375 degrees
and continue baking 25 to 30
minutes, until filling is bubbly
and crust golden. Cover with
foil, as needed, to prevent
over-browning. Cool for half
an hour before slicing. Serve
warm or at room temperature
with ice cream or whipped
cream.

Steve Gessler
Rancho Mirage, Calif.

Card Collector

I'm starting a collection of
motorcycle club business
cards. I don't know if it's okay
to ask for these cards for a
collection. If it is okay, I
would appreciate it if motor-
cycle clubs in the U.S. and
other countries would send
me one of their cards. I'll
reimburse them for enve-
lopes and stamps if they put
an "X" on the back of the
envelope.

M/C Card Collector
1281 Brockett Rd., Apt. 3-D
Clarkston, GA 30021

British Bikes

I'd like to mention the
"British Biker Cooperative"
in your list of owners clubs.
We are a Milwaukee-based
co-op formed six years ago.
Our main objective is to keep
the British bike on the road.
This year on July 14 and 15,
the BBC will be having its
fourth annual "British Are
Coming" motorcycle rally in
Plymouth, Wisconsin, at the
Jaycees campground. This
year we would like to invite all
European bikers to join us.
There will be food, beer,
camping, live music, and our
third annual "Jap Bike Burn."
For more info, write us.

British Biker Cooperative
1308 N. 22nd St.
Milwaukee, WI 53205

Reason To Putt

Hell, I have to putt 28
miles to get a copy of your
rag every month. Yeah, get a
job and buy a sub, huh? Hell,
no! I wouldn't have a reason
to putt.

Gator
Stony Creek, Va.

Remove Helmets

Recently I sent this letter
to a guy in Westerville, Ohio,
who said that he had some
information about removing
helmets from injured persons
the right way without injuring
them any further. Hell, I
thought that was something
important to know. The in-
formation was free, so that's
cool. A few weeks later I get
this big envelope back from
him. I was kinda eager to see
what I could learn, being that

I live in Florida, a helmet
state, and these damn people
over here are always running
our brothers and sisters off
the road. Opened it up. What
was this shit? Nothing about
removing helmets — just
some shit about joining AMA
and some shit on Jap
bikes — just what the hell I
wanted!

Little Feather
Ormond Beach, Fla.

2¢ Worth

I would like to add my 2¢
worth to P.T., from Honolulu
Hawaii (March '84).

I, as a fellow sister in the
wind with a '50 pan and an ol'
man, found this to be true. I
ever there comes a situation
of pickin' that scoot up, you
will be able to do it whether
you are 5'2" or 5'9", 97 lbs. or
155 lbs. Strength will come
naturally. This does not
mean you should kick the
scoot over just to see if you
can pick it up.

As for me, I find I'm having
trouble with the fixin' part.
After all, if we want to ride
'em, we have to know how to
polish 'em, push 'em, fix 'em
and even pick 'em up. It's all
part of ridin' 'em.

Finger's Ol' Lady
Justice, III.

Puzzled

This is to the person who
did the puzzle in June's mag.
Was wondering where the
words "tits" and "vines" were.
Not raggin', just wonderin'.
Just thought you might let
me know where they are.
Don't think Spider's been
smokin'.

Sherri
Menasha, Wis.

It's a fuckup — a typo that
should have been caught.

Misery, Misery

I'm sittin' here with a bad
case of bronchitis, reading
your dumb magazine, and I
just wanted to let ya know
that your damn jokes made
me laugh, which, consider-
ing the bronchitis, didn't feel
too hot.

Van Zant
Van Nuys, Calif.

Mag Fucked Over

In your May issue, the let-
ter from the inmates at Buck-
ingham really pissed me off.
I've done time and have seen
the enjoyment the guys get
out of reading *Easyriders* —
not just for the ladies, but for
the stories, the questions
and, of course, the bikes.
really can't see how the hel-
the Virginia Corrections can

stop letting *Easyriders* be received because of a couple of photos that aren't very explicit. *Easyriders* lets the guys forget where they are for a while and forget their problems. I also wrote to all three of the big shots in Virginia.

Well, you guys at Buckingham, fight like hell to keep *Easyriders* coming.

Boom Boom
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

□ Just thought I'd send the following farce (memo to me from the warden) along to you people to read. I just can't believe these pussy bastards. Obscenity, bullshit! You can have *Playboy* or *Hustler*, but not a motorcycle magazine here. You ain't got enough pussy in the mag to qualify as obscene.

I wish you'd publish this muthafucker just to show these fuckers what assholes they are! I really miss the shit out of your mag.

"I am in receipt of your letter of April 5, 1984, regarding Easy Rider (sic) Magazine.

"Division Guideline #852 disapproves this magazine on the basis of obscenity. This disapproval extends statewide.

"I hope this information will be beneficial to you."

R.M. Moore
Boydton, Va.

Found Out!

□ Now I know you guys are into celluloid as much as Spider's into Mutha's cellulite after seeing the videos you made. But whatdafuck! Tonight I was watching "Perry Mason" on the tube and on the credits at the end it said it was produced by Paisano Productions. Did Perry start out as a jailhouse lawyer?

Ben
St. Louis, Mo.

■ That's where we got the idea for Paisano Publications. Paisano means "countryman."

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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5 Sale \$9.95 Only \$14.95  The Classic Black metal frames, gray lenses. A \$30.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.	11 Only \$14.95 Sale \$9.95  Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. Gold frame. A \$30.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.
6 Only \$14.95 Sale \$9.95  Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.	12 Only \$14.95 Sale \$9.95  The Sportsman Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.

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HARD TIMES

Quite a few years ago this painting was sent to us, unsolicited. It was so great that we purchased it immediately, to hold onto until a story came in that the painting could illustrate. The right piece never materialized, but two office moves later Spider spotted it again and felt it was just too good to be sitting around. We got on the horn and suggested some ideas to Tex Campbell, who wrote the following story. Interestingly enough, this painting by G. Gilger was done in prison. We've lost contact with G. Gilger, but we hope he's back on the streets by now.

—Longdong

His story isn't really about me, but since I'm the one who's tellin' it, I guess I should introduce myself.

The name's Harry, though my friends in this shithole call me Wideltrack. They call me that 'cause a dozen years of eatin' high-starch slop and sittin' on my ass for most of the day in a nine-by-twelve cage made me pork up to around 270 or so. But I carry the weight pretty well, since I'm about six-four, and if you got any ideas that I'm some lardass old con, talk to some of the jerks I've put in the infirmary. I'm no trouble-maker, mind you, but anybody who calls me Wideltrack better be a friend — know what I mean?

I was 34 when they stuck me in this pigsty with a shitload of years to serve for bein' such a lousy armed robber. I'd been down before, and they really stuck it to me when I fucked up again. That was twelve years ago, so I'm headin' down the home stretch for the big five-oh.

Now, considerin' how much time you have to spend with your cell-mate, you can understand my concern when Lee Roy, my cellie for seven years, made parole. Once Lee Roy was gone, I faced the unappealing prospect of sharing this steel box with somebody I didn't know.

The new guy was a fish, serving his first time in an actual prison. He was young — not a kid, exactly, but

when you're my age, anybody under 30 seems like a kid. Quite naturally, I expected the worst.

The kid sported a Harris County Jail Special — the kind of haircut they give you in the county slammer while you're awaiting transfer to prison: hair shaved a half inch above the ears and chopped off high on the back of the neck. He nodded at me and tossed his mattress on the upper bunk without saying a word. When he'd squared away his stuff, he climbed up. I heard the springs creak a couple of times as he settled himself, then nothing.

In such close quarters, you don't have to be psychic to feel tension in

Continued on page 83

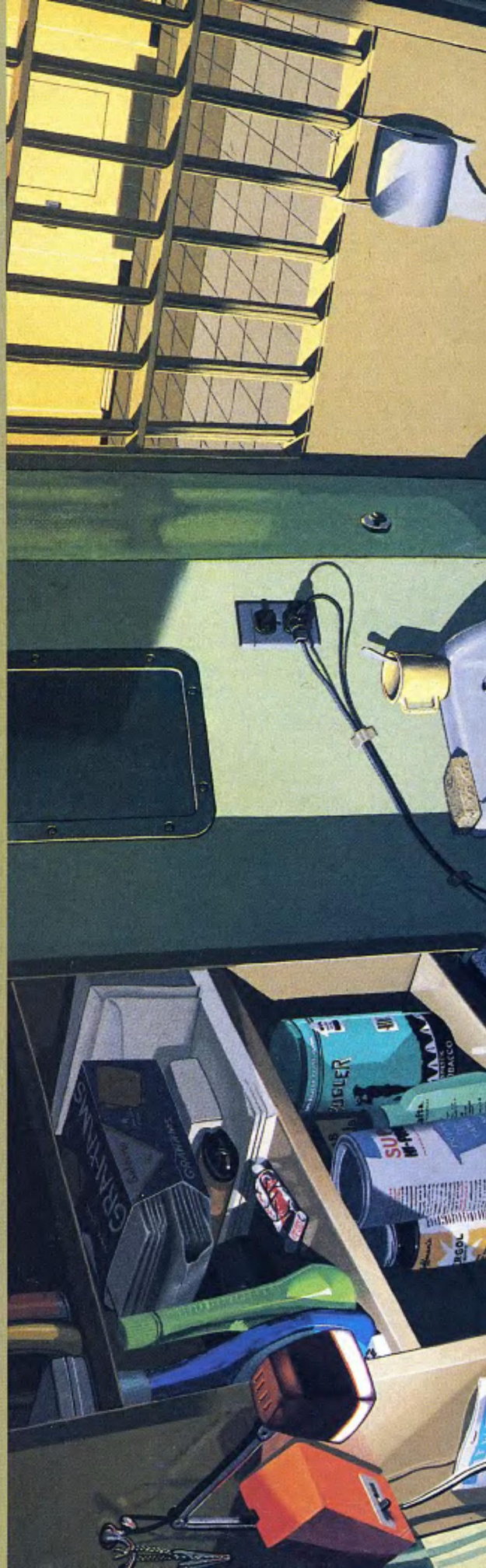


Illustration by G. Gilger



TALK ABOUT PERFECT

The parts absolutely, positively, definitely and most emphatically had to make it to Daytona on time — so, of course, the tanks took a powder.



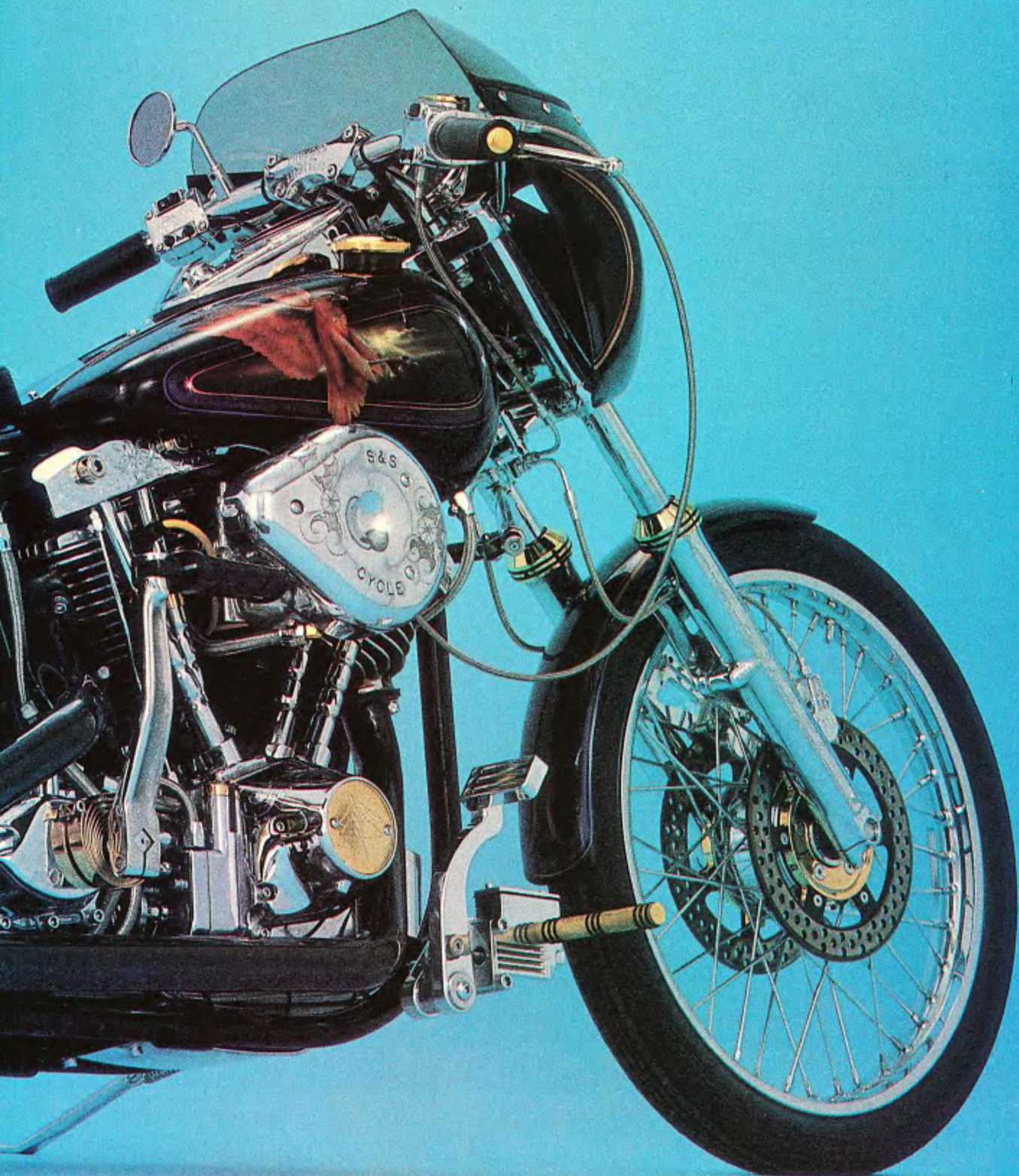
Doc was determined to get his new shovel to Daytona in as perfect a condition as if it had just been created by some genie in a bottle waving a magic wand.

"There's not gonna be a mark on it," he swore. "Not a ding, not a scratch, not a

hair off a fly's ass. It's gonna be untouched by anything except the hands that put it together. Now all I gotta do is figure out some way to get it there like that."

To most of us it didn't seem that big a problem. Finish it up, wrap it in

blankets, strap it into a trailer and take off. There'd be plenty of time for fine-tuning and riding after blowing the minds of the Daytona show judges. Like I said, it didn't seem that big a problem to us. Well, I guess we seriously under-



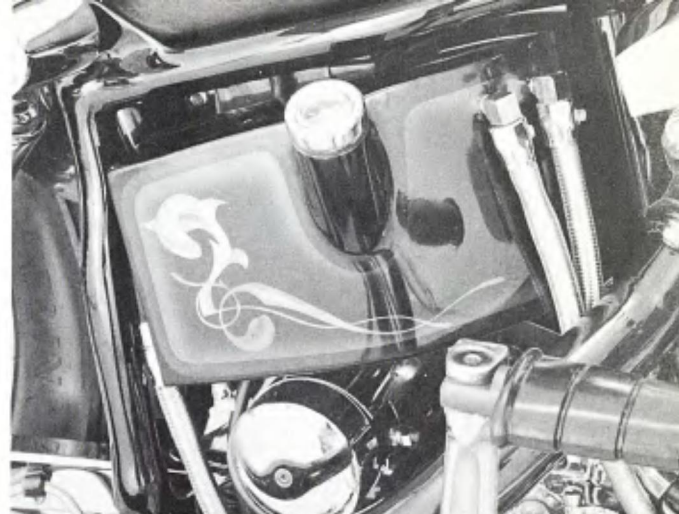
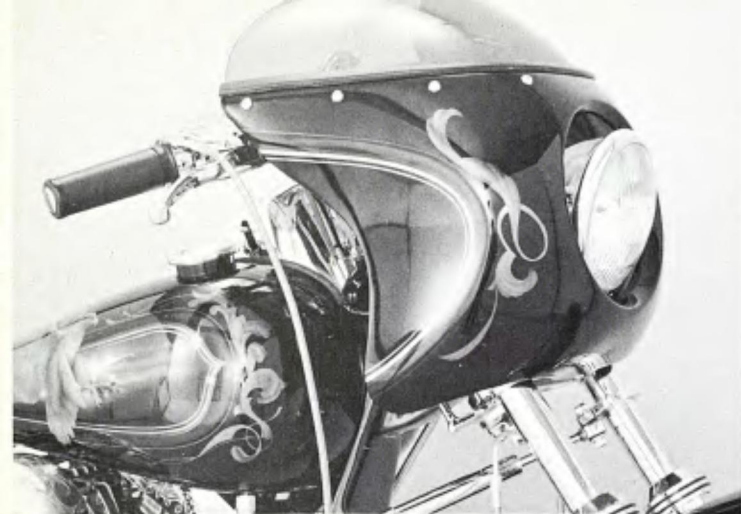


estimated Doc, though.

"What the hell!" he shrieked. "You numbnuts think I'm gonna take a bike to Daytona without startin' it up? Without seeing how it runs? Without even knowing which bolts are gonna work loose and which ain't? You all been out in the sun too long and it ain't even spring yet. I'll find some better way than that."

So he did, or it at least seemed like he did. Doc put the bike together before doin' any of the finish or decorative work. He fired it up, rode it around, did all the final tightening and adjusting, and pronounced it a primo descendant of God's own motorcycle. Then



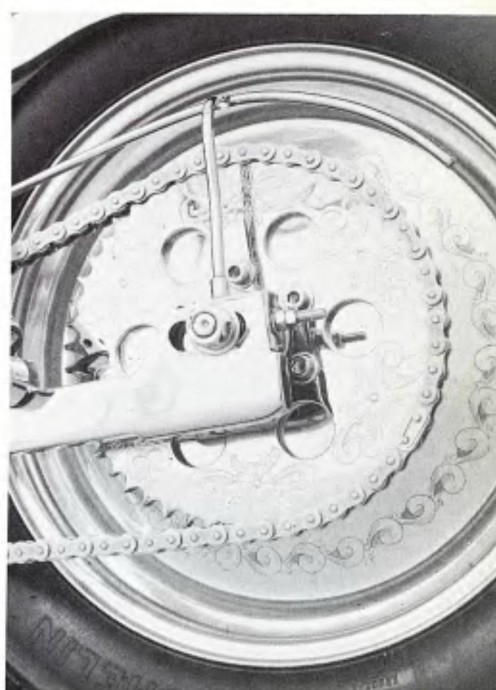
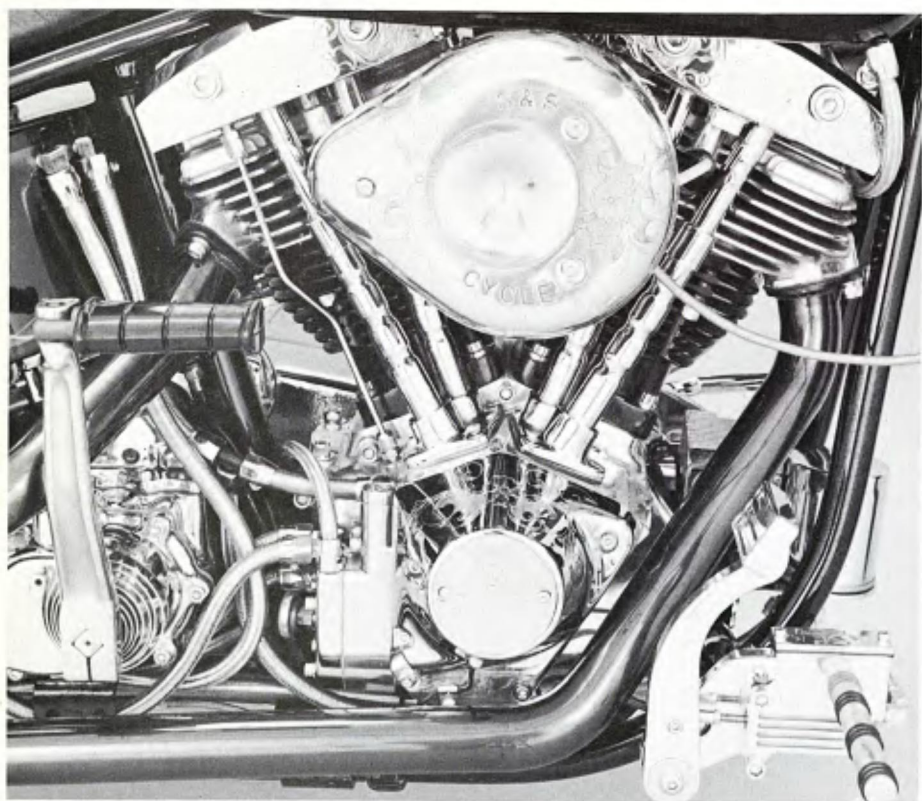


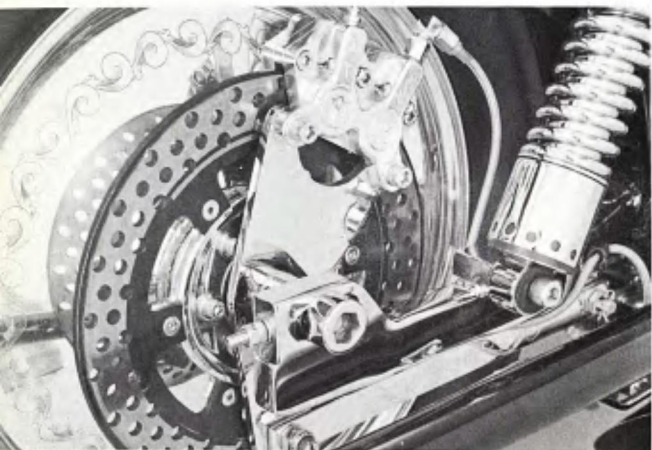
he pulled off the pipes, the tanks, and all the other accessories, and sent them out to be chromed or painted, whichever.

Unfortunately, it was time to leave for Daytona before all the parts were ready, so Doc arranged to have everything crated and shipped down to him by Federal Express just as soon as the lacquer had dried. Come the opening day of Bike Week and Doc's corneas are stretched out of shape from scanning the

skies above Daytona. His parts are due in that morning, but where the hell are they? He makes his 8000th or so call to the Federal terminal. "Damn, they've come in! Somebody unpack the wrenches, we're on our way now."

Except for one small thing. A quick count on the fingers of one hand shows that only three out of the four boxes shipped have arrived. It looks like the most important box, the one with the tanks, has really





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Doc		City: Danville, Va.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rick's Cust. Harleys		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1976 H-D		Builder: H-D/Rick Doss	
Model: FXE		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 1/2 in.	
Assembly by: Rick Doss		Stretch: none	
Time: 7 months		Other alterations: lowered seat	
Chroming by: Atlantic Coast Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1976		Risers: Lowrider	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Rick Doss	
Rebuilder: Rick Doss		Headlight: Drag Spec.	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 100 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Rick Doss	
Balancing: Rick Doss		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: clean	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: dual plugs/ported & polished		Oil tank: Drag Spec.	
Cam(s): Sifton 485		Oil system: oil cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: drag		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 3/4-in. aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1976		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Rick Doss		Hub: H-D	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Danny Warren		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black cherry		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: silver, blue and gold pearls			
Other special modifications: Engraving by Denny Hudson.			

gone south. Several thousand pulled-out hairs later, the Federal computer spits out the info that the tanks haven't gone south at all — they've gone north, to Jacksonville. Federal orders up a special flight to bring them to Daytona at no charge (guess those folks are serious about guaranteed delivery) and less than three hours later, Doc is pull-

ing 'em out of the crate and gettin' ready to mount 'em.

It had been a real hairy ride for a while, but everything wound up workin' out just like Doc hoped. He'd wanted his bike to be absolutely, positively, definitely and most emphatically cherry — and, thanks to some clever planning and a fleet of jet airplanes — it was. —Perfesser Prune

HARRY GROSS



WRITTEN BY JIM TERRELL



ASSUME THE POSITION, ASSBREATH. THERE'S A WARRANT OUT FOR YOU FOR AN OVERTIME PARKING TICKET. THAT'S A FELONY HERE IN ASHLAND, OREGON.



YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT AND TO HAVE A LAWYER PRESENT...



...AND ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN BE HELD AGAINST YOU.



TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS.



THE TROUBLE WITH TWATS

by Bob Collins

The first couple of times she complains, you're more flattered than anything else. "Damn, eight beers, three joints, and I'm still hangin' in there, humpin' like a super stud," you say to yourself.

After a while, though, you begin to realize that there's more involved than the power of your piston. The complaints persist, maybe even come more frequently. You fight it, but eventually give in, bite the bullet and do the obvious — you replace the old faithful, granite-filled p-pad with a nice cushy king-and-queen seat.

But even that don't help. The ol'

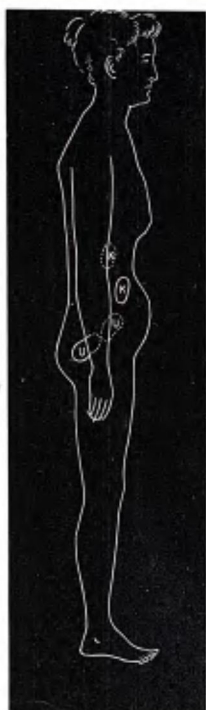
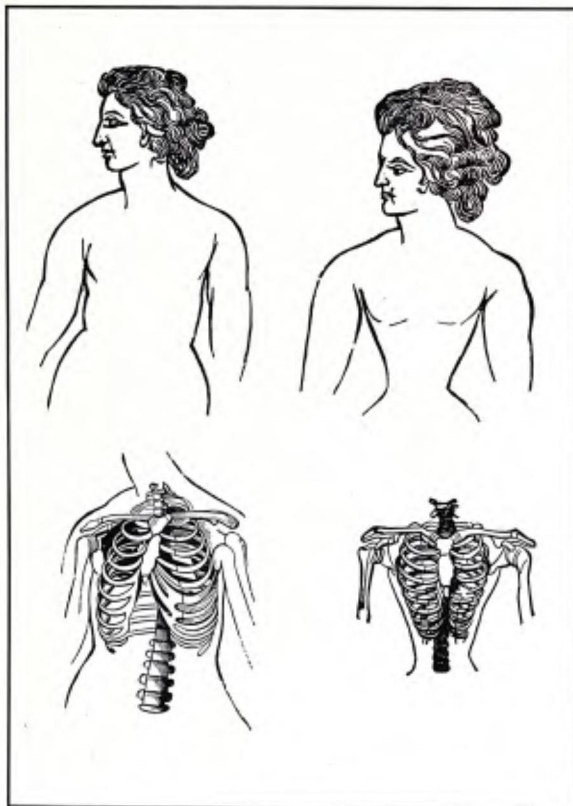
lady keeps yelping every time you put the timber to 'er and — unlike the good old days — her moans and groans are not expressions of pleasure. The pure and simple fact is that her box hurts like hell and neither of you knows why.

Next step is the sawbones' office, and guess what? He can't find anything wrong, either. Surprised? Don't be, it's a pretty common situation. Ever had an electrical problem with your bike that always showed up on the road and never reared its intermittently shorted head in the shop? It's the same way with a chick's joy box. Many physical (and

more than a few psychological) factors can cause pain during intercourse, but most of them don't become apparent except during the act itself. In other words, the sawbones would have to examine the ol' lady while he was plankin' her in order to scope out the hassle.

One of the most common discomforts women suffer during intercourse is a burning, itching and/or aching sensation caused by inadequate lubrication. (Wonder if a V-Twin feels the same way right before a bearing seizes. . .)

Most horny chicks secrete a lubricant from the **bartholin** glands,



The secretion of lubricant within the vagina is similar to the male's erection in that it is an essential physical element of intercourse and a strong indication of readiness. A woman's failure to produce lubrication can occur when she lacks affection and respect for her partner, or when she feels he lacks these feelings for her. Various types of fear can also inhibit the secretion of vaginal lubrication. A chick may fear pregnancy, pain, or her ol' man comin' home sooner than expected. She may be afraid of her own or her partner's sexual inadequacy. She may have a deep-rooted aversion to sex, stemming from some prior conditioning. She may be homosexually oriented and have no

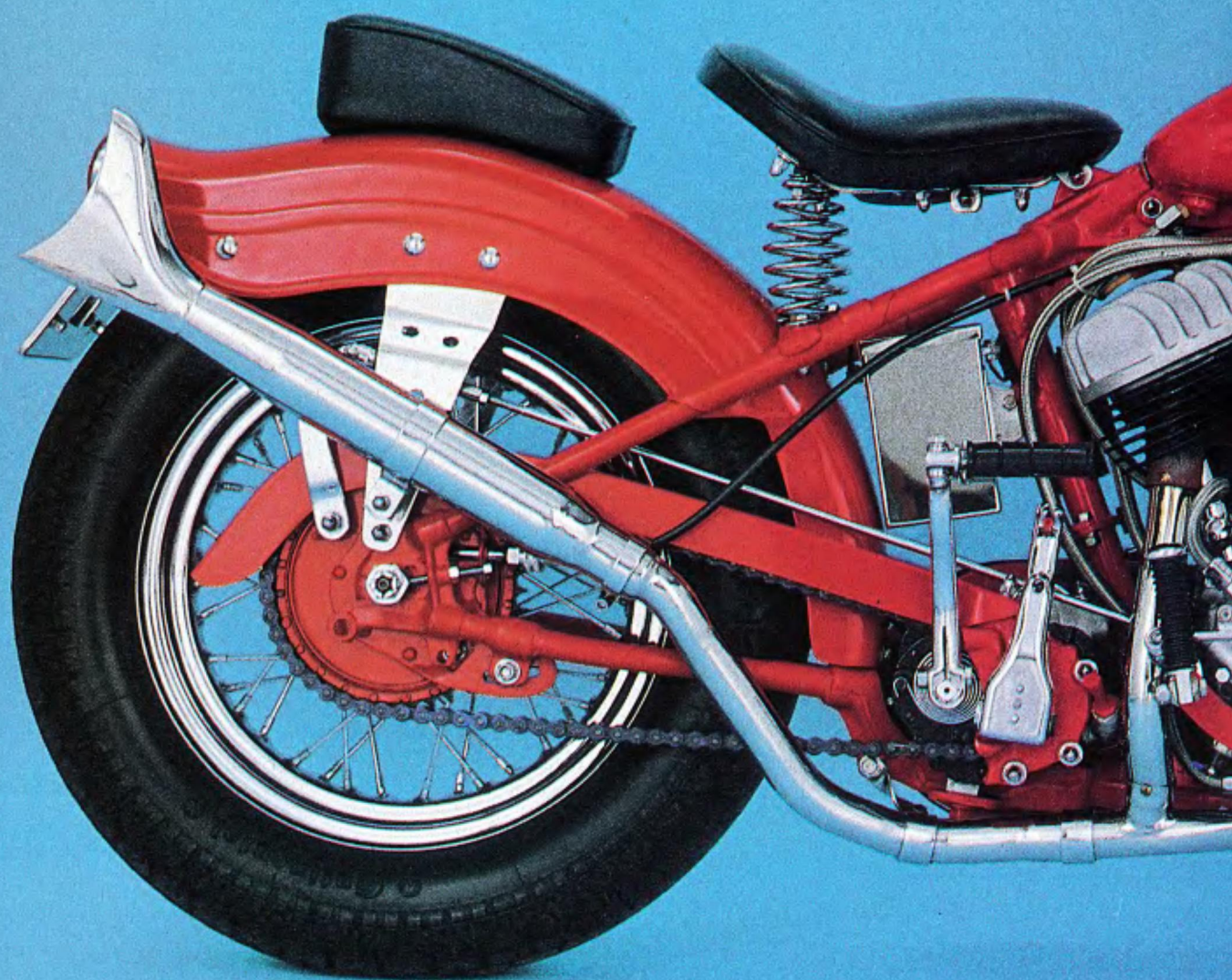
An even more common cause of vaginal burning, itching, and aching is infection. The normal acidic secretions of the vagina are a natural protection against infection.

and this acid condition must be greatly reduced for infection to take hold. Natural vaginal protection is lessened during menstruation because the blood neutralizes the acids. Douching, which is a completely unnecessary procedure, also increases the chances of infection for the same reason — it disturbs the vagina's normal acid balance.

Any woman who repeatedly suffers vaginal infections caused by colonic bacteria and denies that she regularly engages in anal sex is probably being less than truthful. Her claim can be verified by the insertion of a finger in her anus. A rectal spasm usually occurs in anyone unused to rectal intercourse, whereas someone who's been indulging in regular backdoor partyin' will automatically relax at the insertion of a finger. (Ya don't have to have a medical degree to try this test!) Any doctor *Continued on page 102*



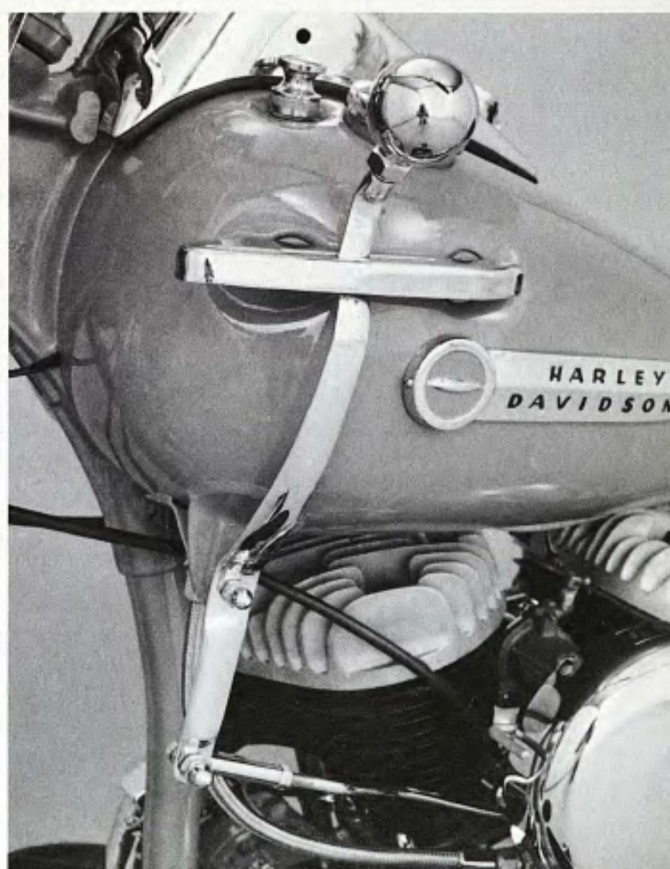
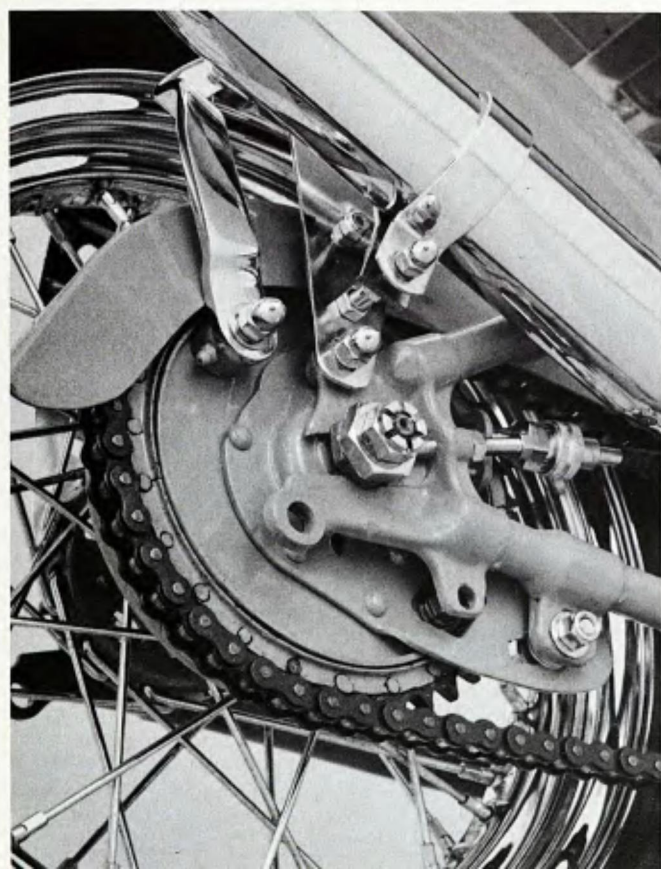
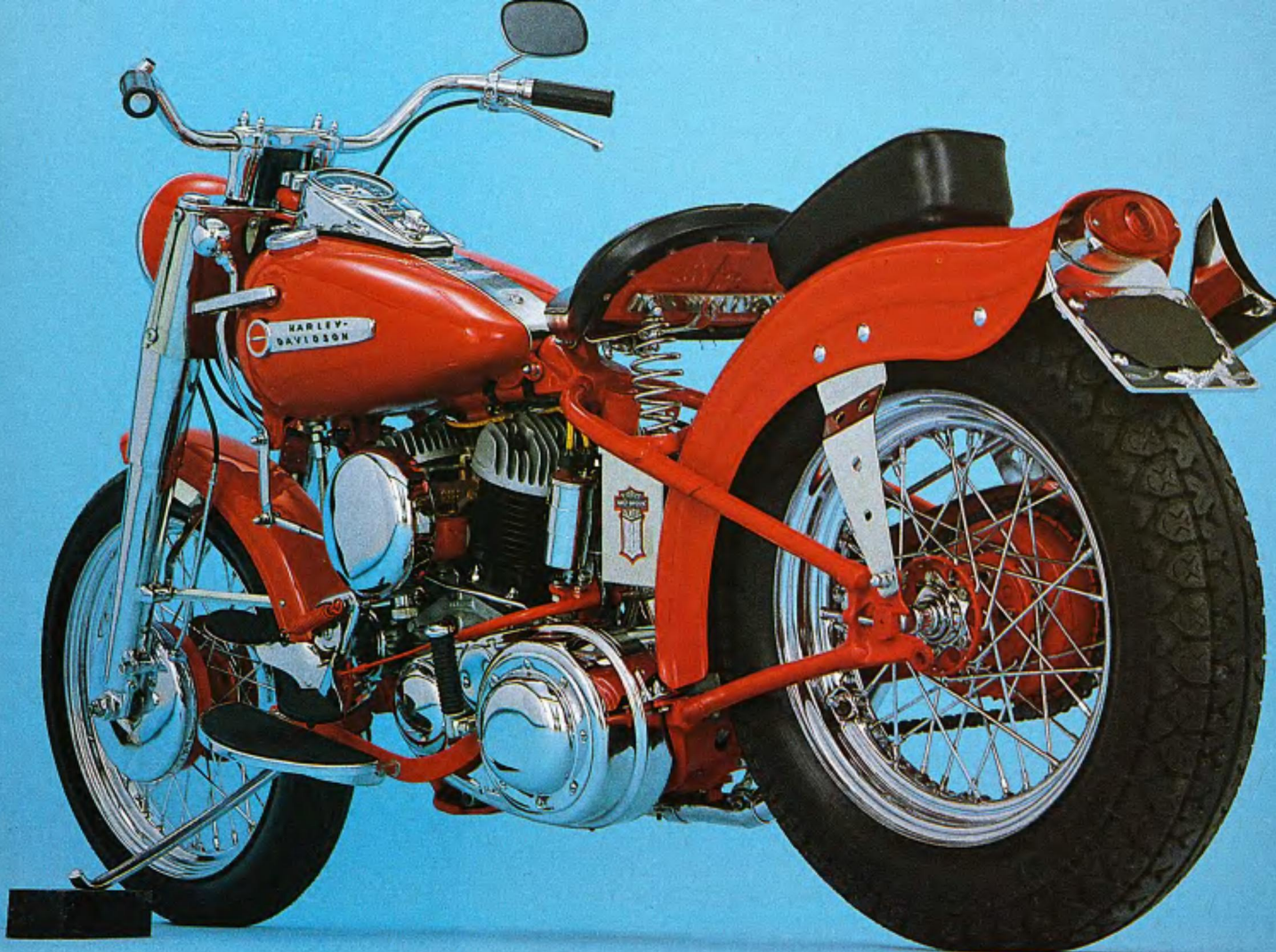
PIGEON-SHIT SPECIAL



According to this bike's owner, "Everything's red around here," including, we'd guess, the face of the dude who sold him this scooter for \$100.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, is known for several things — college coeds with chilly knees and warm pussies, a tavern with most of A.J. Foyt's old Indy racers hanging suspended from the ceiling, and the first downtown shopping mall ever built (subsequently, it attained the distinction of becoming one of the first ever destroyed when a tornado came through and leveled it a few years back). Kalamazoo is also known for winters that last at least seven months —







which gives ya a lot of time to think cycles, talk cycles, and build cycles without being distracted by those warm, beckoning breezes.

