

Easyriders®

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April 1985

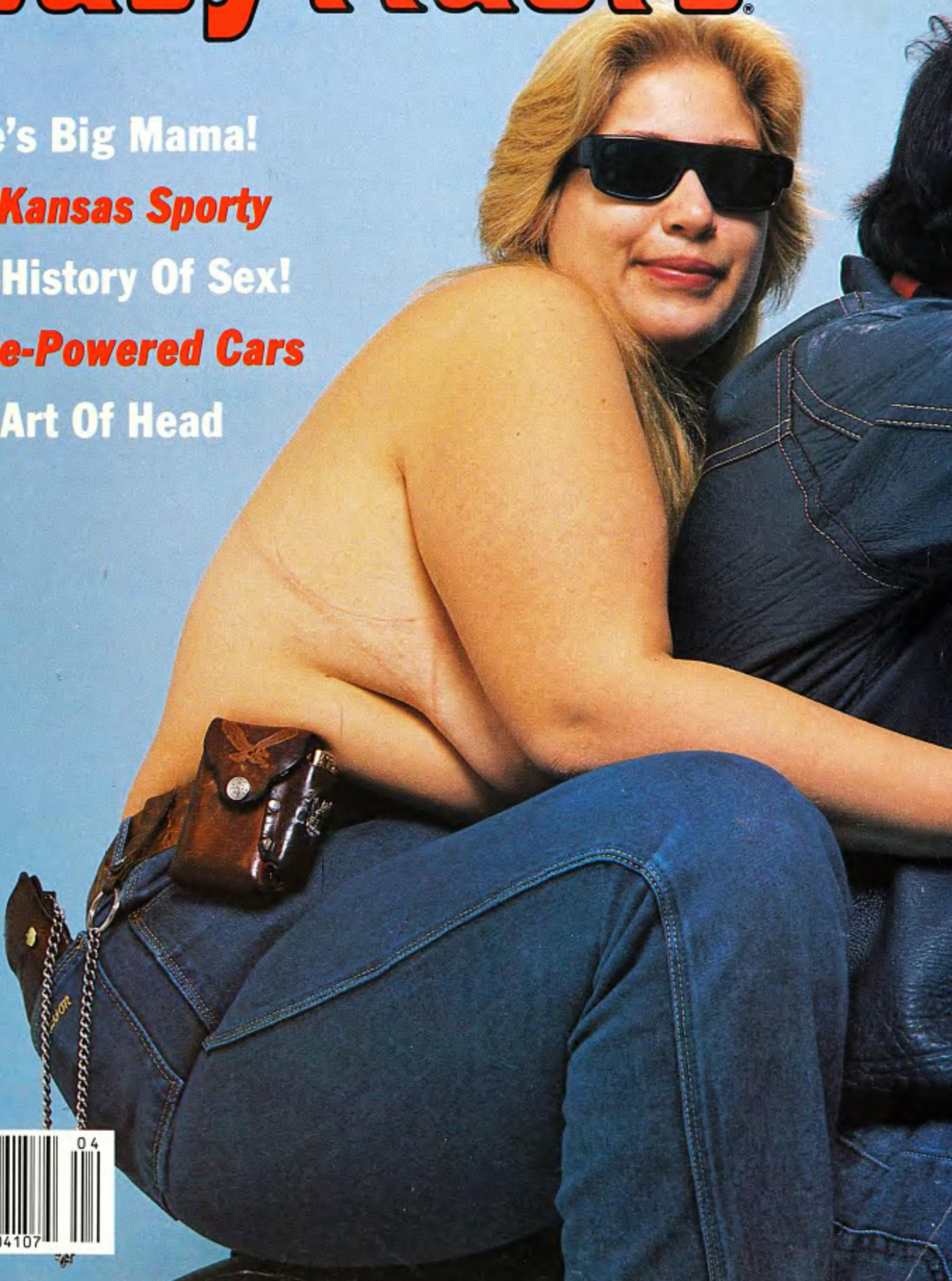
Pete's Big Mama!

Hot Kansas Sporty

The History Of Sex!

Cycle-Powered Cars

The Art Of Head



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Well, we've taken it in the shorts again. Believe it or not, the paper companies have raised their prices 20 percent (and they've announced that there will be another 3 to 7 percent raise in the near future). They've increased the paper costs this much just since our last editorial in the June 1984 issue. Add to that a recent 20 percent increase in postage rates, plus labor increases, and you can figure out that we must either cheapen the magazine, print less color and use cheaper paper, or raise the cover price. We've always prided ourselves on our reproduction and our liberal use of color, so we decided to raise the cover price, keep the quality, and add eight pages of the buff-colored paper.

We're sorry that economics have pushed us into this position.

— Lou Kimzey

Easyriders



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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 142, April, 1985, Vol. 15. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (818) 889-8740. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (818) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1985 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to Easyriders will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to Easyriders' unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Subscription Department, Box 2404, Boulder, CO 80321. (818) 889-8740. One year, \$18; two years, \$35 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add \$6 per year. Single copy, \$2.95. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



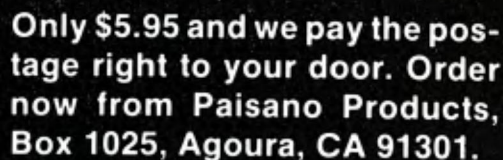
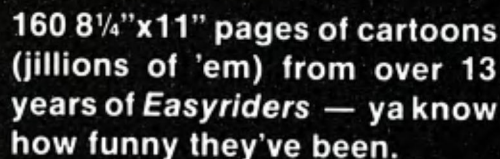
Audited Paid

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

Cover photo of Lisa by Pete Chiodo



**FUNNIEST
MAGAZINE
YOU'VE
EVER READ**



What's this world coming to? First, we have a gold braid who felt his men would look better dressed like theater ushers instead of wearing the old 13-button bell-bottoms. Now we have a new rule. Beards are no longer allowed in the Navy! Shit, beards on sailors in the Navy go back to year one, but another gold braid feels his men will look better as shaved cats. Misery, misery.

Amazing fact file: It's been reported that you can beat a lie detector simply by thinking of far-out sex acts.

Hey, watch out! It's just been reported that K-Y Jelly is being recalled! It seems that certain batches are gritty and will cause an irritation to your crank or your chick's box!

He was pissed at a guy for picking him up late or something—he even wanted to fight, but the other guy didn't, so he decided to snuff out a lighted cigarette in the guy's ear! (Then the guy decided to fight.)

There's a report out that men with tattoos are maladjusted, deviant, hostile, impulsive, and sociopaths. Other than that, they're all-around good guys.

I guess this says something—a fact the chicks should keep in mind. A newspaper said that the company that makes Trojans (a condom, as you know) makes two different sizes, a standard size for most of the world and a markedly smaller size for sale in Japan.

The driver was directed by a cop to move his car from the center divider to the side of the road (across four lanes of traffic). The cager pulled "sharply" across the four lanes to the side as the officer directed, but in doing so, pulled out in front of a bike, killing the biker (age 22) and his chick (age 18). Their bodies were all smashed to mush, but the report said, "They didn't have helmets on," as if that would have saved their lives after a car pulled broadside right out in front of them. The cager and the cop went scot-free. Where's the justice?

Well, I've told you about the pooper scoopers for dogs. Now a New York lawmaker has proposed diapers for horses (gasp!) that roam the streets. He actually proposed that shit-catchers be sus-

pended under the horses' asses. "New Yorkers should be able to look at the sky instead of at their shoes," he said. (What would this world be like without road apples and meadow muffins?)

He'd been arrested 40 times in the last 15 years for the same thing—he says that he doesn't know what comes over him. He sees a nice trim foot in high heels and he's compelled to stomp on the instep of the woman whose foot catches his attention. Well, that's better than a friend of mine who got off while giving women a hot foot. Different strokes for different folks, I guess.

He was busted for abusive language and behavior likely to breach the peace—the court agreed with the cops. What did he do? Cuss out an old broad? Cuss out a chick cop? No. All he did was say "meow" to a police dog.

He knew he'd get time when he went into the courtroom. He did—two years for possession of nose candy. So the bailiff led him off. When he was routinely patted down, a packet of coke was found in his sock. "Oh, I forgot about that." He was charged with another count of possession. I remember keeping a dime for a phone call away from the police during a pat-down in jail once, but coke I'll never try—how dumb can you get?

Then did you hear about the two boys who held up a liquor store and got away with two six-packs of beer? It seems that they walked into a liquor store and threw a garter snake on the clerk—who freaked. During the confusion, the two boys grabbed the brew and fled, making a clean getaway.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

New Laws

□ It was announced in December that Iowa's DOT will recommend that the state enact mandatory seat belts for auto drivers and helmets for motorcyclists in 1985. Now all they have to do is convince state senators. If you want to write to Iowa's DOT, the address is Iowa Dept. of Transportation, Safety Programs, Lucas State Office Building, Des Moines, IA 50319. ABATE of Iowa has its guns cocked and ready to fire. If you want to help, contact ABATE of Iowa, 717 W. Omaha Bridge Rd., Council Bluffs, IA 51501.

Angelo Bruno
Carter Lake, Iowa

□ Was just checkin' out your September '84 issue (the mail doesn't come too quick over here) and read the bullshit about the ITC's attempt to put gourd guards on all the breeze-lovin' bros of Iowa. It's bad enough that we gotta wear 'em over here, but I was lookin' forward to ridin' in the breeze when I got back. I'll smoke Mutha's crabs before I fork out a coupla dozen duchies for a painted egg-shell, and I was wonderin' if you have an address where I can write to help fight the bullshit these muthafuckers are trying to get reelected for.

Rip
West Germany

■ See letter above.

Is That Him?

□ My ol' lady and I decided to clean the house last week. Under a pile of trash in the living room I found an old LP album that I'd lost back in 1958. While lookin' it over, I discovered the name of "Lou Kimzey — Editor, Dig Magazine" on the back cover.

Now, what I'm askin' you people is this, is the "Lou Kimzey — Editor, Dig Magazine" the same Lou Kimzey who edits your mag?

Shitheel
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ That's him — as you can see, he was a rebel even way back then.

Help!

□ Does anyone know the whereabouts of Timmy Huffer? He doesn't even know he has a half-brother and I have to find him. Please write me if you have any info.

Victor J. Padilla 154213
Box 534
Jessup, MD 20794

Another "Help!"

□ I'm looking for a bro I haven't seen for about four years. His name is "Scavenger Jack" Millard. If anyone knows anything about his whereabouts, please contact me.

Disgusting Gus
218 E. 10th
Jerome, ID 83338
(208) 324-5979

Saw The Light

□ I know that probably 98 percent of Harley-Davidson riders have Sporties and Glides and more power to 'em! But some of us Harley enthusiasts just don't have the greenbacks to put down for a big bike when we're starting out.

In my teens I rode anything I could afford just to feel that wind in my face, but now I'm getting more into saving for that dream machine with H-D on the tank.

A friend of mine made me a deal last summer on a bike he had lying around for a year, so I'm finally on the way. It's a '72 350 SS Sprint. Not quite a Sporty or Glide, but at least it's a Harley.

Haz
Mason City, Iowa

Saw The Light

□ After reading "Moving Up" in your December issue, I got inspired. I left my Yamer 650 special while I drooled over the Hogs at the dealer's.

I'm now the proud owner of a 1983 Sturgis, and believe me, it was worth the wait. A whole raisin pie to Tiny for

giving me the guts to make the jump.

Scott Pierce
Waco, Tex.

■ You just made a wise move.

Christmas Cheer

□ I was sitting alone in my room one day about Christmas time, trying to think if there was something I could do to make someone's Christmas a little brighter. I then hit upon the idea of using the addresses printed in the back of your mag and others of brothers and sisters who are down. The idea was to send Christmas cards to try and spread a little Christmas cheer.

I hope I succeeded with those who received cards, and I also hope to keep on doing it in the years to come. It's a good feeling.

Doc
APO, N.Y.

Club Name

□ I'm Tramp and I'm a member of the Road Tramps MC from Brooklyn, New York. I'm sending this letter so that no one will confuse us with anyone else. We have nothing to do with any so-called "Tramps" from any place outside New York.

Road Tramp
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A Response

□ In response to "Banned Again" in Indianapolis and anyone else there who can't find *Easysiders* in the convenience stores: Try J&J Harley Supplies in Greenfield, or Bookland on Market Street.

J.R. Van Landingham
Greenfield, Ind.

Totally Pissed Off

□ In "Wordmonger" (February '85) you had a letter, titled "Obviously Pissed Off," from some bitch. If the truth be known, the reason he turned to men was because you weren't woman enough to take care of him. And as for

his only getting off on oral sex, it was probably because fucking you was like sticking his dick in a five-gallon bucket of mud.

Douglas Longcor
Vienna, Ill.

□ I was scopin' out the February '85 issue when I came across what this person called Linda from Winston-Salem, N.C., wrote. It's obvious that she is the one who's fucked up, since she can't determine a man from a punk. I usually don't pay any attention to comments from idiots, because the shit they bitch about is what they like the most.

Phillip Brown
Columbia, S.C.

□ The letter you wrote doesn't say shit for you.

Dave M.
Jamestown, Calif.

□ I'd like to say you probably have never met any "real" bikers, and so much the better for bikers.

Mike "The Tube's" Ol' Lady
Whittier, Calif.

□ Let me tell you something, you stupid cunt. First off, if you were any kinda woman like you call yourself, you would have known the difference between a wannabe and a real biker or inmate.

Mat Armitage
Starke, Fla.

□ Linda, you sniveling air-head, besides not knowing what you're talking about, everything you think is obviously you just sucking wind through your ass.

Jimi The Acid Freak
Somers, Conn.

□ You were probably the cause of your ol' man suckin' dicks. Your pussy most likely stinks.

Big Rich
Lansing, Kan.

Dusty Goof

□ This is addressed to Dusty Sage regarding an inconsistency which has bothered me since I first started reading your mag.

My birthday falls on April 21. According to Dusty's format, that puts me in the sign of Aries. Fine, except that every other astrological forecast I've ever seen claims that Aries ends on April 19. Until Dusty and *Easysiders* I'd

always been secure with the notion of being a Taurus. Now I have to read both forecasts and go through all sorts of anxiety as to my true identity. For instance, this month (December '84) I'm either going to have a fine time fucking my brains out or I should be exceedingly cautious with my money and my scooter. Quite a discrepancy there!

J.P.
Islesboro, Me.

■ Listen, don't be so picky. You're luckier than most dudes. You've got two signs. What do you want? Three?

Seriously, Dusty says if you're on the cusp, you can change from year to year, because the sun's speed is inconsistent. Some years it's slower than others. Dusty's talking in generalities. You can't please everyone.

Spider Column

□ What the fuck is this excuse about being sick? I went to a lot of trouble so I could read your column, but all I get is your excuse that you're just recovering from a damn operation.

K.C. Maurizzi
Beloit, Wis.

□ As soon as I got to Spider's column and found there was none (January '85), I got steamed, pissed, and downright ticked off.

This is what I think about Spider (aka Dickhead, Slimeball, Shitdog, and Snowpiss). You've got your fuckin' nerve loafin' around, playin' the sick li'l boy, while meantime you're really part-tyin' your balls to the max.

El Gordo
Flushing, N.Y.

Boy George

□ This is in response to Clyde from Port Hueneme, Calif. (January '85): I agree with you all the fuckin' way. What the fuck's the world coming to? The last thing we need on this earth is the thing they call Boy George and all this other punk rock, new-wave shit they call music. But Boy George takes the fuckin' cake (or should I say dildo?).

If I had the money and could get away with it, I'd have him snuffed.

Jim
Fresno, Calif.

□ I'm a loyal Deadhead myself. I can't stand so-

called modern rock 'n' roll. It just doesn't have the emotions, feelings, and kickass energy of that good ol' real rock 'n' roll.

A Bro
Collinsville, Va.

□ This is bullshit. If no one likes the guy (whoever and whatever he is), his act will die. If someone likes his act, who the fuck are you to say he can't do it?

Zoom
Ontario, Calif.