"I try to build one project every winter," the owner of this eye-searin' '46 flattie says. "This one's about the biggest bargain I found yet — it only cost me \$100 for the original bike."

"Sure," we sneered. "Probably ya found it buried in boxes in a barn somewhere, just like those other three zillion hundred-buck Harleys we're always hearin' about."

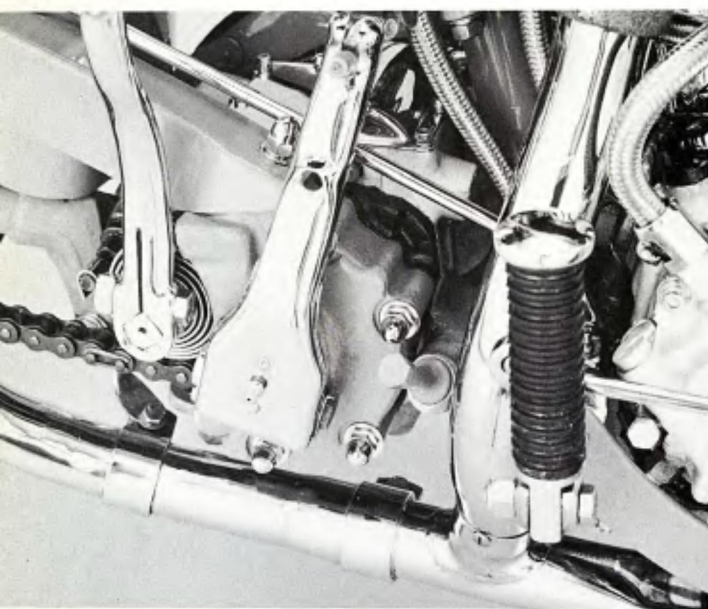
Did ya ever see an alligator smile? If ya did, than ya know what Whitey looked like at

that instant, a grin breakin' his face from ear to ear.

"Why, how'd ya guess?" he said. "Found it in boxes in a barn in Vicksburg, just a little town near the railroad tracks. 'Bout the toughest part of gettin' started was cleanin' all the pigeon shit off the parts."

"Seems somebody gave it to this dude about 20 years ago. He was gonna restore it, but his ol' lady kicked him out before he got started and he had to move the parts. There's been a bunch more divorces since then, and every time he moved those boxes a few more parts got lost. By the time I got it, all that was left was a basket-case engine, the





frame, the tanks, the hubs, and the tranny. But that was sure enough for \$100."

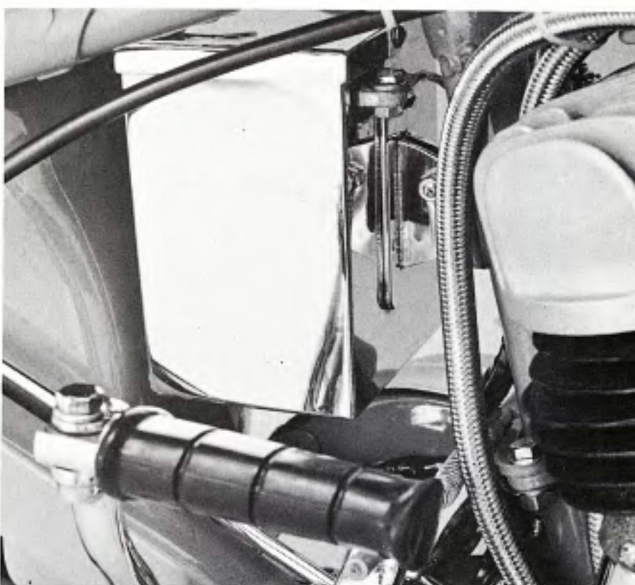
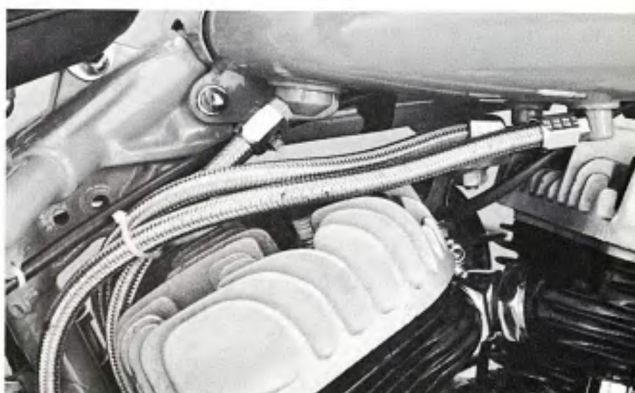
Whitey picked up most of the missing bits and pieces from surplus dealers and began wrenching on August 27. He torqued the last bolt one day short of five months later and headed for Daytona. By the time he got back to the land of snow and ice, he'd

already decided on next winter's project.

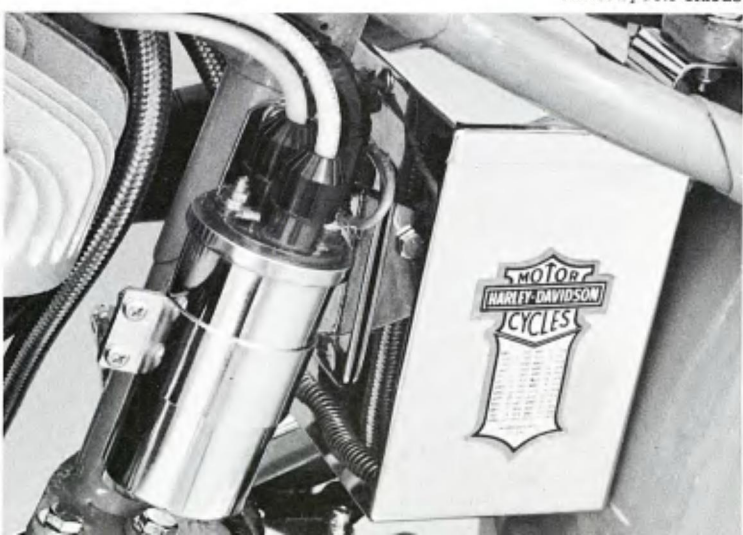
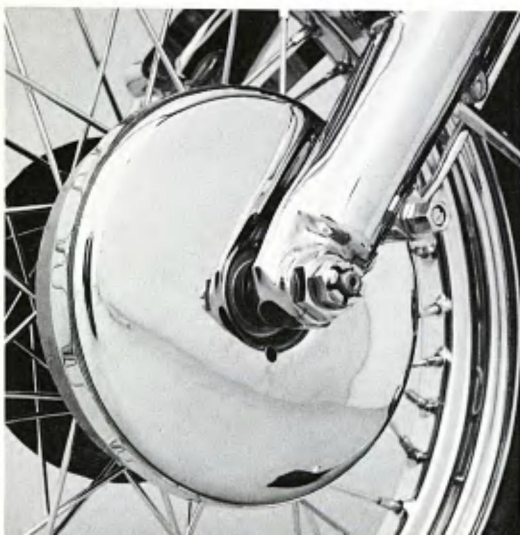
"I'm gonna do a '48 pan next," he says. "Restore it to look like a stock full dresser and paint it red — red's the only color there is; everything's red around here." Except, of course, the endless gray skies and slush-covered landscape.

—Trampo

Owner: Whitey Shoemaker		City: Kalamazoo, Mich.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1946	
Year and make: 1946 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: 45 cu.in. WL		Type: single loop	
Value: \$6000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 5 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Unit Chrome Exch.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: H-D	
Year: 1946		Risers: H-D	
Model: WL		Fender(s): fatbob Sportster	
Rebuilder: Tom Heid (Kalamazoo)		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: manual advance		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 45 cu.in.		Speedo: factory	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D footboards	
Balancing: factory specs		Rear pegs: Custom Chrome, Inc.	
Pistons: flat-top		Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: aluminum		Oil tank: right tank	
Cam(s): WL		Oil system: factory	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: solo with p-pad	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: handmade/owner		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Custom Chrome, Inc.		Material: stainless steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: glide	
Year: 1946		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 29		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: Moon Red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: Dupont		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Battery box, fender braces, seat bracket and all nuts and bolts are stainless steel.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



BALLING EVERLASTING

"As she went about her business, I couldn't help noticing that even her oversized, faded flannel shirt and baggy Levi's didn't conceal the fact that she had one helluva body to accompany her knockout gray eyes."

I made it to Ruby's Inn just as the light rain shifted gears to become a real gully-washer, the kind ya find only in Ohio in the early spring. I grabbed my usual seat in the corner by the front windows and ordered up a couple of brews, but I sure as shit couldn't tell ya who brought 'em as I sat there transfixed, staring at the rain. It was probably a good thing I didn't notice, because if she'd been the least little bit attentive, I'm sure I would've beaten her senseless with a table or something. I suppose a statement like that doesn't need to be qualified if you happen to be a Son of Sam or a Hillside Choker, but being tighter wrapped than those cats, I feel compelled to explain.

See, when spring hits the snowbelt — in this case, Ohio — you bust your nuts getting your winter-reworked sled out on the road for some fine-tuning and to flush the cobwebs out from between your head-handles. At least that was my main intention early that fateful Saturday morning as the ol' forty-five fired on the first kick. I was in the wind again and after a couple of laps around the house just to piss off the old fart next door, I was down the road. Usually I ride with a couple of bros,

but Busch was at work and Frank was still rebuildin', 'cause his timetable had gotten a trifle fucked up when fumes from some parts he had soakin' in the cellar were ignited by the pilot light from the hot water heater.

The 45 grabbed the road like always and before long only open fields and occasional patches of wooded area bordered the blacktop. Once again I was alive. Although the sky was still bright, I suddenly became aware of a distinct drop in the ambient temperature. Then disaster struck as I rounded a curve and started up a hill. The 45 began to cut out. I got to the top and made a quick pit stop which told me zip, so like any cowboy, I decided to ride it till it died or I came across a shop — whichever came first. You can always tell which way things are gonna go, though, so I hoped it would die somewhere close to civilization and not out in the middle of this rural nowhere. And now, just to make my day, the sky opened up and began pissing on me.

Riding along, attempting to overlook the fact that I was gettin' drenched by concentrating on trying to figure out what the hell the 45's problem was, I automatically switched on the

beams when the darkness of the storm began blacking out everything around me. Instantly, I knew what was wrong. I could've gotten more light out of my Zippo, and this bit with the electrics was the good news, 'cause now the pissing quit in favor of something between a monsoon and Hurricane Helen. Naturally, a couple of miles later the 45 died altogether.

I coasted to a stop and found myself next to a mailbox, adjacent to a long, muddy lane that led to what appeared to be lights, which were, I hoped, under a roof. I started pushing the sled in that direction. Along the way, I got to thinking that the way things were going, some redneck fucking sodbuster, under the lights under the roof, was going to take one look at the hairy giant on his front porch and take me off with some large caliber gun or something. The longer I pushed, the less I cared.

It was a typical big old farmhouse and as I stood there knocking, I was hoping that the barn was dry. The filmy curtains covering the panes of glass in the front door parted for an instant, then closed, and a female voice asked what I wanted. After

Continued on page 97

BY GREGG MILLER



Miké
1984



HERE'S THE BEEF

When it comes down to chicks, some guys say that tits
Are the sexiest part of a lass;
But what makes my ol' dick get hard as a brick
Is a beautiful, well-formed ass.

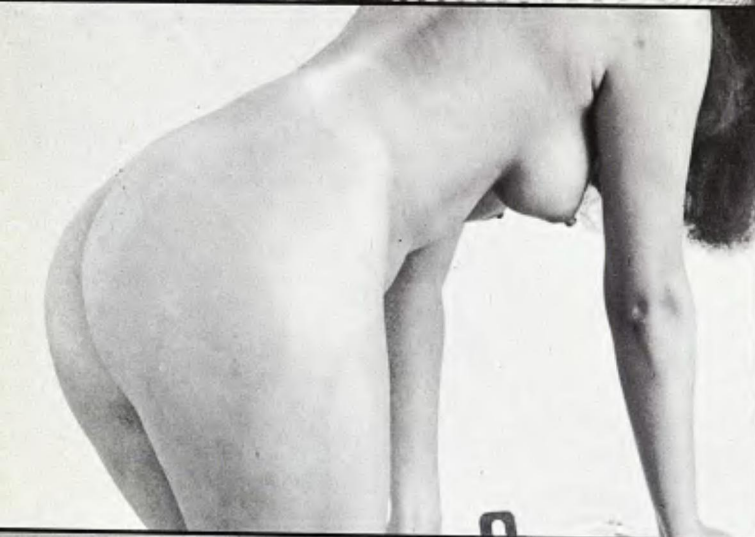
A great-lookin' rump will make my heart thump,
And drive me crazy with lust;
Just show me some bitches stuffed into tight britches
And my nuts just damn near bust.

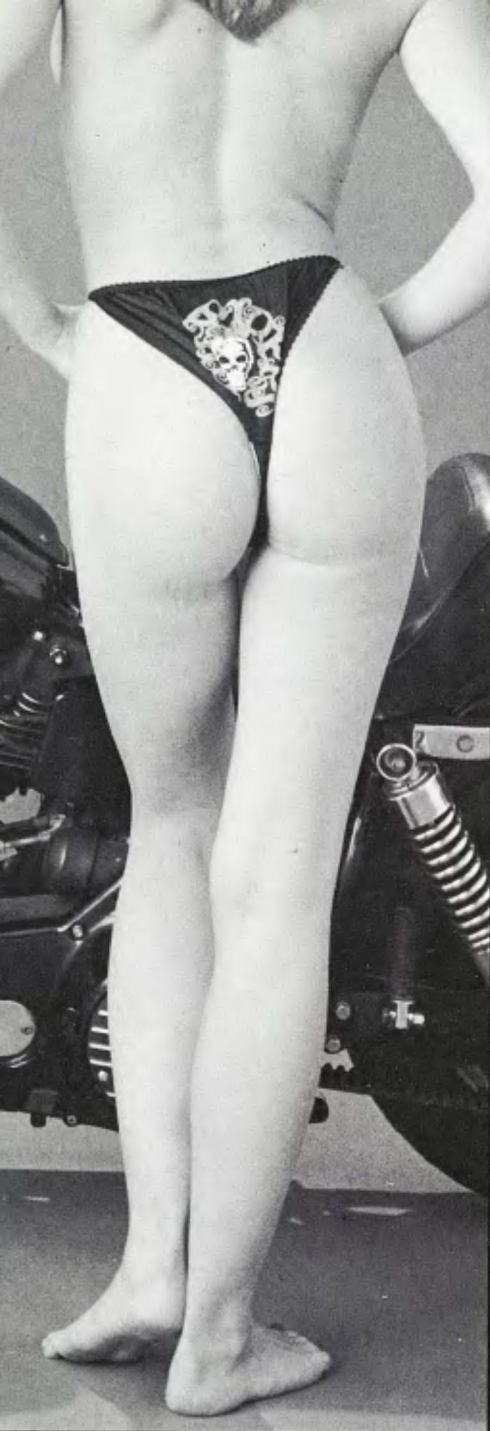
One look at a chick with a dynamite butt,
And my brain turns right into goo;
Then I'm out of control, obsessed by my goal,
And there's nothin' that I wouldn't do.

I'll hock my Hog or I'll shoot my dog —
No loss can be too big
For just one chance to get into those pants
And root around like a pig.

So lift up your glass to the girl with a great ass,
Wherever she may be;
Her tits can be flat,
But she's still Number One to me!

—Back Door Man





Kenny Roberts has won 32 Nationals (second on the all-time list behind Jay Springsteen), two National Championships, and three World Championships. But he never won a gold or any other medal in the Olympic Games. Roger DeCoster is a five-time World Motocross Champ, but he, too, never competed in the Olympics. American Bruce Penhall won the Speedway World Championship a couple of years ago, but he can't go for the gold in '84. How come?

Great Britain's late Mike Hailwood won the FIM Road Racing World Championship four times between 1962 and 1965. He also took the Tourist Trophy six out of seven years between 1961 and 1967. The Italian, G. Agostini, took the TT five years in a row, from 1968 to 1972, and also outdid Hailwood by taking the FIM Championship seven straight years, from 1966 through 1972. Despite these amazing accomplishments, neither of these two was ever able to race in the Olympics.

Why? Simple — the Olympic Games do not include any sort of motorcycle racing. What does the International Olympic Committee (IOC) have against motorcycling? Is there some rule that keeps the sport out? What are the qualifications for determining which sports are suitable for the Olympics Games?

First, to be eligible for official recognition in the Games, the rules say a sport must be played in at least 25 countries. Does motorcycling meet the standard of this rule? You bet it does! The International Motorcycling Federation (Federation Internationale du Motocyclisme, or FIM), with its headquarters in England, has a membership of approximately 50 member nations. That's double the Olympics' requirement for the number of countries that must be participating in a sport in order to make it eligible for admission.

The very existence of the FIM is quite important, because another of the IOC's rules states that a sport must be backed by some kind of international organization or federation. The purpose of this regulation is to ensure that there is an enforcement of standard rules for the sport throughout all participant nations. A country's national associations, like our American Motorcyclist Association, must in turn be affiliated with that country's National Olympic Committee.

Nonetheless, in regard to motorcycling, the FIM and only the FIM, could apply for admission to the Games. Which of the sport's particular events might be included in the Olympics would be a matter of agreement between the IOC and the FIM. Accordingly, if motorcycling were to be accepted, the FIM would be the sport's primary representative organization.

Would scrambles and road runs, hillclimbs and endurance runs be among the selected competitions? What about drag races, speedway racing, economy runs, and field events? Would motocross and ice-racing be included? How about special chopper races? What should be left out? What should be added?

Since motorcycling most certainly qualifies for inclusion in the Games under the two previously stated rules, what is holding up its acceptance? Well, one of the major causes to date is probably rule 26 of the Olympic regulations, which defines an "amateur athlete" as: "...one who participates and always has participated in sports solely for pleasure and for the physical, mental or social benefit he derives therefrom, and to whom participation in sport is nothing more than recreation without

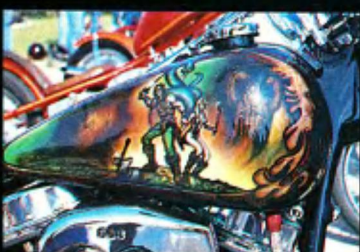
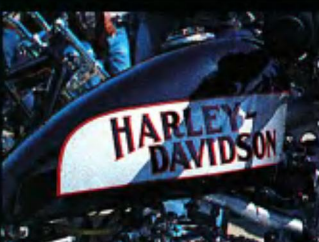
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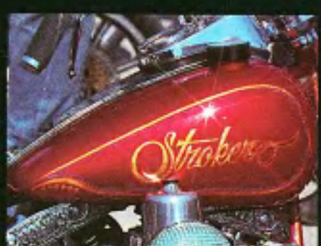
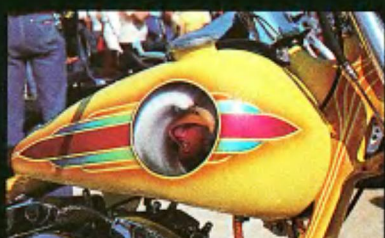
Motorcycling in the Olympics

By M. Morris

Illustration by Duffy Duggan







GETTING TANKED

**A dude's go-juice glzmo
is his ID card**

If the only thing you needed a gas tank for was to carry go-juice for your V-Twin, you could save a ton of bucks by gettin' one of them red jerry cans at Pep Boys and strappin' it to your frame.

Fact is, a Hog's tank tells as much about the owner of a scooter as the forks, frame, or anything else on it. The size, the shape, the paint job — they all say something about that man and the kind of brother he is.

Of course, some of us aren't content just to say something. Some of us insist on shouting — raising the volume until the world sits up on its hind legs and takes notice. For these bros, nothin' will do, short of turnin' their tanks into works of art — pure and personal expressions of the beauty of bikin'.

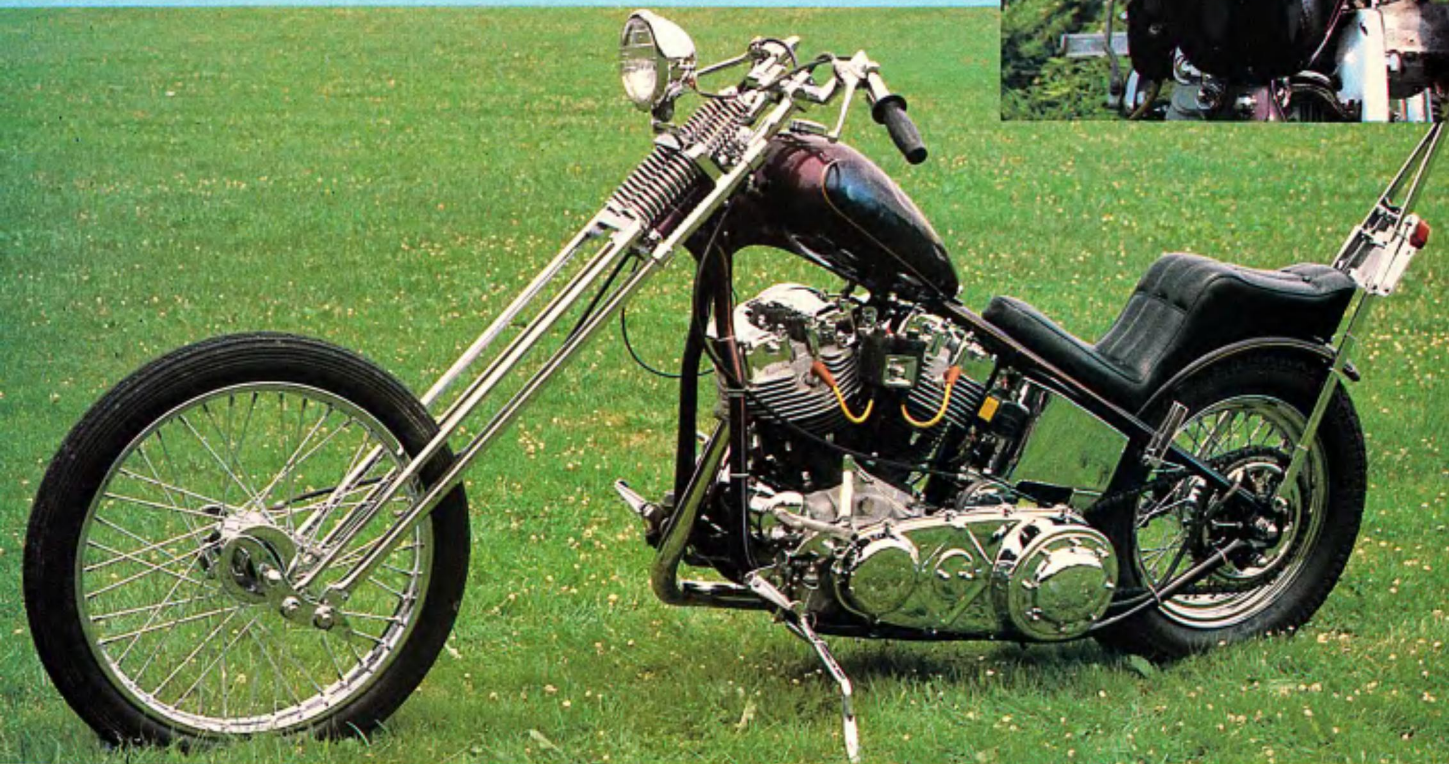
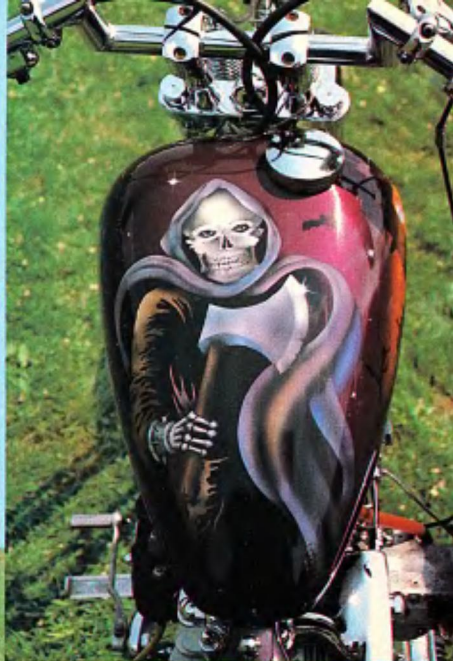
As we scuffle around the country, gettin' down with the brothers and sisters, we try to freeze in still pictures the best examples of tank art we see flashin' by us. This is our latest collection. Feast yer eyes.

— Zephyrian

READERS' RIDES



With primo ridin' weather just about everywhere, all the dazzlin' scooters are out of the garage and profilin' down the free-ways. Some of the best are bein' straddled by class bros who spend their outhouse time readin' this rag. Here are five of 'em.



Photos by Wizard



**Dennis Harmening, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
1950 pan/shovel**

From the tough-as-nails town of Pittsburgh comes a steel-hardened piece of pig iron. In fact, Pig is the name Dennis uses for his bike. "I like it, and it fits. You'd have to ride her to understand." But don't go askin' to ride this brother's bike. He's a construction worker who, naturally, works hard for his money. And he ain't about to let his scooter go without his own legs straddlin' it.

It gets ridden rain or shine, looks good and doesn't break down. He built it "to ride, not to look at." But what the hell, no doubt it still gets some double-takes.

—Loudmouth



Dave Dominick, Baltimore, Maryland
1948 pan/shovel

Hotter 'n' faster'n the Baltimore Blast, and just as tasty as a crabcake is this stroked-out 1984 FL from the Chesapeake Bay area. The owner wanted speed and that's what he got. Through the help of his bros, Bob Sikorsky, Charlie Gregson, Terry Miller, and in memory of his "late, great brother Ricky Davis," Dave Dominick has a harbor's worth of pride rolled into his heavily coated stainless-steel steed. Dave enlisted the artistic hand of Flip on the black lacquer, but did most of the handmade knick-knacks himself.

The 1954 wishbone frame was modified for a disc brake. The trans was beefed up with Andrews gears, and with the S&S carb, Sporty tank and cafe front end, it's a master blaster.

—Rags



READER'S
RIDES



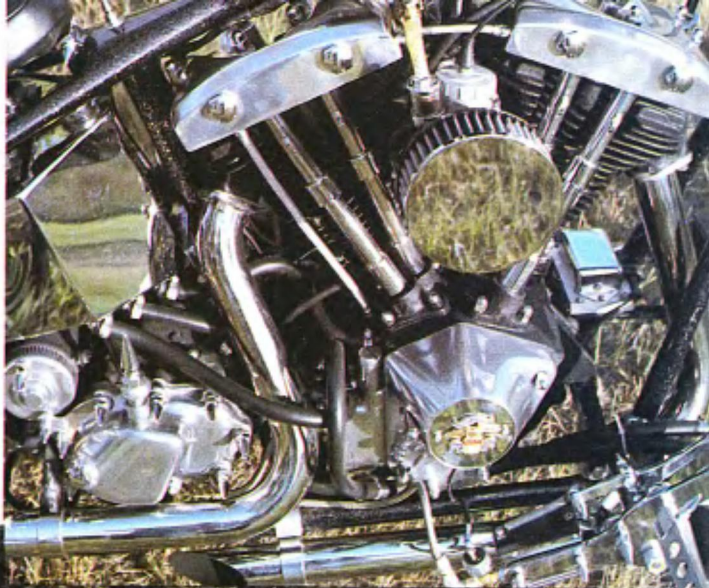
Photos by Frank



**"Fast Eddy" Waln, Baker, Montana
1972 Harley-Davidson FLH**

One of the drags, if you could call it that, that comes with this job is the fact that we get too damn many nice bikes to feature. Some problem, huh? It takes time to scope 'em all. Just ask Fast Eddy here. Three years ago he sent us slides of his bike. We liked it, but were limited by space availability. "Three fuckin' years?" ya ask. No shit.

Well, that was plenty of time for Fast Eddy to move, change jobs, close his shop and centerpunch a tree. He ain't without, though — he's got himself an '81 Wide Glide he's in the process of customizing. And if it's anything like his old '72 shovel, we'd like to track him down while he's puttin' the Big Sky country, enjoying the wind and the freedom inherent in riding the high plains. —Buster



READERS
RIDES



Photos by Mickey Dulski



Donald DuBois, Stockton, California
1947 Harley-Davidson FL

Four years ago we spotted this pan from central Calif., and now it's ready for public viewing. Well, actually, that's not really what happened. Ya see, Donald's had it up and runnin' strong, but in the meantime, we just sorta lost it in one of the super organized files the office mouse keeps. No fear, the scoot is runnin' as well as ever. Like they say, "Old Harleys never die, they just keep thumpin' along." Somebody somewhere musta said that — at least once.

This FL is packed in a Harmon rigid frame, raked out 45 degrees, with Harmon forks extended 20 over. That strange tank is a 2.8-gallon Mustang — luckily for Donald, there are lots of gas stations along Interstate 99. Even though it gets miserably hot in the upper San Joaquin Valley, this is one panhead that always keeps its cool. It's a tough bastard.

— Silver

READERS' RIDES



Photos from Don DuBois



**Bob "Blu" Schlau, Lackawanna, New York
1972 Harley-Davidson Sportster**

Blu, the owner of this Sporty here, really went all out on redesigning, refabricating and generally customizing his bike into shape — a shape that he planned out in his head for a year and a half. Then came four grueling months of assembly, grueling because he made himself a martyr by giving up the pussy to push ahead with the project. That's some kind of devotion.

When a biker is on a mission as important as redoing his bike, little things like no cash and lack of nookie seem irrelevant. The bike was entirely redone, top to bottom, inside and out. Accordingly, it's gone on to become a trophy winner in shows around the Buffalo area, plus providing Blu with something he can be proud of. —Road Dog



READERS' RIDES



Photos by Zowie Photo

CONTEST WINNER

The tits have been measured and remeasured (by every one of the staff bros who could beg, borrow or steal a tape measure).

The entries have been read and Spider has selected one of the four bros who guessed the exact combined bust measurements — 460½ inches — of our 12 office mice to win the brand-new H-D Evolution engine we put up for grabs back in the January issue.

Congratulations, David E. Roberts! You just won 80-inches of Milwaukee iron to power any bike ya want to put it in. We're sendin' the engine to the tight bro who's name you gave us with your entry, and it'll be waitin' for ya when ya check out of that Graybar Hotel in Represa, Calif., next July.

And now, for those of ya that have been writin' and callin' and whinin' to find out how the office bimbos stack up, here are the bare facts.

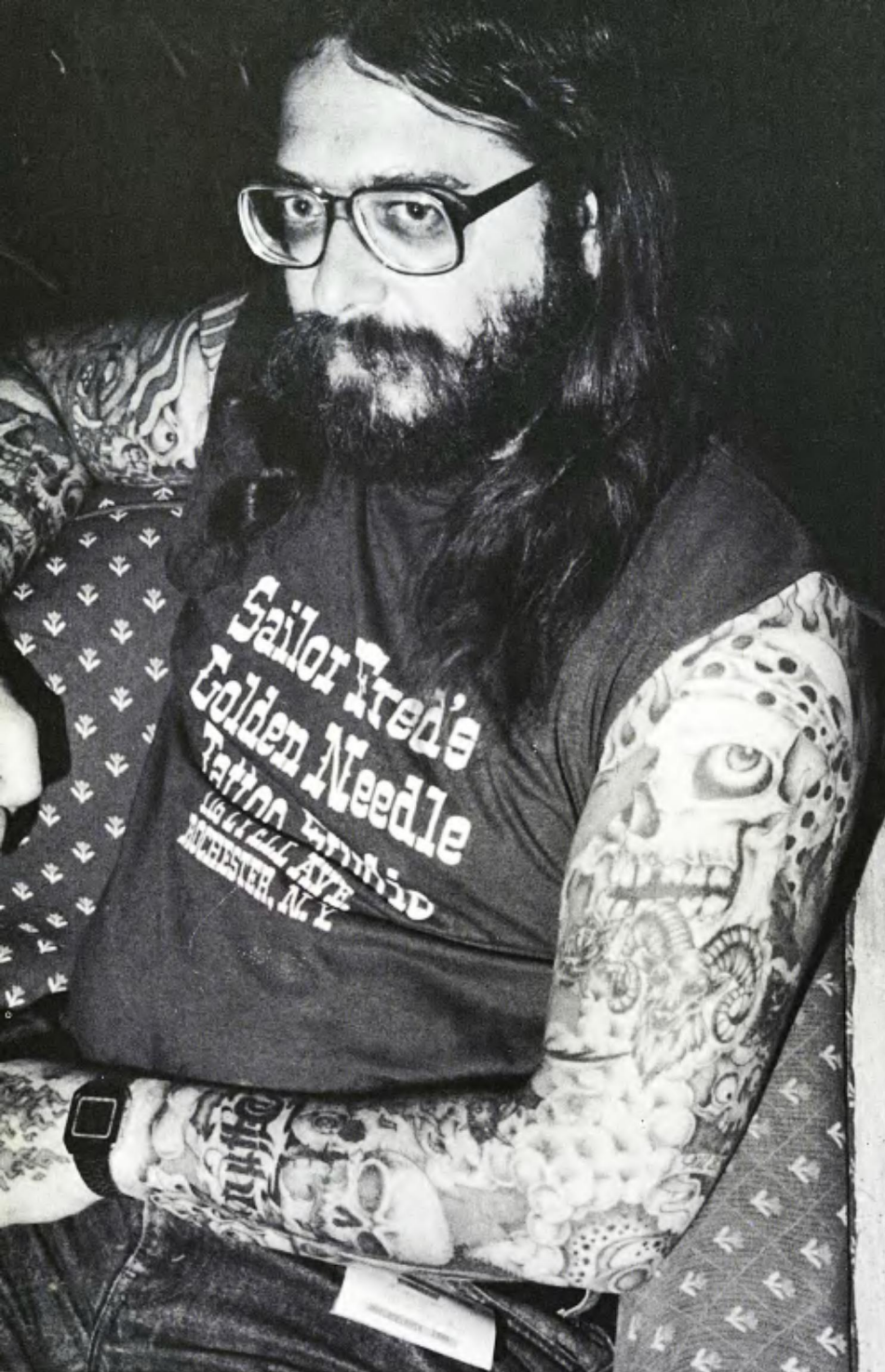


NAME MEASUREMENTS

THERESA	44½" D
LIZETTE	44" D
CAROLYN	43" D
ISOBEL	40" D
SHIRLEY	40" D
DUCHESS	38½" C
SEANA	37" D
MARY	36" C
HELEN	35" B
PAULETTE	34½" B
KAREN	34" B
SHARON	34" B

TOTAL	460½ IN.
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If there are two interests bikers have in common — aside from scooters and more scooters — it's women and tattoos. The National Tattoo Association convention featured enough of both to satisfy any man.