FLHS Contest

□ I just received my February '85 issue and immediately got involved in trying to win the FLHS. In trying to win, I got very scientifically involved. I rounded up twelve neighborhood ol' ladies and took them outdoors to spit. They weren't very excited about the idea, as we have six inches of snow on the ground, and the temperature is about 25 degrees. However, I promised each one a spring ride on my Low Rider, a pinch on the butt, and let them look at my *Easyriders*.

After all this effort and all those promises and all the spitting, I discovered one problem. While I had my slide rule and tape, these broads may not be the same sizes as your twelve mouses!

So, in order to be scientific about all this, what I need is the height, weight, and measurements of your twelve mouses. While you're at it, I'd appreciate some photos, too.

Lee Witcher
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ Elephants want to fly, too.

Mann Centerspread

□ I took one look at Dave Mann's centerspread and didn't like it. After some thought, I think I know why.

It isn't the naked girl or the bare boobs. It isn't the guy with his pants down. What got me mad was the girl tied up and hanging by her heels.

We all know that some people like torturing (and being tortured). Why at a New Year's Party? Is she a captive from a rival gang? Is this payback for something? Does the girl enjoy being tied and hung by her heels? Does the Chilean flag (they have one of the worst records in human rights in the world) have anything to do with it? And why in one of my favorite magazines?

In the past years I've seen almost 200 drawings by Dave Mann and not one would I mind my kids seeing except this one.

A Subscriber
Santa Monica, Calif.

■ Can't you take a joke?

Spent 200 Dollars

□ Would you tell me how in the fuck I can spend \$200 in postage over a four-month period, sending 1000 separate entries to your contest and still not even win nothin'? Then you assholes rub salt in the wound by publishing my letter to "Miraculous Mutha" with some other fucker's name.

Easy Ed
Eagle Creek, Ore.

■ It's a roll of the dice, Ed.

Mistaken Identity

□ In "Wordmonger" (June '84, page 8, under the heading "Special Ring"), you made the statement that only the staff members had rings with the rag's logo and only Spider had a gold one.

Then, while going through the July '84 issue ("7 Days In March" article), what do I see on page 20, top left-hand corner? None other than Spider himself. How do I know? He's got a gold logo ring on the index finger of his right hand.

So tell Spider he's now a known celebrity and will have to start wearing a disguise!

Do I win a Kee-Wee doll or something?

Breeze
Mt. Vernon, Ga.

■ That's not our slob. He has a full beard and the ring isn't ours.

Aussie Needs Help

□ I've just started a collection of bike club cards and would like it if clubs in the U.S. and other countries would send their club cards.

Leon Moon
12 Pyramid Ave., Padston
2211; Sydney, Australia

Warning

□ I'm sure this is all too familiar to bikers everywhere, but the owners of a place known as Snook Haven near Venice, Florida (in Sarasota County), are not only anti-biker assholes but red-neck assholes, to boot.

Every other Sunday they have a pig roast, public

invited, but when a few of us showed up on our bikes, they got the county sheriff's department into the act at the start. We were directed to parking, which no one else was. We weren't there more than 15 minutes before we were told by a deputy that we could "Leave now peacefully and quietly, or by force later." Four bikes, two trikes, and nine people were really a menace. One of the bros riding a trike had a cooler on it and was told that if he went anywhere near it, he'd be arrested. We were informed of our transgressions, such as our clothes and our bikes, and that we were wearing colors, which in truth no one was, since we're loners who just party together every so often. We were further informed that if we'd been wearing cowboy hats and had arrived in pickups we'd be welcome. They wanted a "family atmosphere." Fuck them.

If you're ever down here in Florida, remember there's an asshole joint of a bar to avoid like the plague.

L.D.
Venice, Fla.

Needs Filter

□ I've written to you assholes four times and have never received an answer nor seen anything in print.

Is it so hard to tell me what kind of replacement oil filter can be used instead of the ones Harley sells? I have a 1980 XLH and am still trying to find a Fram to fit and work right.

Dusty
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ We're workin' on it and we'll let ya know in our next issue.

Chick Needs Help

□ Just a line from a chick from West Australia. I've just decided I'll be over in California mid-1985 and was wondering if anyone would let me know where all the best places are.

Angie
West Australia

■ Ya didn't send your address, Angie.

Thanks

□ A special thanks to J.C. Penney for the TV commercial on their Halston III collection. The group of Harleys in the background is a re-

freshing change from the "usual" TV motorcycles. And the girl modeling didn't get raped or anything!

Dirty Ernie
Del Rio, Tex.

Prison Art

Thanks for featuring the art program in the California prison system in your "Lock-down" column. As one of the non-profit program contractors, we know what a difference having a little control over some aspect of your life can make to someone in the joint, and how important it is that the art teachers are not state employees. We've operated on a shoestring for the seven years since the PAP started, always fighting for our very existence. We could use some financial help. Contributions from your readers would go toward an annual prison arts competition and to make sure we continue to have a voice independent of state control. If any of your readers would like more information about the Prison Arts Project or wants to give money, please contact me.

Ellen Davidson
Project Coordinator
105 Soquel Avenue Suite #1
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 426-2474

Likes Fiction

Just finished reading "Time Lapse" (February '85) and that's one of the best fucking stories I've ever read in *Easyriders*. Best give the author all the raisin pie he asks for.

Cujo
Topeka, Kan.

Non-Readers

I'll bet most of you bastards and bastardettes can't even read, so fuck y'all, near and far.

Triumph Tim
Cottage Hills, Ill.

A Hack

I just happen to be a resident of the Federal Bureau of Prisons in Morgantown, West Virginia, and was just going over the January '85 issue of your rag when I read the "Easynews" section.

I would like to clear things up concerning the 16-year-old bike rider in Tunnelton, W.Va., who was shot and wounded in the face recently by so-called civilian, Larry Lipscomb. Lipscomb just

Continued on page 130

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And, this year, they're even better. This year, the evolutionary package stands complete.

The FXRS has an innovative diaphragm clutch for easy shifting through the five speed gearbox.

And, better yet, this new Low Glide also features belt final drive. Smooth, vibration-free belt drive has so well proven itself that Harley-Davidson is going to

ride its reputation on it.

And if that isn't enough, the Harley performance engineers are even offering an optional high performance suspension package. Shown here, you get factory-installed suspension with additional travel, increased ground clearance and dual 11.5 inch discs for high performance braking.

The resultant motorcycle handles so well that one ride should handle any doubts you may have.

This motorcycle is better than any Harley ever built.

Considering the resale value of your current Harley and the long term financing available to qualified buyers through Ford Credit and your participating dealer, there has never been a better time to buy.

So this year, as the latest cycle of imitations tries to claim to be better than your Harley, remember that there's one motorcycle that can really do it. And do it looking you straight in the eye.

A motorcycle better than my Harley? Prove it.

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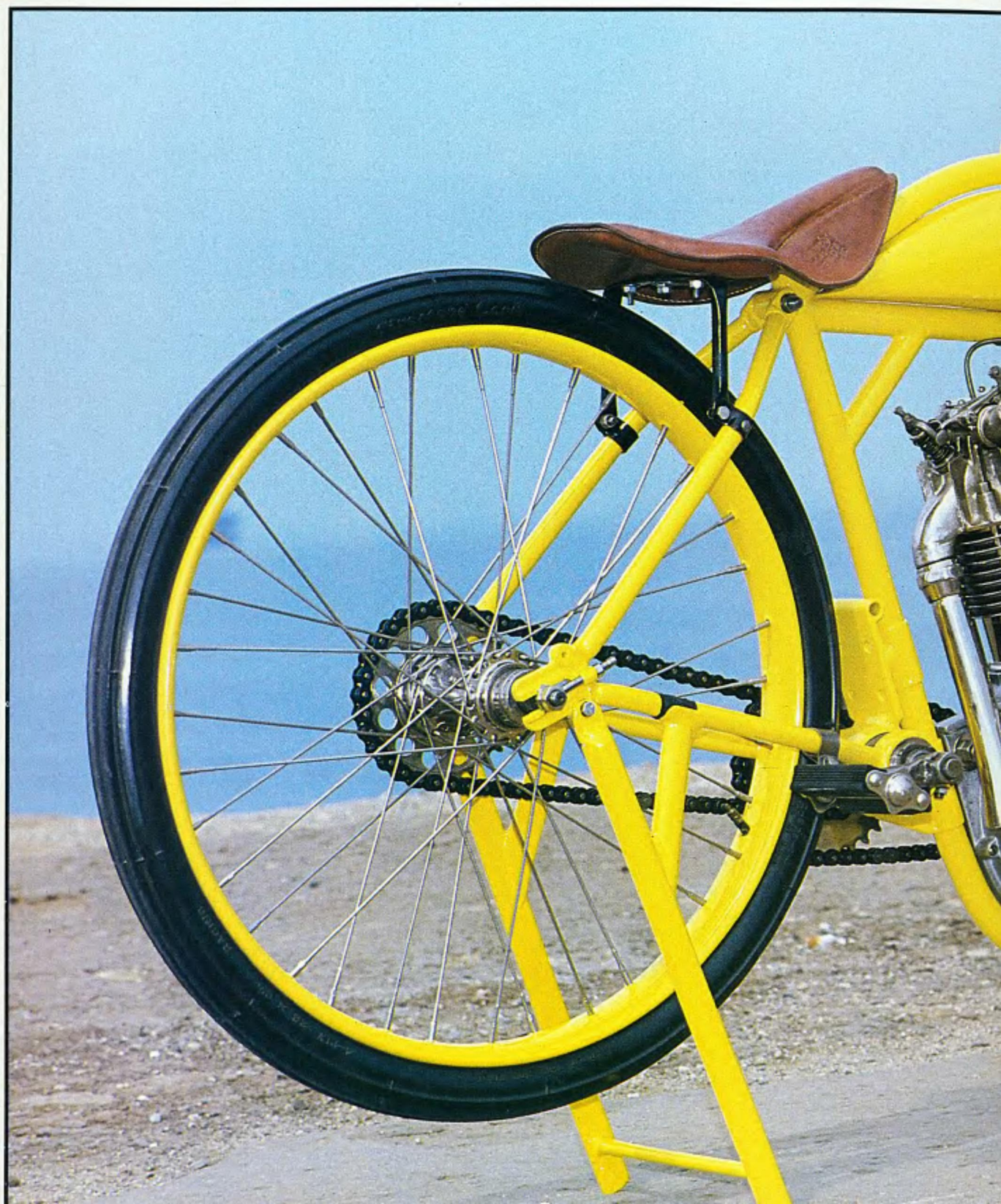
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THE NEW HARLEYS
RIDE ONE™

THAT CAN HONESTLY SAY YOUR HARLEY.

YELLOW SCREAMER

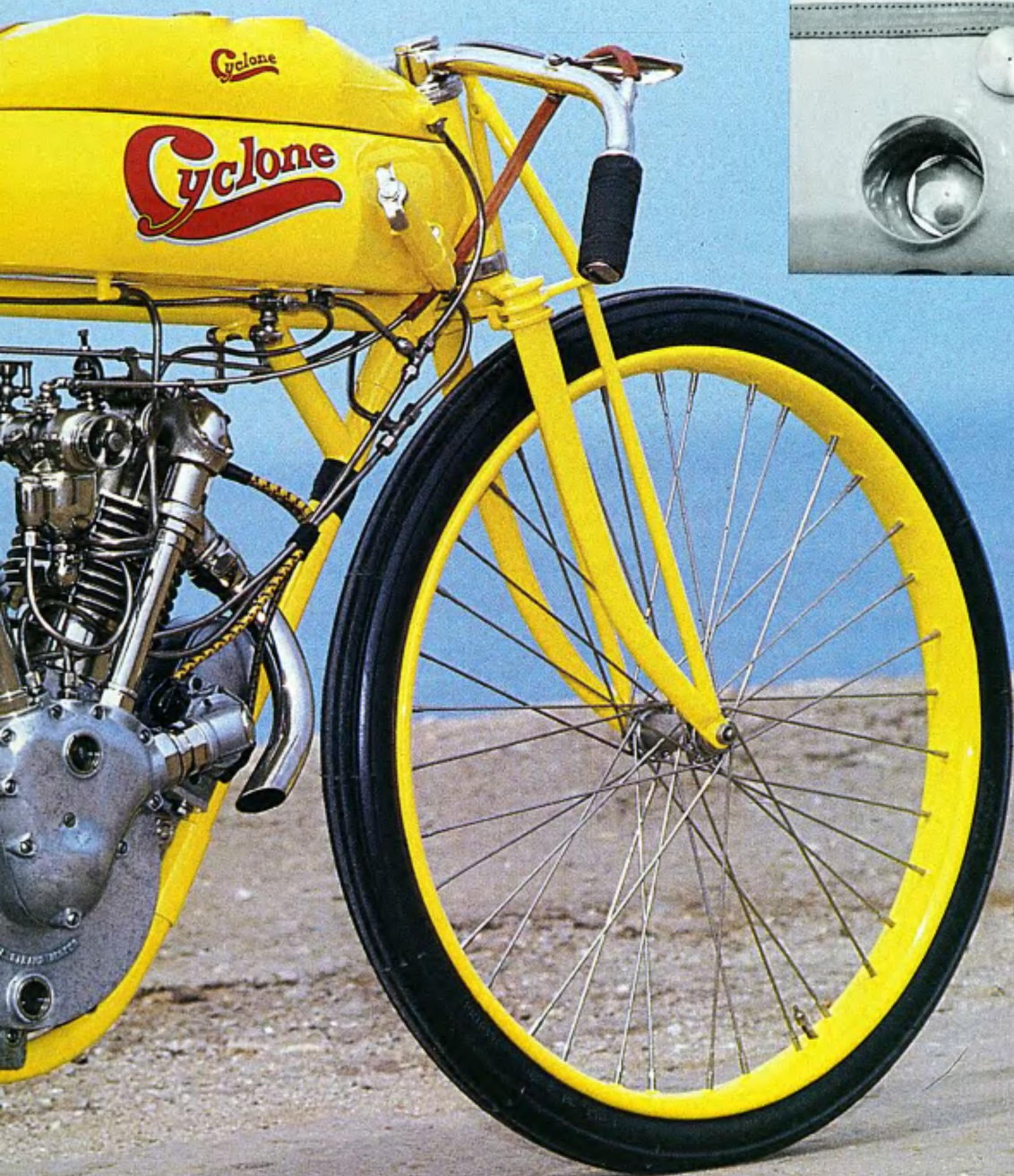


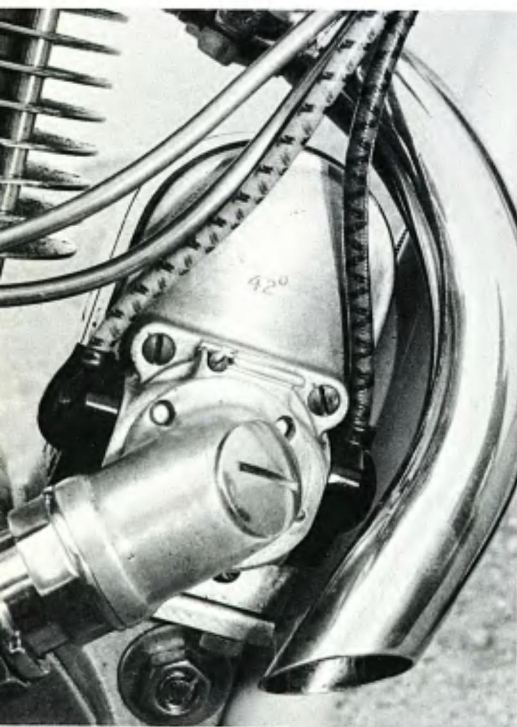
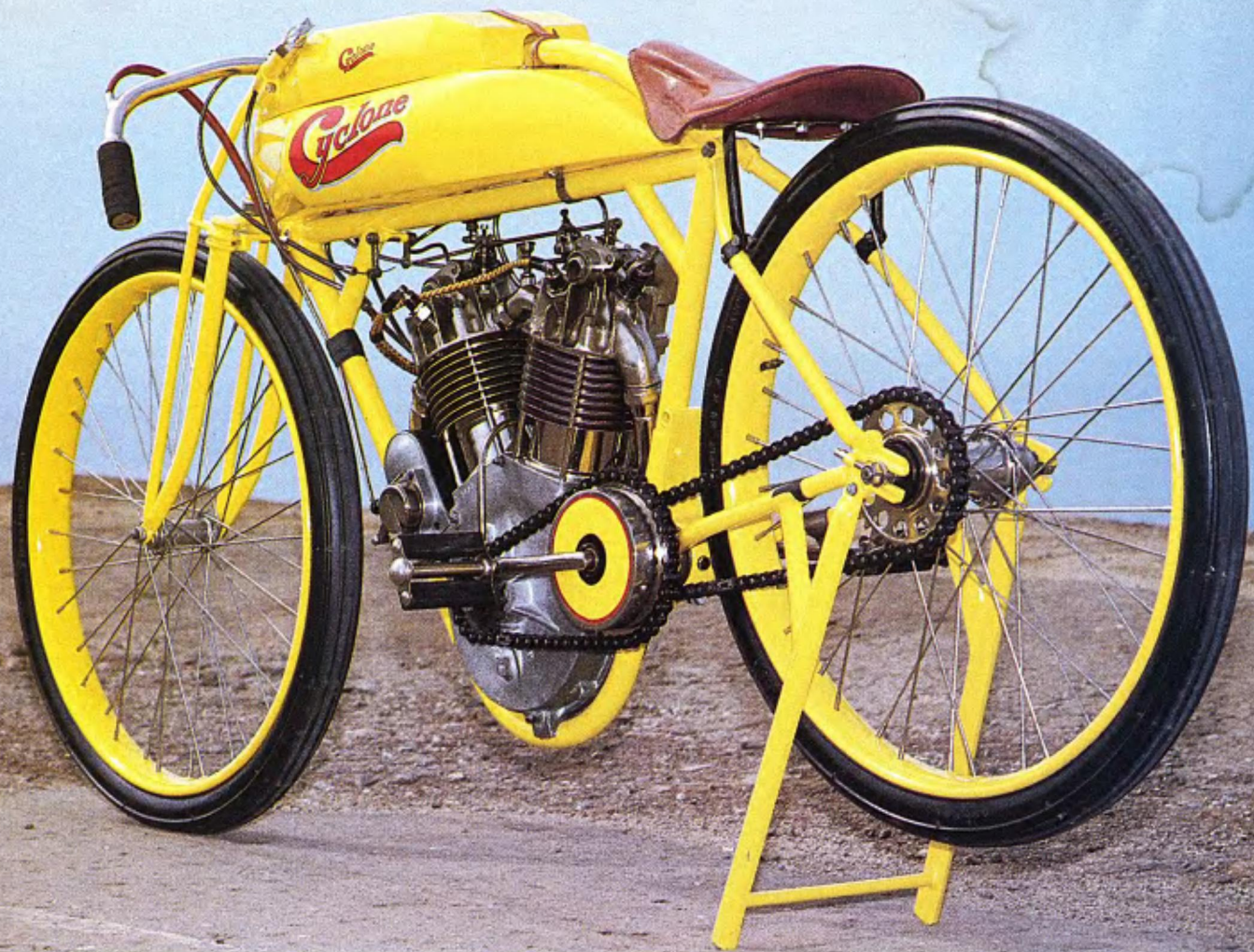
Can you imagine owning a bit of American motorcycle racing history? Fascinating to contemplate, ain't it? And yes, most assuredly, it runs just as good as it looks.

Steve Wright is a friend, so it didn't take much arm-twisting to get him to let me shoot his bike. Like most of us, he isn't rich, but he knows what he likes. (And I've gotta admit, what he likes reflects excellent taste.) Having been around for a number of years, he's heavy into

antique iron and has restored scoots for several collectors, including, before his untimely demise, the late Steve McQueen. Additionally, there are several choice early racing bikes in Wright's own collection that he's restored to near perfection.

Both the gas tank and the auxilliary oil tank shown in the photos are Steve's fabrications. These racing models are total-loss systems, and in long races would use almost as much oil as they did gas, running practically

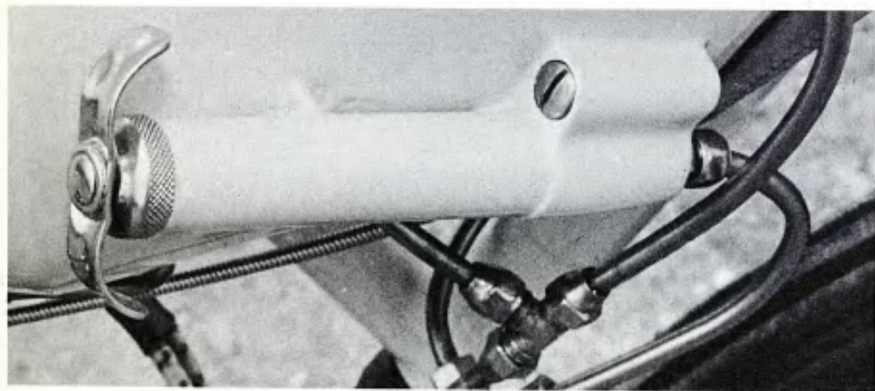
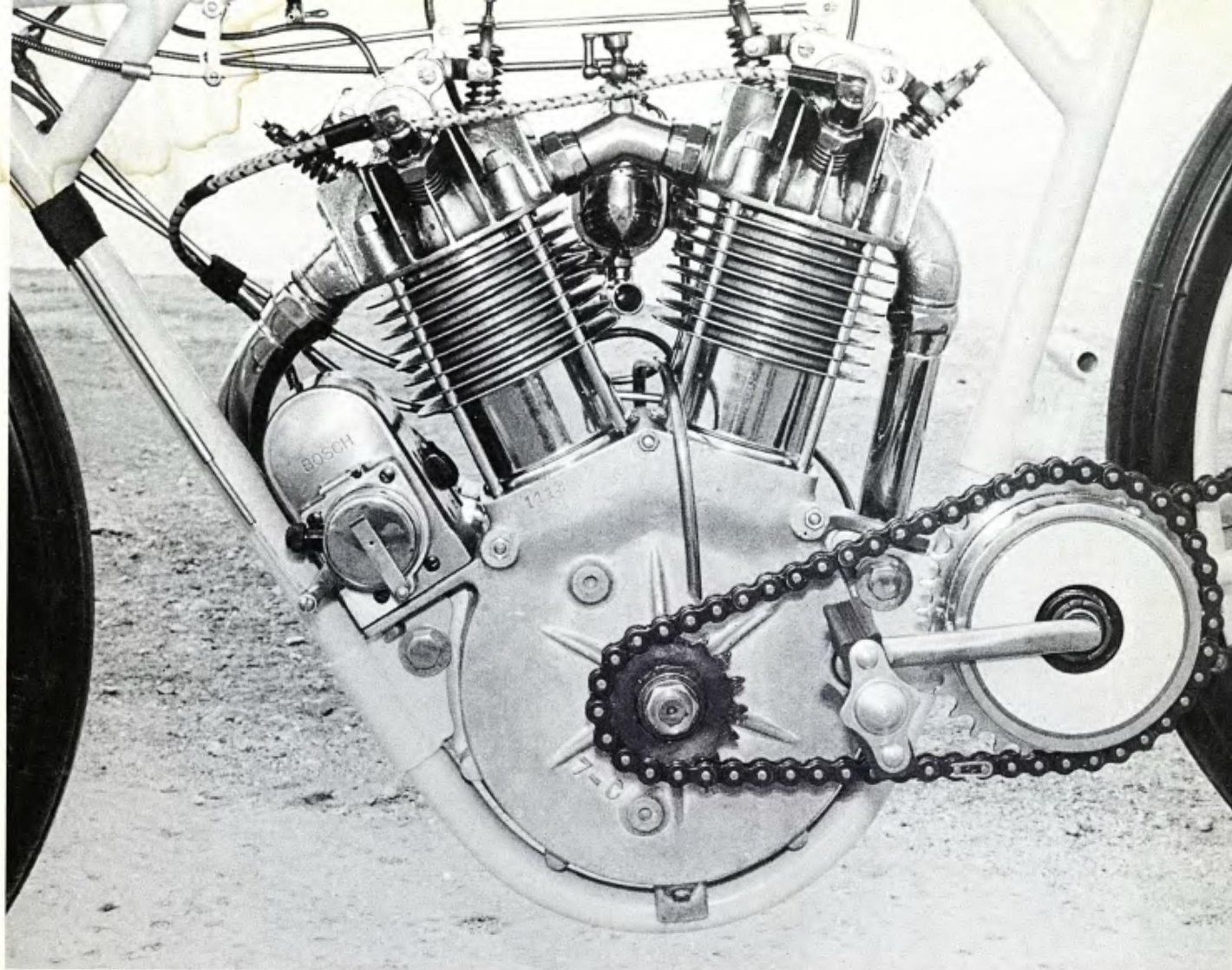




full-bore when on the track. The engine came via Bob McCloud, a Northern California collector. Unwilling to leave anything to chance, once Steve had made the deal for it, he flew up to Stockton to personally escort the basket case on its 400-mile flight to its new home. Little did he know that airport authorities were on double-alert due to an earlier skyjacking-and-bomb scare. They gave him a hard way to go before finally deciding that neither he nor his engine had anything to do with either of the above. Another interesting side note concerning the engine is that its long history includes being raced in Holland and barnstormed on the short tracks of Europe during the early '20s by two Dutch racing partners.

Put together from bare parts, the frame contains features like a square plate on the seat post with holes in it originally used to fasten leaf springs on the manufacturer's road models,



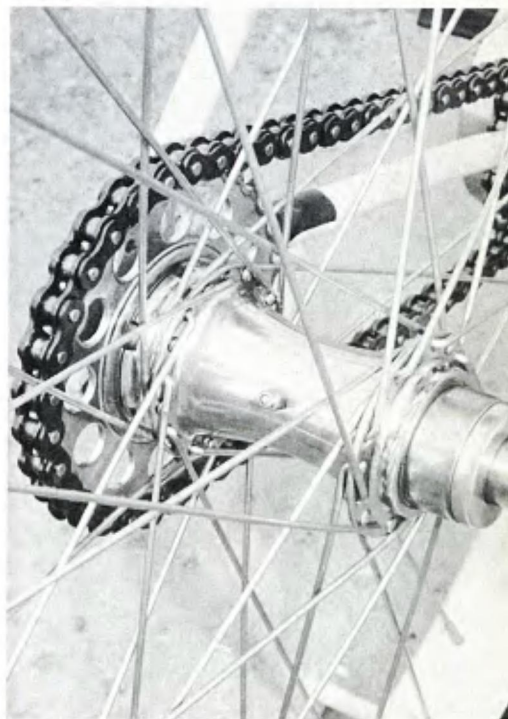


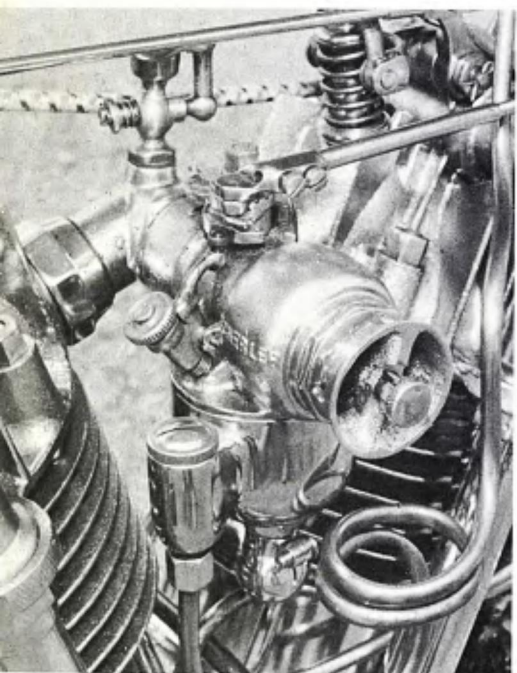
since both the racing and street bikes utilized the same frame. Those two versions represented some of the earliest swingarms, and the transmission on the street model was also single-speed.

The Cyclone's designer, Andrew Strands, was way ahead of his time. Think about it: overhead cams, rotating in opposite directions, spinning out enough horsepower to propel this

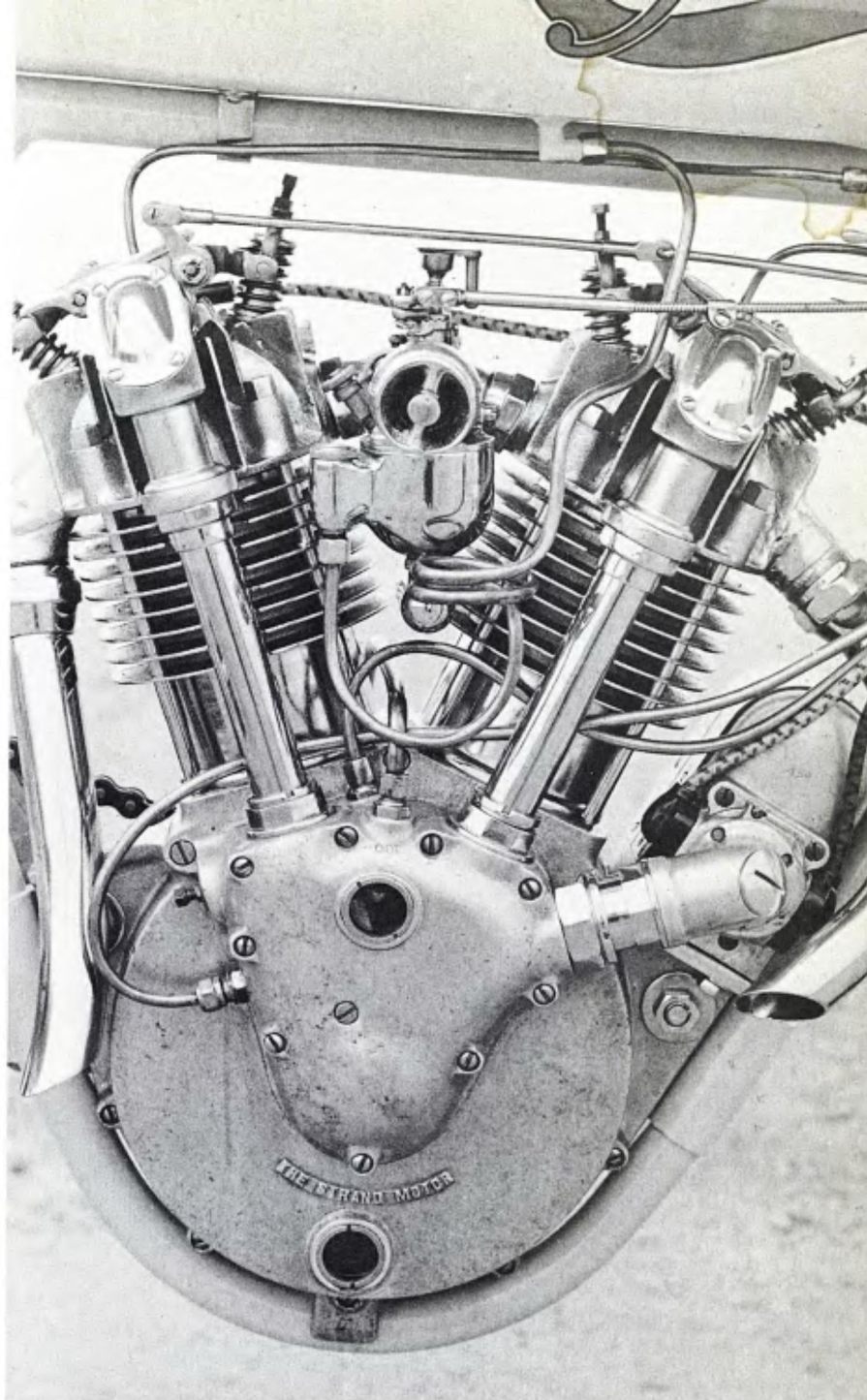
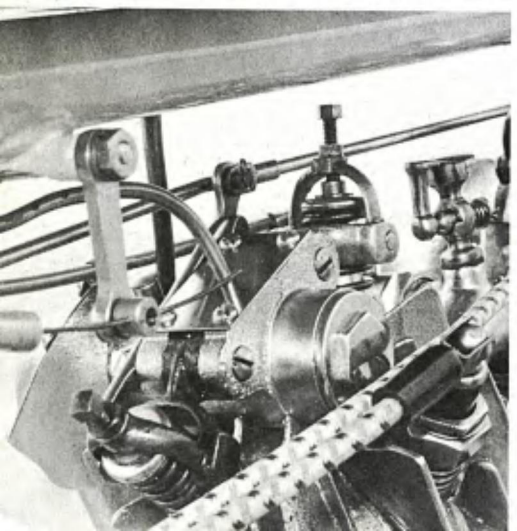
baby down the track at speeds approaching 100mph!