Both the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution were written in Philadelphia. Had you been in that city of Brotherly Love at the right time recently, you could've had exact replicas of 'em both — right down to their John Hancock — engraved on your body in the colors of your choice.

The occasion was the three-day National Tattoo Association convention and, as the pictures

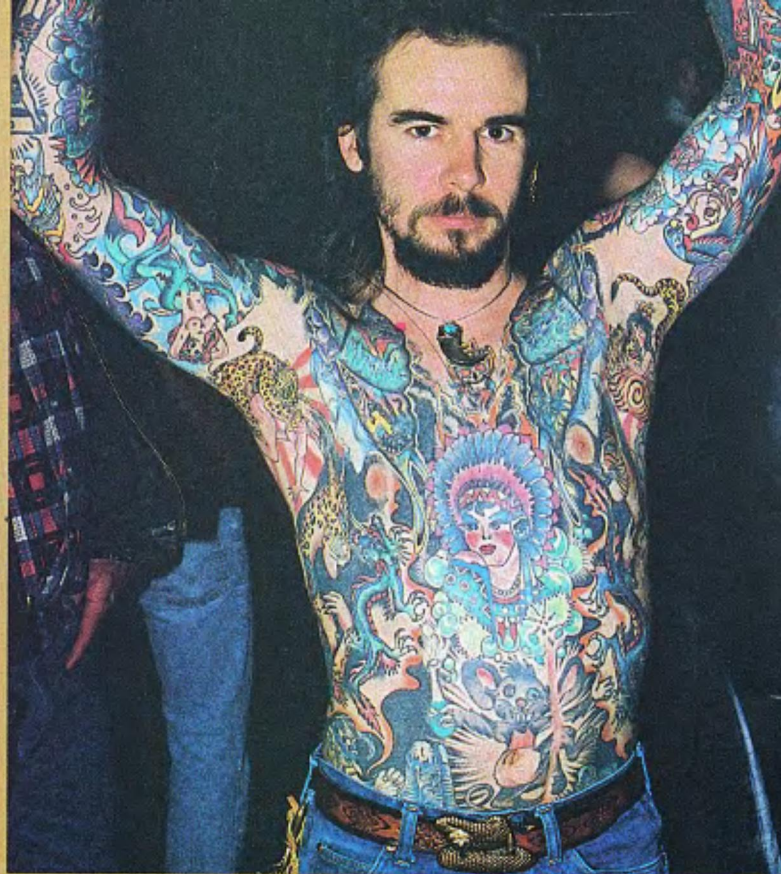


PROFILES IN SKIN



prove, dozens of tattoo artists from around the world and thousands of tatted guests kept the tattoo machines in the exhibitors' booths happily humming and buzzing, from the time the doors opened till they were forced shut at the end of the third day.

High-energy skin art was the order of each day, and the competition for the various awards was hot and heavy. Though we don't have room to run down all the winners (we'd rather use the space for pictures), we gotta



Photos by Roy Boy



give credit to Randy "Texas Kid" Adams, a hardcore biker-tattooist whose work on Papa San of Texas copped the "Best Tattooed Male" ribbon. Good work, bro!

After three days of heavy hide-paintin' and even heavier partyin', the bros packed up their inks and needles and

headed for home. Though most were a bit sad that such a great event had come to an end, they could take consolation in the fact that, for at least a couple of days, they'd made the great gray city of Philadelphia a hell of a lot more colorful.

Besides, there's always next year's convention. —Ink

As the twig is bent, so grows the biker

I always run into the same question. Why do bikers dress the way they do? Why do they look so mean and raunchy? Before we answer these questions, let's ask and answer this. Why are they bikers to start with?

Let's linger back in life. Your life, especially if you're a male. What was the most important gift that Santa ever brought? What else — a bike. Or maybe, further back in life, a tricycle. Then what happens? You joined with the other kids on the block to show off and to ride your bikes together. They didn't call you "biker trash" back then, did they? Your par-

ents would say, "Look how cute they are playing and riding together," right?

What comes next in life? What else — a bigger bike. Then a ten-speed. The bike trails, fun and thrills, and bam — here you are on your very own motorcycle, biker trash.

You take your first spill in gravel or blacktop. Not a bad one, but it hurts like hell. You lose half the hide off both hands and your back. You say, "Man, I got to go buy me some gloves and leather to save my hide next time." So next payday, you scoot on over to the local bike shop to get some

leathers. You pick out \$300 worth, then reach for an empty back pocket to pay for them. I'll be damned if you didn't lose your wallet riding over. Four hundred bucks down the drain. So what happens next payday? What else — a wallet chained to your belt.

Then the high-topped gloves to keep the cold wind from blowing up your sleeves, goggles to keep the bugs out of your eyes and a leather Snoopy cap for cold riding.

Now, what did we come up with? A mean, raunchy-looking biker with \$500 worth of clothes, riding an

\$8000 motorcycle. Riding free in the wind, having the best time any man could have in one short lifetime.

So, the next time you hear the age-old question, you'll know how to answer. Tell them that the way to stop it is to have all the bicycle plants in the world shut down. Because some of us never lose that great free feelin' — ridin' in the wind.

That's why you'll see some of us dying in the wind, never really growing up, never losing the love of two wheels, and always having the gall to ride and dress as we damned well please.

— Pops, Louisiana ABATE

EASYnews



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

Canadian bros set up lid law challenge

ABATE of Manitoba, with the "help" of the Winnipeg Police Department, has mounted a court challenge to the province's new mandatory helmet law.

The gauntlet was thrown down just moments after the new law, which also makes it illegal to drive a cage without tying yourself to the seat, went into effect last April.

According to ABATE attorney Robert Tapper, ABATE Prez John Prest and member Don Fisher arranged to challenge the law by notifying Traffic Supt. McDougall

Allen that they intended to make a bare-headed run to the Manitoba Public Safety Building simultaneously with the bill's going into effect at midnight, April 1. Allen arranged for several police officers to be on hand and the two bikers were duly pulled over and handed \$30 citations for their "offense."

The bikers' plan is to push their not-guilty pleas as high up the ladder of the Canadian judicial system as they can, attorney Tapper said.

"We will be relying primarily on section

seven of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, which guarantees Canadians life, liberty and security of the person," he said. Tapper added that he intends to present evidence that skid lids actually cause accidents and can impair riders' hearing, their peripheral vision and their night vision.

Adding insult to injury, Tapper noted, is the fact that the penalty for not wearing a lid is a \$30 fine, while the penalty for not wearing a seatbelt — a violation of the very same ordinance — is only \$20.

Legislative survey contains good news

A survey undertaken by the Louisiana Motorcycle Riders Association shows a surprising amount of pro-bike feeling on the part of some state legislators.

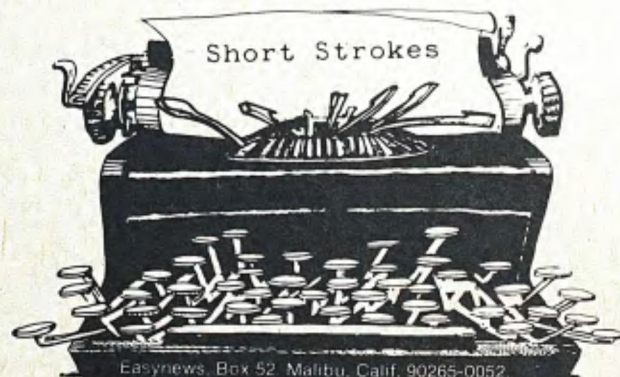
Early responses to the poll showed 44.4 percent of the solons favored repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law, while only 27.7 percent were opposed. About 28 percent of the respondents were undecided on the issue.

Regarding a proposed rider-education bill, a whopping 61.1 percent were in favor, while only 16.6 percent were opposed. About 22 percent hadn't made up their minds on the education bill.

Tellin' It Like It Is

"The helmet is a metaphor for something deeply wrong in America . . . a sign we've entered the era of the Hardhead. A Hardhead is one who seeks to protect us not only from others, but from ourselves . . . America is being smothered by safety. Sometimes I think if Henry Hudson were to suddenly reappear in New York Bay, he would be arrested and placed under observation, and the leaky old Half Moon would be impounded for innumerable construction violations."

— Gregory Bayan, Newsweek



ABATE of Kansas will sponsor the annual **ABATE Summer bash** at Lake Perry the first weekend in September. For more facts, write 'em at Box 781, Lawrence, KS 66044 . . . Bikers in Sacramento, Calif., delivered stacks and stacks of stuffed toys to an 18-month-old baby hospitalized after being beaten by the uncle who was taking care of her while her mom was doing time. The bikers also gathered **25,000 signatures** on petitions urging tougher penalties for child abuse.

The Screaming Eagles Motorcycle Club workshop at Oregon State Prison will hold their **annual bike show** on July 14. This year's event will combine a Toy Run and ABATE rally outside the walls with the show inside. For more facts, write Steve Baker, President, Screaming Eagles M/C Workshop, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310 . . . A compromise between owners of the **tunnel linking** Detroit, Mich., with Windsor, Ontario, and several biker groups has averted an outright ban on bikes in the tunnel. For right now, the tunnel will remain open to bikes from dawn to dark, but will be closed to them during the nighttime hours.

A 19-year-old biker was **killed by a cage** in Largo, Florida, not long ago, but the police didn't seem too concerned about filing any charges against the 80-year-old cage driver. After all, they told the local newspaper, "Traffic was not badly hampered by the accident" . . . ABATE of Va. is in the midst of a **membership drive**. Get together with them by sailing a kite to Box 8762, Norfolk, VA 23503 . . . That California Highway Patrol **officer** who rammed the biker so hard that his bike was imbedded in the hood of the patrol car has been fined the less-than-majestic amount of \$1000 after being **convicted of vehicular manslaughter**. Fortunately, the kiss-ass treatment by the criminal court judge does not affect the \$6 million settlement the biker's widow and kids are to receive in their civil suit against the state.

A last reminder: Time is running out for you Florida bros to pick up a **motorcycle endorsement** for your driver's license without having to take both a written and a driving test. The law says you've got until Oct. 1, 1984, to haul down to a state drivers' license office and get the endorsement without having to qualify. "It's like a **free lunch**, but you have to get it before the kitchen closes," a state official said.

And finally (we hope): When we last looked in on **Chuck Irwin**, he was tooling around on a road-test Harley loaned to him by the factory out of gratitude for his condescending and insulting letter to Vaughn Beals. We are pleased to report that Chuckie was so **impressed** by his test of an FXRT that he sold his Suzuki and bought a Harley. Four months and 7000 miles later he was still so impressed that he wrote a letter to *The Enthusiast* magazine about it. The signature? **Chuck Irwin, former president**, Suzuki Owners Club. Now if he'd just bury those **hangups** about "Mary Jane belt buckles" and non-family oriented Harley shops in the same damn hole he used to plant that Suzuki . . .

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.

Bikers saved from catalytic converters

California bikers have won a reprieve from so-called air quality regulations that would have placed a highly dangerous, 1800-degree-operating-temperature catalytic converter on every new medium and large (280cc and above)-displacement motorcycle sold in the Golden State.

After a storm of protest from individual riders and motorcycle industry groups, the California Air Resources Board (CARB) has voted to scrap its proposed big bike hydrocarbon emission standard of 1 gram per kilometer (five times

tougher than the EPA's 5-gram-per-kilometer requirement).

CARB's new standards require all manufacturers to meet the current California standard — 2.5 grams per kilometer during the 1984 and 1985 model years. For 1986 and 1987, they must reduce the hydrocarbon emissions on their bikes to a fleet average of 1.4 grams.

Smaller volume producers, such as Harley and BMW, are required to meet the 2.5-gram standard through 1987. CARB has yet to set hydrocarbon requirements for those manu-

facturers beyond that year.

According to industry experts, CARB's allowing bike makers to use a fleet average to meet the hydrocarbon standard is an extremely significant factor in avoiding the use of catalytic converters. Under the fleet-average system, large-displacement bikes can exceed the 1.4-gram-per-kilometer standard as long as the excess emissions are averaged out by a similar number of smaller-displacement bikes that produce less than 1.4 grams.

CARB first began to push for the 1-gram-per-kilometer stan-

dard in 1975 and, at one point, announced that all large 1984 bikes would have to meet it. The storm of protest, after it became apparent that bike makers could not obey that law without adding converters to scooters, caused the state legislature to order CARB to delay implementation of the standard until 1985.

Continued protests, and an admission by the CARB technical staff that the 1-gram standard would only improve quality by a minuscule one-tenth of one percent, resulted in the latest, more lenient rules.

AMA demands action on freeing diamond lanes

The American Motorcyclist Association has asked the Senate Transportation Committee to do something about states which are violating a provision of the 1982 Surface Transportation Assistance Act by refusing to open their free-

way carpool lanes (also called high-occupancy-vehicle or diamond lanes) to scooters.

According to that law, which is best known for increasing the federal gasoline tax by five cents a gallon, states must allow bikers to use the carpool

lanes or face losing federal highway funds — the same threat used to bludgeon states into first passing helmet laws in the '60s.

Unfortunately, according to the AMA, most states do not seem nearly as eager to comply with the federal order on carpool lanes as they were with the federal order on helmets.

Testifying before the Senate Transportation Subcommittee, AMA lobbyist Gary Winn noted that every state except Washington has "improperly interpreted that law, applied faulty reasoning to exclude motorcycles (from the carpool lanes), or taken no action whatsoever toward opening the lanes." Winn also charged that the Federal Highway Administration has "rubber-stamped" state decisions to ban bikes

from those lanes — the whole purpose of which is to encourage fuel conservation — despite the fact that bikes are more fuel-efficient than every form of urban transportation except city buses.

According to the AMA, Washington, the only state which has so far opened its restricted lanes to bike riders, has experienced no bike problems, or accidents, on the lanes.

"This real-life experience shows motorcycles can be safe as well as fuel-efficient, which are the intents of these types of lanes," Winn told the Senate committee.

The AMA urges everyone concerned about this illegal discrimination against riders to make their feelings known to their congressional representatives.

No slack in Bulgaria

We've published many a story about how various states are tightening up their drunk driving laws. And we've published even more stories about drunken cagers who received only wrist slaps for killing or maiming bikers. Well, America is not the only country that has problems with boozed-up boulevardiers. Here's a brief list, courtesy of Mothers Against Drunk Driving, of how a few other nations handle their tipsy travelers.

AUSTRALIA: Names of convicted drunk drivers are published in local newspapers under the heading "Drunk and in Jail."

BULGARIA: Two strikes an' yer out. Sentence for a second drunken driving bust can be death.

CHILE: Sixty-one to 541 days in jail, unless the violator has hurt someone, in which case the minimum jail term is 18 months. Also, convicted drunk drivers' kids are automatically prohibited from getting a driver's license.

SWEDEN: An automatic year in jail.

ENGLAND: Automatic license suspension from one year to life, depending on the severity of the offense. Also, possible jail time, fines, and assignment to community service, such as picking up garbage.

ISRAEL: Two years in stir.

INDIA: Six months in prison, or a \$112 fine, or both.

JAPAN: Up to four months in jail and a \$2000 fine, plus a

one-year license revocation.

MALASIA: Jail for the perpetrator and his spouse.

NORWAY: Minimum jail time of three weeks, plus a fine and a license suspension of at least one year (license is suspended for life for a second offense).

SOUTH AFRICA: Ten years in jail, or a fine of \$10,000, or both.

SOUTH KOREA: Automatic two-month license suspension for an arrest. A conviction results in a one-year jail sentence and a \$700 fine.

RUSSIA: Penalties range from a six-month license suspension to a firing squad. It all depends on who the drunk is and how important the person he ran down was.

TURKEY: Drunk drivers are transported 20 miles out of town and forced to walk back under escort.

WEST GERMANY: Automatic three-month license suspension, plus a maximum one-year prison term and/or a fine.

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.

Thirty Risin' Sun riders invade Harley plant

It was sorta like the start of some kind of race. Thirty gleaming, fully prepared motorcycles stood waiting, champing at the bit to be gone. Thirty anxious riders stood beside the machines, their hearts beating fast as they waited for the signal

Harley going after speed mark

By the time you read this, the land speed record for motorcycles — currently 318mph — may be back home in the U.S.A. where it belongs.

As this is being written, San Jose streamliner builder Denis Manning (with Harley factory support) is readying a 20-foot-long, missile-shaped, Harley-powered two-wheeler called "Tenacious" for a spring trip to Bonneville and a try at overturning the record held by Kawasaki since 1980.

"Tenacious" is Manning's fifth land-speed-record challenger. His most successful to date was the streamlined Harley that Cal Rayborn broke the record with about fifteen years ago.

"American people are speed oriented," Manning says. "When you go extraordinarily fast with a Harley, it underlies the fact that Americans are just as good at engineering as anybody in the world."

"I may be a lunatic, but I'm an American lunatic. We put a man on the moon, and the Japanese didn't. Honda could probably have afforded to help me build the world's fastest motorcycle. But I think an all-American effort is very important."

"I wasn't going to let the Japanese buy the land speed record. To hell with them."

Gettin' out the vote

As the countdown toward the November election continues, the American Motorcyclist Association has announced the formation of a get-out-the-bike-rider-vote campaign.

The campaign, dubbed Rider Vote '84, is designed, the AMA says, "to call attention to the importance of becoming a registered voter and casting ballots for candidates who seem sympathetic to the needs of motorcyclists."

The campaign, a continuation of an effort begun in 1980, will be hyped by two slogans: "It's Your Choice" and "After Your Bike, It's Your Best Investment."

According to AMA political honcho Rob Raser, Rider Vote '84 is "an important part of the AMA's effort to get motorcyclists involved in the electoral process. Only by letting our elected officials know that riders are watching their actions, and voting with our interests in mind, can we expect to be considered a force to be reckoned with."

Highly placed anonymous sources within the AMA deny that posters bearing the second of the two slogans will feature an illustration of a biker using a rolled-up paper ballot to sniff some unidentified white powder off a mirror with an eagle etched onto it.

to mount up, hit the starter and take off.

The place was York, Pennsylvania. The bikes were fresh-off-the-assembly-line Harleys, and the riders were 30 Japanese bikers who had come to the U.S.A. as part of a special program to make purchasing Hogs easier for the residents of Nippon.

"I don't know how you say it," Sho Satake of Tokyo said as he inspected his new scooter. "Prestige, pride? That's what we are today, proud. This is like a dream."

Under the new program, the Japanese buyers paid about \$10,000 (the average yearly salary in Japan!) each for their bikes, but only about 10 or 15 percent of the additional costs of their trip to the U.S. The balance of the tour's cost was underwritten by the H-D factory and an associa-

tion of Japanese Harley dealers. After touring the York factory and picking up their bikes, the Japanese took a three-day run to Baltimore, Washington, and Shenandoah National Park — including a drive over the spectacular Blue Ridge Parkway. After the run, H-D arranged for the bikes to be crated and shipped to the riders' homes in Japan.

"Harleys have a history going back to 1903," one of the visitors said. "History is very important to us. My father, and his father before him, wanted to buy Harley-Davidsons, but they could not."

"Hondas and the rest are okay, but they have no dynamism, they are not exciting. A Harley is exciting. Yes, exciting, that's the word."

Cops do best to screw up run designed to aid fallen biker's two young daughters

New York state troopers and local police recently did their best to harass and disrupt a benefit run for the two daughters of fallen biker Keith Davis.

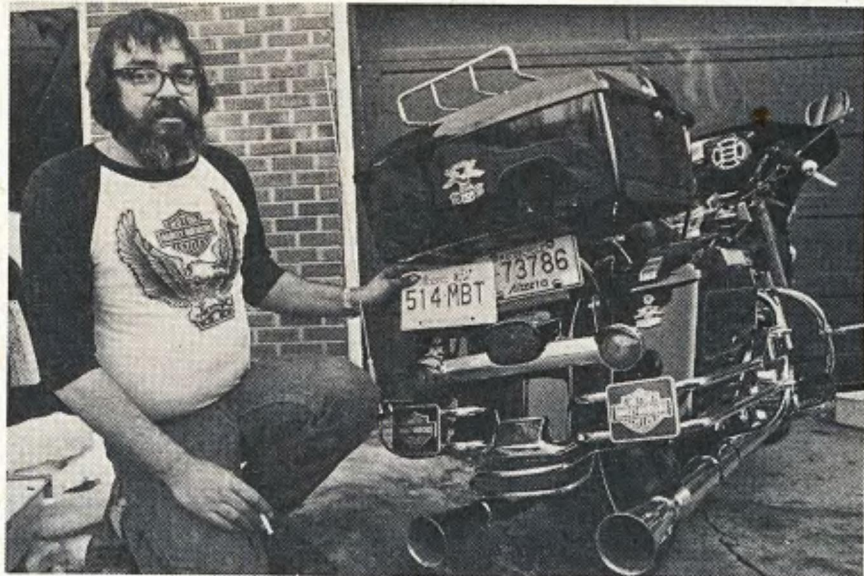
According to spokesmen for the benefit sponsors (ABATE of N.Y. and the Custom Motorcycle Association), the troopers and the North Greenbush police set up roadblocks on both sides of the benefit location — the Wyanetskill, N.Y., VFW post — and proceeded to harass and videotape bros and sisters on their way to the event.

"They were stopping most vehicles," a witness reported, "and asking for ID from the drivers and sometimes the passen-

gers. They kept asking people if they were going to the party and were taking pictures of them."

"Would they subject patrons of the Elks, Eagles and PBA functions to the same harassment?" one of the sponsors asked. "The Elks held a function the same day and — that's right — no roadblocks."

"We believe the police violated our constitutional rights under the first, fourth, fifth and ninth amendments. If our public servants continue to violate the supreme law of the land, they had better stop swearing under oath to uphold, preserve and defend it."



WHEN BIGGER ISN'T BETTER — Alberta, Canada, biker Dave Hoffman demonstrates the impossibility of mounting his new license plate in the standard-sized frame that came with his Hog. According to Alberta officials, the new plates are bigger than any used elsewhere in Canada and the U.S. because of an "administration error" but won't be replaced. Spokesmen at the Motor Vehicle Licensing office suggested that bikers who couldn't fit the new plates because of clearance problems with touring packs or other accessories, ask the bike maker to "modify the motorcycle." They also suggested bikers chop off the top and bottom of the plates, but, of course, mutilating license plates is against the law. All of which raises an interesting question: How many government employees — in the U.S. or Canada — could survive six months without starving to death if their dead asses were booted from the taxpayers' table?

Photo by Greg Neiman

Welcome Home

I was just released from the slam and a few bros and my ol' lady picked me up in a van and we headed for home.

About three miles from there, the ol' lady says, "Let's hit the Blues Bar" (a local tavern here in Youngsville). I stumbled in, grabbed a bar stool and ordered a brew. All of a sudden, shit outta nowhere, here come bros screamin' and yellin', and my ol' lady's ridin' through the side door on a brand-new Sportster with my name pinned to the bars.

After that, it was just like old times. I just wanted to say that was the greatest party and gift I've ever received. Thanks, bros and sisters. Thanks a million and ride free forever, forever in the wind.

Crazy Snake
Youngsville, N.C.

- Sure makes ya glad yer a biker, don't it?

A Dude For Me

You and I belong together. No one but you could satisfy me or is fit to have my baby. I am 6'5", 278 lbs., and covered from head to toe with fur three-to-six inches long. I have two pointed horns sticking out of the sides of my head. They point up and to the front. I have very long canine teeth with long hair that hangs straight down from my face. My eyes are about the size of silver dollars and look like those of a tiger.

I have very large claws on my feet and three clawed toes on each hand. Although I've only got an 8½-inch cock, I can give you a ride you won't want to get off. Everyone calls me the Snow Wookiee and says I resemble the abominable snowman. There isn't anyone who can top that, and if you ever get to the cave I call home, you'll agree.

Snow Wookiee
Panama City, Fla.

- I don't know what planet you were on before ya fell off the Grey Dog here, but if ya knew anything at all about Earth, ya'd know I *always* want to get off.

Abby, My Ass

I got this problem and since you're kinda the Dear Abby of this rag, I thought maybe you could help me.

It all started about two and a half years ago when the judge decided he didn't like

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



the looks of my long hair and gave me five years to think about upgrading my personal appearance.

Fuck him, I thought, and immediately put his opinion about my hair out of my mind. What I haven't been able to put out of my mind is you. I've been dreaming about sucking the crotch of your panties after you've been wearing them for six months straight. I also keep fantasizing about giving you a full-body tongue bath — I figure it would take about a month of 12-hour days.

All this thinking about you has had me beating my meat an average of three times a day, and now my once straight rock-hard prick

looks like a pistol-grip club fitted for the right hand.

This ain't no bullshit. You just gotta tell me how to straighten out this problem of mine, or at least how to explain it to the ladies after I get out.

Grooved
Jefferson City, Mo.

- Use yer left hand for the next two and a half years.

Simple Answer

I have a problem that may not seem so unusual, but I would like to hear what your opinion is.

My best bro's daughter and I were in the process of getting together for an intimate

experience. She's seventeen and a virgin. I'm twenty-three and have been around. Her ol' man (dad) had no idea what we were planning to do until he found a letter she was writing to me.

She called an' let me know he'd found it, so I split and haven't talked to him since. I've talked to her on the phone since then and she says her dad would like to talk to me. We were always very tight, so I know he don't want to fuck me up. What I need to know is what I can tell him to explain the situation and make him understand I wasn't tryin' to get his not-so-little girl in trouble.

Whoredog
Pemberton, N.J.

- Tell 'im you was horny.

Sized By Spider

Ever since I was a little kid, I thought cows had tight pussies. Now everybody tells me that they're really big and loose. Which is true?

Big Jim
Blair, S.C.

- Depends whether they're the same cows Spider grew up with.

Tough End

My problem is that I have a tough job holding onto my women. I can get girls whenever I want, but they never seem to last too long.

As far as I'm concerned, I can't understand why all my ol' ladies split all the time. I work and bring home a paycheck at least five weeks a year, my bike is always up and runnin' (except when I'm working on it), and I'm great in the sack, as long as I haven't gotten drunk and passed out before anything happens.

Why do ya suppose they'd wanna leave a righteous biker like me?

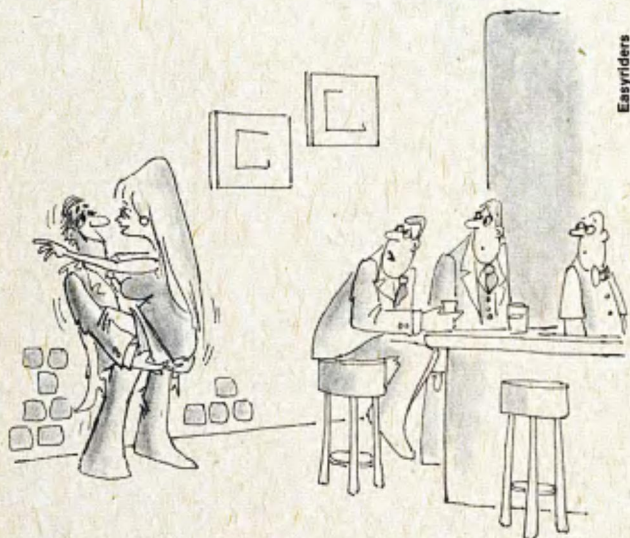
Samson
San Diego, Calif.

- Why does a rat leave a sinking ship?

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.



"So that's Harvey's wallbanger."

The dude was banging a bro's ol' lady for the first time. "I feel rotten getting into your ol' man's pussy," he said. She replied, "Don't worry — if you had three more inches, then you'd be in his pussy."

—Coke
Salem, Ore.



"Let's see if I've got this straight — you say you were cleaning your fingernails with that knife when the victim ran into the blade? Seventeen times? Backwards?"

A hot and dusty cowboy rode in from the mesa, filthy and exhausted. He'd obviously had nothing but his horse for company for a couple of weeks and was clearly looking forward to a couple of cold beers in the saloon. He swung off his horse, hitched it to the rail, and gave it an affectionate slap on the neck. Then he astonished an old cowhand lounging on a nearby porch by moving around to the horse's rump, lifting up its tail, and planting a demure kiss on its asshole.

"What'd you do that for?" asked the cowhand, completely repulsed.

"Chapped lips," said the cowboy, heading for the saloon.

"Wait a minute," said the old guy. "Whaddya mean, chapped lips?"

"Keeps ya from lickin' 'em," explained the cowboy.

—Big Carl
Demming, N.M.



"And this is the standard method of checking registration numbers. Rookie, are you paying attention?"

One morning the teacher asked, "Karen, do you know which kind of plant grows the fastest?"

"I don't know about plants," replied Karen, "but this morning at recess, I saw Ernie take something out of his pants and squirt water on the ground, and when he saw me watching him, it sure did sprout up fast."

Shocked by such a brazen disclosure from one of her star pupils, the teacher gasped, "Why, Karen, I didn't think you had that in you!"

"I didn't, Teacher," replied Karen. "You rang the bell too soon."

—Suki
Tooele, Utah

Rugrat: "Daddy, did you go to Sunday school when you were little?"

Biker: "Sure did, never missed a Sunday."

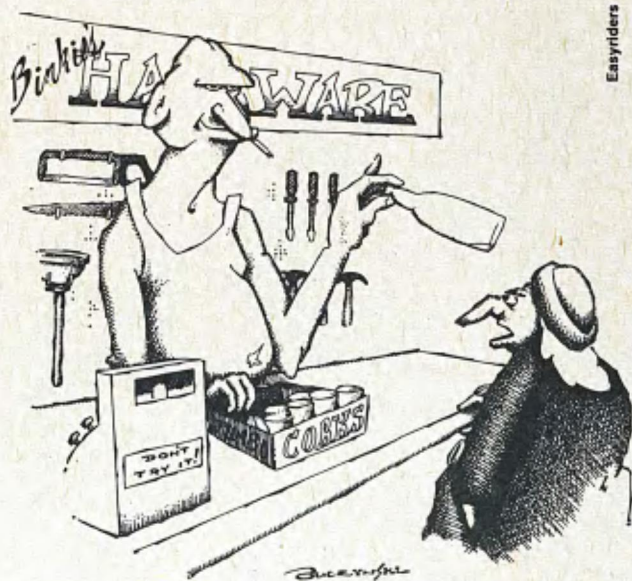
Rugrat: "See, Mom — it won't do me any good, either."

—Jasmine
Peoria, Ill.

"Please be honest with me, honey," the dude asked his latest squeeze. "Am I the first guy you've ever had sex with?"

"Of course you are," she replied. "Why does everyone I fuck ask me the same question?"

—G. Hart
Mobile, Ala.



"I ask for a restroom and what do I get? Alternatives!"

Three women were bragging about what great husbands they'd married.

The first said, "My husband is fantastic. He bought me two mink coats and an ermine wrap."

The second said, "My husband bought me two sailboats, plus a yacht that twelve people can live on."

"My husband is poor," said the third woman, "but you can keep your rich hubbies with their fur coats and yachts. My husband's very special. He has a penis so long that thirteen birds can stand on it side-by-side."

There was a long silence. Finally, the first woman said, "Listen, I was lying. My husband didn't get me all those fancy coats. He bought me a little cloth jacket at K-Mart and I'm very happy with it."

The second woman said, "Well, since we're telling the truth, you might as well know — I didn't get two sailboats and a fancy yacht. All I got was a rowboat ride in the park."

Both women turned and stared at the third. "Okay, okay!" she said. "So I'll tell the truth, too. The business about the thirteen birds standing side-by-side on my husband's penis isn't true. The thirteenth bird can only stand on one leg."

—Joey
Otey, Tex.

Easyriders



"I dunno, man — maybe we should spend some more time on that headlight concept."

A taxidermy school received the following letter from a man in Montana: "I seen your ad in the local newspaper about the course where you teach people how to mount birds and animals. I'd just like to take the part where you learn how to mount birds. I already know how to mount animals."

—Ace
Boulder, Colo.

Why was the leper the life of the party? Because everybody was using the back of his neck for bean dip.

—Beaver
Norman, Okla.

Bumper sticker: "If girls are made of sugar and spice, then how come they smell like anchovies?"

—Mike
Paynesville, Minn.

There was this girl who lived in New Jersey, and she loved the place so much that she named parts of her body after various spots in the Garden State. One night she confided this to her boyfriend as he was beginning to feel up her right tit. "I bet you call this Mount Pleasant," he said, and she smiled in assent.

Working his hand down to her ass, he asked, "And this?" "I call that Freehole," she said.

Getting hot and heavy, he maneuvered his hand around to the front. "I bet you call this Cherry Hill," he said triumphantly.

"Nope," she replied. "That's Eatontown."

—Natty Oscar
Princeton, N.J.

Little Joey's mom took all of his candy from him before they went to church, except for the jelly beans he had stashed in his pockets. Everything was fine until the middle of the sermon, when the preacher made the statement, "God is everywhere." Little Joey squirmed in his seat, jumped up and said, "I hope God ain't in my pockets eating up my jelly beans!"

—T.J.
Chesterfield, S.C.

Then there was the young man who was thrown out of the Boy Scouts for eating Brownies.

—Wild Bill
Salt Lake City, Utah

Easyriders



"Oh, shit!"

The census taker asked the girl to give her occupation. "Whore," she answered.

"I can't list it that way, Miss," he said.

"Okay, put down prostitute."

"I can't list it that way, either."

"How about chicken raiser?"

"Chicken raiser?" he asked in puzzlement.

"Sure, last year I raised nine hundred cocks."

—Gretta
Kempton, Germany

Easyriders



"Cora — you keep hanging around with these damn bikers — and I love it!"

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

Last month we detailed the way the Texas Department of Corrections is dragging its feet in implementing the reforms ordered by U.S. District Judge William W. Justice in his 1981 *Ruiz vs. Estelle* decision.

As we mentioned, one of the areas in which the TDC seems to have made the least progress is in limiting guard-inflicted violence. According to an official report by the court-appointed monitor who is keeping track of that aspect of the "reforms," guards still routinely brutalize inmates with very little fear that they will ever be taken to task for their actions.

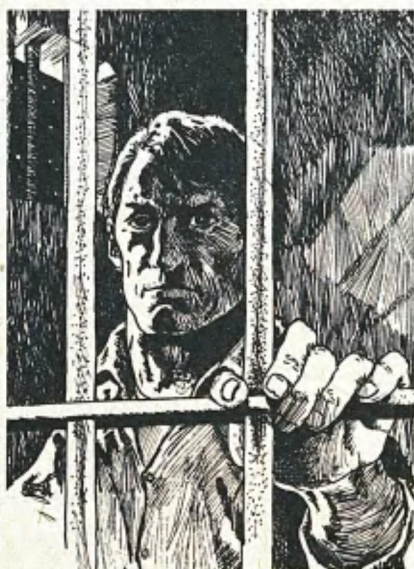
Fortunately, that situation may be changing. A San Antonio-based group, Alternatives to Imprisonment, has decided that it's time some of the dudes holding the whip begin to feel its lash, and they are using the court system in an attempt to prove it.

"A major court order (to end brutality against inmates) is being violated flagrantly, callously," says Attorney Ruben Sandoval, one of the directors of Alternatives to Imprisonment. "They (the guards) believe that once they go into the little world they've been used to, since they're dealing with so-called social misfits, the accountability of their treatment is almost nil. They believe the outside world is not going to condemn them for what they do to these people."

"Does the difference of being behind the walls make them privileged or beyond accountability? We're saying, 'Bull!' We would like to see them taste their own medicine. We want criminal contempt citations against those goons."

In order to try to put the "goons" where they rightfully belong — behind the same bars as their victims — Sandoval and the other members of Alternatives to Imprisonment have been painstakingly gathering evidence of illegal treatment of prisoners for close to two years.

So far they have been concentrating on about 60 cases of "flagrant



abuse — much of it directed against jailhouse lawyers and against inmates who were witnesses in *Ruiz vs. Estelle* — and they have stacks of sworn affidavits, medical reports, letters and other documents to back their contentions. They also have a waiting list of prisoners — both victims and witnesses — ready to testify in court.

"It's their word against ours and that will not suffice," Sandoval says. "When we go before Judge Justice, we will not be malcontents. We will not be militants just shooting our mouths off."

"Let's say that we have about 25 percent reliability — you're still talking about at least ten good cases. To prove violation of a court order, you don't need ten good cases — you just need one."

"They (the 'goon' guards) have no respect for authority and yet they propose and purport to be the authority. They're probably worse than the people (inmates) they deal with. The prison service is doing the whole state a disservice by keeping them."

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS A Cold Future

This flash came in too late for our April Fool's Day issue. It seems the Los Angeles Police Department

hosts a monthly seminar on the future of "law enforcement." Called Forum 2000, the meetings are held at a downtown bank and usually feature speeches by experts in the fields of weapons technology, communications, and stuff like that.

Among the this-is-the-way-things-are-going-to-be-in-the-year-2000 ideas recently discussed at the meetings was a proposal to surgically implant radio transmitters in everyone convicted of a crime. A series of satellites (if they bought 'em from the Russians, they could call 'em Copniks) would receive the signals and be able to pinpoint each convict's location every minute of the day.

An even more bizarre idea seriously discussed by the Forum 2000ers? Freezing inmates for the duration of their sentences. That one, at least, has some decent possibilities — it would spare you from eating road kill and grits while doin' yer time.

Knock Down The Time

A committee to work for repeal or modification of Florida's tough mandatory sentencing law has been formed and is seeking support from both within and without the walls.

In case you're one of those who figure it's hopeless, that there's no way to get straight citizens to pressure their legislators to back off on such laws, consider these statistics. State Department of Corrections boss Louie Wainwright estimates that six new prisons will have to be built just to house the additional longtimers who will be created by this law. Cost of these prisons will be over \$100 million. Annual operating expenses for the new lockups will be about \$40 million.

Do you know of any towns who want a new prison going up in their backyard? Do you know many taxpayers who want to add that kind of money to already swollen state budgets? I don't, either. These two things alone might cause a lot of people to listen to reason on this issue. To find out what you can do to help, write CM25MS, Box 3127, Apopka, FL 32703. ■

Illustration by Mike Doherty

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Comes To Pass

So it came to pass that in 1984 Chevrolet still makes the V-Eight introduced in 1955, that the distributor from your 1966 Plymouth will pop right into your 1977 Dodge, that a Harley dealer can satisfy the demands of 27 years' worth of Sportsters by stocking two versions of the primary cover gasket, that Harleys, Triumphs, BMWs, and Nortons can be overhauled and updated and ridden a million miles.

—Cycle World

Weather Report

Thin sheets of ice formed scale-like patches on road surfaces. Ice beads sat defiantly on the seat of the bike, while slowly... ever so slowly... a pyric fog oozed over the city, hiding houses, cars, and all things familiar. The prognosis for riding wasn't good.

—Patricia Fahy
Northeast Riding

Older Than Dirt

Motorcycles have been around longer than airplanes. So where is our museum? Our hall of fame? Our library? Where is the agency which gathers and preserves our artifacts or disperses comprehensive information about our past?

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Highway Dumping

It was one of many such encounters. I have come across entire sofas, a refrigerator, and a ten-foot section of television antenna (at twilight, no less) among scores of other "accidentally discarded" objects. Auto-

mobiles would have trouble climbing over a Frigidaire at 55mph; the consequences for a motorcycle are horrendously obvious.

—Paul Garson
Hot Bike

Down The Street

At 60mph, the Harley is a thriller. The speedometer begins to gyrate up and down on its rubber bushing. At 70mph, vibration courses through your body, and after 30 miles of this, you'll jump off the Softail and levitate down the street, dancing like Michael Jackson.

—Cycle

Bad Vibes

Then there are problems unique to the marque. Harleys vibrate so bad half of the running gear tends to drop off. Ironically the other half tends to seize. It's a joke that a Harley owner's toolkit consists of six different weight hammers, but then so is the quality of some of the engineering. British bikes were largely obsolete before they left the factory, but are simplicity itself to work on and rebuild (as long as you can get the parts).

—Superbike

Decent Danish

So there I stood — decent-looking like always, not wearing an H-D T-shirt, polite and with a Danish accent, trying to figure out what was so wrong with owning a Harley.

—Kim Scholer
Northeast Riding

Practice And Practice

I'll give you one little secret about improving skills, whether practicing motorcy-

cling or practicing the piano. All of us like to practice the things we're good at, but we won't get any better if we don't practice the things we find difficult. And practice. And practice. And practice.

—David L. Hough
Road Rider

The Cost Of Experience

The pros know that skill comes from experience and thought. They know that experience includes the possibility of failure. Failure is the price of experience.

—Cycle

Just In Time

It seems that the technology for water-cooled motorcycles has come together just in time to feed the horsepower wars of the '80s.

—Jim Wolcott
Road Rider

Unprofessional Enterprise

The effect on the marketplace, and feelings this group [Canadian Motorcycle Dealer Corporation] has generated, has shown just how unprofessional the dealer network is. Their total disregard for a free enterprise, starting off in, say, a small accessory shop or service shop, to perhaps later grow into a regular franchise shop, shows their lack of self-confidence in their own service and customer relationship they have not built into their own business.

—Canadian Biker

Tasty Sound

For Harley-Davidson aficionados, fear not — this new-fangled V² Evolution engine is, in every way, still a

Harley. It still displaces eighty cubes (that's inches, sonny), pulls like an Indian elephant in heat and makes a sound sweeter than maple on American pancakes. Riding it, though, is even better than it was.

—Bob Maron
Australian
Motorcycle News

Ground Aluminum

A dark shape fills my face shield and the Sportster races by, leaving in its wake a barrage of oil and asphalt chips, dust and debris, ground aluminum and steel and fiberglass parts. Then it's gone and I'm left with just the sounds of my leather suit and gloves and boots slewing down the track.

—Cycle World

Close Your Eyes

If you close your eyes and picture a motorcycle policeman, chances are good that you'll picture him on a Harley-Davidson. The image of the crisp uniform, high boots, and half-helmet just seems to go along with a big glistening motorcycle. It's a tradition that dates back almost three-quarters of a century and Harley-Davidson has been a part of it since the beginning.

—Enthusiast

H-D Evolution

The Evolution engine is a combination of things that Harley should have done a long time ago. It's also a model of new technology for the motorcycle industry—technology which is applied to an engine design that a lot of motorcyclists considered obsolete long ago.

—Road Rider

DOWNTIME

By Ben Doverdahl

The Pretenders/Learning To Crawl: With all the hyped-up heavy metal and new wave Johnny-come-latelies bein' jammed down our throats and poked in our eyes through the video movement, it's nice to hear a group that still keeps it basic. Just the music, please. Hold the mustard, relish and onions, we don't need to hide the natural taste of this spicy frankfurter.

Reality is the deal with the Pretenders. As a group they've gone through the tough times just like everyone else. People in the band have died (Pete Farnon, James Honeyman-Scott), just like brothers of yours and mine have been zapped on the highway. You move on, missing them but hangin' tough. No one hangs tougher than the leader and fiery frontperson of the Pretenders, Chrissie Hynde. Caustic Chrissie to some. She's got a background in bikers and the life we live, so you could say she's had her eyes opened to the world by a good source.

The new album, **Learning To Crawl**, gives glimpses of the-world-according-to-Hynde, a shining example of an American chick anyone would want to get close to. But watch out, 'cause she's liable to snap like any biker's ol' lady will when riled. Just listen to "Middle of the Road" and you'll hear her snarling like a cat as she laments the aging process while her band does a full-tilt boogie

to back her up.

The biggest question going into this album was how they would sound compared to their old hardcore selves. With the additions of Rob McIntosh on guitar and Malcom Foster on bass they seem as tight as ever. The group's sound has always been dominated by Chrissie's vocals (supported by original member Martin Chambers's rock-solid drumming), spruced up with her harmonica and lean guitar action. The ingredients are still there.

Another refreshing item is the band's sense of who they are, or rather, who they aren't. It's only rock and roll, and they aren't tryin' to kid anyone that it's the most important thing in the world. Listening to "Time The Avenger," "Watching The Clothes Go 'Round" (an ode to normality), or "Thumbelina" hits the mark on the head. Songs about right now. Growing. **Learning To Crawl** might seem like a strange name, but it fits when you consider the re-fabrication of the group in the past year, and the addition of a baby girl, Natalie, for Chrissie (by Ray Davies of the Kinks). There's nothing like a new rugrat to make you see the world differently. Also, Chrissie takes the kid on the road with her — no nanny's gonna raise her child. She's going to be some kinda kid.

Most of the nine songs on the album have something to do with raising a family.

One comes from the heart of rockabilly, "Thumbelina." Maybe the best song of the bunch, it talks about a "broken life on the highway," and "what's important in this life, ask the man who's lost his wife." When first heard, it hit with all the force of a head snappin' on asphalt, which is exactly what had recently happened to a close brother's wife — ceasin' her existence in a flash and startin' a whole new chapter in his family's life. They are literally learning to crawl now also. No doubt each of us has our own tale of highway demolition from fucked-up cager assholes, but it took streetwise Chrissie Hynde to put the re-starts and changes of life onto paper and vinyl, without having it sound pretentious and syrupy. Just kinda nasty. The Pretenders continue their tradition of rockin' with a reason. And a good time is had by all who listen. Oh, yeah, thanks to Chrissie for the plug in *Newsweek* last April.

John Hiatt/Riding With The King: Into the world of the living. Hiatt is pictured on a big dresser beast, but it isn't his. How can dudes sit on other guys' bikes? This one is courtesy of Jake Riviera, an Englishman, but the plates are from Texas — somethin's fishy! However, the smell clears up as soon as the needle grinds across the platter. This is Hiatt's fourth record, his second for Geffen Records. Actually, it's two

records in one, in that it incorporates two distinctly different periods and producers. In the fall of '82, Hiatt went into a studio in San Francisco with some fellow musicians he'd toured with while backing Buffy St. Marie on her European tour. After eight days of recording with drummer Scott Matthews and his associate Ron Nagel, he had side one done, even though originally it would be just a demo tape. A Ry Cooder tour followed in which Hiatt played guitar alongside Ry, who was opening shows for Eric Clapton. Well, his energy got sidetracked, and when he went to do side two, months later, it was kaput. Across the Atlantic he went, to meet Nick Lowe, who would produce the second side of **Riding With The King**. The outcome is a punched-up group of songs punctuated by Hiatt's fine writing style, and music that's reminiscent of Elvis Costello. But the album is dedicated to that other Elvis, the King himself, Elvis Presley. That's the king he's ridin' with. Nonetheless, you can't get away from the Costello connection in his vocal inflections, like on "Book Lovers," "I Don't Even Try," and "Falling Up." It's good — just familiar. "Falling Up" has a bass backing from "Not Fade Away" that will have all the sweeties dancin' like crazed hyenas on speed. And ain't that what it's all about? With rippin' rock like "Death By Misadventure" and the others, maybe John Hiatt can get his own Harley. ■

THE PRETENDERS



JOHN HIATT





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.



Is Freedom Just Another Word?

Cages, whiskey, shotguns, cyanide, and cigarettes all have two things in common. One, they're legal.

Two, they can be lethal.

Cages kill over 50,000 people a year. Nobody has yet suggested making the possession or sale of them a felony. Smoking tobacco, according to every scientific study ever made of the subject, causes many people to develop cancer — yet the government of the United States still pays subsidies to encourage farmers to grow it.

Marijuana, on the other hand, is a virtually harmless weed that causes a mild and very temporary altering of the consciousness — far milder and much more temporary than getting equally stoned on booze, which permanently destroys a fair number of brain cells.

Yet, pot is still illegal throughout the United States, while booze, though regulated, is still readily available, even in "dry" locales.

Fact is, many, many things that are easily and legally obtainable in this country are a hell of a lot more dangerous to the public than that joint or toot you may be sitting in prison for. Just this past Easter, for example, there was a big flap in the press when it was discovered that some company was distributing Easter decorations filled with arsenic — perfectly legal but, some people felt, in rather bad taste. Then there's the famous case of the guy who laced the Tylenol with cyanide. Had he been trying to spike the pain pills with Panama Red, he might have been busted trying to procure the "poison." As it was, he hadn't committed any crime until he pumped the killer chemical into the capsules. It's not illegal, ya see, to buy or possess cyanide.

There are a number of groups — organizations such as NORML — that are working hard to legalize certain drugs, particularly marijuana. They sponsor voter initiatives and lobby legislators with the pitch that smoking dope is a) harmless and b) so widespread that attempting to control it is useless.

These groups mean well. Unfortunately, their message is full of shit. It shouldn't matter whether a lifetime of smoking weed is harmless or whether one puff will kill you dead — more people drink themselves to death in a year than smoke or snort themselves to death in a decade. It shouldn't matter whether every single soul in the universe does drugs or only one person on earth — say, you or me — does them. This nation was supposedly founded on the principle that individuals have the right to be just that — individual.

The backers of drug legalization make some very convincing arguments. But those arguments all rest on one premise that I find untenable. And that is that our so-called leaders, sipping their brain-destroying bourbon and branch water, and puffing their carcinogenic cigars, have the right to tell us what we can smoke, sniff, shoot or otherwise ingest. That's bullshit. The real case for legalizing drugs is simple — it's every man's God-given and constitutionally guaranteed right to consume the poison of his own choosing.

Why do you think it's legal for people to buy a substance — booze — that can, if they "abuse" it, leave them lying on the sidewalk puking their guts out, while it's illegal for them to buy a substance that will, if abused, merely leave them leaning glassy-eyed against a wall?

Stand in front of a mirror sometime. What do you see? Is it a scruffy dude with long hair and a black T-shirt? Is there maybe a tattoo in sight? Is it someone who looks like he smokes dope when he's got it, snorts coke when he can afford it, and pops pills when they're offered? What else do you notice about the person? Nothin'? That's strange. I notice that the dude in question is someone who stirs, to quote the infamous biker mis-historian Hunter S. Thompson, fear and loathing deep in the heart of the uptight, anal-retentive establishment.

They want to control you, boy. And keeping drugs illegal is one way they're doing it. The way things are now, all they have to do is knock down your door, find the drugs and haul you away. And if, through luck or planning, you have no drugs for them to locate, they can always "find" the stash they brought with them — just in case. What jury is gonna believe your side of the story after the prosecutor's gotten done telling his horror-story lies about drug-crazed scooter trash?

But that doesn't change the fact that the whole system is unconstitutional bullshit. After close to 210 years of bragging about how this is "the home of the free," it's time we Americans either put our statutes where our mouths are or shut the fuck up.

If this is a free country, it should be just as free for the pot smokers and the glue sniffers as it is for the winos and the nicotine freaks.

If it's not a free a country, maybe we ought to rip the blue sky and 50 stars off Old Glory and dye the white stripes red. Why bother to go on fighting the Russkies — in cold wars or hot ones — when our politicians have already joined them? ■

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Seventh 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 July 30th. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #134 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Vickie**, the 11th monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Jasmine, Monica, and Little Bit.



SANDY



Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

Model's Name _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

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



JO

JAN



SUZANNE



ANGEL



GLADIATOR

The rain was a bitch. With all the miles he'd put behind him in the last twenty years, rain shouldn't have bothered him. But say what you want, the rain was a bitch.

It had started about two hours ago, the clouds turning an ugly, wrinkled gray that built too quickly into black, churning thunderheads, killing the blue southern afternoon. Wolf was pissed. He'd gotten a late start anyway, and as the storm had approached, his anger had grown until his face mirrored the sky's rage. As the first drops began to hammer him, rage downshifted into a kind of grudging respect. This storm was a hell of a lot bigger than he was.

He'd ridden the fine line between fear and anger ever since. The throbbing of the old pan was almost drowned out by the crash of thunder and the hiss of water. Twice trees had fallen across the road ahead, causing him to execute some nasty swerves. Wind and rain combined, forming huge fists that pounded him from one side of the road to the other. The pavement was hidden under at least three inches of water, leaves, sticks, and other floating garbage. He was worn to a nub from the noise, the adrenalin, the strain of physical exertion and the pain of the stinging, pummeling rain. And now, to top it all off, he thought he was lost. He hadn't been ready for that fork in the road. It had surprised him in the gloom, and he hadn't had time to stop and figure out which way he needed to go. He'd even tried to convince himself that it hadn't really been there, that he'd only imagined it as it flashed by in the corner of his eye. After an hour, though, he was sure that he must have missed something. The road had become steadily narrower, and the tree cover on the sides had grown closer, denser. For the last few minutes he could swear he'd felt gravel grinding and sliding under his wheels.

At the side of the road ahead he saw a flashing neon glow. He didn't really want to stop, but the call of two or three hours of dry, warm quiet and wet, cool beer was too much for his tramp's soul to resist. As he slowed and the blur of the sign focused, he made out the words "Star Bar" from the few remaining neon tubes. A ratty fifty-something pickup and two or three primered, nondescript cars wallowed in the mud-and-gravel lake that passed for a parking lot. The building itself was a low-slung cinder-block rectangle, with a

peeling plywood door. It was the kind of building that screamed "redneck" in three-part harmony; Wolf could almost see the "Klan meeting hear Wensday" sign on the door. For a split-second, his mind cried "Fuck it!" and his throttle hand itched. At last, though, he gave in and leaned the big Harley into the lot, skidding into a spot in front of the door.

He must have been a mean-looking sight, darkening the door with the sky gone wild behind him. That would have been enough to shut up the rowdiest good ol' boy — it just wasn't every day that the door of the Star opened up and 280 pounds of long-haired, bearded, tattooed hell walked in, shaking off the rain and road muck like a wet mongrel dog. So, as the door slammed and left him dripping and squinting in the dim, cold fluorescent light, he was ready for the stunned silence that greeted him.

**"Where am I?
What is this? Who
the fuck are you
and what the fuck
am I doing here?"**

There were five of them there, all dressed in what Rat used to call "cracker colors": green Sears work shirts and pants; heavy, faded plaid flannel hunting jackets; old greasy ball caps; and cracked black work shoes tied halfway up. Two of them fat, two getting there, and one skinny as a signpost with ears that seemed to stick out

to his shoulders. All with their mouths frozen wide open, either from shock or from whatever they had been talking about before this apparition had interrupted their beery socializing.

The bartender had been seated on a stool behind the bar, but he stood, exposing his considerable beer gut, as Wolf approached.

"What kin I gitcha?" He seemed amiable enough. Wolf leaned over the bar, taking inventory.

"A double shot of that Jack, and a beer, I guess," he replied. "Say, where in the hell am I, anyway?"

"Lost, huh? Well, son, you're about halfway there, I reckon." At this answer, the tension seemed to break. The good ol' boys exploded in laughter, echoing the bartender's words among themselves. Wolf wasn't quite sure he liked all this, but he was too tired to really give a fuck, and so happy to be out of the storm that he let it slide for a while.

His whole body sighed silent thanks as the sour mash burned its way to his belly; and as he tipped his beer to cool the fire, he turned to have a closer look at the bar.

It wasn't much to see, really; the cheap paneling covering the walls was cracked

Continued on page 104

BY LONESOME COWBOY RIP



IN THE WIND

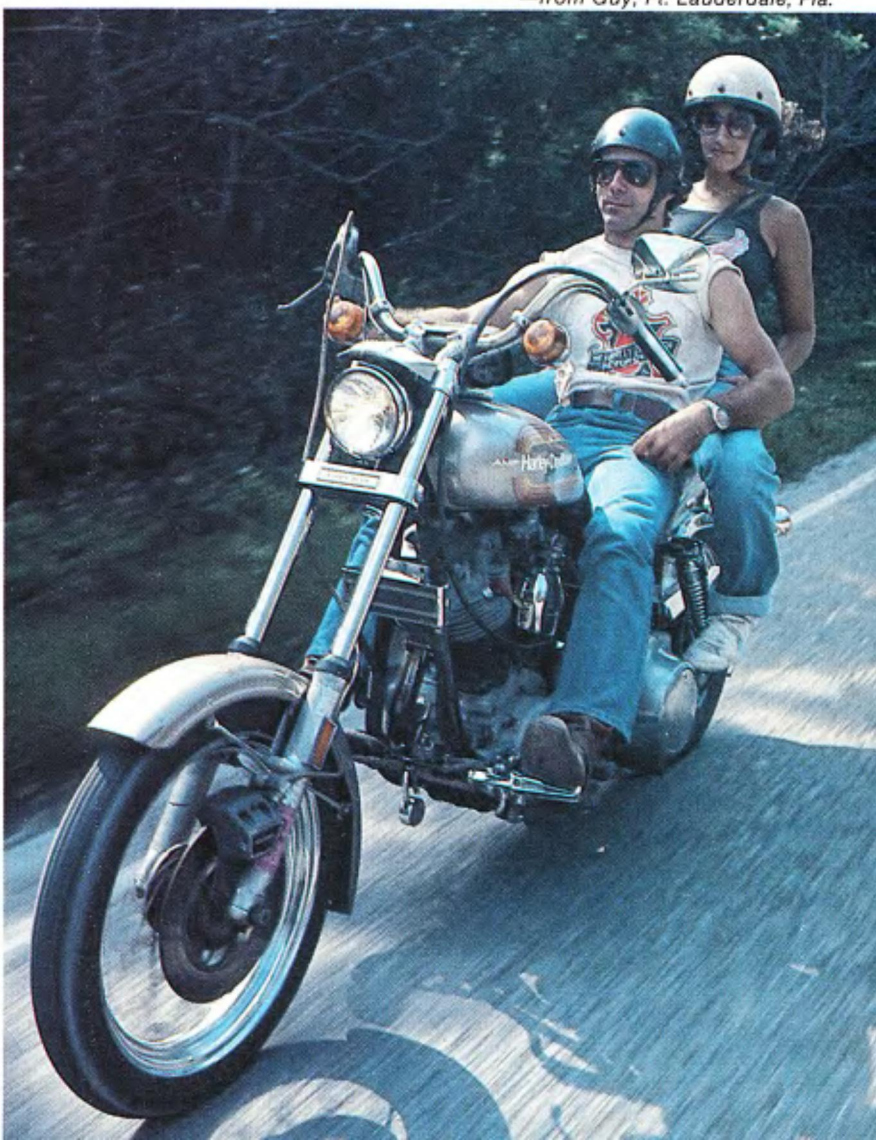


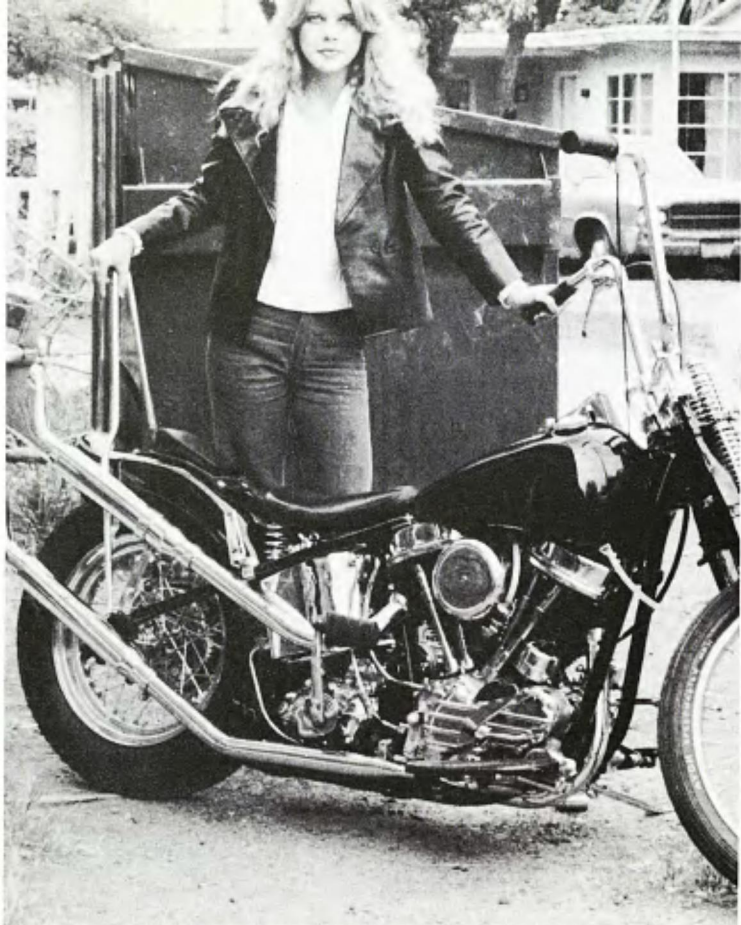
—from Bob Bennett, Oneida, N.Y.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Guy, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.





—from Louie Tafoya, Woodland, Calif.



—from Dave Trebing, Ravenna, Ohio

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

—from George Slettedahl, Cottonwood, Minn.



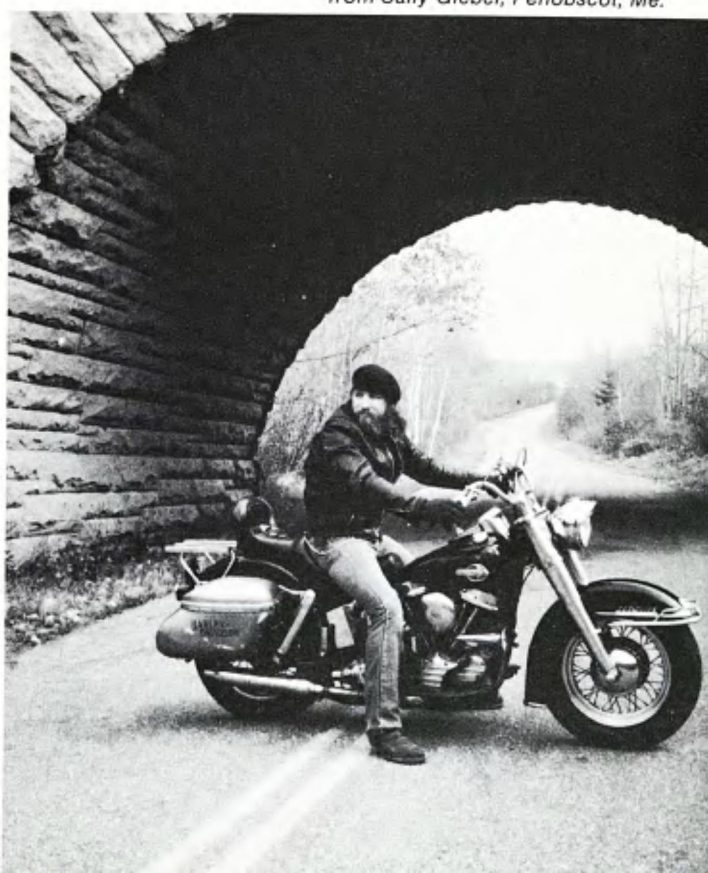


—from Scoop Richards, Honolulu, Hawaii

—from Sally Giebel, Penobscot, Me.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

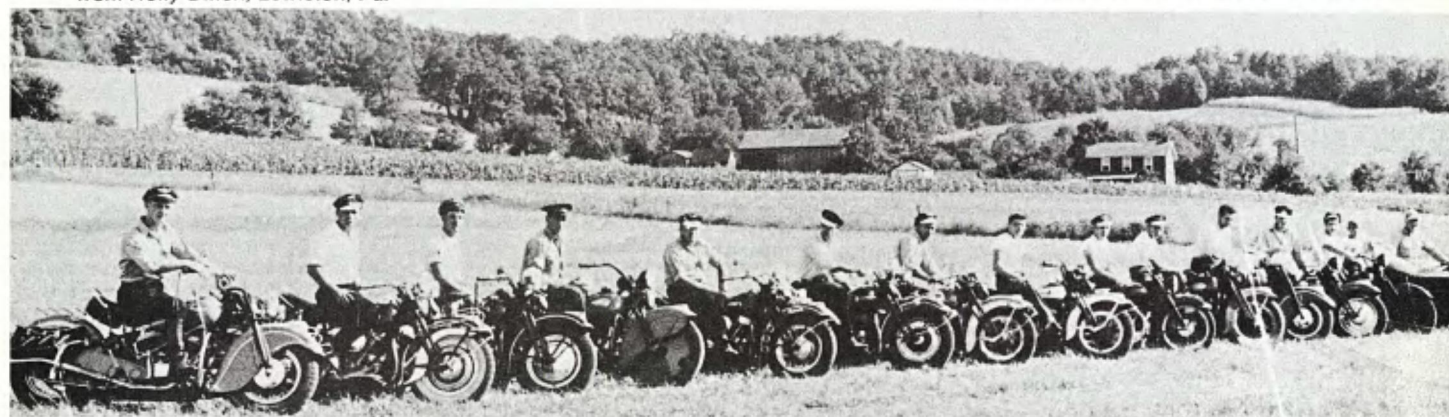




—from Peggy Cook, Trona, Calif.

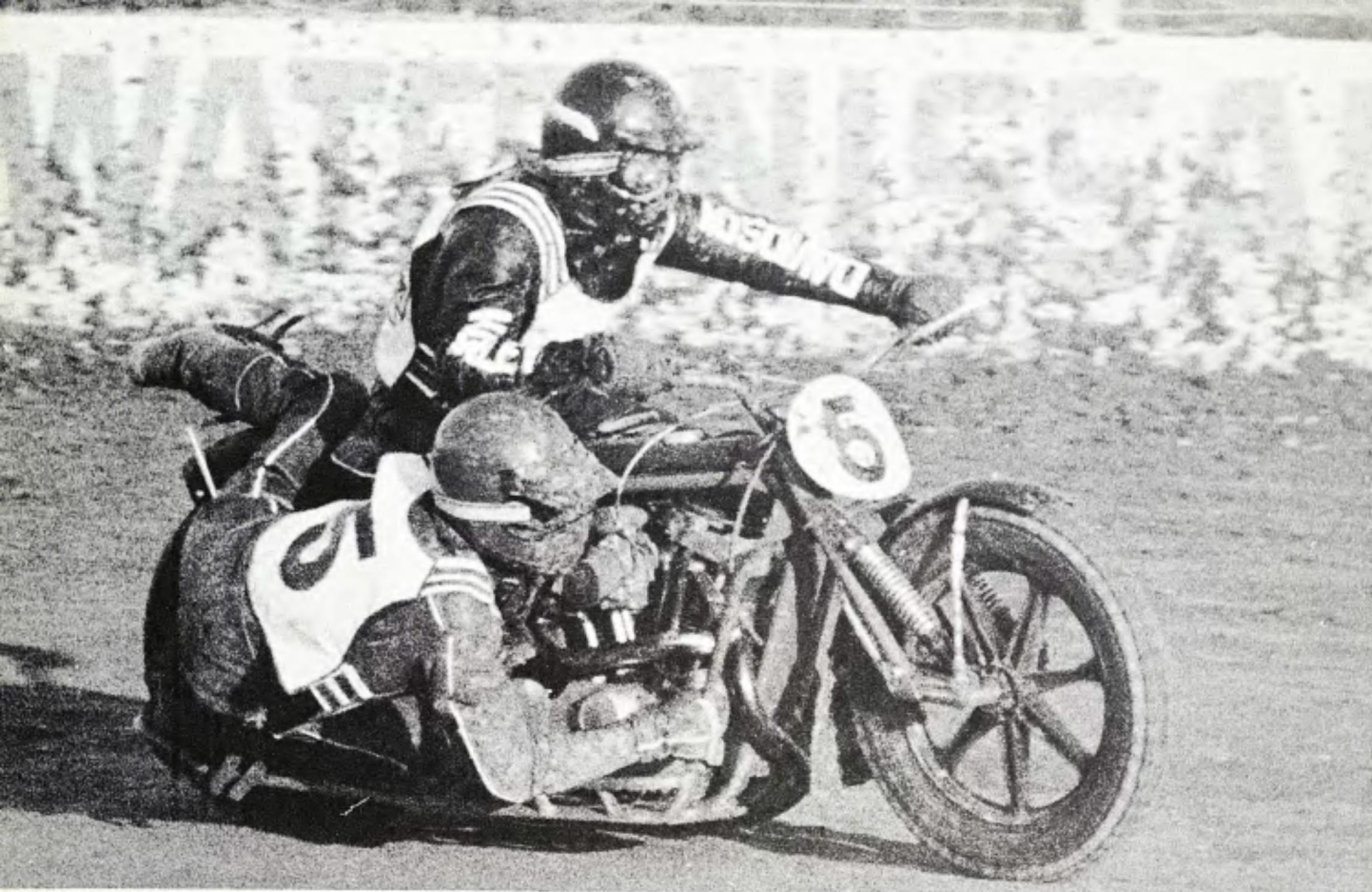


—from Charlaine Lacroix, Calgary, Alberta



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.





—from Tramp, Nelson, New Zealand

—from Phil Lozano, Burbank, Calif.





—from Rose Bud, Idaho Falls, Ida.



—from Jammin' Jim, Modesto, Calif.



—from Dennis Ludwig, Cupertino, Calif.



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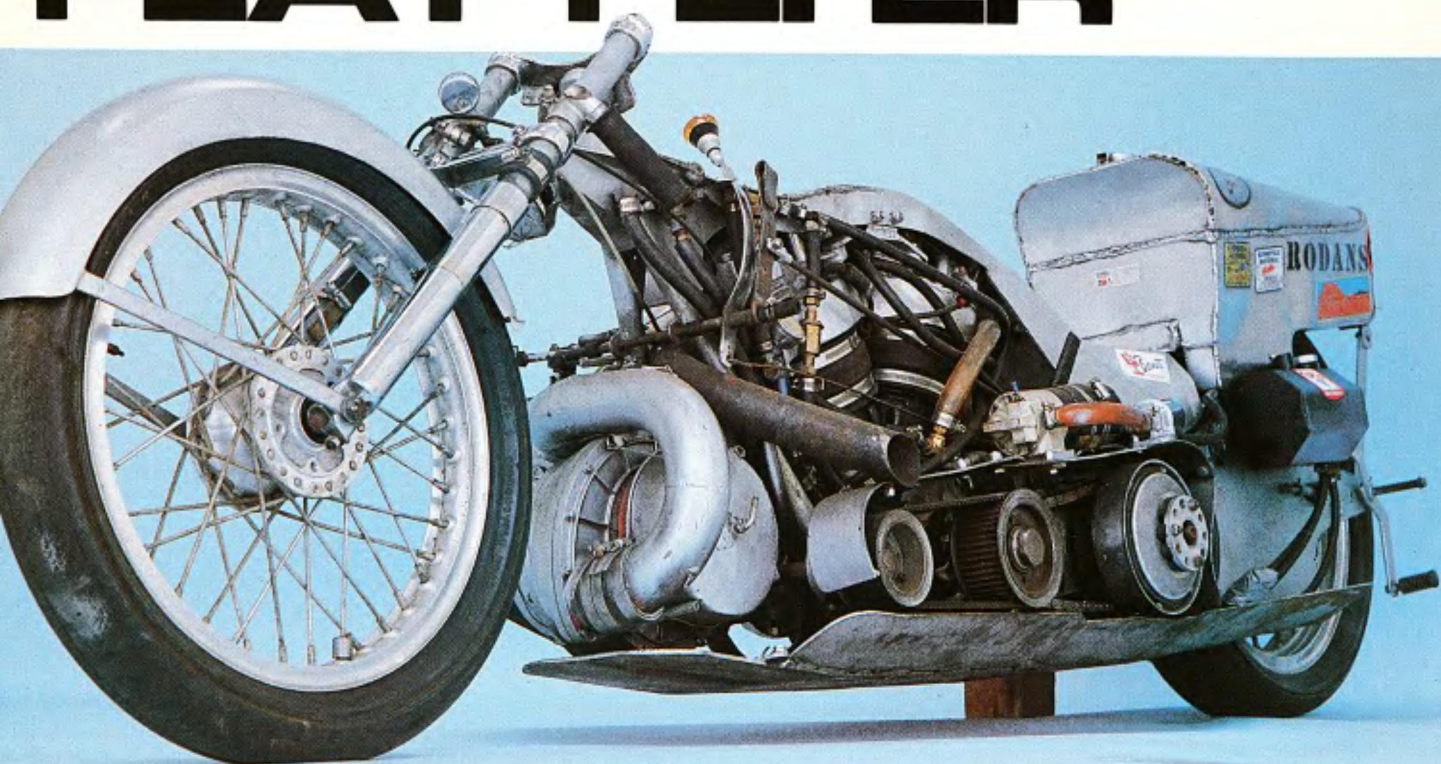
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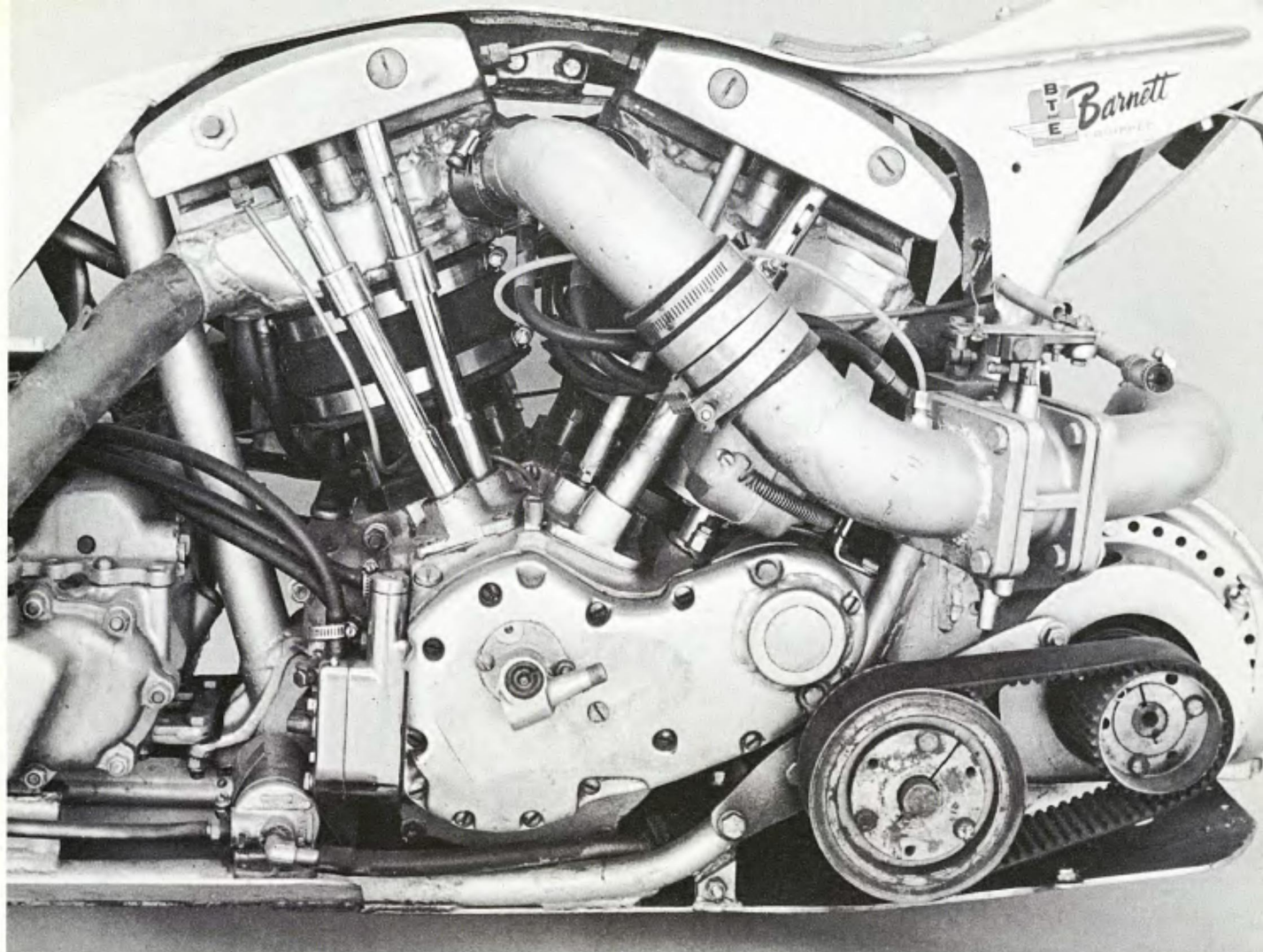
99



The speed bug bit Rodan early and he still hasn't gotten over the thrill of flyin' on two wheels.