If there was a weakness in the design of the Cyclone, it was in the cam towers. Steve says that they were built in two pieces, unsupported near the center, and at high revs they'd stretch and flex. The rear tower also drives the oil pump assembly, and the street model received oil up these towers much





Photos by Steve Wright and Rip



like the H-D blockhead engines get oil up their pushrod tubes today.

Steve says he owes special thanks for the success of his restoration to the people at Crane Cams in Florida, and to Mike Parti of Sun Valley, California, who machined the first roughed-out cams and the oil pump parts.

Here's fair warning to rice riders who want to run their mouths about their multi-cam imports. In two words: Fuck off. That's old shit,

because an American built them, and built them well, way back then.

In closing, I'd like to mention that in addition to being tops at restorations, Steve is also an author, whose most recent effort along those lines produced *American Racer, 1900-1940*, a work I find occasion to refer to quite frequently. That's it for the free plug, Steve, but thanks again for sharing your Cyclone with us. Your talents have once more restored life to a real winner.

—Rip



Street Rats



A DULL, PUSSYLESS NITE.

YEP MOLE, THE BOTTLE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PUSSY.

WHY'S THAT MR. RAT?

CUZ YER DICK KEEPS GETTIN' STUCK.

I'M TWEETY THE WHORE, AND I'M LOOKING FOR SUM SWINGIN' BIKER BACON!

ANY COCK'LL DO.

GUESS THE CHICKEN'S WEIGHT AND YOU CAN POUR THE PORK, BIG BOY!

CLUCK

UHHHH... 5000 POUNDS. HEH-HEH.

SLAM

OXO

CLOSE ENUFF !!!

LET'S GET IT ON !!
DROOL SNORK ZUT PANT SLOBBER

URK

HUNCH HUNCH

SCK-SCK

FILL ME UP BIG BOY!

TAKE IT EASY. I GENERALLY FUCK FROM TH' OUTSIDE.

DONCHA KNOW CREST REDUCES CAVITIES.

I SMELL HEAT.

YOU BETCHA.

OOOH

AHHH

!?

PULL OVER HIPPIE! WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YER DOING?

LOOKIN' FOR TANK TRACKS.

UH-OH

WELL BOY, YO ASS IS BUSTED, UNLESS I'M NEXT. ANY OBJECTIONS?

HEH-HEH

HELL NO. I'VE NEVER SCREWED A COP BEFORE.

GNAN

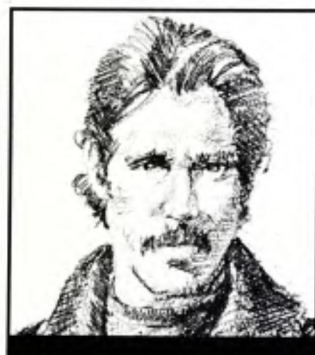
CUT THE CRAP AND BRING ON THE BEEF!

CHEW

WHY DO YA GOT A JOCKSTRAP ON YER HEAD?

CUZ MY PECKER'S ON MY FACE.

THE LAST LAUGH



CAP



ANGIE



KAT



CARELLI

Now that it was an accomplished fact, Cap was only sorry he hadn't gone that route sooner. Still, if he hadn't done the time, he probably would've fucked up retooling the scooter's serial number and it would've taken him three weeks instead of just one afternoon to get some papers on it. The rehab aspects of being locked down were bullshit, but a man could learn a couple of useful skills. Damn! Taking the bike off that used-car lot that night had been a rush. "Special Deal — Make Us an Offer We Can't Refuse on This Late-Model Repo," the sign taped to the handlebars had read. Not that Cap held with rip-offs, but sticking it to a facet of the system that had shafted him so royally was justice — a little retribution. He'd pissed on the sign and left

it lying in the oil stain where the scooter had been parked.

Picking up his open can of Bud, Cap stepped back into the shadows of the garage to admire the newly chopped Hog gleaming in the single pool of light thrown by the 150-watt overhead. He hadn't lost his touch. It was a first-class job, though nothing to compare to his former '53 pan. God, it was still like a steel-toed boot in the nuts to think of it rusting away in some impound lot, but he'd liberate it some day — after his other business was taken care of, if he was still alive. He hated being tired now. Under other circumstances, he'd have sat up all night long, just looking at the bike — his now, he reminded himself — dreaming of the road passing by underneath him and getting drunk. But for good or bad, he didn't have

time to waste on dreams tonight. Tonight was for hard sleep, compacted into the next six hours, because at dawn he was cutting California loose, going after The Answer.

He pulled the chain on the light and the sudden total darkness quickened his pulse just like it always did. It was night patrol in 'Nam again, and the month in solitary. He groped for the sleeping bag on the floor and eased down into it, concentrating on the new smell of the flannel lining until he'd broken the lock of bad night memories. Better to think of how simple it had been two weeks ago to walk away from the farm at Chino — The Man had done right by him there, he had to admit. The transfer from Folsom to Terminal Island had, for some bureaucratic reason, required a

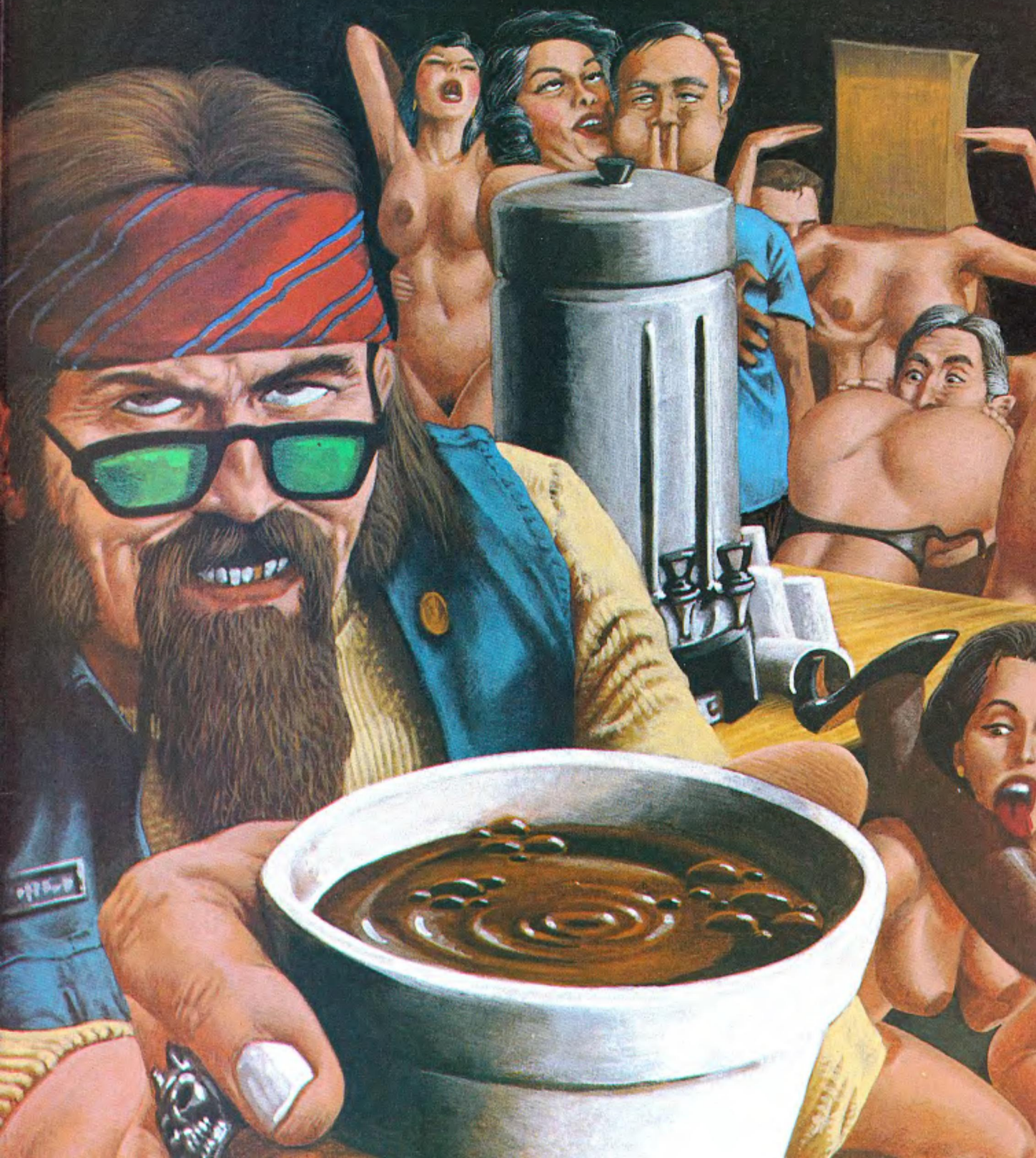
Continued on page 88

by T. MEADOWS



PAYBACKS

by Joseph L. Overman



District Court Judge Jonathan Elmo Justim's black eyes glinted down at me from where he perched like a hungry vulture with me as his last meal. I let my shoulders sag and looked as humble as I could.

The judge's eyes shifted again from the charge sheet to me. I couldn't seem to escape no matter how low I hunkered. "Abraham Steel," his voice droned, "seems to me you were in my court a week ago. Is that not so, Mr. Steel?"

"Uh, yes, I was, your honor."

"It seems a grave error has been made. You're charged with the same infraction."

I tried to look something other than guilty, as if it all could be explained away.

Maximum John began to read the charges aloud. "Caught riding a motorcycle through the girls' dormitory at the university while intoxicated and nude. The same type of incident that I fined you for a week ago, if my memory serves me correctly. Am I right, Mr. Steel?"

"Uh — sorry, your honor. But I didn't touch one of them girls. In fact, most of them seemed to like it," I said defensively. "Except for that ol' witch of a cop. She seemed almighty put out."

"Watch your language!"

"Sorry, your honor."

"And the month before, too," he said incredulously. "Well, you've made a mockery of this court for the last time!"

"It's the damned alcohol, your honor. Every time I drink that Wild Turkey, well, I guess I turn into one." I laughed at my clever play on words. "If I stay with just beer and wine, I'm good to go and can drink all night. I guess I'm one of them there alcoholics."

"Are you pleading your own case, Mr. Steel?"

I glanced at my lawyer, who had been silent all morning, wondering if he weren't the real turkey here. He kept

Continued on page 120.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Seventh Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 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 March 30th. We'll print the winner in the July issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #142 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **April**, the sixth monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Judy, Leanne, and No Name.

HONEY



Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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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.



SHERYL



SONYA KAYE



SHEILA



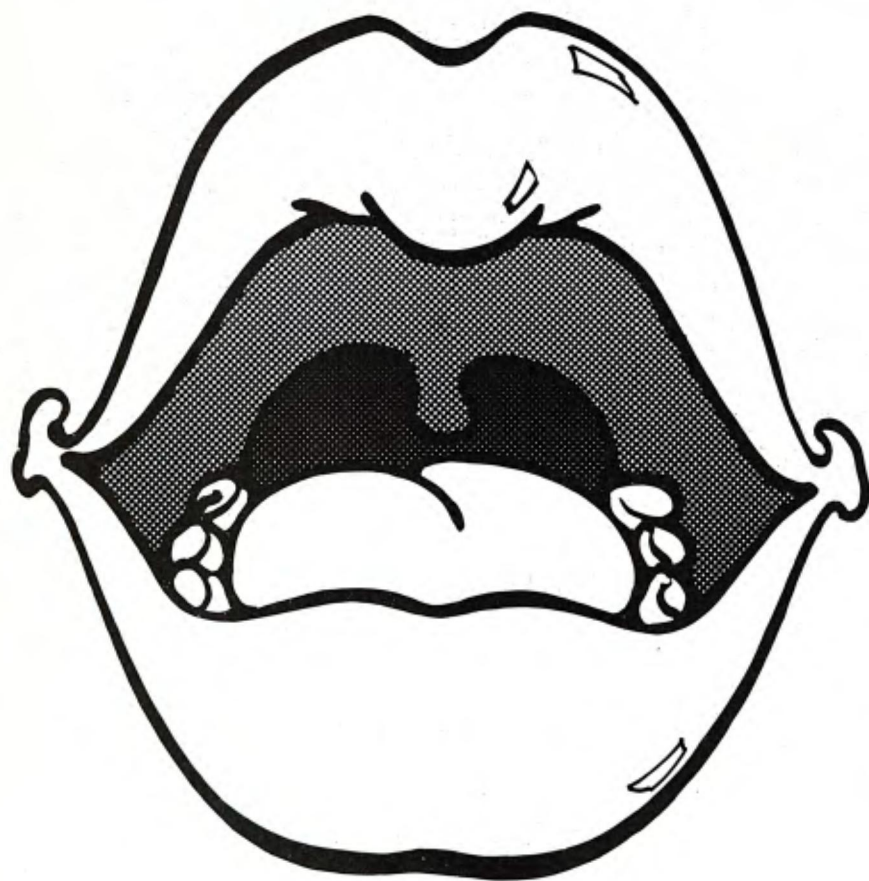
TAMI SUE



LYNN

COMIN' TO A HEAD

by Dr. Twatburger



Many jokes, limericks, an' poems have been written about fellatio, but now we're gonna clear things up once an' for all. Just in case ya don't know what the word "fellatio" (pronounced fell-A-show) means, here's a definition that'll knock your dork off: Fellatio is when a woman kisses, licks, or sucks her partner's penis. It's probably the most common form of heterosexual activity after fuckin', being both harmless an' fun for both parties. The sucker likes it a lot an' the suckee *adores* it.

Maybe you're familiar with this activity by the more common expression, blowjob. Not many dudes ever forget the first time they get blown. If it's the first time for the chick, too, the astonished look on her face will remain a particularly savory memory. The average male will remember all the events leadin' up to the act, the location of its occurrence, an', especially, the thrill. It may have happened in the backseat of an old car at the drive-in, or on the sofa, late at night, with the li'l sucker's parents lyin' asleep in the next room. No matter how or when, most dudes will forever remember the chick fondly for introducin' him to the most wonderful moment of pleasure he'll ever know.

Sometimes the end of the event gets uncomfortable when a surprised novice jumps up an' shrieks, "Yecch! What's that gucky stuff?" She may never speak to the dude again because of her acute

embarrassment. Or, she might accuse the dude of tricking her into doin' it with false promises, but we all know better. Most chicks want to try it at least once. If the dude is still green enough, he might get a little embarrassed, too, knowin' that he shoulda prepared the chick for what would happen.

In almost every case, the male of the species goes on to pursue this aspect of the sexual experience throughout the rest of his life. Even when he's too old to get it up, he'll still be able to get off with some oral encouragement. On the other hand, a few girls, after their first time at it, are so repulsed by the idea of swallowin' the custard that they seldom go on to cultivate any appreciation of this multifaceted activity. Since they never acquaint themselves with technique, variety, style, etc., they regard the juice only as somethin' that puts nasty yellow stains on their angora sweaters an' pleated skirts.

Oral-genital contact between a man an' a woman has nothin' at all to do with homosexual love. If men lickin' on women and women suckin' men are "unnatural," then why do animals engage in similar activities, guided only by instinct? People who are raised in areas where there are strict social prohibitions against knob-jobs (or any sex other than the ol' missionary position) are often the source of some rather funny stories.

"This chick who lived next door came over," an acquaintance from a rural, religious

background said, "an' after a couple of glasses of wine, I got her clothes off. So we was playin' aroun' in bed when all of a sudden she went down on me. *Well!* I jumped outta that there bed an' tol' her to get her damn clothes on an' get outta there. Oh, she cried an' fussed, but I made her go anyhow. Ya know, I've knowed that woman for

**There was a young girl
named Flo Arden,
who went down on a
man in the garden.
He said, "Please tell
me, Flo,
where does that stuff
go?"
To which she replied,
"Gulp! Pardon?"**

nearly two years an' I had no idea she was a damn queer."