SALT FLAT FLYER





About eight hard-ridin', all-night partyin', and knuckle-bustin' wrenchin' years ago, a young biker threw an old Harley together, hauled it to the Bonneville Salt Flats and came within a cunt hair of topping the land speed record for his class.

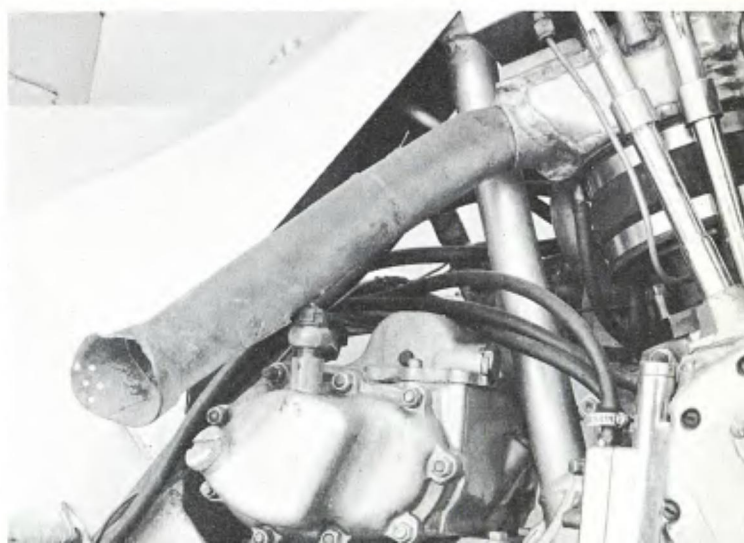
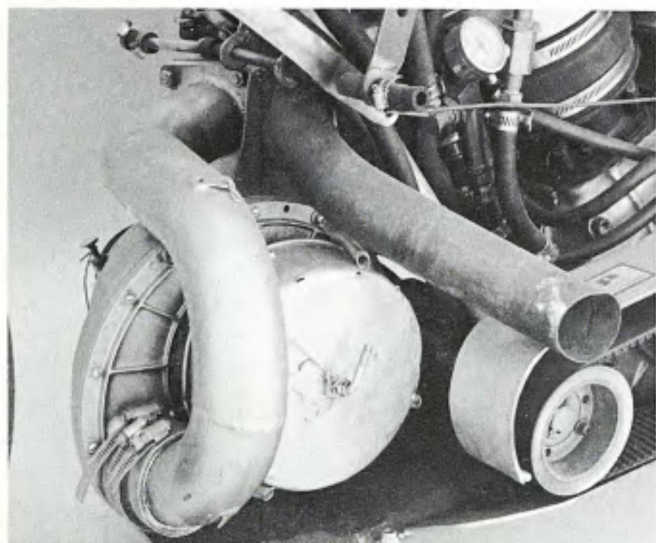
For Tom "Rodan" Evans, that marked the beginning of

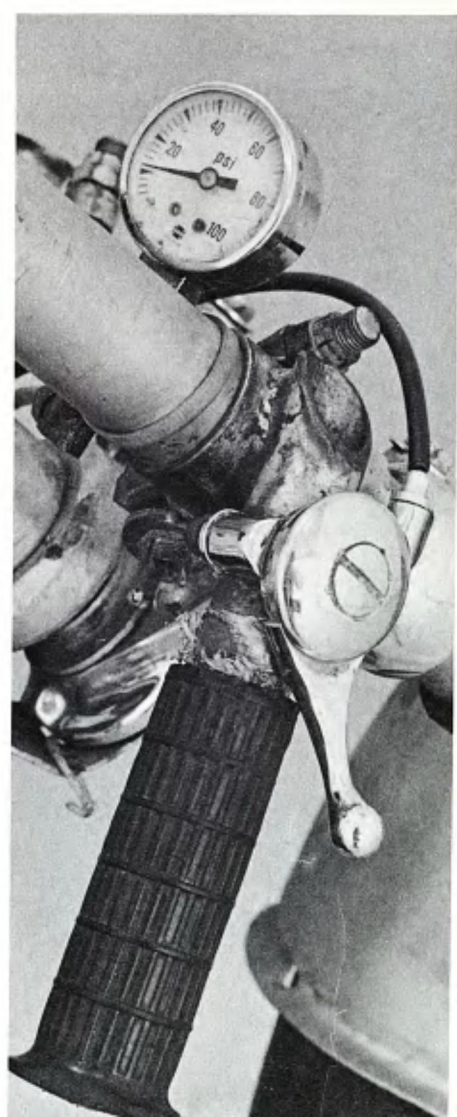
a conquest, a crusade to find the last few microseconds of speed that could be coaxed out of an engine and frame — and to do it on his own, without big-buck support from bike factories or other corporate sponsors.

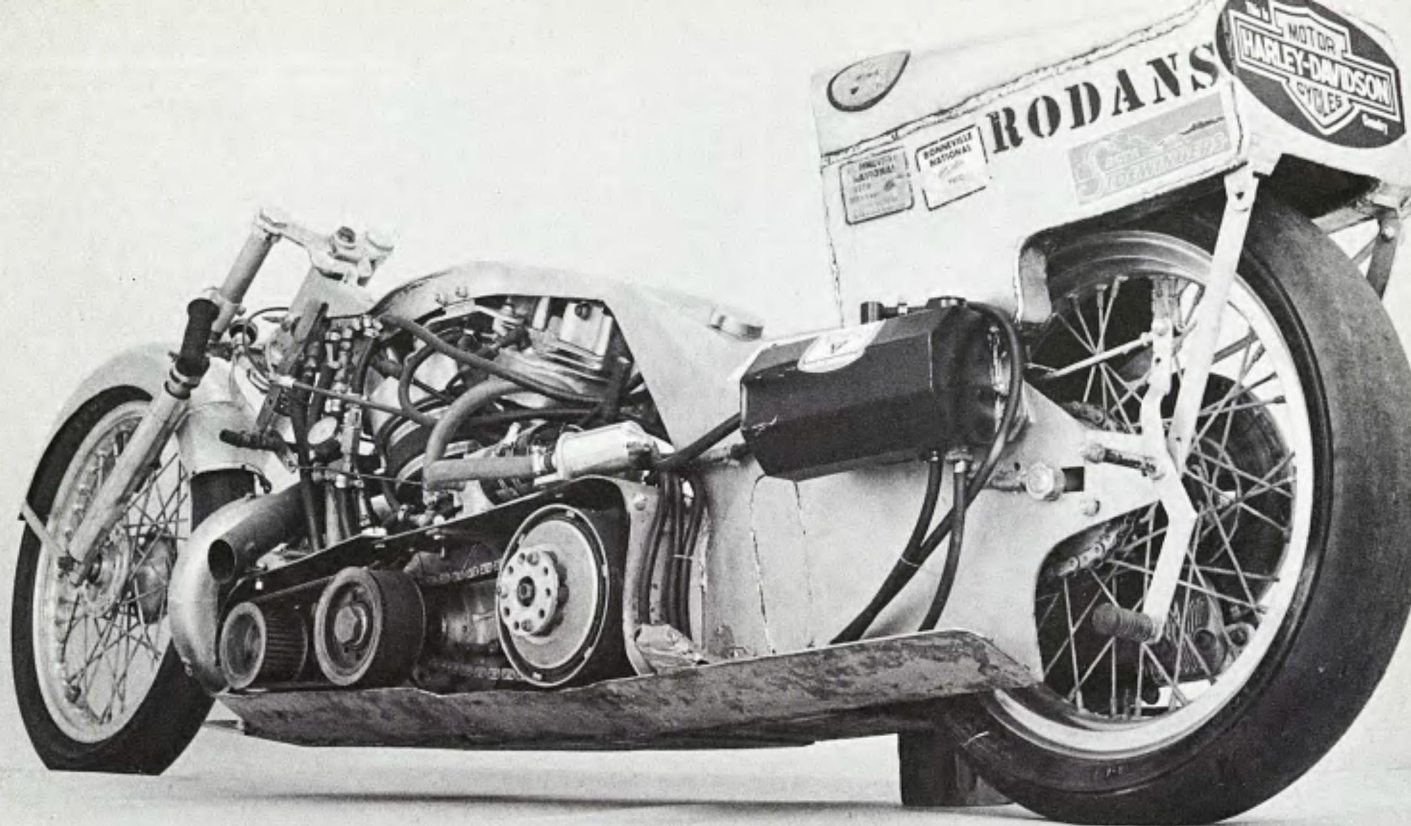
Goin' fast on the Flats is no accident, Rodan says. It requires dedication and, de-

spite his "beginner's luck" with a hastily assembled ride in 1976, year-round work.

Take a look at this Bonneville racer, for example. Except for a few changes, it's the same scoot Rodan did so well with in 1976. Some few changes! In '76, Rodan told us, the scooter was just a "lay-down bike, a straight 74-







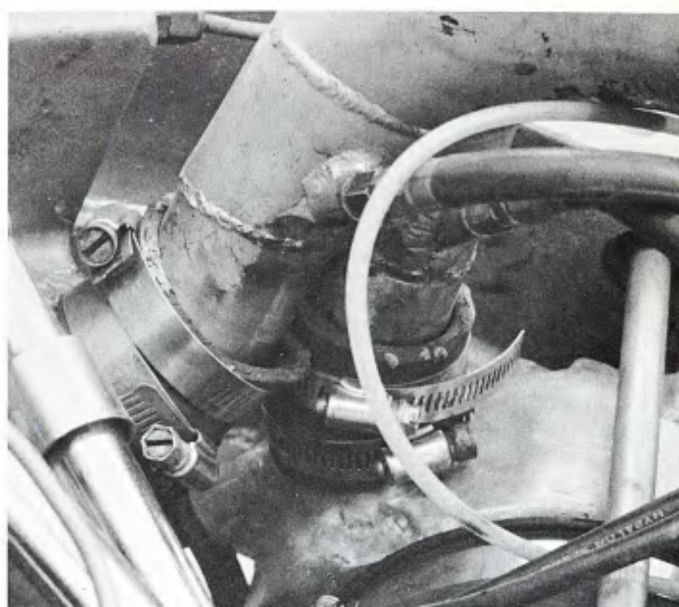
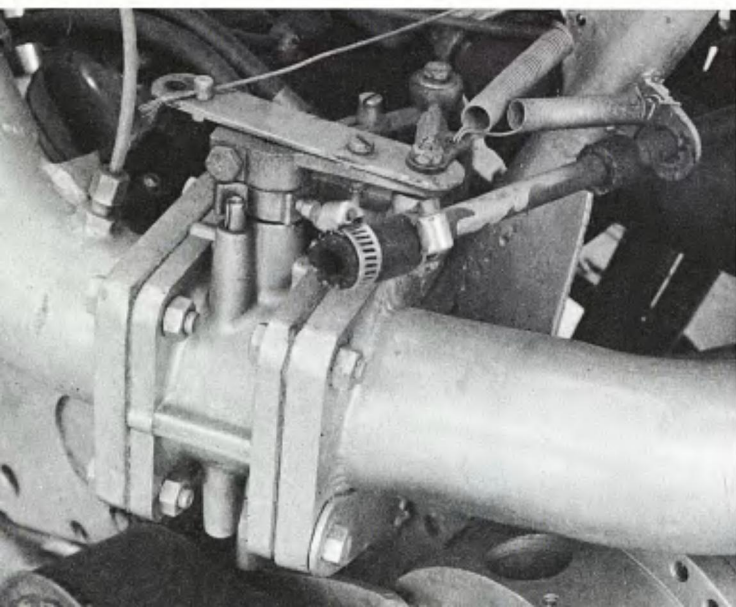
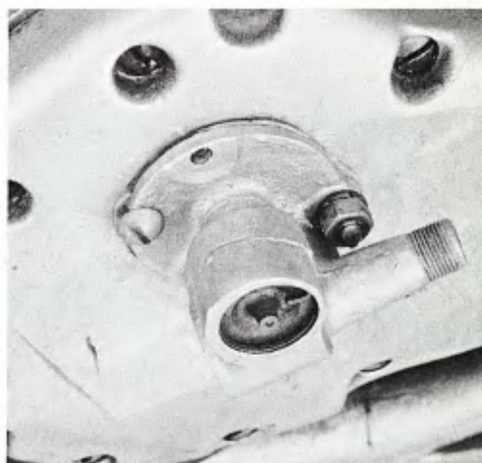
incher tuned to go fast."

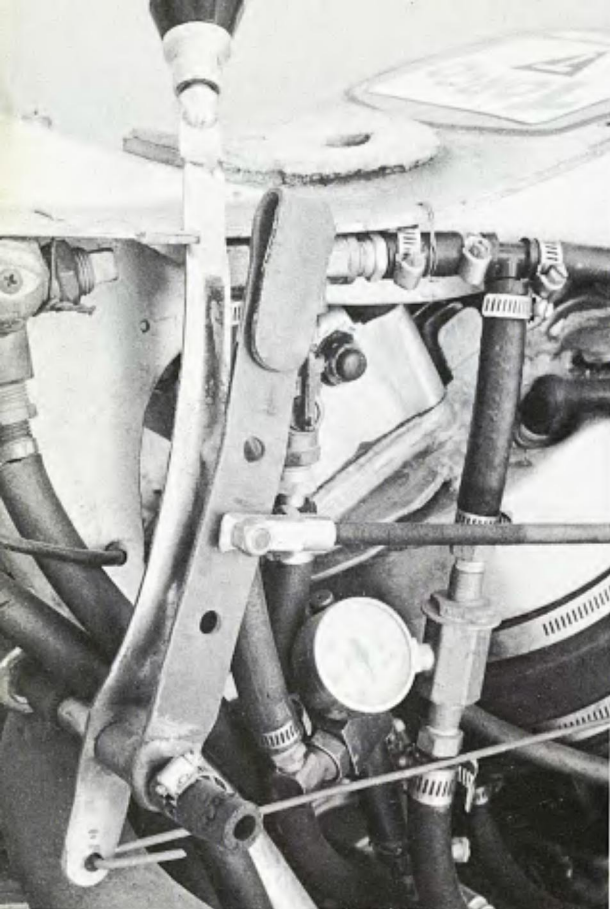
Check it out now. The first thing you might notice is that it's become supercharged — with a blower Rodan snagged off a passed-out cage. Also, it's been bored out to 107 inches — inches that pound out the horsepower with pistons from a 283 Chevy. Oh, yeah, the mill also picked up water cooling somewhere between Wisconsin and Utah — a water cooling system designed by Rodan, who

also built it, right down to fabricating the water jacket.

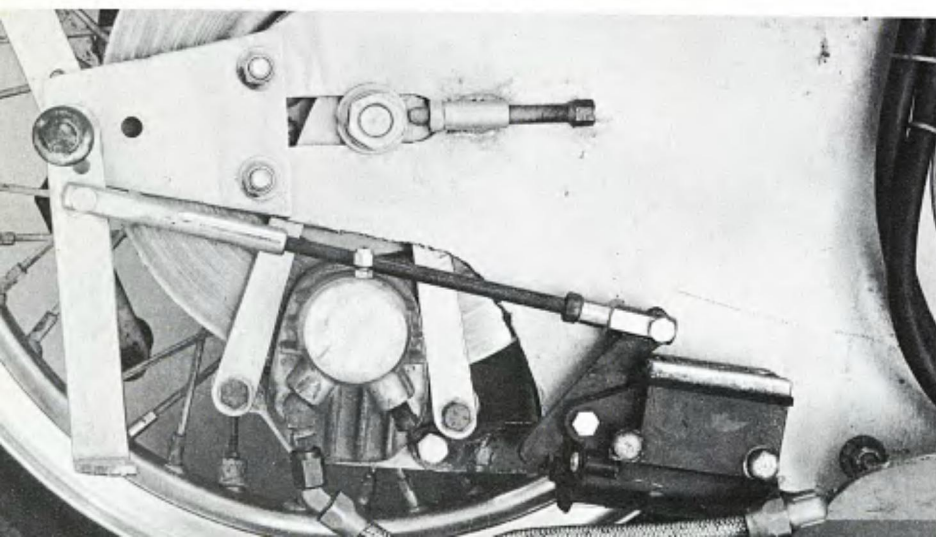
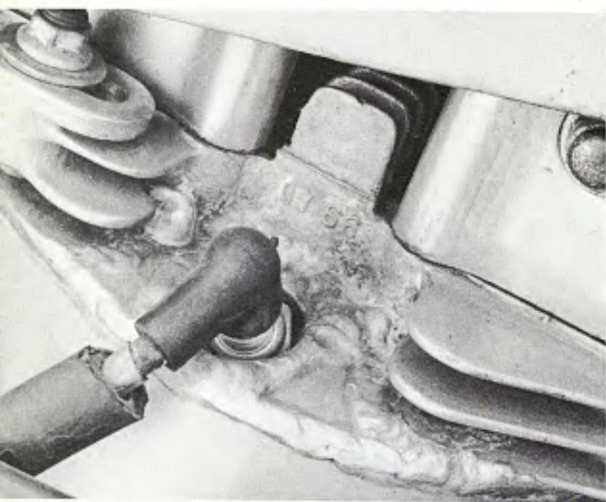
Rodan is so dedicated to getting the most from his "gray ghost" that he even designed and built his own flow bench so that he could customize his own heads.

How fast the bike will go in its current incarnation is anybody's guess. How much speed Rodan's racer — as well as everybody else's — will be able to attain depends on how well the Salt Flats





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Tom "Rodan" Evans		City: Tujunga, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: custom	
Year and make: 1976 Rodan		Builder: owner	
Model: Bonneville Racer		Type: modified swingarm	
Value: \$6000		Rake: 50 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: some	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: too many	
Chroming by: paint		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: short clip-ons	
Year: 1941-1969		Risers: none	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): front	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none/daylight use only	
Ignition: single-fire magneto		Taillight: same as above	
Displacement: 107 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: 4 1/2-in. S&S wheels		Front pegs: none	
Balancing: Rodan's — 70%		Rear pegs: 7/16-in. bolts behind axle	
Pistons: 3 1/2-in. Chevy 283		Electrics: battery for water pump	
Cases: 1941		Gas tank: in frame under seat	
Heads: raised ports/water-cooled		Oil tank: 2-qt.	
Cam(s): custom grind/Andrews		Oil system: modified for less flow	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: sometimes	
Carb(s): blown and injected		Seat: 3/16-in. steel	
Air cleaner: paper		Sissybar: no sissies	
Pipes: short		Height: this high	
Muffler(s): none		Material: whatever	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: 3-speed (low remvd.)		Type: aluminum	
Year: 1966		Extension: shortened 4 in.	
Shifting: hand or foot		Builder: swap meet	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: 4 1/2 pounds	
Trans sprocket: 37		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 24		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: welding rod		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Roger Who		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: aluminum pearl		Tire: LSR	Tire: LSR
Type: real special		Brake: none	Brake: H-D/Jap
Special paint: as needed			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Joe Hale and Les Brown.			

manage to dry out by late spring. At this writing, the oft-flooded area is not washed out, but is far from perfect.

One thing is certain, though: Its owner ain't never gonna rest until it really flies. "This year, or next, or the one after that," he says, "this bike's gonna break 200. The record's only in the 190s, but I don't care, I want 200."

—Butcher

LITTLE SISTER

Takin' care of a bratty chick can be a handful, or, as in this case, a lapful!

Hot Rod looked distinctly uncool. He was sweatin' hard and his eyes looked like aluminum prison plates splattered with catsup. The dude clearly hadn't been sleepin' too well.

"You gotta help me out on this," he said. "Ya know Connee, that chick I been seein'? She's out o' town takin' care of some friend who just got out of the hospital with a new baby."

"Relax," I told him. "If you're horny, there's probably at least one mouse around here who don't have any putt and





butt lined up for tonight."

Hot Rod put a white-knuckle grip on the edge of my desk. "That ain't it," he croaked hoarsely. "Connee asked me to kinda keep her little sister amused while she was gone."

"So what's the big deal?" says I. "As I recall our long and sometimes slimy seconds, thirds and fourths years of ridin' together, you've been pretty good at keepin' chicks amused since you were fifteen."

"Ya still ain't got it!" His croak was rapidly turning into a desperate rasp and I







Photos by Pete Chiodo



was beginning to worry about how I was gonna explain the fingerprint grooves in the desk to Spider. "She's grown up readin' the magazine and she keeps raggin' on me to get her in the girl feature. I haven't been able to shut her up."

"What's yer problem then? I mean, Connie's a fine-lookin' woman, ain't she? Spider would put her in a girl feature in a flash if ya didn't keep sayin' that the only way her face is gonna get in the rag is if you're sittin' on it. Her little sister's just gotta be

pretty good stuff, too. Why don't ya bring 'er in?"

* * *

"What yer gonna hafta do," I said, after little sister had put on her clothes and slumped out of the office, "is tell her she's too young — an' we'd get busted."

"She ain't too young."

"Tell 'er it don't matter, that Spider's gonna demand proof 'cause she looks too young."

"She's got proof. Her birth certificate's in her purse."

"Lots o' people fake birth cer-

tificates. Tell 'er that 'good' ain't enough for Spider."

"It's a notarized birth certificate. An' she's got a driver's license with her picture on it — one of them fabric ones a few of the states are usin' now. You know, the ones with the embossed names and dates that can't be fucked with."

I began to see it more clearly. The bro was really suffering and needed help. There was only one thing to do. "Oh, shit," I said, "C'mon, let's go get Spider."
—Grape

"Forget it, bro. She's got false eyelashes, false tits and a padded ass; she's going with a female narc, she's got the clap, and she don't subscribe to *Easyriders*."



Which is really a shame. 'Cause if she did, she'd be savin' so much money she could afford a penicillin shot or some breath mints to douche with. That's right — for a limited time you can save over a *buck an issue* by subscribing. Just send us \$17 and we'll send you the next twelve jam-packed issues. That's a big \$13 saving over the newsstand price. Wanna save even more scratch? We'll send ya the next 24 issues for only \$30 — a saving of \$30. And, if ya act now, we'll even throw in one of our notorious color decals — the perfect thing to slap on the side o' one of them phony tits.



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Astrological Profile For Leo

Leos are the show-offs of the zodiac. They wear applause signs on their backs and need those extra strokes. Natural entertainers, the whole world is their stage. They do everything with flair, on a grand scale, and are generous to a fault with both coins and time. Give Leos a pat on the head and a compliment and they'll follow you almost anywhere. Appreciation is as important to a Leo as sex or food. (However, don't give Leo a credit card, unless you wanna break the bank.)

On the other hand, Leos can be bossy, brag too much, and tend to believe their own bullshit. The neg-

ative type won't own up to failure and puts the blame on his bros. He also gives 'em the shit jobs while he does the lightweight work. A ticked-off Leo can become a tyrant who goes to extremes to get his way.

Most Leos show real class. They'll fight for a friend's rights, and their tactics are usually fair and aboveboard. Leos are romantic in the sack — some

even kiss before sex. (Afterwards, though, don't forget to give Leo the clap!)

Some famous Leos past and present are: Mae West, Alfred Hitchcock, Martin Sheen, Robert Redford, Dom DeLuise, Robert DeNiro, Mick Jagger, Dustin Hoffman, Lucille Ball, Andy Warhol and Lynda Carter.

Leos generally have strong constitutions, but they're prone to heart ail-

ments and back problems. Some suffer from poor circulation around the heads of their dicks and have stretch marks on their tongues. Older Leos are still sexy — even though they may wet the bed.

Leos have a lust for life. It's hard to keep Leos down for long (unless you're on your knees, straddling 'em). They'll wine and dine you, tickle your funny bone and even pick up the tab. Give 'em center stage and don't cramp their style. Tell 'em their farts don't smell and are music to your ears.

When it comes to roarin' and scorin', Leo's at the head of the list. He's also good at lappin' up the cream, too. So, if you want to keep your pussy purrin', grab a Leo. Take two if they'll fit!

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Nix the urge to splurge, ditto on loan-outs to bogus buddies. Save your bucks for prime pickin's next month. Don't let rumors ruffle the hair around your hole. Misunderstandings can make you mess up royally if you fall for between-the-thighs lies and nooky nonsense. Don't let a good (or bad) piece of ass change your priorities with partners now.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ You're feeling a tad testy in the tightwad dept. and for once you should be! Follow your intuition, don't cut loose of cash or credit. In fact, a closer look-see at your budget could reveal a costly fuck-up. Watch out for computer rip-offs and red-tape tuck-ups. Some heavy sleuthing on your end can cut off a big cash leak.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Cut loose a few freeloaders who sop up your suds, gobble up your grub, and sneak your stash. Turning your home into a hotel can be highly unprofitable, mind-boggling and the drizzling shits. Trade the "welcome" sign for one that reads "gone fucking." Let 'em tuck their trunk between their legs and feed their face elsewhere.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ You may have jumped the gun last month — now you're low on joy juice and your prong only points down. Give your

bod a break, kick back with some good herbs, and re-evaluate the situation. Grab yourself by the goodies and stay stationary long enough for some extra shut-eye. This time, try it alone.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Happy birthday! This one is a piece of cake (birthday, that is), a piece of ass and a piece of shit. No one's cuttin' you any slack through this one, so don't bust your balls or bend over backwards, 'cause there ain't no applause for your ragged ass this month. Keep a low profile if possible. If you can't eat it or fuck it, forget it!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ For once you can depend on bros to bail you out at the last minute, but you'll have to make the first move. Don't expect people to be mind-readers — speak up for yourself. Your experience and plain old guts just won't do 'er now — you need a lotta help from your friends. Remember to return the favor, or next time you'll have to join the Boy Scouts.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ You have to adjust more

than just your jockstrap to solve a big headache now. What you need is a muzzle for the snivelers at work. You're up to your ears in other people's crap, with shit stirring the number one gripe. If blinders aren't enough help, you may have to hone up on tact and diplomacy. That way you can get 'em off your fucking case politely!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ It's your turn between the sheets and the shits. A mild case of the barf-and-squat squirts kicks you in the ass. Otherwise, a temporary cash flow leaves you in a state of embarrassment, with an on-the-rag attitude. Hang in there — your nuts will soon be outta the crack of your ass and hitting the bed post. Be careful and don't poop on your partner.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Time to kick back and coast a while. Take some time off an' spend it with the wind in your face. If possible, take along your favorite box lunch (peanut butter and pussy). Get out and boogie, raise a little harmless hell, make some

good party connections and give yourself a break. Forget your head trips at home; put 'em on hold for a while.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Your job could put you through a few head trips, but it should be minor. Don't blow it or you could have regrets later. Shine on the petty shit and let others pay their dues. Keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers outta stray hair pies, or you could end up in a monthly mess. Remember — the job you save now could be your own.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ This month brings a climax to a problem that's been humpin' you too long. You focus in on bending your brain and figure out where ya fucked up. Some pretty far-out ideas flow on how to fix it. Time to brainstorm, instead of babble. You also come to terms regarding a conflict with your crack at home base. Either correct or cornhole it, once and for all.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This could be a month you won't easily forget, so proceed with caution. You're in a highly accident-prone period that could put your dick in the dirt for a long time. Put safety belts on your shitter, wear bumper guards to bed, take out extra accident insurance, encase your bod in a case of Kotex, and don't bend over to tie your shoelaces without greasing your ass first.

An Out-Of-The-World Helper

Sure, I've used it. I've used it for a lot of things, just like you have. I've used it for everything from keepin' the gas tank on the frame to keepin' a rambunctious bro from hoorahing the town after a wild party.

In other words, I've long recognized duct tape as the great shit it is — a silver-gray miracle at keepin' things together that even scooter trash can afford. The thing that really blew my mind, though, was what happened when the space shuttle crew — orbiting the earth at a point 'bout halfway to Harley Heaven — set about repairing that solar-powered satellite a while back.

First, they tried to muscle it back into the proper position and failed. Finally they managed to grab it with their robot arm and bring it to the shuttle's cargo bay. Then they set about repairing the thing, discovering, at one crucial point, that two pieces had to be stuck back together. No problem, the ground controllers said, NASA is ready for everything. Special tape — the finest and most expensive the taxpayers' money could buy — had been designed just for that purpose. Only one problem. It didn't stick. Suddenly, from some hidden stash somewhere, an astronaut produced a

roll of old reliable. Zip, rip, and press — it worked perfectly, and so did the satellite.

The amusing part was that NASA probably would have shit if they had known that someone aboard their futuristic space shuttle was carrying such a low-technology piece of gear as duct tape. The astronauts, mostly former seat-of-the-pants test pilots, knew better. Like bikers, they understand the value of duct tape and its kissin' cousins, baling wire and bubble gum.



Anyway, the outer-space heroics set me to pondering. Where did duct tape come from? Who invented it? Shit like that.

It didn't take too long to find out that duct tape's history is shrouded in mystery. No one really knows when the coated cloth tape we know as duct tape was first put on sale, but most experts agree that it evolved from the old black friction tape — maybe you remember wrapping a ball bat handle in it three or four lifetimes ago — and

white cloth surgical tape, both of which have been around for about 50 years or so.

The first widespread use of what is now called duct tape was in World War II, when the tape — colored olive drab at that time — was used to seal boxes of ammunition going overseas. It became known as duct tape after the war when the first subdividers, who were beginning to use forced-air heating systems in new homes, needed an airtight wrapping to hold the hot air ducts firmly together.

From there, new uses for duct tape were discovered almost everytime a person set out to do some patching on his house or vehicle.

In fact, nearly the only complaint heard about the shit is that the rolls it is commonly sold in are too big to pack on a bike without filling up the tool space. But even that has a simple solution. Just rip a sizable hunk of tape off the roll and wrap it around a screwdriver or some other tool you've always got with you. Since duct tape remains sticky almost forever, all you've got to do is rip a piece off the screwdriver whenever you need it — something you'll definitely appreciate the next time your headlight plays bowling ball and decides to fall off and roll down some alley.

— Grape

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.

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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.

W/m, 35, brown hair and eyes, 6'2", 200 lbs., seeks correspondence with ladies and will answer all. Robert Brack 092443, Box 628 (05-58), Lake Butler, FL 32054.

Wanted: Cold-blooded outlaw bitch to write to rebel bastard and born cunter, down for 4. Tony "Scorpio" King 94030, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

27-yr.-old w/m, down for the count, lonely and needs mail from some loving, understanding ladies. John Blair, Box C-59810, CTF-C, E229, Soledad, CA 93960.

Two lonely peckerwoods down till '85, would like to hear from all white women, photo optional. Wade Van Lydegraf, C-62090, and Ken Lee Pilkington, C-41163, CTF-N, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960.

Downed bro will be back in the wind Oct. '84 and needs good-looking chicks to send letter and pics. Kurt "California Kid" Wagner 127432, Box B, St. Cloud, MN 56301.

Lonely bro, w/m, 25, 190 lbs., on death row, looking for letters from anyone to help ease the time; prefer women 18-60. A.J. Bannister, C.P. 24, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Two white bros down and out with no one to write. Pic if possible; all answered. Craig "Halfstep" Sandler 338136, Box 32, Huntsville, TX 77348, and James "Bo" Huckabee 348824, Rt. 3, Box 300, Navasota, TX 77868.

I'm 25, 5'10", blond and blue-eyed, out in '85 and lookin' for a fine ol' lady with heart and smarts. William S. Dahl, A014415, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 28, brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'2", 185 lbs., in the joint without ties. John L. Carter 267677, Box 520 Ad/Seg, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

39, 6', brown hair, blue eyes, Vietnam vet-1966, steppin' out in '85. Teddy G. Floyd 334195, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Downed but not out tramp, 23, 5'8", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, tacked back, lookin' for a few cracks to correspond with. Don "Smiley" Meeker, Box B-40952, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/m bro, 6'2", 215 lbs., brown and blue, needs mail from future ol' lady prospects and bros. "Trapper John" Eaglesham 3A1, 2310 Atascocita Rd., Humble, TX 77338.

Scooter tramp, w/m, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., would like letters and photos from all you ladies out there. Jim "Lone Star" Lynch, C-48505, Rm. 4299, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

W/m, 25, doing a big bit, could really appreciate some letters and pix from you foxy ladies in the free world. Ed Patrick 173-575, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Three bros in need of serious-minded ladies for letter, flicks, and visits. No age limit. Hank Germain 46203, 20-A-23; Travis "Tramp" Rutledge 46705, 20-C-13; and George "Beaver" Franklin 38420, 20-A-4; Box 3200, Santa Cruz, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Lonely white boy, 5'6", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, in damn good shape. Billy "The Rhino" Wainwright, C-28196, CTF-C, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960.

30-yr.-old Aryan, native Californian, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and green eyes, down since '74 and gettin' short. Daniel "Doctor Dan" Rezin 12026-A, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

W/m biker, down till early '86. Aries, 26 years old. Antone Falcone 85073, SCI, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Lonely scooter tramp, down in Oregon with no ol' lady. Melvin "Duke" Wilcox 46986, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

Since I can't make love to your body, let me make love to your mind, whoever and wherever you are. Norman Keith 45498, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m from So. Cal., doing 11 yrs. Would like to hear from all ladies, 18 to whatever. Robert "Sharkey" ReGester 324438, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Help! I'm a 39-year-old scooter tramp who caught 15 here in the armpit of creation. Pat Ryan 137000, Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503-0037.

Country boy, 23, 224 lbs. of solid man. Been down for a few years and got a few more to do. Big John Albernathy, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, NC 28144.

W/m, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 175 lbs., 21, and been down for three, only have 17 months to go. Charlie T. Pfost 112579, OCI, Box 238, Hwy M, Oregon, WI 53575.

W/biker, 28, blond, blue eyes, from So. Cal. Brad "Buzzard" Destelhorst 77691-012, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

W/m saddle tramp, 28, 5'10", long red hair, blue/green eyes. Kieran Kemp, C42880, HMP Gartree, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, England LE16-7RP.

Lonely white boy, 25, and still alive, 5'11", 180 lbs. Mark Kellems 11834-3, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

W/m scooter trash, 34, would like a little sweetie, 18-30, to write. Freeman "Moose" Hensen 46914, Box 538, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

24-yr.-old w/m needs some sweet-talking young ladies to write a few lines. Eddie "The Roadrunner" Soffra 54955, Unit 29-G, Parchman, MS 38738.

W/m, 32, Pisces, 5'9", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, seeks lady, 17-26, who likes to travel and can relocate to Calif. or Tenn. Eddie J. Crittendon, Box 1010-50549, Canon City, CO 81212.

Latin bro, 20, 5'6", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, needs to hear from fine ladies with tight hips and nice tits. Victor "Scooter" Gonzales 82-B-2492, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

Cajun lady, 25, would like to hear from a sincere man with heart. Franki Baggett 887354-H4, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Lonely w/m, 37, 6'2", black hair, brown eyes, doing time, but by the time this is printed, I'll be home. Jim Kelly, 216 Marion St. E., Peoria, IL 61611.

Northern California bro, 5'9", 175 lbs., long brown hair, brown eyes. Ed Schmidt, Box C-61648, Represa, CA 95671.

I'm 22, 5'9", 165 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, looking for a no-bullshit relationship. Roby D. Smith, Box C-72173, Tamal, CA 94974.

Good-lookin' w/m with only 2 yrs. to go is lookin' for a solid, together lady who likes to ride. J. Michael Thurs, Box C-09617, Represa, CA 95671.

White biker, 27, brown hair, blue eyes, from Alabama, needs a very serious lady, no dope fiends, whores, or cunts! Thomas "Big Nasty" Reynolds 429312/3A1, 2310 Atascocita Rd., Humble, TX 77338.

W/m, 35, 200 lbs., biker, will see freedom in 1 1/2 years, is looking for a sincere, lasting relationship. Louis Bailey 81-D-0268, Box 2071, Wilton, NY 12866.