Semen, which is ejaculated in amounts varyin' from a single drop to a half a cup, has been a love potion for centuries. Aside from bein' a great impregnator, it's also a nutrient, rich in lecithin, phosphorus, calcium, iron, nucleoproteins, an' other worthwhile elements. It's good for the complexion, whether rubbed onto the skin or swallowed, an' if one could get enough of the substance it'd be possible to subsist on it as a food. A famous movie actress (she was in a lotta W.C. Fields' flicks) bragged that she owed her youthful

appearance an' her lovely skin to both drinkin' semen an' rubbin' it all over her body. (Mutha, on the other hand, must give blowjobs only to crocodiles. Her skin's like the tread on an old Firestone.)

Another dude recounted a tale of high-school conquest. "I started goin' with this bitch who had a terrible problem with acne. Since she was so ugly, I thought that she'd be an easy lay. One night I tried to get her to suck me off, but nothin' I said worked until I told her that semen was good for the complexion. Man, she went down on me like the fuckin' Titanic! Funny thing was, her complexion did clear up afterward."

In interviews with hookers, one broad estimated that she'd given over 20,000 blowjobs during her 30-year career. Assumin' that the average amount of sperm ejaculated amounts to one-quarter fluid ounce, this particular lady has swallowed 5000 ounces of semen, or over nineteen gallons. In order to survive exclusively on this diet, she'd almost have to stand at the head of Ripley's never-endin' line of Chinese an' blow every dude who went by.

Other hookers place blowjobs high on their list of swell ways to earn a buck. A blowjob is fast, easy, an' clean. There's no linen to change, and usually no washin' up to do, except for maybe washin' the mouth out with a soft drink or antiseptic mouth wash. The hooker doesn't have to take her clothes off an' the dude

Continued on page 119

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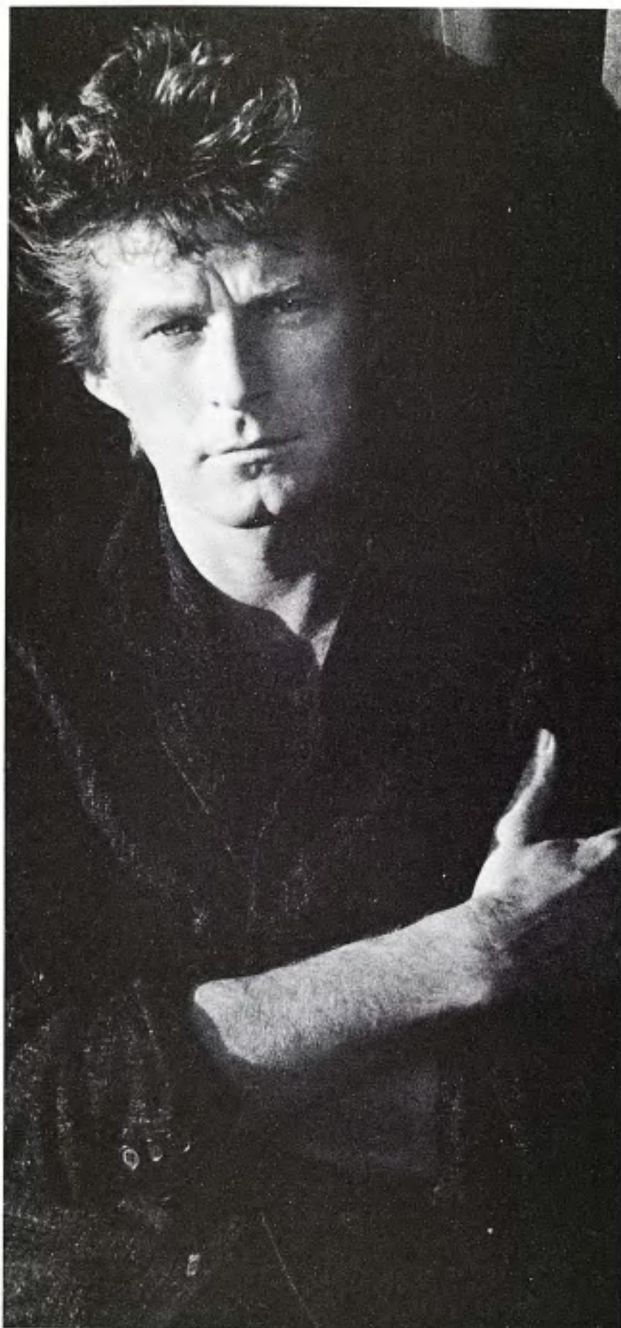
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DOWNTIME

By Bomber



Building The Perfect Beast/Don Henley: Don Henley has constructed his own perfect beast of a record two years after anointing his first solo effort, *I Can't Stand Still*.

An album that requires a few listenings to soften up to, **Building The Perfect Beast** is nevertheless a bright spot amongst the pile of polyvinyl releases we've seen lately. From the opening song — the first single released from **Perfect Beast** — "The Boys Of Summer" (and you must have been locked in a cave if you missed it on the radio), the record flows through the polished helping hands of Henley's friends and fellow musicians, Danny Kortchmar and Greg Ladanyi.

Henley, a thirty-seven-year-old Texan from Linden, raised on blues, country, and rock 'n' roll, and a founding member of the Eagles with Glenn Frey and Bernie Leadon, has hung up his Eagles' wings, plunging onward and upward on his own. Along the way, Henley made it clear that he wanted no links to his past affiliation with the Eagles on either of his solo albums. Nothin' personal — he just wanted to do it his way.

But although Henley decided to stay away from using any ex-Eagles, he couldn't escape from sounding like his former group. Witness the harmonies of "Not Enough Love In The World," "You Can't Make Love," and "Land Of The Living." This is not to suggest that **Beast** is overly Eaglesque, but it does indicate who was a guiding light and nucleus during their high-flyin' days.

However, if there's a link to the past on some cuts, it's dissolved on such Henley originals as "Boys Of Summer," "Sunset Grill," the title track, and an especially inspired, slow-burnin', mournful blues number regarding a friend's counsel to a lovesick brother on "You Must Not Be Drinking

Enough." On this cut Henley's tense, emotional voice carries you with him in a near paralyzed way.

Henley has developed (or are we merely taking late notice?) into a top-notch songwriter. His earlier writings were responsible for countless teary-

eyed breakdowns from heartbroken, lovesick chicks rehashing and agonizing over their relationships through Eagles' love songs like "Lyin' Eyes," "Heartache Tonight," "I Can't Tell You Why," and others that hit the ol' soft spot.

But now, carrying through with the promise shown in his creation of "Hotel California," Henley proves his ability to reveal in words and music great insight into not only relationships of love, but also of the environment around him. From the otherwise simple surroundings of a hamburger stand in "Sunset Grill," he has interwoven the facts of life in the not-so-fast lane of bag people and such, with a building, mushrooming style of music that has you scrambling for the lyric sheet.

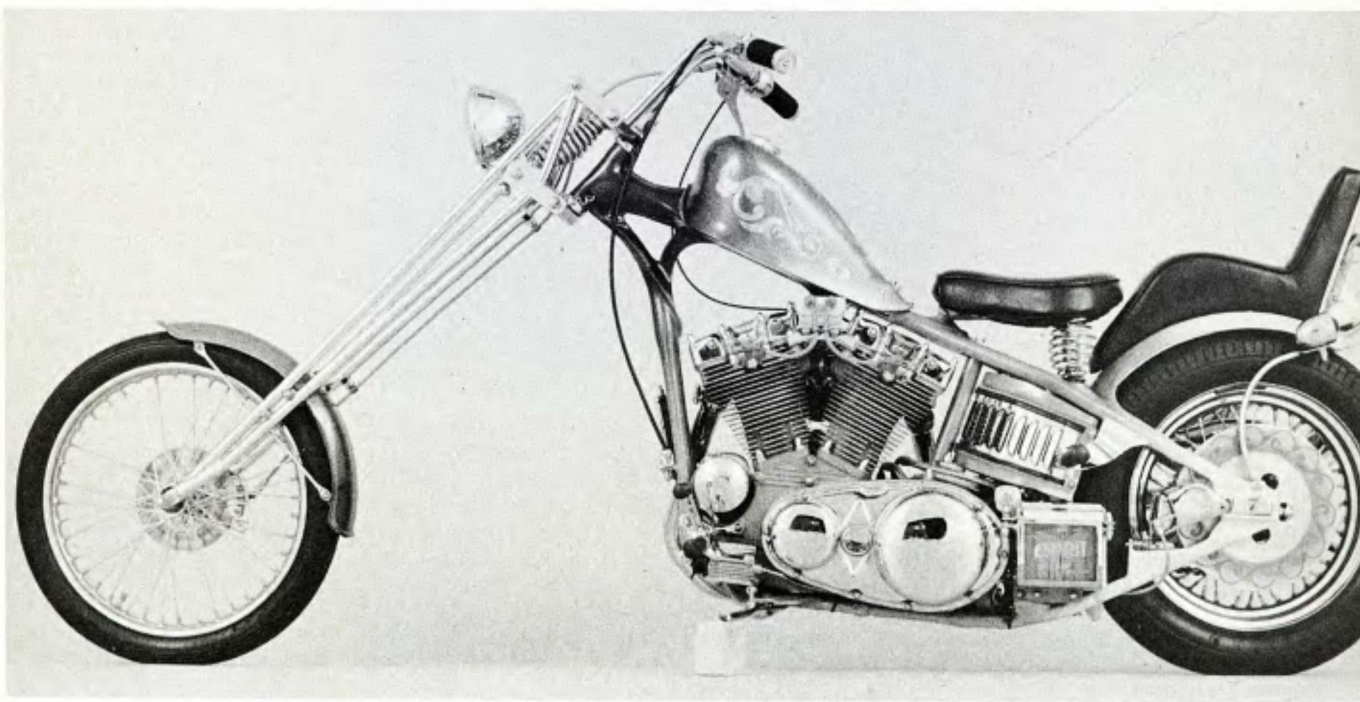
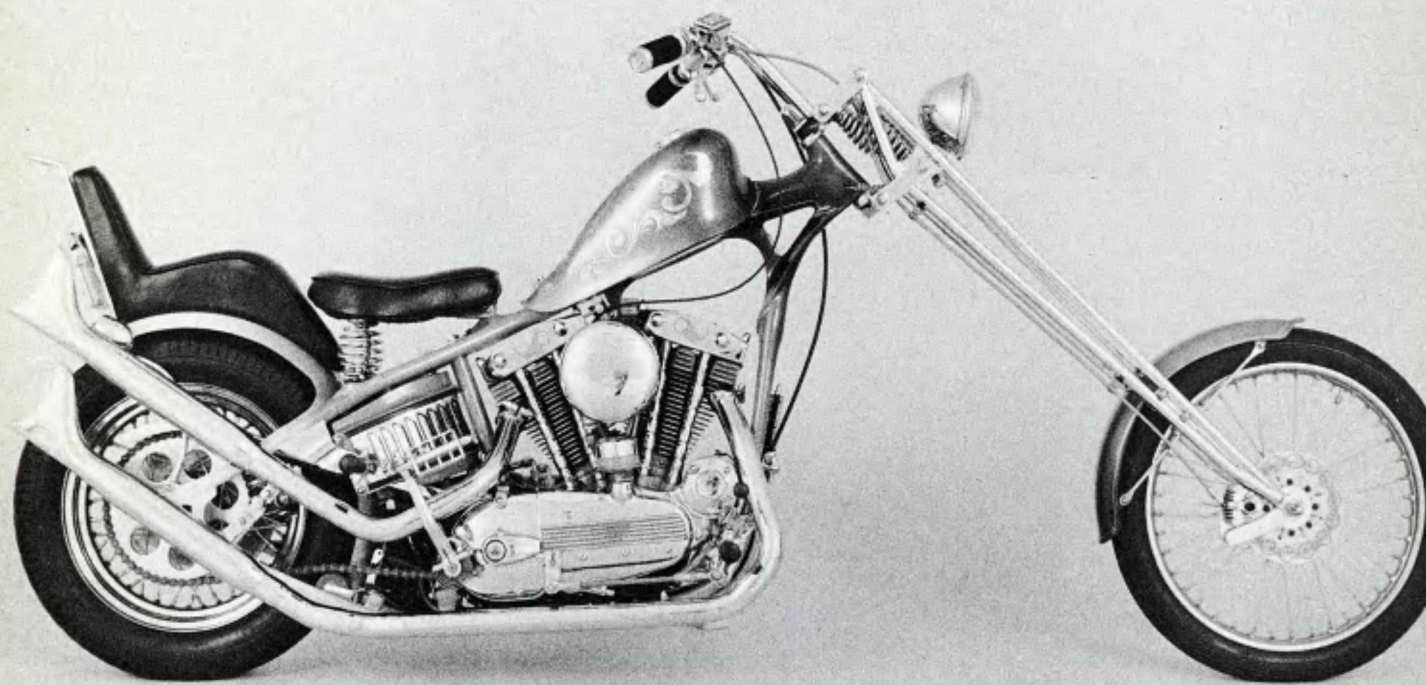
The same is true for killers such as "Driving With Your Eyes Closed," "Boys Of Summer," and "All She Wants To Do Is Dance." All seemingly simple on the surface, once you check 'em out you'll discover what it's like being in a "hot" foreign country with a bubble-headed bleached-blond who doesn't notice the local drink is a Molotov cocktail, or the "wild-eyed pistol wavers, who ain't afraid to die." Meanwhile, "She wants to dance, she wants to party, she wants to get down."