Downed white bro, 34, Sagittarius, 5'11", 170 lbs., bedroom eyes, looking for ol' lady with plenty of heart. Ronald Goetz 169134, St. Rt. 104, Box 15802, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

All y'all sweet, innocent and crazy ladies, give two Okified West Coast w/m a play. T.C. Johnson 93338, and Steve Pusley 97087, Box 514, Granite, OK 73547.

Downed bro, 27, w/m, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., will answer all; pics nice but not a must. Jerry Kelley, C-36296, CTF-C, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960.

Free: One slightly used, dented biker, triker, armed robber, convict, 37. Joe Tokash, Box C-17028, Represa, CA 95671.

Two downed horny outlaws need some crazy foxy ladies to get crazy with, who will care for us. Tom Aumiller 108738, and David Cavazos 133654, Box 220, Stringtown, OK 74569.

Anybody who remembers ol' Fatbob Rogers: I'm down for 15 and have 3 to go and would like to hear from you. Bob Rogers 112340, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

I'm a downed bro with 10 in and 5 to go, so please write. Bill "Animal" Reinikem 1423, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

W/m, biker, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, beard, moustache, hung, seeking one righteous lady, 18-30. Don Holmes, A-71000, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Downed tramp, w/m, 5'10", brown hair and eyes. Harold "Chug" Williams 333844, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Scooter trash, 19er, w/m, 5'9", dark hair, hazel eyes, 180 lbs., 33, wants to hear from serious, together ladies. Ray R. "Road Dog" Fontaine, Box 518/173, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

W/m, 33, doin' life, will answer all ladies who write. Wayne Horton, Box C-07101, Tamal, CA 94974.

30-yr.-old w/m, 6'5", 210 lbs., brown hair and eyes, down 2 yrs., will answer all. Aaron L. Martin, K-7036, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

Scooter bum, 33, down and out and ready to rap with — no bullshit! Jack Levandowsky 37226, 18701 Old 66 Hwy., MECC 1-C-3, Pacific, MO 63069.

26, 5'9", 160 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, have been down for 3 years and will answer all. Terry "Doc" Holliday 51095, Camp 25, Parchman, MS 38738.

Two devastating white bros, down since '80 but due out in '85, seeking two nymphs to ride to Texas and set up house upon release dates. J.R. Hofstetter, A87767, and D. Maulding, N07970, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

So. Calif. w/m down in Wyoming, in need of a honey to write. Wayne Stolper 13331, Box 400, Rawlins, WY 82301.

Downed w/m bro, 23, brown hair and eyes like a puppy dog, would love to correspond with people on the outside. Kenneth Snyder, C-40523, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

W/m in thrall to some Yankee pig farmers, needs flicks and words from lovelies of all ages. Terry Moore 04662, Box 900, 3B-75, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

29, 5'9", 205 lbs., built well and good-lookin', will be out soon. Monty Alexander 82A-4672, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Would like some mean, nasty, understanding, gentle girl to write a few lines to this 30-yr.-old w/m Gemini. Andrew D'Ambrosia 26504, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Colorado tramp, 27, brown hair, blue eyes, looking for genuine Harley women. Don "Bonesteel" Stokes 125930, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74502.

W/m, 26, 5'10", 160 lbs., hits the highway this Oct. and needs a good lady, 18-30, any race, any place in the U.S. Paul Anton McKenzie 279-480, Box 1000 314, Steelacomm, WA 98388.

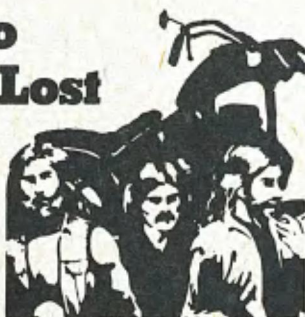
W/m, 30, 6'3", 210 lbs., needs all you sexy, foxy ladies to write and send pics. James J. Terry 127910, Box 56, Elmore, AL 36025.

26, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, love to putt. Melvin Williams White, Jr., MCTC, Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, been down 8, due out at the end of this year. Ron Fish 143-615, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

W/m, 25, Scorpio, scooter tramp, doin' 5 with 2 more to go. George Warwick 81A-4939, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

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 **Keith Lyle Settgast**, 6/17/57-7/5/83. He loved to ride and was on his bike till the end. You'll be in our memories till we can ride again together. May you always ride in the wind. Wife, Kathy; daughters, Sonya, Stacey and Stephanie; friends, Paul, Randy, Shorty and many more.

In loving memory of **Robert O'Keefe**, 8/18/83, gone but not forgotten. Thinking of you every day. Loved and missed by all who knew you. Love you always, Sherie and Natasha.

In memory of **Glenn "Pigsy" Brydges**, 4/24/82, killed because some asshole made a left turn without looking. A hell of a dude who will never be forgotten. Hick and your bros. Animals MC, New York and Pa.

In loving memory of **Linda Richards**, only 17. You lived for love and Harleys. You were the best damn sister I ever had or ever will have. I miss you. We will be together again, ridin' and partyin' like we used to. Bye for now, sis. Love, Paula, OK City.

Streaker, 19er, R.I.P. From Nick, 19er, Pagans MC, Maryland Penitentiary.

In memory of **Purdy Dan Hadley**, 1/17/84. Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there. I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow. I am the diamond glints on snow. I am gentle autumn's rain when you awaken in the morning's hush. I am the swift uprising rush of quiet birds in circled flight. Purdy, we love you. The Panthers and Pantherats.

In memory of **Wilbur "Tree Top" Kerdie**, a great friend and bro who was taken much too soon. May you rest in peace and be happy in Harley Heaven. We'll all join you some day to party together again. Loved and missed by all your friends and bros in Delaware.

In honor and memory of **Ron W. Braden**, 1/1/84, a hell of a brother and friend who left us too soon. We'll miss you, bro, but you left something in all of our hearts that we won't forget. Hope you're finally at peace. Larry, family and friends. Fresno, Calif. FTW.

In loving memory of **Barron "Red Man" Horne**, 9/17/83. We made it to the "Great Smoky Mountain Motorcycle Rally" together, but I had to come home alone. That damn bastard in the cage didn't give us a chance. Ride free as always. Loving you always, your ol' lady, Sherry.

In memory of a righteous brother, **James "Crispy" Barrett**, 4/25/58-9/20/83, who died young but will be remembered forever. Murdered by a punk with no heart. Ride free in Harley Heaven, as an "independent outlaw" till we meet again. Moms, son Kevin, the rest of your family; Grasshopper and all from SFV-10 "family."

In loving memory of **Mike "Little Bro" Leonetti**, 4/26/65-11/11/84, slaughtered by a cage at much too young an age. You'll be remembered with love in our hearts till we ride again on the flip side. "Pops," brother Rick, and all your people.

With loving memories of **Bud and Joe**, 11/12/83. High winds, a small plane, and a big mountain don't mix. FTW, boys. We love and miss you. Indian, Cindy, Shawn, Michelle, and Dede.

In memory of a true brother, **Dave Dye**, 10/9/83, who lived life to the fullest. Many didn't understand, but we all know ya wouldn't be happy without your scooter. Keep that old shovel in tune, 'cause someday I'll pull up alongside ya on that endless highway in the sky. Your bro, Jim.

In loving memory of **Pete "Crifter" Ritter**, who died on his Harley, 3/20/82. Time will never erase the memories. You're ridin' free now. We love you! Tiburon MC and family.

In memory of **Howard "Tom" Melvin**, 8/8/83, the best bro anyone could have. We hope you saw the party we had in your honor. Ride free, brother, just as you always have. You'll never be forgotten. Your friends and bros, Storm Riders MC.

Here's a beer to a bro whose face and laughter I'll never forget. A bro who was there when you needed one. **Gill**, 11/10/83, now you can ride without a smartass cager getting in your way. Forever in our minds. One Eye and Family, Mt. Carmel, Ill., MC.

In everlasting memory of **Parr "Mac" Norton**, who gave me the best friendship I have ever known. The man dearly loved his H-D, and to all who knew him, he was tough, honest and colorful. He left us on 1/23/84 and is with us in spirit. Mukluk and bros in Oregon.

In loving memory of **Charly Anderson**, 8/2/50-1/17/84. You were the most loved person I ever knew. Why all that love was never enough I'll never know. Ride on to Valhalla. All our love, the queen of your heart and all the kids.

In loving memory of a good bro, **Mad Michael**, from your bros and sisters in Wichitity. Hey, Michael, we'll take that piece of candy. Wichita, Kan.

In loving memory of **"Mean Gene" Sherman**, 3/17/83. We love and miss you. Ride on in Harley Heaven; you will be with us forever. Ronnie, Debbie and Oz.

In loving memory of **"Bucky"**. We rode a lotta roads together, always sharing both the good and bad as one. If that's not brotherhood, what is? Love ya, bro. Da Beast, Florida.

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

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When terrorists bombed marine headquarters in Beirut, more than 200 young fighting men lost their lives. Among them was one of our own: Cpl. Johnny Williamson, 25, of Asheboro, N.C. Johnny was a biker whose tour of duty was almost up. Ironically, he was scheduled to leave Beirut on November 17 — his mother's birthday.

I think it proper that all of us — bikers, vets, Americans — pause a moment to consider the significance of Johnny and his fellow marines' deaths. They gave their lives in the service of this country, but I fear that perhaps only we Vietnam veterans have the special insight it takes to see something meaningful in what, on the surface, appears to be only death for nothing. Johnny and his comrades weren't tourists or draftees; they were voluntary enlistees who believed that there are some things worth dying for. The trouble with their kind of sacrifice is that by dying, they leave it to us, their survivors, to make sure that their deaths weren't in vain. It's a heavy legacy.

To Mrs. Jewel Williamson, John's mother, we offer our condolences — and also our thanks for all the work she's been doing to get a Vietnam veterans' memorial built in North Carolina. There's nothing we can say to Johnny and his fellow marines except, "We are proud of you." All the young soldiers of today deserve a resounding pat on the back. They know what little thanks we got on our return from war, yet they still have enough guts and faith to put on uniforms and do what they feel must be done. God bless them!

And if any of you bros would like to help out in the memorial effort, here's where to send a donation: North Carolina Vietnam Veterans Memorial Committee, Box 31048, Raleigh, NC 27622.

When my first column appeared back in the September '83 issue of *Easyriders*, a lot was going through my mind: Would I be able to help fellow vets? Would you get something out of the column? Would you like it? Would I be able to get our story across?

It looks like those questions have been answered now. "Vet Voice" is alive and well and going strong; Sarge is doing his job. I want to thank all of you who've complimented me on the column and also thank all of you who've sent me material I could use. And to those who've written to say thanks to me: No need — that's what I'm here for. And you're welcome.

In that first column I kicked off the new "Vet Voice" with a personal experience — an incident that occurred when I was serving on LRRPs in 'Nam. That pretty much let the cat out of the bag as regards my own service, and ever since then I've regularly received a fair amount of mail from other vets who were also with elite units. Some want me to "tell our story"; others just want to let a fellow jungle rat know he's got an unknown friend out there, still kickin' — and still rememberin'.

It's easy enough to feel unique, to feel a very special and separate kind of comradeship with others who experienced the same shit. Most of us are, after all, only human, mean no harm, and aren't trying to put anyone else down. If you were in the heavy shit, you share a bond with the bros who were there with you. And when it comes to outfits like the Green Berets, Seals, LRRPs, Recon, Rangers, and MACV/SOG teams, we're talking some heavy-duty, hairy stuff that not everyone would have been able to hack. Army, navy, air force, marines — it don't matter. Those who wandered around enemy sanctuaries and strongholds in very small numbers — and came back — just naturally identify more with "their own." The thing we've all gotta realize — and I think most of us do — is that it doesn't matter what your particular job was in 'Nam. You were part of the effort and you're part of the brotherhood.

I wish "Vet Voice" could include every letter I get. Rather selfishly, I guess, I'd especially like to publish every letter from fellow LRRPs, and marine Recon and such. But in fact, it wouldn't be fair nor is it possible. However, the following letter serves as a good example of the kind of "kindred spirit" mail I get from time to time:

I just wanted first to thank you for all the good you've been doing. Being in the bush and busting caps while diddy-bopping around virgin territory was a hell of a trip, wasn't it?

I was with the 3rd Marine Div. Recon; we were around the DMZ. Back in the "world" they didn't understand.

I'm 70 percent disabled from wounds, but still went to war to be with our bros. And I had the best time of my life! You know something, Sarge, when it rained in 'Nam, we slept asshole to belly button; we were a tight team!

With your work, you're keeping our voice alive! God bless you!

*Abe "Bush Nasty" Bates
Sgt., USMC (Ret.)
Canoga Park, Calif.*

You can sense the special comradeship, the special seeking out of brotherhood within a brotherhood, here, right? Just like former POWs have something special going with other former POWs. And all combat vets have with other combat vets that they can't share with non-combat bros. The largest brotherhood, of course, is the one that exists among vets who were in the 'Nam as opposed to those who served but not there.

As I mentioned earlier, many of the ex-LRRPs, ex-Recon, ex-Berets, etc., who write want me to tell "our special story." Government secrecy has been lifted to a large extent now, and they feel that regular infantry had its tale told well enough in books like *Charlie Company*, and that a general overview of all kinds of duty and service in Vietnam has been pretty well covered in yet more books.

I don't think I can do that in this column: Too much needs to be told, we don't have the space, and it's not the only story that needs telling (meaning, it's unfair to our other brothers to hog up the column). What's really needed is another good book — one that would take Force Recon, LRRPs, MACV/SOG, etc., chapter by chapter.

For right now, though, I'd like to list some books that might help anyone interested in this special

Continued on page 122

Hard Times

Continued from page 10

the air. There was plenty floatin' around that cell. I tried to go back to readin' my book, but my mind kept wanderin' off to that ball of nerves lyin' above me. The guy was a coiled spring. Now, that, of course, was his problem, not mine. But we were sharin' the same cell, and that was my problem. It looked like it was gonna be a long summer.

* * *

As it turned out, I was right. It was a *helluva* long summer.

Jim — that was the new guy's name — couldn't seem to get along with anybody. If you've ever done time, then you know that you literally can't survive without making a few compromises here and there.

You'd think that fact would be pretty obvious to most anybody, but Jim refused to give an inch. I'll say one thing for the kid — he shared his anger with all comers. He got into beefs with whites, spades, Mexicans, big dudes, little dudes, body-builders, bookworms, you name it. Yeah, Jim was a regular Equal Opportunity Asshole, and I expected to see him shanked sooner or later. In fact, I think the only reason he wasn't snuffed during the first six months was that he spent so much time in the hole.

During those infrequent stretches when Jim wasn't doing time in the hole, he and I talked a little. He never gave me any shit, probably because I told him from the gate that if he turned my comfortable life into a shambles, I'd cut his heart out. Except for that initial confrontation, I ignored the fucker unless he opened the conversation, which he did every now and then. We'd bull-shit about stuff that happened in the joint, but he seemed reluctant to say much about himself, about his life on the outside. I picked up a few bits of information, though, like that he was 24 and had been work-

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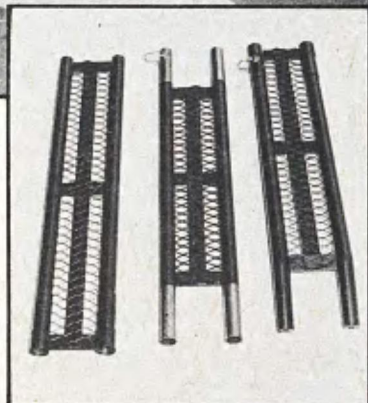
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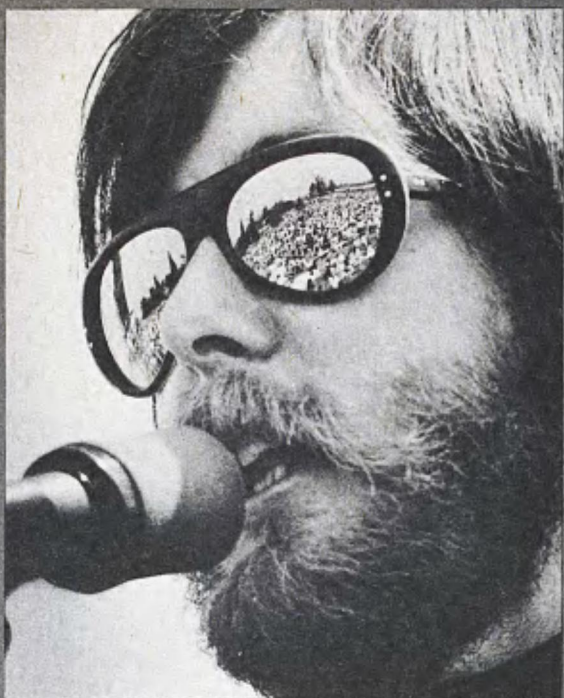
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in' as a welder and draftsman, tryin' to save enough money to buy himself one of them new 80-inch Hogs.

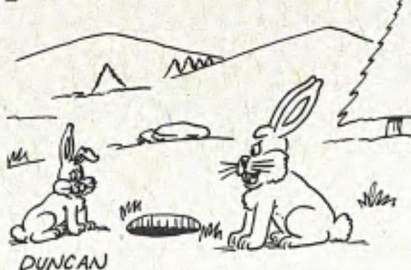
I used to ride some after I got out of the navy, so we had a little in common, at least. Like I said, Jim generally held his cards pretty close to the vest and didn't have much to say. But if there was one topic that could loosen his tongue and make him open up, it was motorcycles. The guy loved to bullshit about bikes, everything from the custom panhead he'd had to sell to help pay his lawyer to the pure pleasure he got from cracking open the throttle and launching himself down the road, where all the hassles and weariness fell behind him like pebbles kicked aside by his tires.

I really couldn't figure the kid. In his better moments he seemed pretty bright, or smart enough anyway to wise up to how hard he was makin' things for himself. He had talent, too. The sucker could draw. He'd while away hours sketching pictures of motorcycles, filling page after page of a couple of cheapass legal pads I gave him. All he had was a couple of pencils and a ball-point pen, but that didn't seem to matter. I've still got a couple of those old pencil drawings stuck on the wall, still hanging there after all these years.

Drawing always seemed to calm Jim down. You could actually see the transformation; the taut lines of his face would relax and all the tightness, all the pent-up nervousness would subside. When he was like that, it was hard to believe this was the same guy you had seen at chow a few hours before, threatening to kick some dude's ass if he didn't stop crowding him in line.

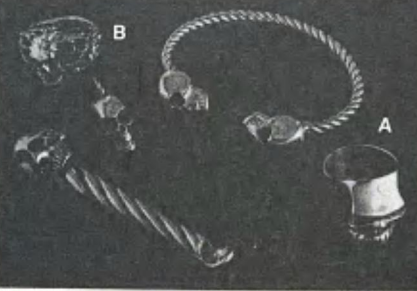
Just about the time I'd be thinking Jim was gettin' his shit together, he'd fire down on somebody's ass, and the last we'd see of him was him being dragged away to the hole by a couple of hacks. And when the hacks got him to the hole,

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likely as not they'd kick his ass, since they were as tired of his shit as the rest of us.

One day they released Jim from the hole after a week's stay. The hacks must have really been pissed this time, 'cause they'd outdone themselves. One of Jim's eyes was swollen shut above a puffy cheekbone that sported a bruise of sheer Technicolor majesty — sundown in Hawaii. Blood dribbled intermittently from his nose, except when he sneezed, which was pretty often. Beak's busted, I said to myself.

Jim pulled off his shirt, soaked it under the faucet and, apparently figuring he was going to sneeze for a while yet, painfully lowered himself to the floor. He sat with one elbow resting on the toilet's rim, holding the wet shirt to his face while sneezing volleys of blood into the bowl. I watched him for a couple of minutes without speaking, then I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to get something off my chest.

"Kinda stomped a mudhole in your ass this time, didn't they?" I asked. "Ya know, Jim, I believe those boys don't like you all that much."

Jim said nothing, so I continued. "Now, you know that ordinarily I don't stick my nose in other people's business. But in your case I'm gonna make an exception. Not because I give a shit about your ignorant ass, ya understand, but you're no longer just a problem for yourself; you're turning into a problem for me."

"How's that?" he asked quietly. Even beat to shit, the silly sonuva-bitch was thinking about having to fight me, too. I could tell he was measuring me, warily evaluating what was happening.

"Look, shit-for-brains," I said, "why don't you just calm down and lick your wounds — or isn't one ass-poundin' today enough for you? You fuck with me, son, and I'll do a tap dance on those cracked ribs. As bad as you're fucked up right now, my arthritic ol' granny could clean your plow and not even work up a sweat. So, you just relax, 'cause you're gonna hear this whether you like it or not, hotshot."

I reached under my mattress and pulled out most of a pint of Seagram's Seven. When you've been doin' time in this place as long as I have, there ain't a lot you can't get if you want it bad enough. Jim accepted the bottle without expression and downed two healthy swallows before handing it back. I slugged down a shot and screwed the cap back on. Okay, I thought, wondering why I was even bother-

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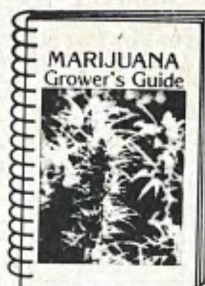
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ing, here goes nothin'.

I'd started off by tellin' him what a pain in the ass he'd become, simply because all the hacks were pissed at him — to say nothin' of all his other hassles. Whenever Jim wasn't doing a stretch in the hole, the fucking hacks made surprise shakedowns of our cell, looking for something to hang Jim's ass with. I didn't need that shit. For that matter, I was takin' a chance havin' the booze in the cell that night, even though I'd bought it off a hack in the first place. Anyway, I pretty thoroughly ran down Jim's shit and told him, in short, that I was just too fuckin' old to put up with some hard-dick cellie who couldn't hold his mud.

I didn't want the kid to know it, but in spite of myself I'd sorta gotten to like him, or at least to admire his guts and determination, if not his brains. At the rate he was goin', he'd be lucky to survive the month. I guess I just felt like I had to take one shot at gettin' through to him before he wound up dead.

Anyhow, I figured that the only way to rattle the bastard's cage was to hit him in his weak spot, the one thing that meant something to him — bikes. "You're always talkin' motorcycles and about the fuckin' brotherhood of the road and all that shit," I said contemptuously. "Hell, back when I was ridin', a guy like you couldn'ta made hangaround for the shittiest club in the state."

I shifted my weight on the bunk and stared ahead, not even looking at Jim. I thought back to those days when Jackass and Ace and Fat Bill and the rest of us roamed the highways each weekend. Harleys and Indians and Triumphs and Beezers and a buncha good ol' boys lookin' for fun. Good times, I thought, momentarily forgetting Jim. I shook my head and looked down at him slumped against the crapper.

"Yeah," I continued, "back in my day, a guy like you wouldn'ta lasted long, 'cause you're the kinda jerk gets everybody else's ass in a sling. Nice bitchin' Labor Day run, everybody loaded to the ears and kickin' back in the campground, talkin' bikes and pussy — then some guy like you starts a beef and the next thing ya know the cops are there and it turns into a big roust. Maybe later we find out that some club is pissed at us — the whole fuckin' club, mind ya — because the guy you punched was a member. And the whole stupid shitstorm came down because you didn't have enough class to keep from flashin' your butt an' ruinin' everybody's good time."

"It's the same deal here, man," I said. "If you make trouble for everybody, that don't make you no big-shit hardass. That just makes you a big-shit asshole. Now, I guess some people are just natural-born assholes and can't help themselves. But somehow I don't get that feelin' about you. So that leaves me wonderin' why somebody would go out of his way to be an asshole, know what I mean?"

Jim had ceased sneezing some time before, and blood no longer dribbled from his nose. His breathing was a little labored, but it was slow and regular, and he seemed relaxed and calm. That sorta surprised me at first, him bein' such an amped-up hothead and all, especially since I was needlin' him on purpose. But it made sense when I thought about it. Shit, his brains were already tenderized, courtesy of the hacks' going-away party. Moreover, his system had to be as clean as Pat Boone's, thanks to a week spent eatin' the hole's Specialty of the Day: cold beans, stale cornbread, and water. The Seagram's had hit Jim's purified system like a chemical sucker punch, and pretty soon he was telling me the whole story.

It seemed that the bottom dropped out of Jim's life all at once. Not that that's a particularly new story, but Jim just couldn't get his head around the fact. A little over a year back, he'd been makin' good money as a machinist and draftsman, he'd owned a custom panhead that was the envy of anyone who saw it, and he'd had himself a gal he loved even more than that motorcycle — and that's sayin' a lot. The two of 'em were fixin' to get married.

She was packin' behind him when they and a few other couples took advantage of a summer weekend to head for the border on their

bikes to partake of a little r & r in Mexico. They'd partied together for a couple of days, eatin' steak tampequeno and guzzlin' Dos Equis, with the ol' ladies buyin' shit at the mercado and just generally havin' fun.

Jim wasn't sure just when his "buddy" — a guy he'd known for a while and trusted — had slipped the Alka-Seltzer bottle in Jim's bedroll, but he figured it must have been while he was still inside the motel takin' a final piss before they left. Jim figured the guy had scored and then lost his nerve about bringin' the stuff back himself. So he decided to make Jim his mule for the trip home. Trouble is, he didn't bother to tell Jim.

They had made it past the border checkpoint with no problems, just waved on through as soon as the cops confirmed they were citizens of the U.S. You might say gettin' past the checkpoint was a bad break for Jim, 'cause there it would have been a federal bust and he would have wound up in a higher-class joint, at least. But as it came down, they were pulled over only fifty miles from home — for a lousy burned-out taillight on one of the scoots. Apparently, the cop was havin' a slow night, so to kill some time he started hasslin' Jim about the Buck he was wearin' on his belt. Well, Jim sorta smarted off to the cop and one thing led to another, and you can guess who was the most surprised biker on the road when a search of his bedroll turned up two ounces of uncut cocaine.

The cops hit him with every charge they could think of: possession with intent to sell; concealed weapon (the Buck); resisting arrest, and so on. They even tried to bring the feds into it by charging him with border smuggling. The feds eventually dropped the case for lack of evidence, but not before Jim was

Easyriders



"Officer, I caught these two tryin' to rip off my Hog — an' now I wanna see 'em punished!"

DAVE MANN

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



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



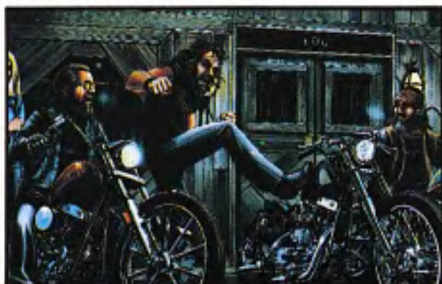
M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



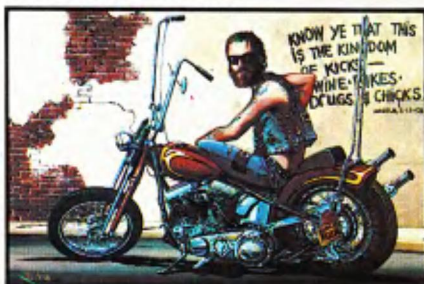
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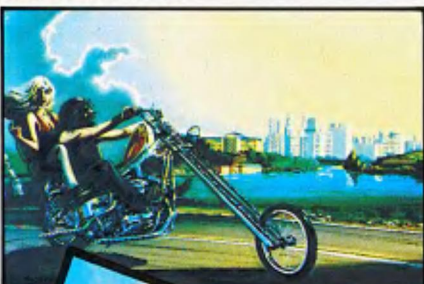
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M-8 "COMIN' T YA"



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hocked to his ass for lawyers' fees.

Jim's "friend" split for parts unknown rather than face the revenge he expected from the bros. Jim's ridin' pals collected all the money they could, but since the hardass judge wouldn't lower the exorbitant bail, Jim spent month after month in county, going through the never-ending process of indictment, hearings, postponements, and so forth, without ever coming to trial. Finally, having sold his bike and damned near everything he owned, he decided to cut his losses. He wound up copping a guilty plea, thinking the judge might give him a break for saving the state the cost of a jury trial.

But no such luck. The judge was a crusty 70-year-old law-and-order fanatic, determined to make an example of the young threat to society who stood before him. Jim ate it — 15 years in a medium-security joint, and that for a first felony. He tried to accept the inevitable, but as if to give the knife a final twist, on the day Dept. of Corrections officers showed up at the jail to transfer him to the state joint 200 miles north, the letter arrived. It was like all the other letters from his ol' lady — the same silly pink

stationery and the same round, looping handwriting — except this one stated simply that she had found a new ol' man, the end. So, in short, Jim was sent up the river and abandoned by the one person in the world he had believed would always stand by him.

Okay, so Jim's story wasn't much different from a hundred other guys'. I agree. And for that matter, his sad tale didn't really cut any ice with me, though I couldn't help feel a twinge when he got to the part about his ol' lady. I been through that shit, too, and it can definitely



"I don't usually let a guy eat my panties on the first date."

fuck up your head. Nonetheless, I knew I wouldn't be doin' him a favor by encouraging any ideas he held about the injustice done to him. He was still gonna have to serve the time, and he had to learn to live with that fact if he was gonna survive in here.

"Look, kid," I said, "you wanna keep fightin' everybody, go for it. One of two things will happen: Either they'll get fed up with you and transfer you to a maximum-security joint that'll make this place look like the Hilton, or somebody here will shank your ass first. I just hope you hurry up and get it over with, so I can get me a new cellie and things can get back to normal."

Jim was silent, but I knew I had his attention.

"You keep your shit together and you'll walk outta here in maybe eight years, still a young man. You think that's a long time, then maybe you'd like to switch sentences with me, huh? Call on your pride or whatever to accept the things you can't change, and one of these days you'll be on the street with your nose pressed up against the glass of a Harley dealership, like some kid lookin' in a candy store."

It was almost time for the three



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#M-16 See Previous Page

o'clock count, so I stashed the empty bottle and pulled the blanket over myself. I was done with charity cases. The kid could survive or he could get himself killed — I ain't a social worker.

Some time passed, and damned if Jim didn't seem to undergo a change. Not all at once, of course, but he definitely changed. I don't claim any credit, really. Maybe all those aches and bruises finally got through his thick skull. Maybe the turd finally had enough knuckles cracked against his forehead. In any event, he calmed down — no fights, no arguments, and he even started hanging out with some other guys who drew pictures and worked in leather and did tattoos. He devoted even more time to his sketches of bikes, and the more he worked, the better he got.

Little by little, word spread of the change in Jim's attitude, and even some of the guys he had tangled with began to ease up on him. But the real turning point came when he plugged in with the group of other bikers doin' time here. That gave him a chance to talk with guys who shared his mania for scoots, guys who understood the special frustration of a bike rider deprived of his bike. For a real biker, that motorcycle is an extension of himself, and takin' it away leaves a hole in his life big enough to drive a full dresser through.

Hell, I'll probably never see the streets again, but even an old hard-ass like me can't help but now and then feeling that loss all over again. But, like I tried to get across to Jim, reality's reality, and I've learned better than to dwell on the free-wheelin' days of my past. Shit, otherwise I'd burn out the bearings in my brain and wind up in a psycho ward.

Jim's mind still occasionally festered with thoughts of his betrayal and the whirlwind loss of his life on the outside. But, like the martial arts freaks in here who toughen their fists by pounding on the walls of their cells, Jim pounded his mind against the cold facts and it grew tougher, able to take the punishment. He learned to live with what was, not with what shoulda been.

Looking back on it, one day stands out in particular in Jim's turnaround, though I didn't think all that much of it at the time. It was about an hour before lockdown one night, and Smitty, a biker from a few cells down, showed up at the door. Without so much as hello, he thrust a couple of snapshots of his



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Sporty into Jim's hands and asked him if he could draw the bike big enough to hang over his bunk. And with maybe a couple of custom touches he'd been planning to do before he got popped.

Surprised, Jim studied the blurred pictures, his eyes moving from the chrome-bedecked Sportster, to the smiling young woman who stood beside it, to his prison companion who looked on expectantly.

Jim's silence seemed to make Smitty nervous. "Ten bucks, man. Ten bucks if you'll do her in pencil for me. Fifteen if you can do it in color. Whaddya say?"

Jim still didn't speak; instead, he just nodded, slowly and deliberately. He was lookin' at Smitty, but his eyes seemed unfocused, like his mind was somewhere else.

Jim tackled that job like his life depended on it, showing a concentration that surpassed anything I'd ever seen. He made and rejected one rough sketch after another, tossing aside the wadded sheets of paper with a fierce determination to execute as nearly perfect a drawing as his talent and circumstances would allow.

It's no secret that bikers try to

help each other and that's true in the joint just like on the outside. You might think what Gimp did wasn't much, but under the circumstances, it meant more to Jim than bein' bailed outta the drunk tank on a Friday night in Houston. Gimp worked in the prison furniture shop, and when he came across a set of colored pencils one day, he knew what to do. Gimp laid 'em on Jim and I thought Jim was gonna shit. Like I say, that may not sound like all that much to you, but then maybe you ain't served time, either.

Smitty was blown away when Jim presented him with a color rendition of the Sporty, true to the smallest detail. Before long, Jim was gettin' other orders, even some from the outside, and it turned into a small business for him. In addition, he turned out a few illustrations of his own and managed to sell them to a couple of bike magazines. That damn near made him a celebrity among the biker crowd here. Jim sent the money to his sister to hold for him, and he managed to accumulate a pretty tidy sum over the course of his sentence.

The point is that Jim found a way to keep his love for motorcycles alive, even at a time when he couldn't

possibly ride one. His devotion to scoots seemed to deepen, if anything, and he found some peace of mind through his artwork. Now, don't get me wrong, I sure as hell ain't sayin' that all you gotta do is find a fuckin' "hobby" in the joint and then you'll be happy as a pig in shit. Fuck, there ain't a one of us who doesn't think often of the life we left on the outside, of the fuck-ups we made and the regrets we still carry. Life in the joint is tedious and grim and a daily drag. Collectin' stamps or buildin' models or drawing pictures doesn't change all that.

Except it does, in a way. What I'm sayin' is that everybody in here wants to forget the fact that he's locked up in a steel box in hell. The desire to forget is why so many cons sleep all the time; sleep is a means of temporary escape, escape through forgetting. But some guys are lucky enough to forget during the long hours of waking, as well. Every once in a while I'd look over at Jim working at a drawing, a study in furrowed-brow concentration, and I'd know that right then he had managed to escape. His mind and his spirit had broken the confines of this damned zoo and for a while anyway, he was back in the wind.

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And one day he wouldn't just be drawing the life — he'd be living it once again.

Jim walked out of this place one dreary Monday morning in January. Before he left, he gave me a beautiful drawing of my old knucklehead, the bike I had told him about riding after I got out of the service. Bikes had sustained Jim while he endured the days he was forced to spend in this cesspool, and they also allowed him to leave here with enough bucks salted away to make that 80 he'd dreamed about a reality.

He and I promised each other that we'd stay in touch, but to tell you the truth, I've never been much of a letter-writer, and neither was Jim. At first, I sorta missed him occasionally, missed seein' him bent over his sketch pad and listenin' to him rave on about bikes. But I had the cell to myself now, and I liked that. The population in the joint had dropped off a little, and a couple of us old-timers were "rewarded" by having cubicles all to ourselves.

In time, I all but forgot about Jim. Then, one warm spring day I found myself lyin' in my bunk lookin' at a picture postcard of Mt. Rushmore. It had arrived in the day's mail.

On the back of the card Jim had scrawled, "Hi, Brother: Figured I'd beat the Sturgis rush and come up here in the spring — never could stand crowds, you may remember. Met a foxy little waitress here who's eager to see the world from the back of my bike and the top of my dick, and I just might let her. Hang tough, Jim."

I stared at the huge stone faces of Washington and the rest, thinking about the cool hills and the clean air of South Dakota.

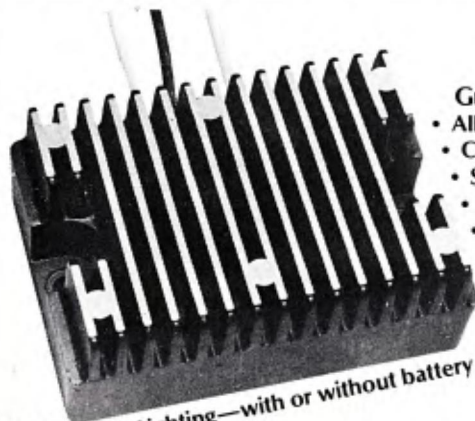
And for the first time since the doors of this place closed behind me, I began thinkin' about makin' parole myself.



"I usually just help them across the street, but what the hell, a good deed is a good deed."

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Olympics

Continued from page 30

gain of any kind, direct or indirect."

This is the rule that automatically prohibited Hailwood, Agostini, DeCoster, and Kenny Roberts from being in the Games. They were, or currently are, professionals who race for money as well as other prizes. It is also the rule that would keep many others from being eligible to compete. How many competitive cyclists haven't participated in tournaments with cash prizes? How many haven't been "sponsored" at one time or another by some business or retail firm? Do all these things mean that the average racer is a professional rather than an amateur? Unfortunately, under the present IOC's interpretation, the answer would be in the affirmative.

Here, then, is an important task for the FIM and its various national member associations. The IOC must be convinced that motorcycling is a sport of amateurs as well as professionals, that there are tournaments for amateur racing, that the average participants, despite sponsorship and/or money prizes, are not professionals.