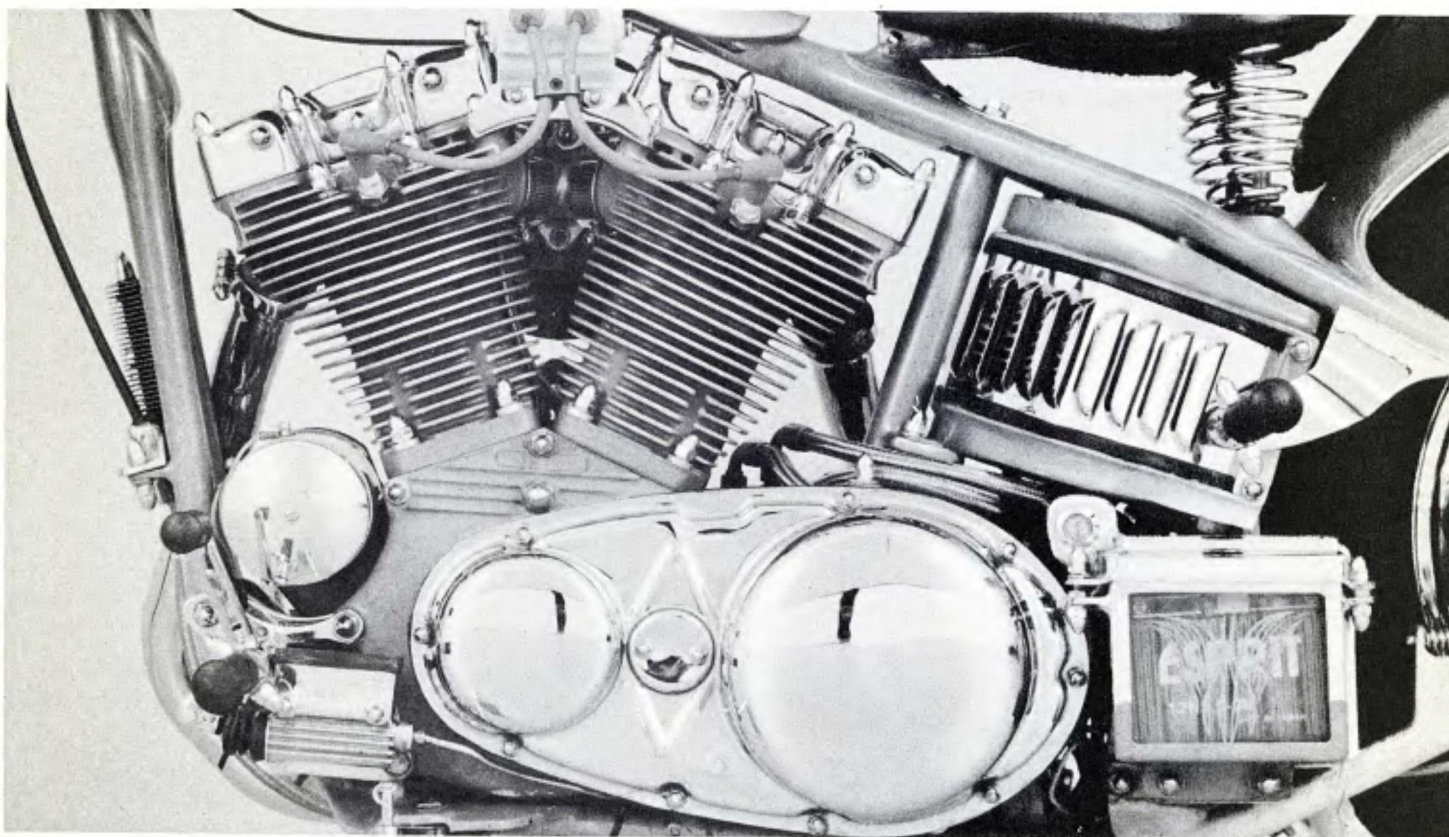
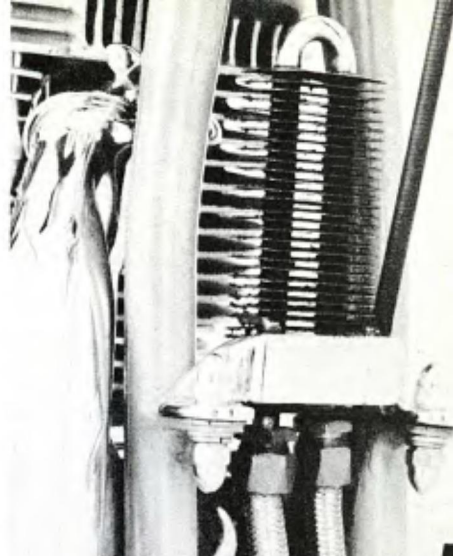
Other than the terrorist climate, Henley also heats up with topics ranging from artificial humans, "Building The Perfect Beast," to not lookin' back on a relationship that develops at a resort area, "Boys Of Summer." We haven't heard what Jerry Garcia's opinion is of the lyric: *Out on the road today, I saw a DEADHEAD sticker on a Cadillac/A little voice inside my head said, "Don't look back. You can never look back."* Hope Henley and the Dead are friends, because the Dead don't look back.

Either way, it's an unusual way to paraphrase the act of forgetting a period of time. But, what the hell, Henley's an unusual kind of guy, and if seein' stickers on cars brings back a rush of *deja vu* for him, this album is liable to do the same for you. ■

Where's The Seams?

Goin' to Kansas City? Probably not, but if ya ever need a bike built the old-fashioned way, without shortcuts or compromise, ya might at least think about it.



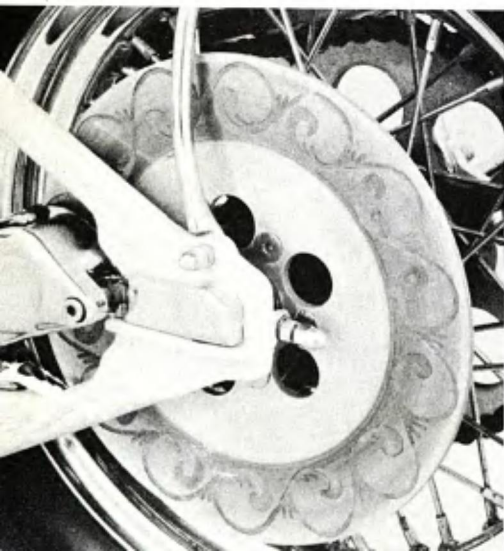
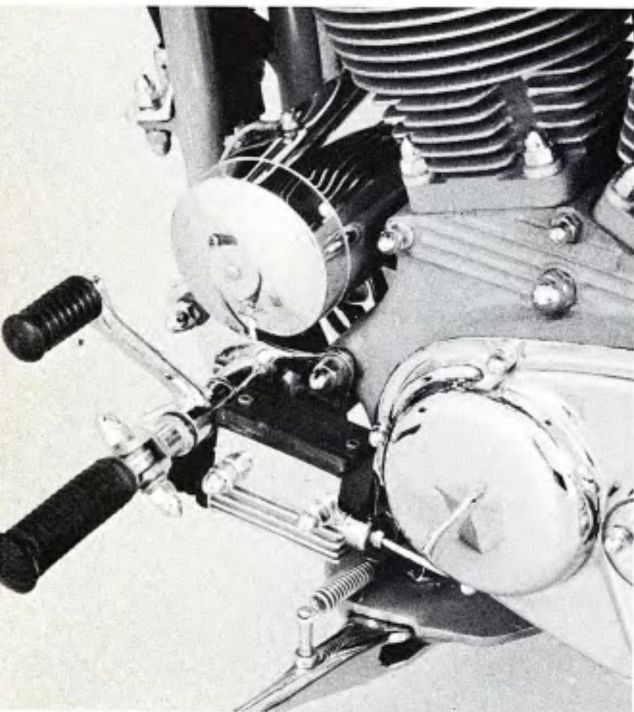
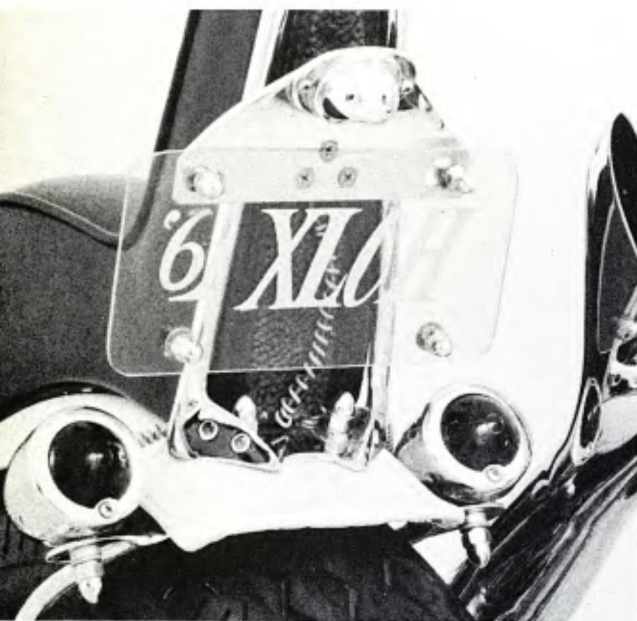


Let's face it, it's pretty hard to surprise the bros at the average custom shop. They're used to all kinds of bizarre requests. Guys with Sportsters want to convert to Shovsters. A man who picked up an abandoned, rusted dresser wants a fast change to a lean, mean tourer. The cross-country cruiser dude falls in lust, determines he's gonna be in town for a bit, and decides to

get his scooter rechopped into a tavern-to-tavern cafe racer. Somebody brings in a Dempster Dumpster and says, "Make the fucker run on two big wheels instead of four little ones. And, oh, yeah, I want the mutha to be fast in the quarter and handle good in the mountains."

Typical, all typical, of the assignments that fall through the average bike builder's door. But the fact that unusual

orders are typical doesn't mean they're not a challenge. That's what separates the men from the boys in this world. The Mr. Goodwrench clones in the authorized dealer shops see the same kinds of problems all day, every day (which don't mean that some of them aren't damn good at curin' the busted-bike blues), while every job is different for the custom builders.



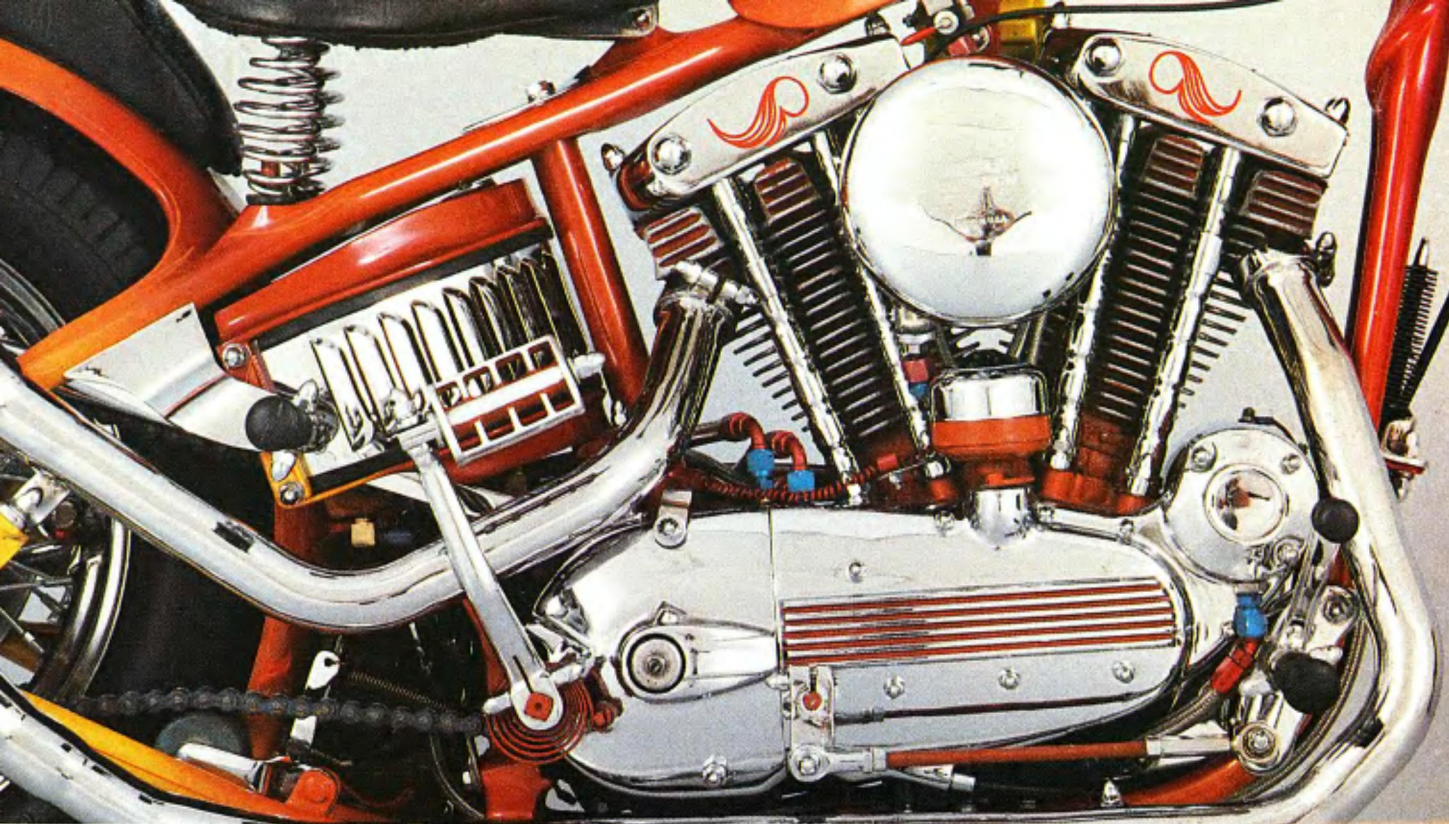
Take the cherry, extended, fishtailed-out Sporty on these pages, for example. Curt, the owner, knew exactly how he wanted the finished ride to look. The only problem was that none of the accessory makers manufacture Sporty parts that match that look. The solution was to custom-build just about everything by hand, a job made even more difficult by the fact that the owner set down tough per-

formance guidelines as well as style specifications.

Take the pipes, for example. Nobody makes off-the-shelf upswept pipes for Sporties, so it's off the pipe-bending machine at the neighborhood muffler shop, right? Wrong. No bent pipe for Curt. Every time you bend a piece of muffler pipe, it gets a fraction narrower at the point of the bend which could increase back pressure.

Owner: Curt Roscher		City: K.C., Kansas	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Ben-Ther		Year: 1961	
Year and make: 1961 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: yep	
Assembly by: owner/Ben-Ther Bros.		Stretch: yep	
Time: 18 months		Other alterations: seat post/Ben-Ther Bros.	
Chroming by: Yeager		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1961		Risers: out of a box	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): owner	
Rebuilder: Critter		Headlight: round	
Ignition: Accel/points		Taillight: two	
Displacement: 900cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: factory wheels		Front pegs: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Pistons: .040 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: Sportster/Ben-Ther Bros.	
Heads: cleaned up		Oil tank: H-D/Ben-Ther Bros.	
Cam(s): P		Oil system: yep	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Pipes: Ben-Ther Bros.		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtail		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: glider	
Year: 1961		Extension: a little	
Shifting: Ben-Ther forward controls		Builder: don't know	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: modified for fender	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner/Ben-Ther Bros.		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jhon of K.C.		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4½ in.
Color: Brandywine Tangerine/yellow		Tire: Avon	Tire: Blimp
Type: candy		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: mural, pinstriping, gold leaf by Jhon of K.C.			

Other special modifications: Chain tensioner, battery box, rear foot peg mounts, louvers by Ben-Ther Bros; engraved disc by Disc Design of K.C.



Photos by Michael Lichter





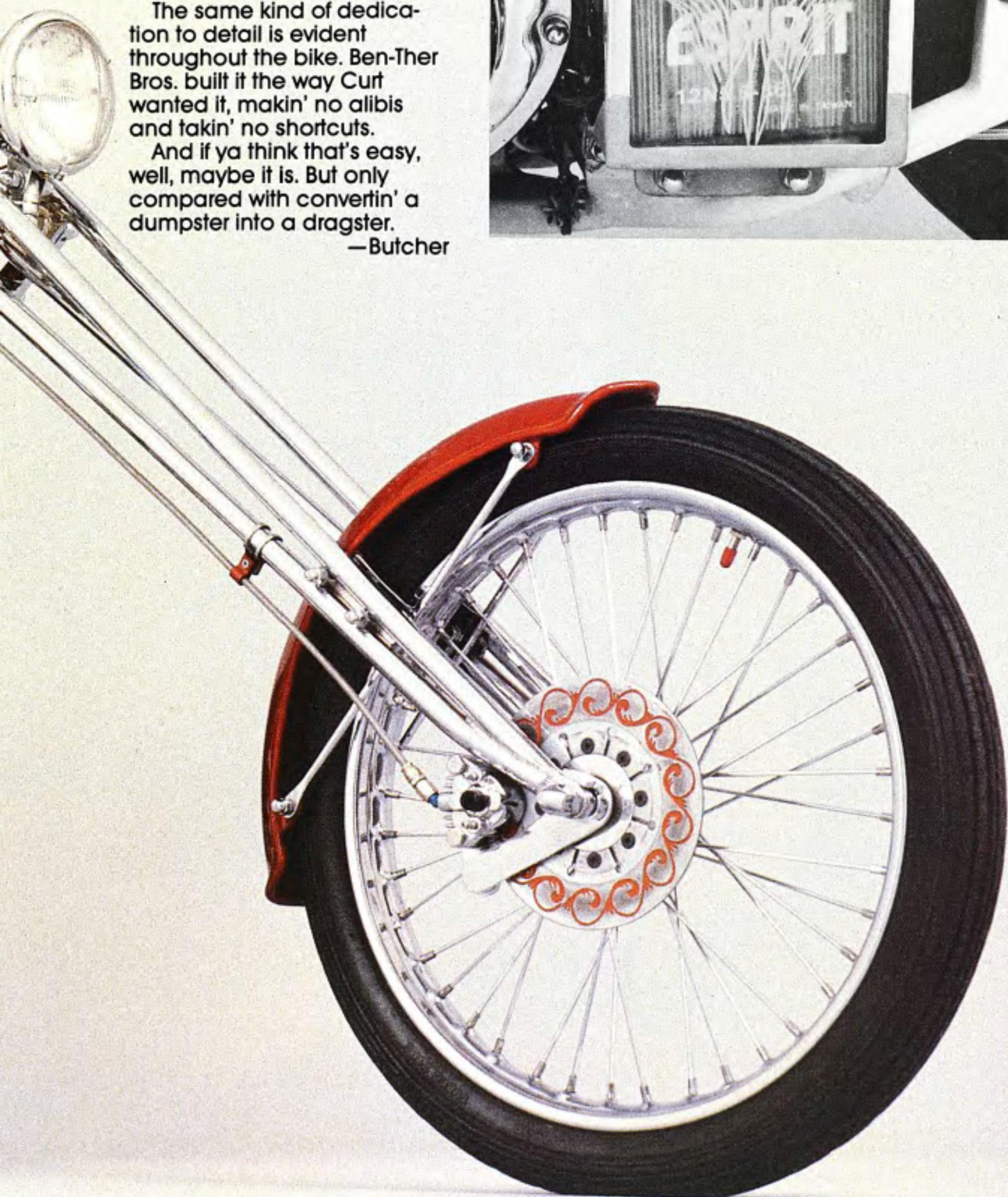
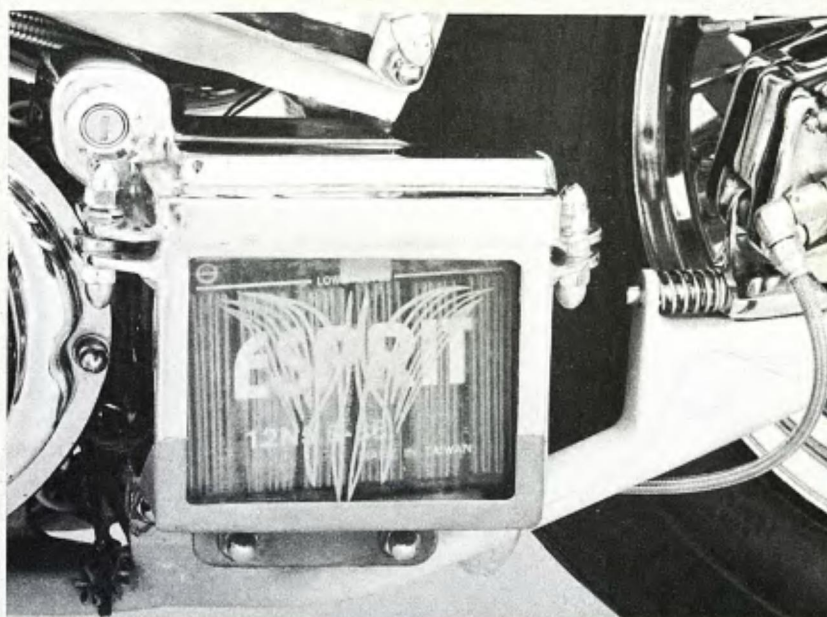
Do it another way.