However, from a pessimistic viewpoint, even if the IOC were to be thus convinced, the likelihood of motorcycling's being accepted as an Olympic sport is still rather slim because of yet another rule. It states that each Olympic meeting must include at least 15 of the following sports: 1) archery; 2) track and field events; 3) basketball; 4) boxing; 5) canoeing; 6) cycling (bicycling); 7) equestrian sports; 8) fencing; 9) football (soccer); 10) gymnastics; 11) handball; 12) field hockey; 13) judo; 14) modern pentathlon; 15) rowing; 16) shooting; 17) swimming, diving, and water polo; 18) volleyball; 19)

weight lifting; 20) wrestling; and 21) yachting.

Each of these sports — there are 26 scheduled for this year in L.A. — can be, and frequently is, divided up into several events, on both an individual and team basis. And, of course, there are also separate competitions for men and women athletes. Thus, track and field activities include dashes, runs, hurdles, pole vaulting, et cetera. Indeed, the different sports have been divided up so much that there are now almost 200 events in each meeting of the Summer Games, plus a myriad of events in the Winter Games. The enormity of the Summer Games can be readily seen in the fact that more than 8500 competitors from 124 nations participated in the 1972 Munich Olympics. (The 1976 Montreal meet and the 1980 Russian meet were smaller only because of politically motivated boycotts.)

This very hugeness is probably the single major reason why motorcycling is not an Olympic sport today. People look at the statistics of events, participants, and especially costs, and inevitably comment that it has all grown much too big. Add motorcycling with its several events? No way! The Olympics must become smaller, not bigger!

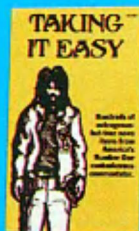
And yet, must it? Not really. A far better alternative would be the division of the Summer Games into either Summer and Fall Classics, or, possibly better yet, Spring, Summer, and Fall Games. There already is, of course, a separation into Winter and Summer Games, so what would be more natural than to make the Olympics truly Olympian by holding competitions during each of the four seasons?

Now, what about ways to get motorcycling a share of Olympic glory by 1988? There are two possible ways for the sport to get into the



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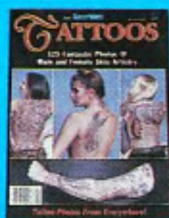


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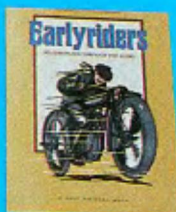
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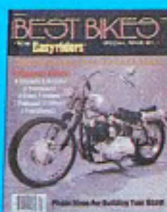
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Games. One of the IOC's rules allows host nations to add one sport to the Games. Baseball was this year's U.S. choice. However, these "dividend" additional sports are a one-time thing, played only in that year's Games unless the next host country, four years down the road, also picks them. Thus, baseball was played in the 1968 Summer Olympics in Mexico, the host country that year. However, in 1972, West Germany did not pick baseball as its bonus sport and it wasn't played. Exhibitions of different sports are also allowed by IOC rules — as one-time, invitation-only events. This allows many sports to "show their wares" in front of a worldwide audience, something that's especially true now that satellites enable television coverage of the Games to be broadcast around the globe. In 1968, for example, Mexico not only scheduled baseball as a participant sport, but also staged a tennis exhibition.

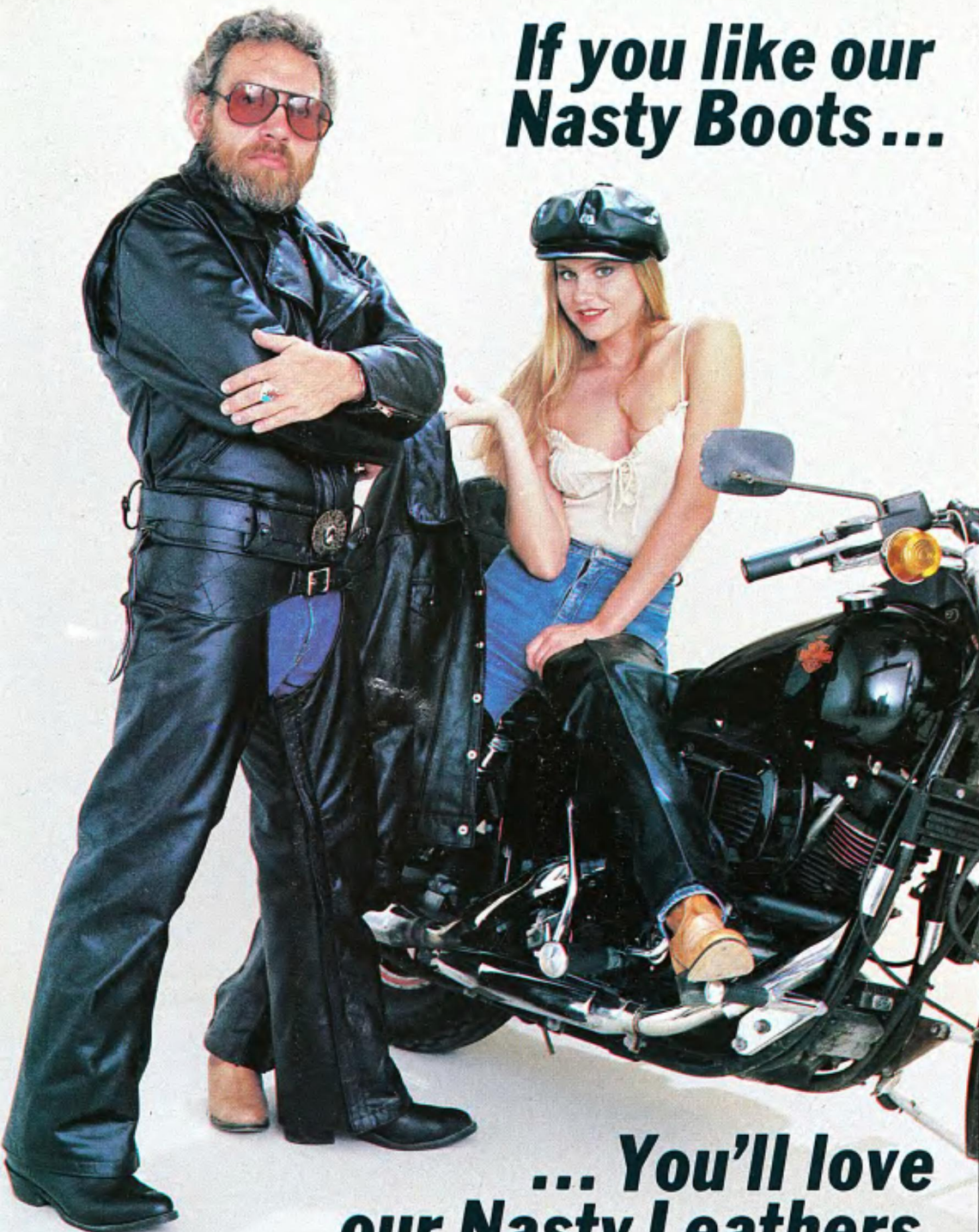
In the interest of getting the cause of motorcycling before the IOC and upcoming host countries, the FIM should be encouraged to organize a worldwide Amateur Grand Prix Tournament to be held simultaneously with the 1988 Seoul, South Korea, Summer Olympics. The publicity factor alone would arouse immeasurable public interest and support for motorcycling's inclusion among future Olympic meets. Though this year's Games are upon us, the time to act is now, and the sooner the better, while the flame is on. Readers of this magazine are encouraged to contact everyone they can think of who might be persuaded to join forces in getting the FIM to schedule an Olympic-year tournament and to try for either admission or exhibition status as soon as possible. Just think of it, Harleys representing the red, white, and blue with the whole world watching.

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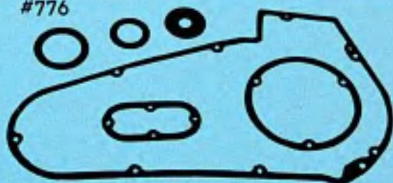
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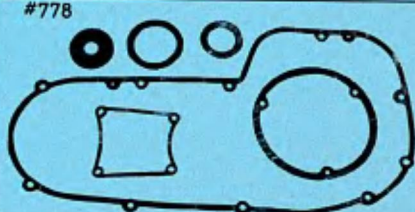
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Everlasting

Continued from page 26

a short explanation, the door opened and there before me stood one of the foxiest ladies I've ever seen. She invited me in, both verbally and with a smile, and soon I was dripping water all over her kitchen, apologizing for the mess, toweling off, and being attended to by Mrs. Lili Something-or-other, a widow lady. "Just call me Lili," she said. As she went about her business, I couldn't help noticing that even her oversized, faded flannel shirt and baggy Levi's didn't conceal the fact that she had one helluva body to accompany her knockout gray eyes.

Being an upright, morally responsible individual, conscious of my obligations to society, I contemplated the knowledge that if I just moved quick enough, I could catch her off-guard, rip her clothes off, and pinion her to the wall until we were both satisfied.

This was just a passing thought, for a sudden noise from another part of the house brought back the reality of the moment. It wasn't bad, either. Turned out there was a

younger version of Lili on the premises, her daughter Bonni. Nineteen-year-old Bonnie, to be precise. Bonni, with a nineteen-year-old, lush, firm little body casually covered by one of those hideous garments known as a housecoat. Bonnie had come down from her room to tell her mother that their phones were out.

After some small talk, it was decided that a good night's sleep was in order. In the morning, Lili would drive me and the sled to town in her pickup. Once the ladies had seen me installed in the spare room and retired to their own quarters, I fired up a number and kicked back on the comfortable four-poster. The storm outside was in full swing and I wasn't too surprised when a loud bang! signalled the sudden death of household electricity.

She entered the room quickly from the pitch-black hall, too quick for the lightning flash to illuminate her for more than an instant. I had no idea whether I was being visited by Lili or by Bonni. I could scarcely tell them apart in a constant full light, anyhow. On the other hand, who the hell was I to look a gift piece in the mouth? If either of those knockout babes was as good

in the rack as she looked, I was in for one far-out fuck.

The feel of her skin and the sound of her breathing was doing a real number on me. As my hands explored her frame and my mouth tried out hers, she let me know that the time was ripe. If I could remember what special thing I did to her, I could write a bestseller because this chick took off like the storm that was pounding the house.

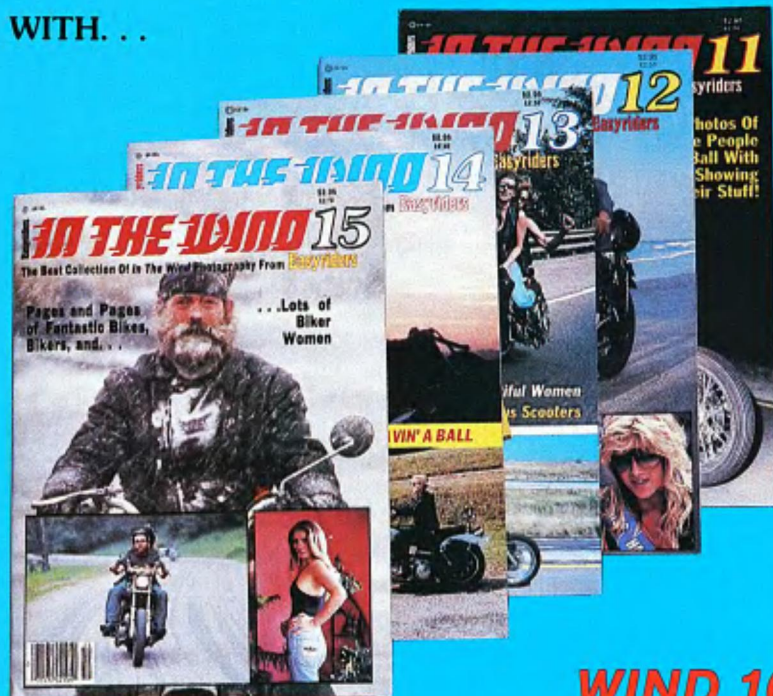
After that initial bout of pawin' and tongue trading, she put a lip lock on my hammer that made my head spin. Not to be outdone, I flipped her around and took a dive



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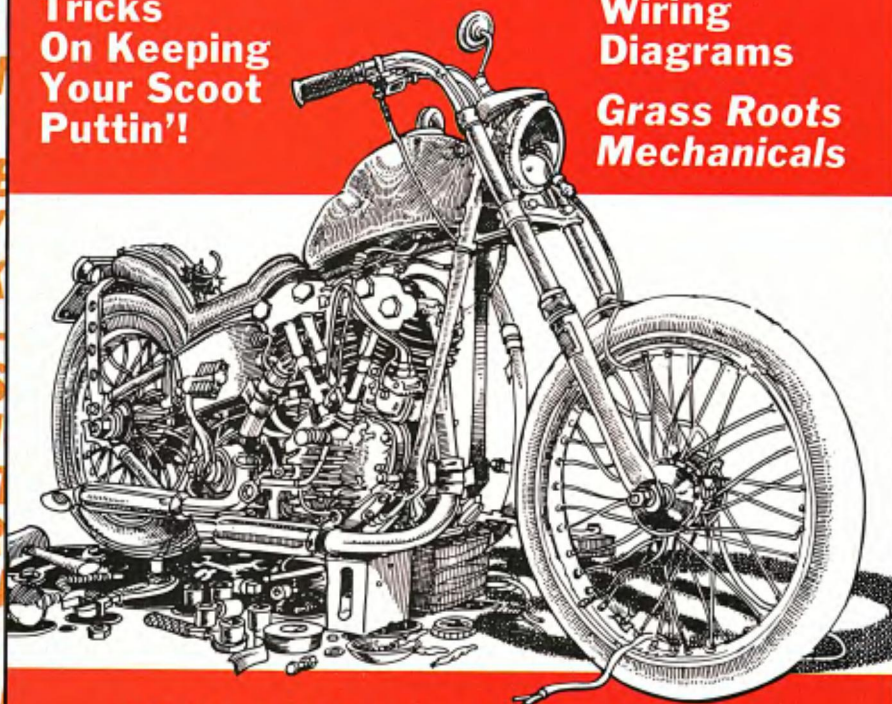
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into her moist and very tasty muff. After we'd succeeded in tradin' loads, she climbed on and rode me like she was gonna use up her entire life's worth of moves before daybreak. When her throaty cries signalled another scored goal, she hardly slowed down a bit. I'm no marathoner, but I ain't exactly a slouch, either. Still, it took me a moment or two to regroup when she bounced off me and started to oil up her back alley. In a matter of seconds, I found myself up to the challenge. Shortly thereafter, the deed was done and she was gone.

Morning came a little too soon. A few hours' sleep had brought me to the conclusion that a double-shot of the night before really wouldn't be that hard to take. As I made my way downstairs, I noticed that last night's encounter had been so vigorous that my crank felt scored. The thought made me grin. I entered the kitchen to find Bonni and Lili busy with breakfast. They both turned my way and smiled warmly.

Over coffee, Lili told me she'd just thought of a dude down the road who was into motorcycles; she suggested that he might very well have the part I needed to get the bike back up. "I don't think he's into riding," she said, "as much as he's into collecting pieces of rides. He's bound to be able to help." As I wrestled the 45 into her pickup, I puzzled over the odd fact that so far neither mother nor daughter had given me the slightest clue as to which of 'em had fueled my dreams just hours earlier. There'd been plenty of opportunities for a knowing look or a discreet wink, but apparently neither of them intended to give anything away by daylight. Well, what the fuck, I thought. Women gotta have their little secrets.

Lili's idea about trying her neighbor first seemed like a good one,



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considering that on Sundays rural Ohio towns tend to be locked up tighter than a virgin's honor. During our short drive over the muddy road that separated the two farms, she said that at the very least, she could guarantee that Dwight would be home. "The man never goes anywhere," she said, "so you should have an answer straight off."

I'd thought for sure that once we were alone together I'd find out who it was who'd come calling in the night, but we reached Dwight's driveway without a hint. My curiosity was killing me and time was running out. I put my hand on her supple thigh. Her reaction was quick and explosive. First there was a slap across my chops and then a strongly worded admonition about the advisability of keeping my hands to myself. It wasn't conclusive, but I figured I now knew a little more than I had before. While I unloaded my ride, Lili went off to hunt up Dwight.

He turned out to be a square-built little man with a 1950's haircut, whose face positively glowed at the possibility of some of his junk's actually becoming part of a whole, running machine. Lili introduced us, then excused herself, climbed into her pickup and left. As Dwight and I made our way to his barn, I answered all his questions about the 45's malady. After a couple of uh-huhs, he said it sounded like the generator to him. He swung the barn door back and my heart skipped a few beats. To the ignorant, the sight probably would have looked like a direct hit on downtown Beirut, but my eyes saw ghosts of rides gone by: frames, rims, engines, parts galore. There was no discernible order to any of it, giving me the golden opportunity to wade right in and start rummaging through it alongside its owner.

My mind had long since shifted to another plane when Dwight brought me abruptly back to the near past. "That Lili," he sighed, hefting another part and eyeing it without really seeing it. "Her ass sure moves nice whenever she does." I, of course, had to agree with him. "Sure feel sorry for her," he went on. I figured he really meant he felt sorry for himself. I mean, it wasn't that I knew her type or anything, but it seemed reasonable that whatever it was, he wasn't it. "Yep," he said, "it's just a shame. Since her husband died, that woman hasn't shown the slightest interest in men, and she could have her pick of anyone around. But she just stays to home, just her and her family." A

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moment later, he straightened up from the pile of parts he'd been sorting. Smiling as if he'd just won the state lottery, he showed me the dusty old generator he was holding. "I thought I had one," he announced triumphantly. "Now, let's see if we can make it work."

We'd both worked up a sweat by the time he returned to what was obviously a favorite subject with him. "Just seems like such a waste," he remarked, fumbling around on the floor for a screwdriver. "A good-looking young woman like that havin' to endure so much grief."

"What grief?" I asked, handing him the driver. "She seems to be happy enough."

"Oh, she hides it pretty well, I guess," he replied, "but it's gotta be hard on her. She didn't tell you anything, huh?"

"No, she didn't."

"Well, on top of losing her ol' man so young and having a daughter like Bonni —"

"What's the matter with her?"

"Couldn't you tell? She's queer as a three-dollar bill! Anyway, her other girl was completely cock-crazy. Set records all over five counties for what she'd take on. Then she took up with some guy from one of them travelin' carnivals that come through in the summer."

"So?" I prompted him.

"He left her something to remember him by when the carny left town."

"You mean she got knocked up."

"No, nothin' that ordinary," he said gloomily. "Here, see if you can hold that light up a bit higher, will ya? Nope, he apparently gave her some rare form of the clap. Ain't no cure for it — in fact, they can't even seem to slow it down any. They say it's a kind of hybrid of something that first surfaced in Vietnam. Once ya got it, ya just sort of rot away. Pathetic, ain't it?"

"Yeah," I muttered, my mind starting to mull over a few facts.

"Why, you're probably the first visitor Lili and the twins have had since they brought Conni home from the hospital," Dwight said. "It was probably real nice for them to have company, especially someone who wasn't from around here and didn't know, so's they didn't need to feel like freaks or somethin'. Say, what's the matter with you? You look a little green around the gills."

I couldn't answer him. It was all I could do to shuffle outside and collapse on the ground. *Twins!* The man had said twins.

That had been yesterday and now as the rain outside continued to fall, I ordered a couple more brews. It disturbed me that Ruby didn't have a license to sell anything stronger, but as I stared at my hands, looking for the first telltale signs of rot, I decided it really didn't matter. It was probably impossible to get so drunk that I wouldn't notice when my fingers started falling off. ■

Easyriders



"Fred! That's not the way to water your boss's flowers."

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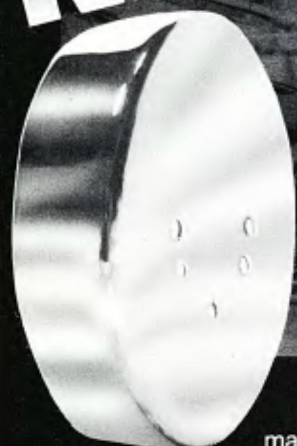
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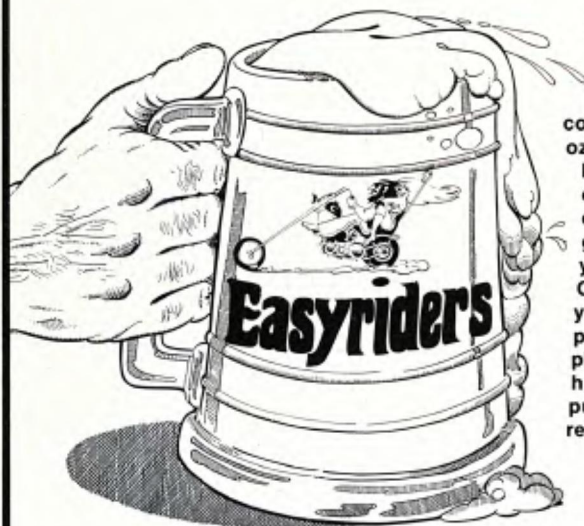


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Twat Trouble

Continued from page 19

treating a patient who clearly enjoys frequent rectal intercourse should advise her partner to either come up her ass or wash up thoroughly before any pussy fucking.

The trichomonal infection in the vagina results in a cream-colored or bloody discharge, accompanied by pain and burning. A physical examination and a vaginal smear can usually determine the nature of such a condition. If a chick experiences frequent infections, her partners should also be treated, as they can be carriers of the trichomonads.

Monilial infections cause swelling and weeping of the soft vaginal tissues, as well as intense burning and itching. Severe pain during intercourse, as well as during urination, are other symptoms.

Vaginal sensitivity to certain substances can also cause pain during intercourse. Chemical contraceptive substances like foams or jellies are often to blame; and some women are allergic to rubbers or diaphragms. Where there is itching or burning but no infection, vaginal allergies can be traced by a doctor. Some douche ingredients can also affect the vagina adversely, depending on the woman's sensitivity, tolerance, and frequency of use.

In some women, the vaginal opening and its surrounding tissue, including the clitoris, may suffer pain during intercourse. Examinations have disclosed such causes as the remnants of a hymen (in some rare cases, the entire hymen is found to be intact), as well as scars from past childbirths, abortions, or rapes. If irritated, the small glands on the inner lips of the vagina can cause painful intercourse. Women who have passed menopause usually lose a great deal of elasticity in the vagina's outer walls, and that, too, can also be a source of discomfort during penetration.

The clit can give rise to a great many conditions causing pain. If material has collected under the hood of the clitoris, any friction — from a crank, finger or tongue — can cause extreme irritation. This is particularly evident during foreplay, when the head of the clitoris is being repeatedly touched orally or manually. In addition, most women prefer the shaft — rather than the head — of this organ be caressed, even if there is no accumulation of irritating material under the hood.

Deep pain in the pelvic region is

the most difficult female disorder to diagnose. Obvious physical malformations that have resulted from operations or violent sexual experiences can be root causes. However, many women cannot pinpoint the location or describe the actual type of pain. Descriptions frequently vary from backache, tiredness, and painful menstruation to the feeling that "everything is falling out." Injury to uterine ligaments can be repaired, but even afterwards often cause a woman to experience discomfort during intercourse. The sensations may be physical, but in many cases they are psychological in origin.

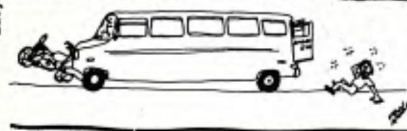
A woman who has undergone a hysterectomy will sometimes experience painful intercourse after recovery from the operation.

There are two other causes of deep pelvic pain — infection of the cervix, uterus and/or tubes, and endometriosis. The latter is a hard-to-diagnose condition in which the tissue which normally lines the interior of uterus spreads out and grows in other places — fastening itself on the exteriors of nearby organs.

Irritation of the pelvic organs may cause a fibrous tissue to grow between them. That tissue is usually hard and not at all elastic. The increase in the size of the vagina during sexual arousal, as well as pressure from thrusting and deep penetration, can cause pain to those abnormal tissues.

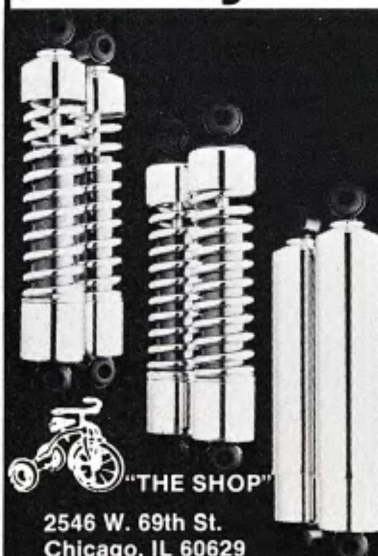
Most causes of painful intercourse are physical and can be successfully treated by a doctor if you and yer ol' lady are lucky enough to find one who knows what the fuck he's doin'. Occasionally, however, the problem is psychological and requires either treatment by a shrink or the mutual recognition that — to put it crudely but simply — you simply don't turn the chick on.

Whatever the case, pain during intercourse should always be discussed and never ignored or left untreated, unless ya want to run the very real risk of windin' up on a run somewhere with a broken "crankcase" ya could have dealt with better at home. ■



"That's a stupid place to park a bus."

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and peeling away in places, exposing dirty cinder block, pipes, and wiring. The ancient ceiling tiles were yellow from years of tobacco smoke and spotted with brown stains from rusty water leaking through the rotten corrugated roof. A pool table occupied the center of half the room, its bed warped and covered with threadbare felt that might have once been green. In the corner next to the table were five or six curved and battle-scarred cues (only one had a tip). On the other side of the room were several shaky, well-weathered tables and chairs. The bar itself was long and wooden, covered with cigarette burns and hundreds of rings left by wet glasses, ornamented on each end with old-fashioned brass spittoons (the brown ooze around the base of one told him that it leaked).

The sound of the rain was remote now, just a soothing white noise in the background, broken occasionally by the distant grumble of thunder. The low, drawling mumble of the men around him filled the air with a pleasant buzz. As he slurped his way through several shots and a few more beers, he felt the warmth and booze beginning to lull him into a drowsy, contented state.

"This is almost like good weed," he thought, smiling around at the men hunkered along the bar. They were silent now and it suddenly seemed that they were all staring intently at him. "Whatdafuck?" he said, or tried to say, anyway. He couldn't seem to talk right. The skinny fucker grinned at him, giggling around his chew, and Wolf tried to stand up to hit him. That leering red face was the last thing he saw, for the bartender reached across the bar then, giving him an easy push, and Wolf toppled off the stool and crumpled to the floor.

He dreamed. . . . He walked cautiously down the trail. His feet slogged through rotting vegetation and mud, and he knew that he wasn't going to be heard. Not in the middle of a fucking monsoon like this. The rest of his Bravo team followed, shadows melting in and out of the greenery behind him. Wolf thought a lot of this team. They'd been through P.I. together, and had been the graduating class out of eighty starters at Force Recon training. They thought as one, moved as one, reacted as one. They were a team and they were damn good.



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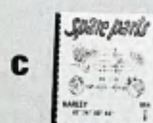
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smaller cage with a connecting door between the two. He rose slowly, painfully to his feet, shaking his head to free it from the effects of whatever they'd given him. What had he gotten himself into?

"Mornin'."

He turned, startled. A fat little man sat in the fifth row, regarding Wolf casually, curiously.

"Beginnin' to think ya wasn't gonna make it. Ol' Jim, he gits carried away sometimes, ya know, and you bein' so big an' all, reckon he gave you just a leetle extra! Yessir, took six men to bring you over."

"Where am I? What is this? Who the fuck are you and what the fuck am I doing here?"

"Well, now, ain't no need in gettin' nasty about it, son, that won't help anything t'all. You're here fer the big show, thass all. Yessir, the big show, 'n' it looks like this time we might have a real good'n, too. Yessir, been a good while since we had us a real good show 'round here." The fat little bastard was smiling at him, appraising him; clearly, the biker represented quite a catch.

Wolf was definitely in some kind of deep shit. What show? What the fuck was this little dude's trip?

"What kind of show is it that puts a man in a cage, old man?"

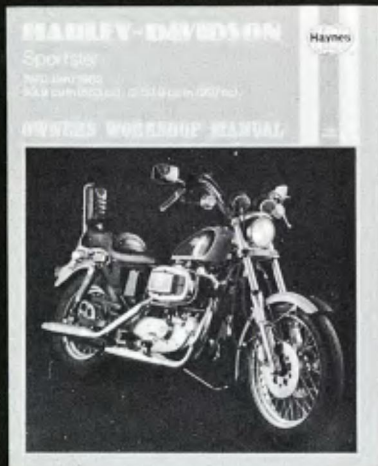
"Well, now, I guess you'll find that out soon enough, son. If it'll make you feel any better, they's a lot of money ridin' on you, and that's the first time I seen that happen.

'Course, most of the fellas we catch ain't near's big as you, nor near's mean-lookin'."

"Where's my bike? What'd you do with my fuckin' bike, man?"

"Now, they ain't no use you frettin' about your motorscooter, boy. I don't think you'll be needin' it any time soon." He cackled, throwing his head back, and slowly got to his feet. "We got it hid away where it's safe, though — there ain't nobody gonna bother it."

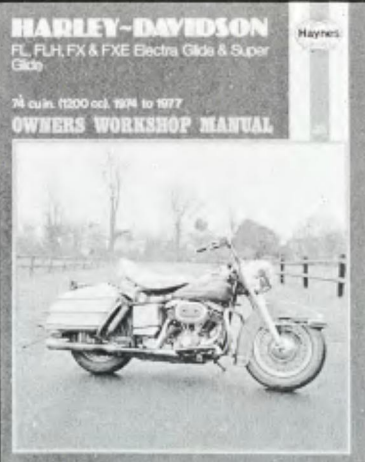
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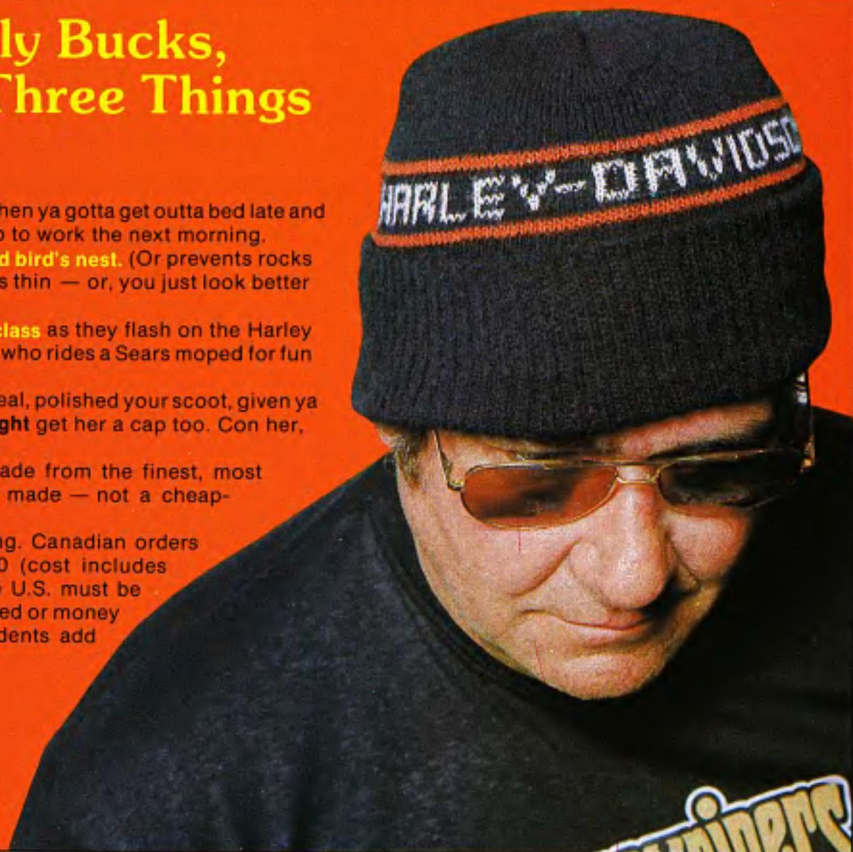
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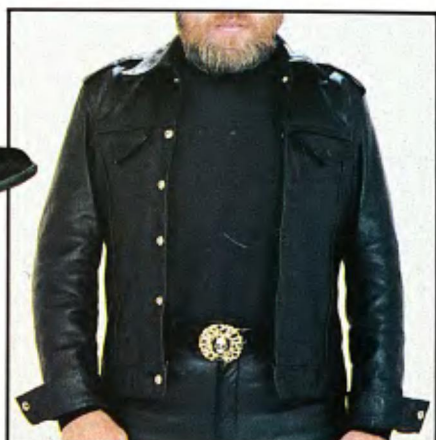
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He turned and waddled awkwardly up the aisle between the chairs, threading his way to the barn door. As he reached for the handle, he paused, then turned and squinted in the dim light, focusing on the biker in the cage.

"Y'know, son, I don't think for a minute it'll happen, but if you do get by, they's another barn about a half mile down this road. Your motor-sickle's in there." Shaking his head, he creaked the door open and disappeared into the gray light outside.

Wolf began making a detailed inspection of his surroundings. He'd learned long ago that details count, that they're often the keys to survival. So, for the better part of the next hour he paced, measuring, scanning, investigating anything that might be a flaw in the seeming security of the cage. Then he sat, cross-legged, to take stock of what he'd found.

The cage itself was crudely constructed of three-quarter-inch cold-rolled steel bars, welded to flat stock at the top and bottom. At the bottom, it was bolted to a wooden floor (probably two-by-eights). The top consisted of a heavy steel-mesh screen, spot-welded in place, reinforced by bars welded across it. Wolf guessed the cage to be about thirty-foot square and maybe ten feet high. There were two doors. One was of the same construction as the cage, hinges welded to its flat-stock frame, and secured by a heavy pad-lock. At the opposite end was a sliding door that connected his cage with the other smaller one. This door was operated by pulley and cable from outside the cages, with a dead bolt at the top.

The smaller cage — a rectangle about eight by twelve feet, and five feet high — was made of the same heavy steel mesh. Its floor was hardwood, apparently two-by-sixes laid up on their sides and nailed

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It hardly seemed possible, but it all fit. These people must have gotten tired of dogfights and cockfights. Somewhere along the line they'd decided it would be a lot more entertaining if their dogs fought men, so they'd set up the bartender with drugs to capture passersby, had thrown this cage together, and bingo! Instant bread and circuses for the mobs. Wolf wondered how many modern-day gladiators had gone down in this arena. He was damned if he was gonna be one of that sorry number. There just had to be a way out.

He went through his pockets. They'd left him his leathers and his boots. That would be some protection, but from the looks of the bite-marks, not enough. His pockets were pretty much intact, but they'd taken the Buck knife from his belt. That was a major loss, but still, there had to be a way.

He examined the cage doors one more time. The padlock at the one end was a pretty good one with a case-hardened shackle. He tried all his keys — he couldn't match it. As for the dead bolt at the other end, he could reach it, but he couldn't move it. *Shit! Shit, piss, fuck!*

Cool it, Wolf, dammit, just calm the fuck down, he said to himself. Nothing's ever gonna get you out of here if you blow it now. You've been through too much to lose it here, so just relax and think for a minute.

He sat down facing the smaller cage, searching for an answer. He'd been trained to survive by the best. He'd survived 'Nam. He'd survived all his time as a prospect — had survived to become not only a patchholder but chapter VP — and he knew that there was a way to survive this, too. He just had to find it. So he sat, staring into the small cage, thinking. Gradually, an idea came to him. He grasped it, turned it and twisted it, examining, refining, adding to it here and there, until it was a workable plan. Desperate and improbable, but it just might work.

Night fell, and the barn was wrapped in darkness. Wolf caught the flash of headlights and heard the crunch of gravel as a car pulled up outside. A door slammed. Then a square of starlight opened in the barn wall and a man was silhouetted against it as he searched for a switch. *Click!* Naked hundred-watt bulbs strung from the ceiling lit up the "arena" with a hard yellow glare.

The figure in the door was the same fat little man who'd been there earlier in the day. He looked at the

Continued on page 114

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Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment® This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

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My panties, very sexy, worn just for you. With personalized note. \$10 cash/m.o. to M.E., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

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

New identity: Methods used by Uncle Sam for the Protective Witness Program — foolproof. The Money Game: AAA credit, Visa, loans, secret methods that work. The MFS Report: Over 500 secret addresses; U.S., Canada and Europe. Create refs, business and employment history and more. Order all or individually at \$10 each. Send order and amount to F.L.E., 5580 La Jolla Blvd., Suite 421, La Jolla, CA 92037. (137)

Tattooing equipment from good old Germany. Our big color catalog features equipment never before offered to the tattooist. Nine different types of tattoo machines and the brightest tattoo color in the world (German color). We are very fast and honest. Buy from Europe's biggest supplier. Send \$5 for big color catalog. Please send airmail. Our catalog is written in English. Send to: Tattooing Trade Deeken, Postfach 1642, 2900 Oldenburg/Oldb., West Germany. (134)

Tattoo Convention and Exposition, September 14-16 at Adam's Mark Hotel in Houston. Booth spaces available to tattoo artists and manufacturers. For more information, call the Tattoo Zone. (713) 645-2756. (137)

Attention: "Old Lady's Run," approximately 150 miles round-trip. If you can handle that scooter, let's ride and party together. Contact Dottie Ward, Box 70-F, McCready Rd., Lusby, MD 20657. (713) 645-2756. (137)

Kelt: If you're alive, call Jordy. 782-5922. (134)

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

Low Riders! Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn. 1-312-262-6900, Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (134)

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

Anyone needing to contact Phantom's MC write to Box 55505, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (135)

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)

Fireworks: For catalog, send \$1 to Fireworks, Box 792, Tiffin, OH 44883. Or call — in Ohio, 1-800-821-7901; outside Ohio, 1-800-821-2483. (134)

Position: Relationship in country surroundings. Applications now being accepted for full-time female, must be over 18, kids okay. Send complete resume, including recent photo to Cowboy, Box 283, Windber, PA 15963-0238. (134)

Dearest Bill: Happy birthday on the big 4th! You make life more special every day. I love you. Corn Bread. (134)

Beautiful, intelligent, sensitive model wishes to meet financially and emotionally secure good-looking Harley rider, 30-35. Must be sensitive to a woman's needs and able to communicate his feelings, also love dancing, skiing, rock concerts and good friends. Starting as a discreet affair and working into a steady relationship if compatible. Snap appreciated. No club members, please. Box 301, Pt. Coquitlam, B.C., Canada V3C 4K6. (134)

Jerry "Gumby": Happy belated birthday. You will never know how much I love you. Love, Hope. (134)

Tall, good-looking, lonely white male seeks correspondence from all you ladies out there. I'm 26, down for the count of three, and miss being in the wind. Interests include everything, so take the time and drop me a line. Will answer all and send a photo for a photo. T.L. "Shotgun" Sanders 45156, Box 7, 3-D-909, Moberly, MO 65270. (134)

Quiet man seeks a special lady for home and heart. Vitals with photo answered first. Satyr Newhall, Box 948, Coolidge, AZ 85228. (134)

Wanted: In good order, following Easyriders issues: 1-54, 56-58, 61-71, 73-75, 95-101, 108, 109, 114-121, 123-127. Also would like someone to correspond with about the U.S.A., as we are making the trip over in late '84, to work and ride for two or more years. Need to buy clean scooter when we arrive. Jimbo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (134)

Stumbles: Happy anniversary, ol' man. You're the best whoredog daddy I've ever known and my love for you will never stop growing. I'm damn proud you chose me for your wife and I'll be your slave till the end of my life. Loving you always and forever, your little Slut Puppy (Tami). (134)

Knight in black leather pants. Why? We had it all. I'll love you always. Mitahda. (134)

Cookie: How long are your dripping panties going to stay swallowed up by your cunt? You must not be too hot over me or you would want some more of my cock. Is that all you wanted? Well, if you do love me, you're going to have to prove it more than just that! J.D., Rt. #1, Box 447, Boyd, TX 76023. (134)

Army vet wants female amputee pen pal. Jay, Box 214, Syracuse, NY 13206. (134)

Serious seekers: Wish to expand your consciousness in the area of ancient occult wisdom? Forming a correspondence group for those seriously interested. (This is not satanically oriented). Write for information. G. Lantz 168-216, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (134)

Quiet, pretty woman, 24, 5'8", blonde, blue eyes, slender, Juilliard graduate, seeks idyllic country relationship with very strong, considerate male. Macho biker a plus. NYC area. Tana, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (134)

Hand-painted Harley logo watercolor paintings. For info and brochure, send SASE to The Leather Lady, Rt. #5, Box 18, Portland, IN 47371. (134)

Prisoner, white male, age 27, down for 20-40 years, would like to hear from some caring females. Victor Belmonte, P-6308, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (134)

White male, educated, brown hair, blue eyes, age 30, temporarily incarcerated, seeks an educated lady, age unimportant, for correspondence and meaningful relationship through correspondence. All replies will be answered. Kenny O'Neill 176-023, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302. (134)

"Colonel" (M.S.): Let's remember our good times forever. You are a part of me I'll never forget. "I miss you blind." For you, only the best in life will come. Your secret "Princess." (134)

Buffalo: Where the fuck are you now? Frog, Box 795, Felton, CA 95018. (134)

25-year-old hard-working, business- minded white male, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, in good shape and looks, doing someone else's time. Seeking female for sincere, straight-up relationship. Write Kerry Kotler 82-A-2082, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (134)

Girls: Delight your friends and start your own business with a naughty home-party plan. They'll love our lush lingerie, lotions, sexy toys and adult novelties. Most items earn you 100% profit. Send \$5 cash or money order for catalogs, prices, and information on starting your own business. Party Plan, Box 8819, Calabasas, CA 91302. Sorry, but you must be 18 years or older. (150)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send \$21 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, NY 11731. (134)

John: You're my friend, my lover, my companion, my strength, my hope for brighter tomorrows, my goal for a future. You're everything I'd ever hoped for but never thought I'd find. Happy birthday, babe (7/10). Dolly. (134)

Blondie: Happy birthday, and may we leave footprints in the sands of time together, forever. My love eternally. Dirty Pierre. (134)

Goody: You make 7/14 very special. You will always be my only love. FTW. Injun. (134)

Babe: After 10 years (8/17/84), we're still having fun, and you're still the one. Here's to us, our kids, the Queen, and our dragons. I love you. And I'm proud to be Hammer's ol' lady. Your Magic. (134)

Ladies: You know what this is about! Don't want any games or lames. Just a solid lady who's got heart enough to stand by this tramp! I'm half German/half Irish, 24, 6', 175 lbs., with long brown hair and blue eyes. Jed Myers 270962, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (134)

Vicky Lawrence: "Miss Vicky," we've lost touch since Leisure City. How are Wesley and J.J.? Grumpy. Write Clanier, Box 1031, Troy, NY 12180. (134)

Don: You're always on my mind and forever in my heart. Love you. Nub-Footed Flussy. (134)

M.B. Oswalt: I'm on Med-Hold. Your ex-boss went down hard. Contact Nate, c/o CSC for details. (134)

Professional tattooing handbook: diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, removing formulas, expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (134)

Save \$2. Panties worn the way you want them. 8"x10" photo of me wearing them included. \$8 cash. Jean, Box 1494, Sandy, UT 84091. (134)

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. (134)

Wisconsin w/m, 26, 5'7", 145 lbs., long brownish-blond hair, blue eyes. Looking to hear from sincere, but yet semi-crazy/semi-responsible woman, 28-45. That's in return for wanting a down-to-earth good-hearted man within her life. Kids okay. All letters answered. Send photos and letters to Mr. Randy Schoerner 71508, Box 661, Waupun, WI 53963. (134)

M.D. Henry Stepler is downed in Ohio. Can use some mail from some of the old bros and sisters to help the time pass. Stepler 176-372, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069. (134)

Donna Teel of Portland, Oregon, the mother of my son, Michael Wayne Shaw, Jr. I need to see you both. Contact me through Leon Litzberg, 20420 Lonesome Lane, Yelm, WA 98597. (134)

Human skull, authentic, legal. \$155. Brock, 917 Ranger, Cheyenne, WY 82009. (307) 634-5638. (137)

Tattoo shops: need T-shirts, hats, pins, or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Wanted: One good ol' lady, 17-35 (kid okay, too!), who just wants to live, love, ride to the good life. This 32-year-old w/biker is looking for Ms. Right. I have a good solid future here and want to share it with an ol' lady wanting same. Write: J.R.M., All Seasons Lodge, Box 534, Ipswich, MA 01938. (134)

Dean: Happy belated birthday! Hope we'll be together for many more good times. I love you whole bunches. Rox. (134)

Tattooing outfits: Professional instruction manual, lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (134)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,364 to \$50,112. Call (216) 842-6000, Ext. 24635. (134)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 24632. (134)

Happy birthday, Wade. We've been to hell and back, but we've survived. To the best of man a lady could ask for. All my love, heart and soul. P.J. (134)

Mon ami Cecile: Both Robyn and I do love you so. Just how much you think, you'll never really know. An injustice was served, to pull us apart. Yet the strength of our love will comfort your heart. Happy third anniversary, my love (8/7/81-8/7/84). And it will never end. Yours forever, Robert. Jason Marie. (134)

Eddie T. Target (Pollock Ed from Sarasota, Florida, now in Augusta, Ga.): You used me, hurt me, but my revenge is that the woman you are with is flat-chested, hideously deformed, boring, stupid and doesn't even have as much money as I do. Your life is dead, dry as a desert, and your soul is shriveled and blackened. In fact, you and your woman are ridiculous, pathetic figures. Your relationship was dug out of the grave and displayed like a rotting corpse and you are both pretending it is alive. The joke is on you, because I am blonde, beautiful, free and classy, while you are shackled and hogtied, both in mind and spirit. Goodbye, Baldy. Eat your heart out — even my man is younger and much bigger than you. (134)

Downed brother, 28, Italian, good-looking, doing time in New York's Catskill area. Miss the free breezes. Need sincere lady, 25-35, to share letters, visits, fun and dreams. Send photo, if possible. You'll know you did right. Serge Motti, 79A1384, Box 338, Napa, CA 94558. (137)

W/m, brown hair, hazel eyes, 23, 5'9", 177 lbs., army service ended in April. Been in Germany since '81. Prefer petite women and working girls, 18-40 years of age, to help me adjust to civilian life and get on my feet for serious relationship. Want to grow together as one. Will answer all pictures first. I will respond with pictures also. John C. Glukowsky, 1756 S. 31st, Kansas City, KS 66106. (134)

Tommy Allen, alias Runner: You have burnt me and if you value our friendship, get in touch with me soon. Doris Crazy Mary can't wait to see you. Wild Wayne, Dos Palos. (134)

To our passed-on bro, Charles: We will never forget you, so you'll never die. Dave and Rod. (134)

Ezekiel 47:12, Revelations 22:2, Isaiah 66:14 — enjoy. Crazy Larry. (134)

Tattoo supplies for the professional. "No starter kits." Send proof you're in business and \$3 for catalog. Tattoo Zone, 7008 Long Dr., Houston, TX 77087. (134)

Wanted: Sweet, slim, good-looking babe, qualified to make this lonely bro smile! Muscular, good-looking, 30 years old, dark-brown beard, long hair. Wild, white and tameless. Free in nine months! Charles Semerly 148790, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204. (134)

Sue Harper from Omaha: I didn't mean that last and very nasty letter three years ago. There are no rules above 10,000 feet. . . except that I love you and always will. Let's be friends. Bob, Box 8411, Breckenridge, CO 80424. (134)

Happy birthday to the sweetest, most understanding mother a daughter could ever dream of having. Just think — if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be here! Love, Shirley. (134)

Well, Sleazy, it's the big 30 this time (5/29/84). Goin' on 23, huh? You're my one in a million; 8 days a week ain't enough to tell ya. Thanks for the past 4 years. Hope you've enjoyed 'em like I have. Love ya, babe. Your lady (Haggie) — Julie. (134)

Moe-Town Run, American-made "adult" biker game. 780-square-inch silk-screened scarf. Scooters, hash bag, etc. C.O.D \$10 (303) 249-9377. (134)

Attention, Family MC: USA — Nomad — inactive — retired. All chapters not originating from Memphis, Tenn. "Lansing, Mich." call John (901) 323-7829 or Hawk (901) 853-1666. (134)

W/m, 25, down six years and looking for a good ol' lady to make time easy. Charles A. Forbes 14098, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070. (134)

W/m inmate, down till '85, seeks woman to write, exchange pictures, and possibly marry. He is 33, healthy and will answer all. Ron Blas, C73601, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (134)

Truck: Happy birthday, 3/20! I love you. You're always on my mind, you'll always be a part of me. I miss you. Love always and forever, an ex-ol' lady. (134)

Tattoo flash, full-color, ready to hang. Free catalog. Raven's Tattoo Works, 1611 N. Cherokee, Hollywood, CA 90028. (134)

White male, 28 years old, with red hair and brown eyes, looking for a woman in Louisiana to visit here at Angola. I'm doing a 34-year sentence and have not had a visit in six years. If you are interested, then write to me. Age and looks are of no importance. Lloyd A. Harry, Jr. 87142, T-3-L-14, Camp "C", Angola, LA 70712. (134)

Lots in small towns, \$200 each. Some with houses, \$1200. Also, some small acreages. For pictures, maps, details, send \$2 to "Owner," Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (134)

Busted? Know your rights! Wallet-size form. Same as carried by policemen. \$3 to F.I.S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (134)

Mike Graves: Happy birthday! Wish you and Debbie would make it out to California! Much love and kisses. S and B. (134)

Lonely prisoner, age 34, seeking serious relationship with sincere lady, 18-45. Send photos. Paroling 8/20/84. Will answer all. E. Raymond Martinez, C48253, Cell 1200, California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0003. (134)

I'm 30 years of age, muscularly built, warm, considerate, sincere and very, very romantic. I'm currently in physical bondage, but not a criminal! My desire is that one-in-a-lifetime relationship with that sincere-minded woman. Hopefully, it's you! Please write and find out for sure, because this ad is for real. Sincere only. Ernest Riley 62990, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764. (134)

W/m, 157 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 5'11" tall, 20 years old, wishes to correspond with ladies. I'm down for a dime. Will answer all. Send photo, if possible. Gary L. McGhee 98307, Camp-D-Falcon-3, Angola, LA 70712. (134)

Mitchell "T" wants to hear from you. All of ya! Write to Mitchell T. Blazak, Box B-28599, Florence, AZ 85232. (134)

My time is winding down and I hope there's a woman around. The kind with a healthy mind and a slim, trim behind. I'm 22, with eyes of blue, just waiting to hear from the best of you. J. William Mazurkiewicz, Box WR, Green Bay, WI 54305. (134)

To Sherry, Joey and Brandi: I love you and dream of you! Bobby, Huntsville, Tex. (134)

Open-minded ladies of the '80s: Everyone isn't for everybody, but everybody needs somebody! Take a chance, scratch a few lines — I'll reply. W/m, Cancer of '59. Timothy Holloway 41399, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (134)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career. Work with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle repair School, Dept. EUC64, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (134)

Pirate: Love ya, babe. Your Baby Doll (Night-Rider). (134)

Tattoos By Lou, 475 Hay Street, Fayetteville, NC 28301. Under the Sassy Lady Lounge. (919) 483-1222. (134)

Renegade Angel: You know the question. I need your answer. Love ya, Tony. (134)

Wanted to buy: Worn-out or damaged shovel and Sporty rocker boxes. Contact Shoe, Rt. 2, Box 5020, Delta, OH 43515. (134)

Downed bro from Texas, 6'2", 210 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, is looking for some "real biker ladies" to write; will answer all. Will be released 2/85. Don't need any games, just looking for a righteous lady to share the good and the bad with. If you send a flick, I'll return one. Carl "Crittter" Davidson 103515, 7525 4th Avenue, Lino Lakes, MN 55014. (134)

White male, 27, blond hair, blue eyes, 145 lbs., seeks correspondence. Tim Shelley 46643, Box 700, Canon City, CO 81212. (134)

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)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Bill Zemlin and Tom Headrick, or anyone knowing their whereabouts, please write to Kelly Miller, 108 Belpre Pl. W., Westerville, OH 43081. (134)

Handsome, swm, 6'3", 205 lbs., strong, masculine, 40s, looks and acts much younger, "little boyish" still. Swedish descent, lots of thick brown hair, bluish eyes, sophisticated, educated, good dresser, distinguished-looking executive. Vasectomy safe, kinky, particular, and persnickety. Living on a true "Fantasy Island," in a plantation, on a golf course, 100 yards to beautiful beach and ocean. Enjoy smoke, drinking, all sports, getting tan all over, romantic evenings, togetherness, music, reading, TV, chess, traveling, animals, children, candlelight dinners, quiet and exciting times. Seeking younger (18-33) female counterpart — a "swinging" bi-sexual, show-off exhibitionist for my voyeurism. Attractive to gorgeous, an "11," sensuous, slim, well proportioned body, fun-loving, with sense of adventure, submissive, putting husband and home first, a true man's woman to love, pamper and spoil me. Must be versatile, open-minded, liberal, sedulous and hedonistic. Object: swinging friendship, possibly marriage, eternal bliss. Please be sincere, meaningful and totally honest. Photos, phone, full description, fantasies and disclosures with long, horny, loving letter. Thanks. F.B., Box 6493, Hilton Head Island, SC 29938. (134)

Randy: Happy birthday, 6/22/56, and happy anniversary, 7/26/80. I love you the best! Lynn. (134)

Joannie Johnson, Big Falls, Minnesota: Remember July 4, 1981? Been doing time (coke bust). Out in September. Write David Nykiel, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502. (134)

MC club patches, pins, T-shirts, awards or anything else you need. Send SASE to TW, 15537 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

For sale: 5 acres, land-locked, \$2000, plus survey and closing costs. I-77 and Ohio 751. John Regula, Rt. 1, Newcomerstown, OH 43832. (614) 498-8173. (134)

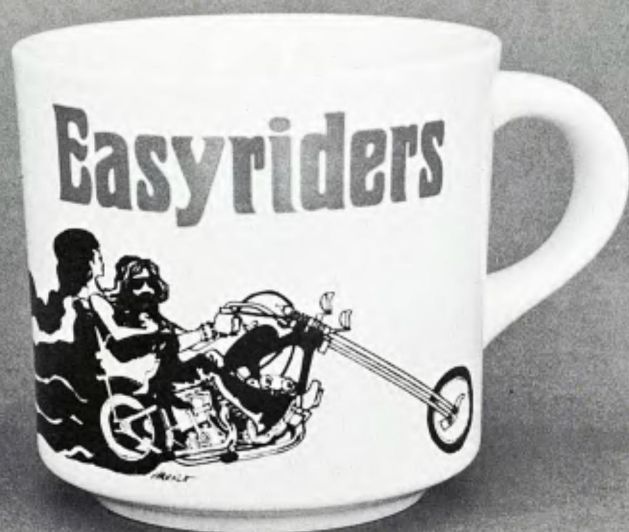
Was your bike stolen? We have information on the location of a '79 brown FLH Classic. Taken out of Orange County approximately autumn of '81. Please identify personal item left on bike and mileage for information to its location. Don't be mad — get even. Bike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (134)

Butch: Wanted you to know that I'm sorry I was a "pieca." Miss you. Love, Whitebitch Queen. (134)

Arizona desert dweller looking for a special lady. I'm 31, 185 lbs., 6'2", and into enjoying living. Send picture to Zeke, Box 812, Tucson, AZ 85735. (134)

Hot Babe: You make me big and hard. I'll love you for years to come. Gene Machine. (134)

Moose: Happy birthday, honey! Lovin' you always. Munchkin. (134)



Here's a white porcelain coffee mug with you-know-who's logo on it. It's a heavy mug for a lifetime of use (weighs almost a pound — 12 ounces).

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Gladiator

Continued from page 111

cage, saw Wolf sitting there glaring at him, then made his waddling approach down the aisle.

"Evenin', son. How are ya? Figgered I'd come by and git ever'thang set up fer the show. Bet you could use some food. Here y'go — them's some sammitches my missus made, and a couple apples." He tossed a paper sack into the cage.

Wolf's eyes glanced briefly at the bag, then returned to the little man.

"Whatsamatta, buddy? Don't trust it, huh? Well, cain't see as how I rightly blame ya, but they ain't nothin' in it. Wouldn't do, nohow, have ya all doped up fer the show. No sir, that wouldn't do. Y'all go on ahead'n eat, it's good food."

Wolf picked up the sack, unwrapped the sandwiches, and began to eat.

"What is it, old man? What is it I gotta fight here? Dobie? Coon dog? Shepherd, maybe?"

The fat man stopped in his tracks, stunned. He turned and regarded the big biker for a moment through squinty eyes, then shook his head and chuckled softly. "So you figgered it out, huh? I'll be danged if you didn't. Well, since ya did, I guess they ain't no harm in tellin' ya. Ain't gonna make a bit a differ'nce."

"Hit's a special breed, son, raised by the ol' colonel hisself. He been breedin' them dogs nigh onto twenty years now, an' ain't nary a one ever lost a fight. They's about one-quarter pit bull, one-quarter mastiff, and the rest is all timber wolf. Colonel originally bred 'em fer huntin' pigs with, but wasn't nobody could control 'em. Then he tried usin' 'em fer fightin' dogs, but wasn't no dogs could beat 'em. They're a vicious lot, all right —



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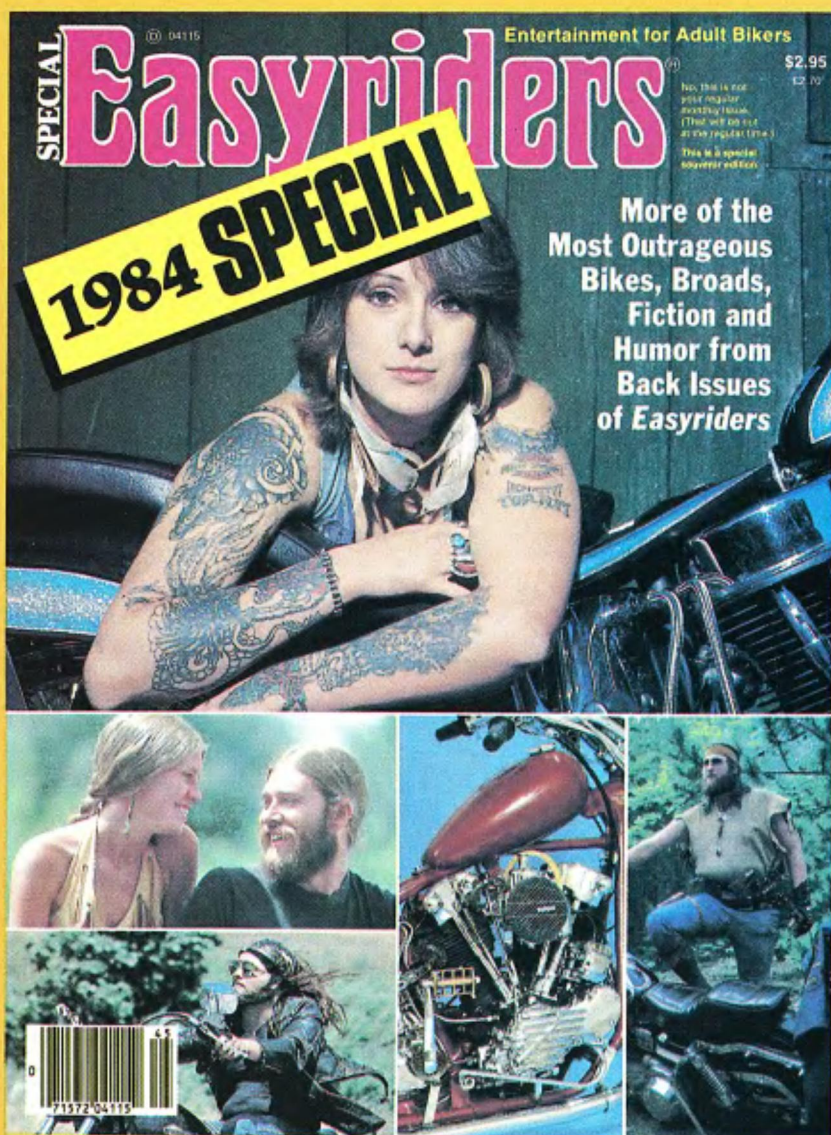
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mean and heavy-muscled, and just plumb wild. 'Course, he beats 'em a lot, an' starves 'em — says it gives 'em an extry edge, ya know. They hate ever'thang on two legs when he's done with 'em."

"Why me, old man? Why pick out a stranger and make him fight a dog? I can't have too good a chance of beating a monster like that. How many of these 'shows' do you people put on every year?"

"Well, we don't have near's many as we used to, 'n' that's a fact," the fat man replied. "An' it ain't nothin' against you, in particular: the colonel just has a lotta money tied up in his dogs, an' he needed some way to make a profit. He found that by takin' an outsider off the road and havin' him fight, he could draw a real big payin' crowd. Ever' once in a while we get a big, mean-lookin' guy like you, an' he clears some money on side bets."

The sound of sliding gravel announced the arrival of another vehicle outside.

"That'll be the colonel, now, I reckon; dog'll be in the truck." He shuffled up the aisle and opened the door.

"Evenin', Colonel. How y'all doin' tonight?"

"Jes' fine, Otis, jes' fine!" thundered the colonel. He was a big, fleshy man in a gray suit, an expensive cigar clenched in his teeth. "How's ever'thang shapin' up?"

"Oh, I think we kin expect a real good turnout, Colonel, yessir, a real good turnout. Once word got out about the size of this feller, and how hard he looked, ever'body got excited an' wanted to come."



"A kiss didn't do it — maybe a blowjob?"

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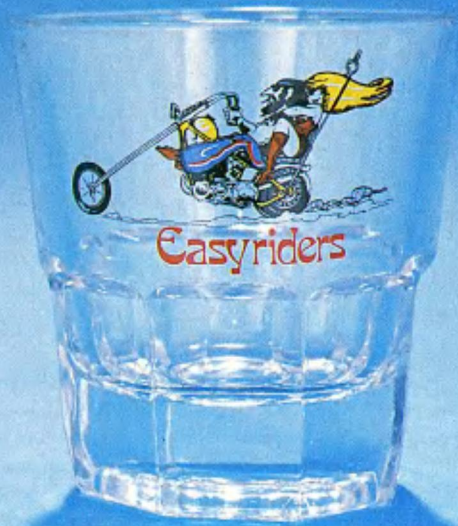
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The colonel shifted his attention to Wolf. He studied him for a minute, then turned to speak to Otis again, his voice subdued now — Wolf couldn't hear them. They spoke quietly for a few seconds, then walked out.

Half an hour later, Wolf heard cars and trucks pulling up outside. Locals began trickling in, looking at the caged biker, muttering, occasionally laughing nervously. He was surprised at the number of women in the crowd. Even the wildest chicks he knew had more class than to come out to see another human being get torn apart by a fucking dog. Every cell in his body cried to him to stand up and protest, to scream at these bastard rednecks, but he stayed put. He wasn't giving them a fucking thing.

In a while all the seats were filled. People drank whiskey from pint bottles, smoked or chewed tobacco, giggled and chattered. Then a door opened at the side of the barn and they all grew silent, straining their necks to see. A truck had backed up outside, and two men in heavily padded handlers' clothing let down the tailgate, each holding a taut chain. Something lunged from the depths of the truck and Wolf got his first look at his adversary.

It had to be at least 180 pounds, all teeth and muscle, every pound of it lean, hungry, pure red-eyed evil. The two handlers kept their distance as it bucked and jerked, growling and snarling, leaping to its hind legs and twisting its neck from side to side, biting at the chains. They wrestled the dog to the platform, forced it up the ramp and slung it through the door. They slammed the door and bolted it, then slacked up on the chains enough so that the animal could work the loops over his gigantic head.



**"Man's best friend is his dog;
woman's best friend is her pussy."**

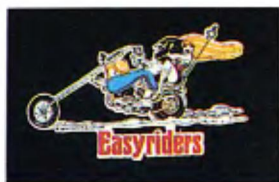
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Once unfettered, the dog turned on the cage, lunging at the walls, battering the mesh with its nose and teeth, biting wildly at the wooden floor. Wolf watched, fascinated by the spectacle.

Suddenly the dog stopped. The fur on the back of its neck rose, and its lips curled back in a snarl of blind hatred. Wolf turned to see what it was looking at. The colonel was taking a seat in the front row. The snarl became a growl, low and menacing, growing louder as the beast stared at its master through eyes aflame with bloodlust.

It wheeled, snapping, at the handler who prodded and teased it with a broomstick. Its growl turned into a roar, and the dog churned in the confines of the cage, ricocheting off the walls. If sheer force of will could have broken the cage, the dog would have shattered the wire, sending pieces flying into the audience. Wolf took off his belt and crouched next to the adjoining door, steeling himself for the terrible moment he knew was coming.

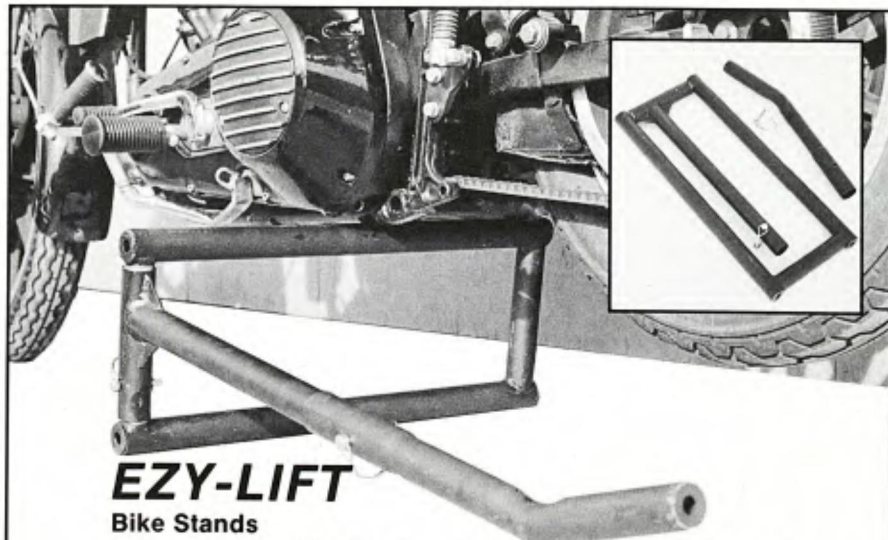
The handler grabbed the end of the cable and pulled, the door slid up, and the enraged beast charged.

Now!

Wolf jammed his belt buckle into the mesh at the bottom of the cage door, wedging it open. He kicked with all his force at the monster as it came through the opening. Its own speed and the force of the kick knocked it off balance, sending it spinning across the cage. Wolf was right there, belt stretched between his hands, when it leaped up and went for his throat. He jammed the heavy leather strap into its mouth and brought his whole weight down, forcing the dog's jaws open. Then he



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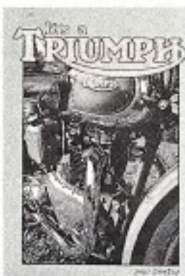
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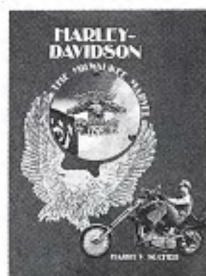
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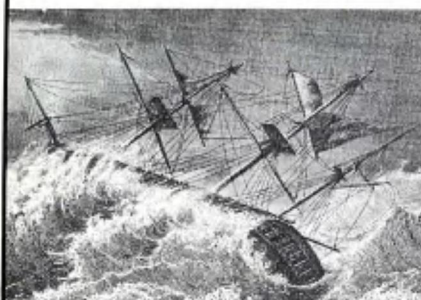
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wrapped the belt back around the animal's thick neck and quickly tied it, pinning its jaw down at an angle. There!

He'd bought the time he wanted. The dog's head lolled and rocked back and forth in confusion, and he pawed frantically at the leather. Wolf knew that a bastard this strong wouldn't be held long that way, but it might be long enough.

He dived for the entrance to the smaller cage, rolling through it and reaching for the dead bolt that held the other door. He caught a glimpse of one of the handlers reaching out, eyes wide with terror, as he suddenly realized what Wolf was doing. The asshole was trying to stop him, trying to keep that door closed.

Wolf heard the dry scrabbling of claws on wood behind him, gaining, as the handler stretched desperately to reach the bolt.

"Too late, fucker!" Wolf roared as he slammed the bolt back and threw his body into the door. The impact of the heavy steel door knocked the handler across the barn, and Wolf rolled out, twisting sideways off the ramp to the barn floor. Baying horribly, the dog rushed out behind him, free and terrible.

Wolf had counted on the panic of the crowd; they didn't let him down. They scattered like rats, trampling each other in their panic to get out. Wolf ran straight for the door and burst into the clean, wooded darkness. He stopped and turned back for a second, just in time to see the colonel go down under a whirlwind of blood, teeth, and fury.

Wolf smiled. "Later, my furry bro," he said softly, and turned, disappearing into the darkness, into the cool night wind. ■

Easyriders



"It feels best under 55."

Vet Volve

Continued from page 82

experience of the Vietnam War.

The first is, of course, the old standby: *The Green Berets*, by Robin Moore (c. 1965, Crown Publishers, New York). Although it's a little John Wayne-ish and reads like fiction, and although it can't tell you much about Special Forces activities beyond the early years of the war, it still gives some insight into what the Green Berets are all about. (Moore's book is, by the way, out of print now. You'll have to search for a copy.)

A better, more in-depth study of Special Forces is *Inside the Green Berets (The First Thirty Years)*, by Charles M. Simpson III (c. 1983, Presidio Press, Novato, California). This one goes into great detail and not only covers the entire history of the Special Forces up to the present, but also deals with operations throughout the Vietnam war as well as operations in the rest of the world.

Mission M.I.A., by J.C. Pollock (c. 1982, Crown Publishers, New York), is an exciting story, supposedly mostly fictitious, about ex-Green Berets who learn an old team member, long presumed dead, is still alive in a POW camp in 'Nam. They train to go back to rescue him and the other prisoners. I'm not sure, but this book may have been the thing behind the movie "Uncommon Valor." I recommend it because it deals with the MIA/POW issue, is exciting, and the author researched the book well with actual Special Forces men.

NAM, by Mark Baker (c. 1981, William Morrow & Co., New York), is

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one that everybody knows by now. At least interspersed here and there it recounts some experiences of men on LRRPs and Marine Recon.

365 Days, by Ronald J. Glasser, M.D. (c. 1971, George Braziller, Inc., New York/Doubleday in Canada), is probably also out of print. There are two special chapters to look for in *365 Days*: "The Shaping-Up of Macabe" and "Brock." The first gives a good account of what a man goes through by going Airborne and then Ranger. The second tells a damned good tale of LRRPs.

Infantry in Vietnam — Small Unit Action in the Early Days: 1965-66, Edited by Lt. Col. Albert Garland (c. 1967, 1982, Battery Press, Nashville, Tennessee) is the companion volume to the old, out-of-print *A Distant Challenge*, published in '67 by *Infantry Magazine*, and includes some interesting studies of LRRPs operations as well as regular infantry operations.

Small Unit Action in Vietnam — Summer 1966, by Francis J. West, Jr. (c. 1967, 1981, Arno Press, Inc., New York), is all marine action. The chapter entitled "The Indians" gives an account of actions by 1st Force Recon.

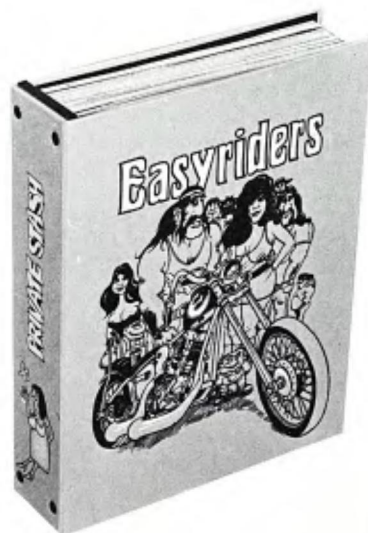
Unless you seek out books like these — and until someone comes along and does us justice — I'm afraid we're stuck with the comments of both kids and adults who think TV's "The A-Team" really tells the story. Unfortunately, "The A-Team" is nothing more than a Vietnam vet-imitized version of the "Dukes of Hazzard"! Col. Hannibal Smith, B.A., and that wimp, Face-man, just don't cut it as likely members of any LRRP team I ever knew. But Howling Mad Murdock — provided he could keep his mouth shut — well, he shows promise.

Okay, on a lighter note, the Sarge is gonna use some space for himself: To Carol and Frank up there in, what is it? Yeast Slime, Conn.? Hi! Hey, Frank — ride that scooter easy. And the next time you're in Japan, watch out for those buses, man! ■

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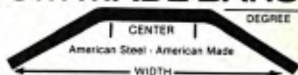
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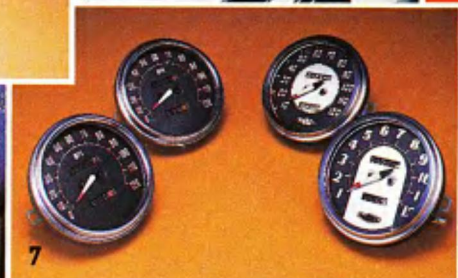
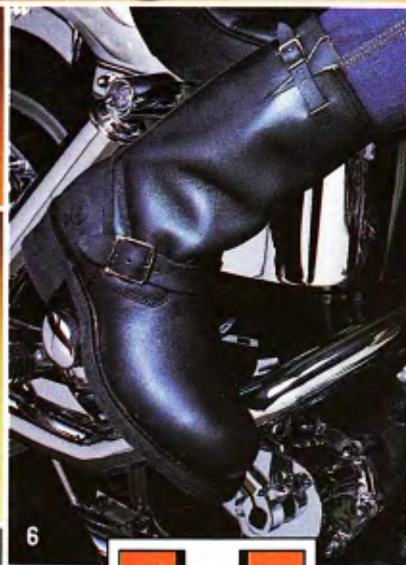
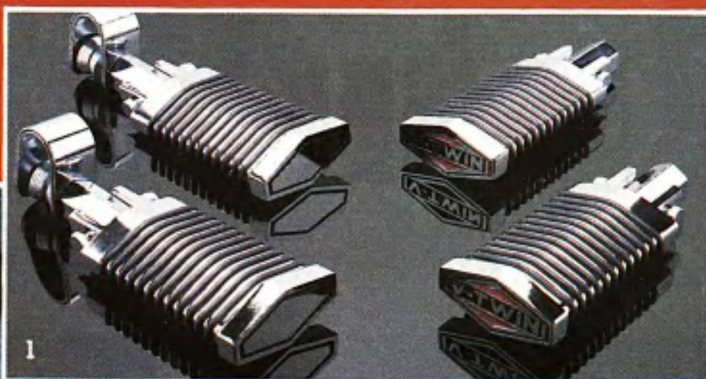
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