So they did. Fourteen pieces of tubing welded together with the welds filed down to perfect smoothness. The front pipes alone took 90 hours of work, but they're worth it. We could run a "Spot the Seams" contest and there wouldn't be any winners.

The same kind of dedication to detail is evident throughout the bike. Ben-Ther Bros. built it the way Curt wanted it, makin' no alibis and takin' no shortcuts.

And if ya think that's easy, well, maybe it is. But only compared with convertin' a dumpster into a dragster.

—Butcher



CHIODO'S CHICK

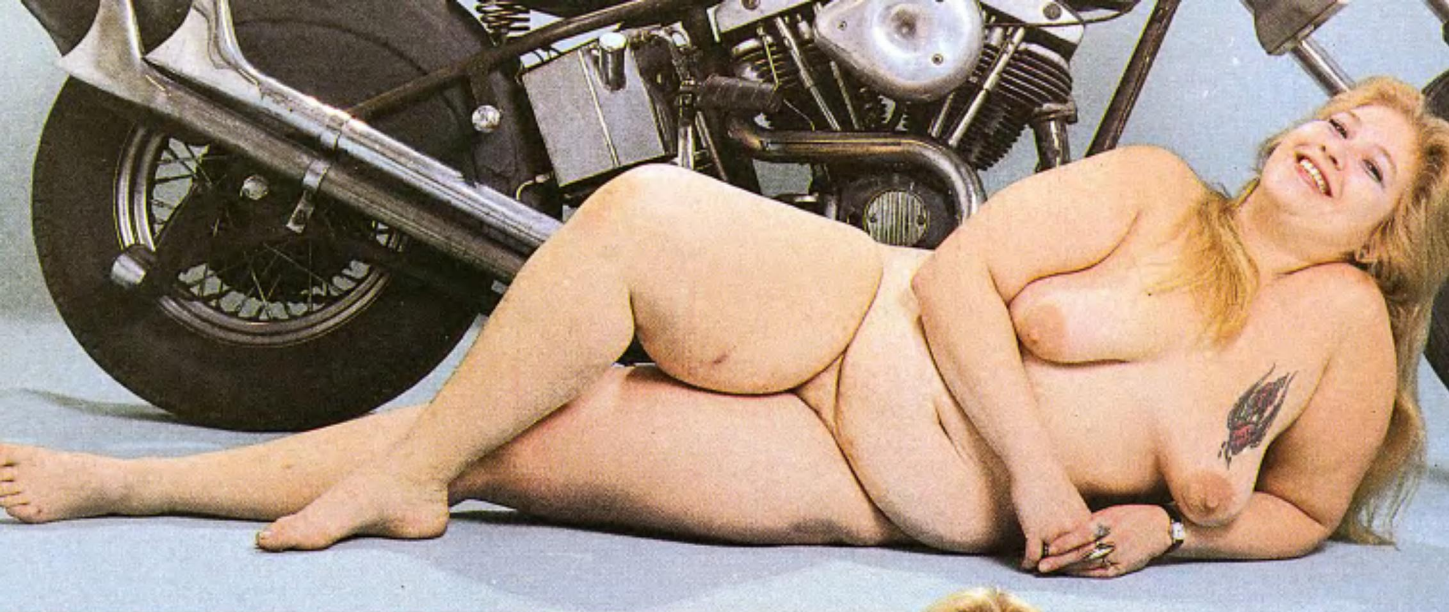
The reporter cautiously approached the hospital bed where the famed explorer lay wrapped in bandages, his fingers and toes gone from frostbite, his ribs caved in from a falling rock. "Why'd ya do it?" he was asked. "Why'd ya try and scale that unclimbable mountain?" "Because it's there, my man. Because it's there."

First thing you gotta understand about our long-time ace pussy-photog Pete Chiodo is that he's short. Not just short-

short, but real short-short. Short enough to attend them little people's conventions without lookin' out of place. Short enough so

that his crank hangs down to his ankles without him bein' able to make a fortune as a porno star. Actually, he's got his lack of







height to thank for his current success. Back around fifth grade he got so pissed off at bein' singled out to be at the front of the class for all those dumb group pictures, he made up his mind to spend the rest of his life on the other side of the camera.

Bein' short has had a major effect on just about every facet of Pete's life. Consider his nickname, "Tit Freak." Know how he got it? Back in high school he could never quite stretch far enough to reach the local honeys' mouths and always seemed to wind up planting a big wet one right about nipple height — thus he became known then and for-

evermore as Tit Freak.

And he still is. He's also an ass freak, leg freak, snatch freak, and butt freak. About the only part of the female anatomy that doesn't concern him too much is faces — there're usually too many clouds between his eyes and the female mugs floating high above him for Pete to get a real good look.

The main thing that tits-ass-leg-snatch-butt-freak Chiodo freaks out at is "large," however, as in big, giant, and humongous. He likes his women full-grown, like his latest heart-throb, Lisa, whom he lovingly photographed for this feature.

The funny thing is that Pete

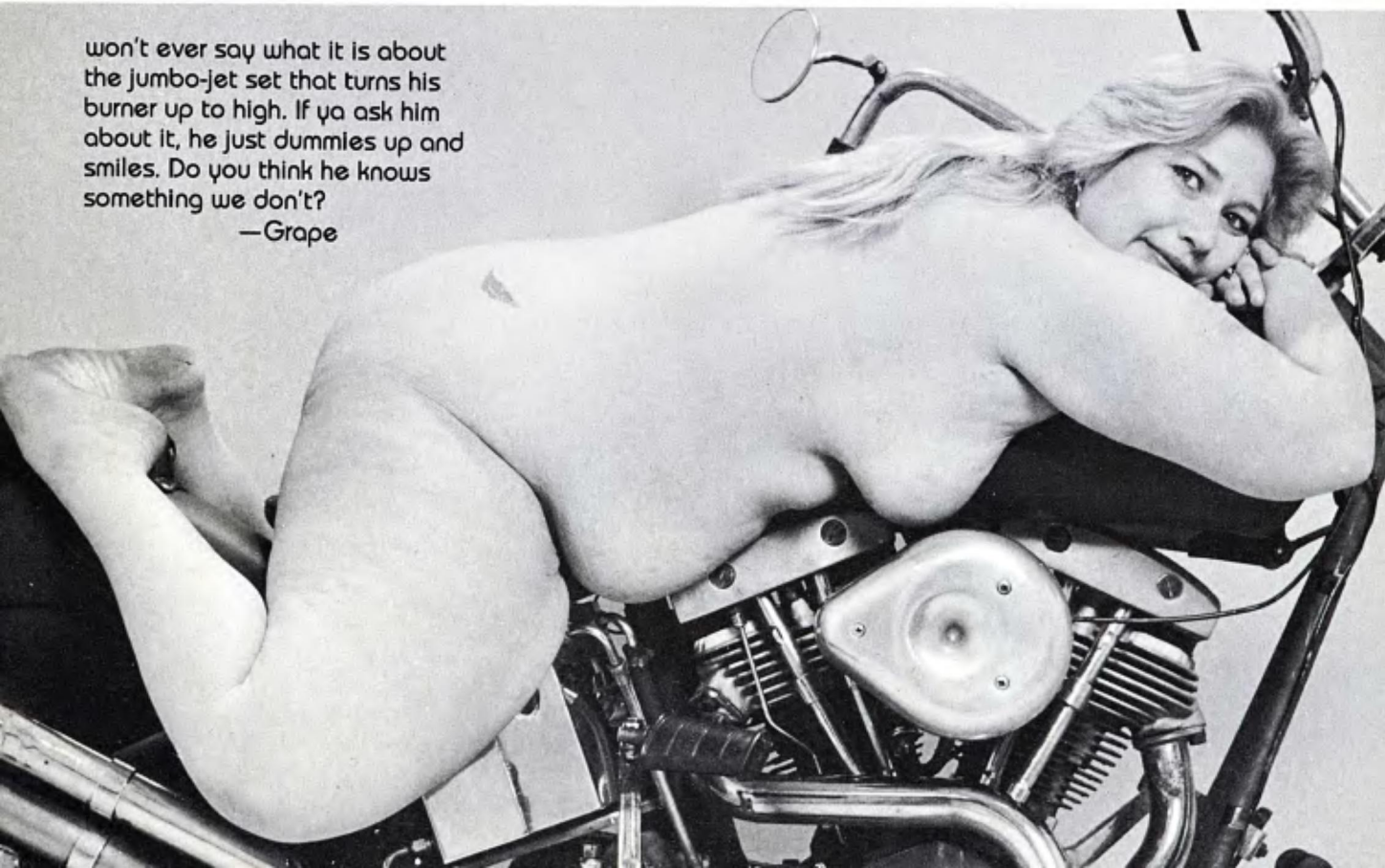




Photos by Pete Chioldo

won't ever say what it is about
the jumbo-jet set that turns his
burner up to high. If ya ask him
about it, he just dummies up and
smiles. Do you think he knows
something we don't?

—Grape



SPACED OUT

Recently, while heading to a Raider's game at the Coliseum, my scooter developed a strange noise in the rear section. Moving to the left of the seat, I turned the throttle loose and looked back under my arm at the rear axle. The lock washer and nut were still on it, but the axle was spinning with the back wheel — an unnerving sight to say the least. After using the front brake to stop, I whipped out my trusty 12-inch crescent wrench, thinking that all I needed to do was tighten the axle nut. Which I did. But before I'd gone ten feet I came to a sudden realization: This wasn't gonna get it. As soon as the bike started moving, the axle started doing its thing again, rotating with the wheel. The hub was hot as hell and smoke was coming out around the seals. Shit, fuck, piss. I pushed the scoot to the nearest filling station and called the ol' lady.

Looking it over the next morning, I found the problem. Just as suspected, the spacer was tightened into the swing-

arm. Fuck-ups like this make me feel like a fucking genius. Who's to blame? Me, of course — and that otherwise trusty 12-inch crescent wrench.

What happens is that after over-tightening the axle nut, the wheel spacer is driven into the slot, crushing the thin wall tubing of the later swingarms. By that, I'm referring to Harley's light disc-brake swingarms, put in production in 1973, not the classy heavier-cast models of years gone by.

To repair or replace the swingarm, the axle has to be removed. Sometimes, as in this case, it isn't an easy task. It called for the biggest, heaviest hammer and drift pin in the house. The reason for this is that there's beaucoup heat generated in that area. Consequently, things have a tendency to weld themselves to each other.

Okay, moving right along, here's the drill. Check the spacer in the hub and make sure it's the proper one and that it isn't damaged. Look over the races and bearings in

the wheel very closely. If either is discolored, replace 'em; if the bearings are pitted or rattle unnecessarily, replace 'em. Pack the new ones with high-temperature bearing grease, the kind made for disc brakes. Of course, the seals should also be replaced. And don't forget, when replacing bearings, check the manual for the proper clearance for your wheel.

Now for the easy part. Find an old Harley spacer, one with nearly the same inside diameter as the newer model. The one I found in my stash was left over from when the old pan was around. The older wheel spacer can be machined on a lathe to the proper distance. (Lengths vary according to the type of swingarm.) Sturgis models have a longer spacer due to the rear belt. The main object is to find a spacer with a shoulder that will fit against the swingarm. (See picture.) If you're handy with a hacksaw and flat file, possibly you can do it yourself, thereby saving a few bucks. The reason

for using the older pan spacer is that since it's larger, it can't possibly be tightened into the swingarm unless ya really try. The book calls for 50 pounds of torque on the axle nut. Believe it — that's all you need.

If you're having trouble adjusting the secondary chain, check the left inside area of the swingarm, at the axle mount, to see if that ain't the problem. Never buy a swingarm if the area around the axle is pushed in, because you just may be buying someone else's problem. A damaged swingarm can be welded and ground to look like new, but I've got my doubts about how well or how long they'll hold up. My skepticism is based on the great heat that could crystalize the metal and lead to fatigue if not welded right. If that does happen, there's the distinct possibility that the left side will go south on ya. Particularly if there's great stress put on it, such as from doing a wheelie or peeling out.

—Beercan



Photo by Rip

Sex was not invented, it was *created*. We all know that Adam and Eve fooled around (history's first case of premarital sex), but genuine fucking probably first began with primates. In fact, it obviously began with them, because otherwise none of us would be here. Still, they almost certainly didn't figure out how to fuck all by themselves. A recent occurrence at the zoo in Toledo, Ohio, illustrates this point perfectly.

Zoo officials there had become

concerned because their captive gorilla population was dwindlin'. Efforts to entice the gorillas to voluntarily breed didn't work worth shit and eventually it became clear that the critters simply couldn't figure out what to do. Artificial insemination was suggested and then discarded as a far-from-ideal solution to the problem. Suppose, for example, that one day the oversized monkeys were returned to the wild. They still wouldn't know how to fuck; all they'd know is that some-

HOW DID SEX BEGIN?

by Dr. Twatburger



body had given 'em a handjob once and some time after that a bunch of little furry ankle-biters had shown up. Back in the bush, all the male gorillas would just sit around, starry-eyed, dreamin' about the human who'd beaten their meat. (Let me assure you, however, that hand-lapping a 500-lb. gorilla ain't the healthiest thing in the world a guy can do.)

Zoo officials finally decided that the safest an' best way to solve the dilemma was to demonstrate the sex act for the gorillas, so, after closin' hours they set up a projector an' screened porno flicks of Annie

Sprinkle turnin' out the troops.

Max, the male gorilla in question, seemed to find the flicks totally boring. (Regrettably, there weren't any official statements made about the effect the films had on the zoo attendants who kept Max company during the screening, but some interesting rumors surfaced nonetheless.) Anyway, a while later, after conferring with sex therapists, officials decided that what Max really needed to light his fire was some young poontang. They sent away to

was the part where the leadin' lady gave the star some head.

Before givin' up, though, officials want to try one more thing. They're lookin' for a biker mama who might be able to stimulate Max, an' they're takin' applications now. She's gotta be a tough mutha with lots of hair on her body, a mean, nasty disposition, an' a snatch that smells like a week-old can of mildewed tuna. (Maybe Mutha should apply.)

Okay, that's enough frivolity. Let's get serious now — how did sex

really begin? In order to find out, we've gotta start at the bottom (where else?). The word "sex" is derived from a Latin word, *secare*, meanin' "to cut." You can take this to mean either the division between male an' female, or that great slice women have down there between their legs, which men have occasionally given their lives to plunge into with happy abandon.

The Bible tells us that God created woman from man's rib. It goes without saying that ever since



that bit of handiwork, man has been tryin' to find his rib an' put it back where it came from. So far, the most entertainin' place he's found to search is between a woman's legs, perhaps in the belief that if he probes there long enough, he'll eventually find the missin' bone. (It's a tough search, but somebody's gotta do it.)

Now, don't think that takin' a rib from Adam went unnoticed by either him or women in general. Early on in history, women — one in particular — complained about the way they began. God, they said, was a thief 'cause He stole one of Adam's ribs while Adam was asleep. No satisfactory reply was ever given to that accusation, but it's interestin' to note that in the early Hebrew language, the word for rib was *tsela*, which also means "bad luck" an' "stumbling." Draw your own conclusions.

The ancient Greeks believed that the great god Zeus

Continued on page 102

Monkey Wards for a couple of gorilla teeny-boppers, 15-year-old Happy and 13-year-old Malaika. Can you believe it — Max wasn't the least bit impressed. First he beat the shit outta both chicks, then he retreated to a corner and beat his meat with a concrete food dish.

To this day, zoo officials are still tryin'. They haven't admitted the possibility that Max might just be a homosexual gorilla, but it has to have crossed their minds. Look at the clues: He's fussy about his appearance, he beats off a lot, an' the only thing in the porno flicks that caused him to pay attention



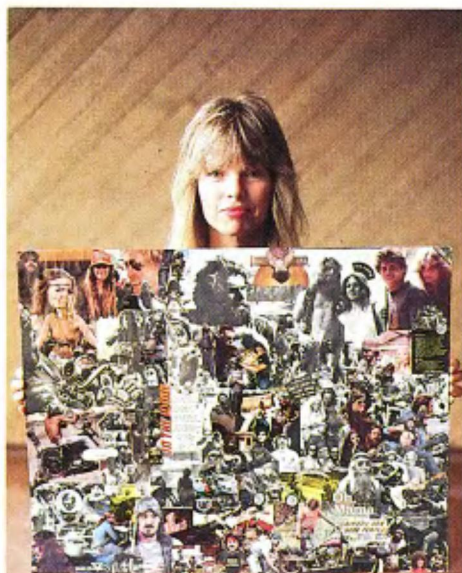


KEEPIN' EM BUSY

To say nothin' of pregnant and barefoot.

Cold Weather Tech:
While you're out gettin' pasted with the boys, leave the bitch with a pair of scissors (if ya think it's safe), a collection of last summer's run flicks, a few already cut-up ol' rags, a tube of glue, and some shellac shit. Then cut up some logs, stoke the fire in front of her, and leave her there to fix ya up a scooter collage.

It'll look great in the clubhouse, the outhouse,



the bedroom, the garage, the High Room, everywhere. Plus, it'll keep her busier than a bubble-headed barmaid during Bike Week. Remember the ol' saying: Idle hands, idle mind. If that ain't right, fuck ya.

The creator of the Biker Collage is former cover model (ER111), Brooks Garten, from Klamath Falls, Oregon. Brooks, you've got a lot of heart, babe. Grateful Dead, forever.

—Ram Pan Man



Bartering instead of buying is a custom as old as civilization, and now here's yer chance to get in on it.



I OWE YOU ONE



Hookers do *it* every time they spend ten minutes in the back-seat instead of reaching into their purse to pay for their cab ride home from the evening's stroll.

Major airlines do *it* everytime they take a TV crew across the country in exchange for an on-the-air "thank you."

Even Uncle Sam does *it* when his troops in the Department of Injustice trade some lowlife a new identity in exchange for his sitting on a witness stand and telling lies about his brothers.

Now, thanks to Spider's obsession with getting a lotta shit in this





I OWE YOU ONE

issue, you too can get in on *IT* — the wonderful world of barter.

Next time you're flat-broke and need some-
thin', don't do without
simply because you're all
cashed out. Just rip one
of these leg-wettin' "I
OWE YA ONE" tokens
out of the rag, check the
appropriate box, and
trade it to the person ya
need the job done by.
Check the right box and
they'll probably accept
your unique I-owe-you
happily. At least some
times, like maybe once
in a while. Hell, if they
give ya any shit about it,
remind 'em it's better
than a poke in the eye
with a sharp stick.

—Grape



Pre-Daytona 'run for the sun' under fire

The annual "run for the sun" to Lake City, Florida, a three-day "spring training session" for thousands of bikers on their way to Daytona, has come under heavy attack by State Attorney Jerry Blair, who would like, he says, to have the bikers kept "as far away from the Third Judicial Circuit as possible."

"This is a serious situation which requires immediate remedial action," the gung-ho prosecutor told Columbia County commissioners in urging them to consider "a county ordinance to prohibit this type of activity."

Shrugging off the fact that virtually no trouble has been reported during the Lake City run in the two years since it moved to Florida from Georgia, Blair called the event, held in a campground and restricted to bikers, "an intolerable situation."

Trying to invoke the fear factor in his attempt to influence the commissioners, Blair recently scheduled a performance by an alleged expert on so-called motorcycle gangs, John Doughtie, an

"intelligence" analyst with the Florida Dept. of Law Enforcement.

Doughtie's two hours of propaganda would be open to the public, Blair said, but they should be warned of the "graphic nature" of the slide show Doughtie planned to put on.

Blair's crusade against the run has been joined, somewhat halfheartedly, by the county sheriff's office.

"The problem is our motorcycle population is on the increase," said sheriff's investigator Neal Nydam. "We have at least 35(!) bikers in clubs. There's a possibility in the future, with regard to bikers, we could have our own clubhouse."

Well, if that doesn't get the Columbia County commissioners quaking right down to their toes, they're as fearless as their lawmen are frivolous. In any case, this is being written before any official action has been taken in regard to the future of the run for the sun. If you were planning on going to Lake City this March, better check out the local conditions first.

Easynews

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

Drunken cager paid to tell how he killed biker

But boob tube producers exploit the victim's relatives for free

Here's a new one: The cager gets plastered, weaves his cage along the road, runs down and kills a biker, and winds up selling his oh-so-sad story to a television company for \$1500.

And, if that isn't sick enough, members of the dead biker's family were also used on the TV show. They, of course, didn't get paid jackshit.

It all began back in Red Deer, Calgary, Canada, in 1983 when Robert Gabrielson, 21, and a passenger on his bike biker were run down by a cab driven by Louis Balogh, an off-duty taxi driver who was found by police to be drunk at the time of the so-called accident. After Gabrielson's death, Balogh was convicted of criminal negligence causing death and sentenced to two years at a correctional center.

A few months ago, CTV television decided to produce a program about the Red Deer Optimist Club's anti-drunk-driving program. The producers decided to make the incident involving Gabrielson's death a major part of the program, taking up 25 percent of the one-hour show.

CTV officials contacted Gabrielson's family and arranged to videotape interviews with them. They contacted the passenger who had survived the crash. They even got a bike that looked like Gabrielson's and a cab and recreated the deadly wreck for the benefit of the cameras and

Mr. and Mrs. Couch Potato sitting in front of their made-in-Japan boob tube.

While preparing the program, it occurred to someone at CTV that they ought to talk to the perpetrator, so a crew was sent to the Bow River Correctional Centre, where Balogh was doing time.

Sure, I'd love to be on your show, he said, but only if I get paid.

So CTV, instead of doing the righteous thing and putting on the program with a disclaimer to the effect that Balogh was asked to appear but refused to do so unless he was rewarded for his behavior, dug into its pocket and came up with the \$1500 payment.

"Balogh had something very important to say in the context of the program," CTV executive producer Jack McGaw said in explaining why the company ponied up the bucks. "He had a very embarrassing and painful story to tell."

Really? More painful than that of the family that lost their loved one, not for a mere two years, but forever?

Gabrielson's mother, Darlene, doesn't think so. "I never would have cooperated (with the TV show) if I had known he was going to be paid," she said.

"It's nice that he can profit from his crime. It is obvious he hasn't learned from anything that he did to my son."

Bro busted for blasting rampaging Caddy

Two bros, Steve Doimas and Brad Blanchette were putting around Mesa, Arizona, recently, just minding their own business and checking out the sights, when a Cadillac began rolling toward them at a high rate of speed. Both bikers tried to take evasive action, but only one lucked out.

Blanchette managed to evade the hell-bent-for-bikers cage, jumped off his scooter, and began firing .44 magnum rounds into the escaping Caddy. Eventually the police showed up and, finding a bullet hole in the rear of the cage, busted Blanchette on suspicion of aggravated assault.

Doimas, the biker who lucked out by keeping his freedom, was pinned against the cage's fender on his Harley and dragged for over 100 yards. After which he picked himself up, dusted himself off and began pushin' his crunched Hog toward his home. Describing Doimas' luck in coming through so severe a crash without even a scratch, investigating officers admitted that even they had "trouble believing" what they were seeing.

In case you're interested, the cage driver, William Davies, was also arrested.

All roads lead to Daytona March 4

If it seems like only last year since you were brushing the snow off your saddle and pointin' your 19-Incher toward Florida, it's because it was.

Yeah, Bike Week at Daytona is just around the corner again and unfortunately, you're still gonna have to wear a lid. ABATE of Florida is workin' hard at changin' that and you can help 'em by turnin' out for their annual Daytona helmet run. It'll leave the ABATE campground at the New Smyrna Speedway at 1 p.m. Saturday, March 9. In addition to the lid law, Florida has a passel of other "interestin" rules. Here they are:

Motorcycle Rules:

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

Miscellaneous Ordinances

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

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

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

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

Excerpts from Florida Motor Vehicle Code

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

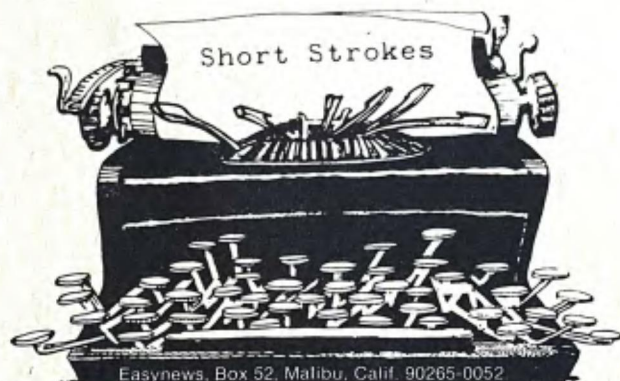
Method Of Riding Motorcycles — A person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator.

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

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

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

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



"A good time for a good cause" was the rallying cry when Florida-area bikers recently staged a charity run for the lady with the lamp, the Statue of Liberty. The run began with a big tent party at Grassy Key and ended up at the Moose Lodge on Big Pine Key... **Speaking of fund raising**, a Southern California MDA run led by Willie G. himself recently raised over \$42,000... **And down under**, the Australian Motorcycle Riders Association provided toys to thousands of kids who would otherwise have had a very empty Christmas.

A British company has developed an anti-locking brake to prevent front wheel skids during panic stops. A production date for the system, which is said to adapt easily to all bikes with hydraulic discs, has not yet been set... **It is now illegal** for two bikes to ride abreast in the same lane in Wyoming... **For years Alf Hunt** would wave to the bikers passing by his little house in Fairburn, Georgia, as he sat on the porch in his wheelchair. One day the old wheelchair stopped rolling for good, and Hunt, 80, was for all intents and purposes immobilized. "Then," Alf says, "there come a lady by here one day and asked me could they buy me a new chair. She was gone a pretty long while and then came back with a brand-new wheelchair." The lady was Dottie Dorrough, "mascot" of the Fairburn-based Wayward Few MC which had raised the money for the chair.

About 500 Indians rode down on Springfield, Mass., recently to take part in the 12th Annual "Indian Come Home Day" celebration at the Indian Motorcycle Museum... **And finally:** The good news is that the United States doesn't have a monopoly on dippy public officials. In Caracas, Venezuela, the government has banned all motorcycles from city streets between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m. The reason? Not to subdue noise, but to reduce crime. Caracas officials believe that certain classes of criminals, such as bank robbers, will go straight if they can no longer use their scooters as get-away vehicles. Question: How do you rob a bank on a motorcycle in the middle of the night? By carrying a saddlebag full of nitro?

MMA sets 1985 swap meets

Lookin' to buy, sell, or trade parts? The Modified Motorcycle Association recently announced a full lineup of swap meets to be held throughout California in '85. They are:

March 3, San Francisco Cow Palace; March 17, Stockton Fairgrounds; March 31, Watsonville Fairgrounds; April 21, Ventura Fairgrounds; June 2, Antioch Fairgrounds; June 23, Ventura Fairgrounds; July 14 (tentative), San Jose Fairgrounds; August 4, San Francisco Cow Palace; September 8, Antioch Fairgrounds; October 6 (tentative), Vallejo Fairgrounds; October 20, Cal Expo Fairgrounds in Roseville; November 3, Stockton Fairgrounds; November 10, Ventura Fairgrounds; November 17, Vallejo Fairgrounds; December 15, San Francisco Cow Palace. For more information, write the MMA at 2202 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	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	Yes ²	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	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 18; 2-Under 18; 3-Required even if bike has windscreens; 4-Helmet must be reflectorized; 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977; 6-Required for speeds above 35 mph; 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer; 8-If over 21; 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers; 10-Certain cities may require lights; 11-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.

Aprilnews

"If it's too dumb to believe, we'll print it."

Bareheaded bike boys burn buckets

The stench of burning plastic and melting resins hung heavy over Albany, New York, recently as hundreds of New York State Police motorcycle troopers staged the world's first helmet burn-in on the steps of the state Capitol.

The motorcycle cops were protesting what they called "the state's insistence that we wear a loathsome and dangerous piece of plastic shit on our heads while going around busting people."

"This piece of horse crap cost me a good bust just yesterday," officer U. R. Nayled told the press as he used a sidearm delivery to fling his skid lid into the pyre. "I was just handing this piece of scooter trash his speeding, noise, and illegal equipment citations and he started to run his mouth. I know he was cussin' at me, but with that soup bowl compressing my damn ears, I couldn't hear the exact words. How the hell can you bust someone for using profanity to an officer if you can't hear the fucker? What do those assholes in the legislature think we are, lip-readers?"

Nayled's remarks were echoed by his comrades, who also pointed out that wearing lids not only adversely affected their work but

also hampered their personal — as in sex — lives.

"That fuckin' lid made my neck so damn sore I had to stop giving the old lady mustache rides," an anonymous trooper said.

"I was gonna file a workman's compensation claim over that but she split first. I fixed her flabby ass, though. I tracked her down through the Department of Motor Vehicles computer and had a buddy on the city force traffic squad order her cage towed.

"She'll be lucky if it still has wheels when she gets it back."

Though leaders of the rally taunted officials huddled inside the Capitol to come out and address the crowd, the dozens of carbines and .357 magnums being waved about seemed to have some kind of inhibiting effect on the politicians — who usually never turn down an invitation to spout off — and none emerged.

After about two hours of speeches, chanting and picketing around the building, the fire died down, and the bare-headed troopers mounted their bikes and rode out of town — after combing the area and making sure every cage with state employee plates on it had at least three parkers tucked under the wiper blades.

'B-Team' set to storm nation's living rooms

A new television program based upon the adventures of a commando-like team of bikers who roar from coast to coast, eating mom's apple pie and saving damsels in distress will be thrust upon the unsuspecting public later this year.

According to Trent Clinker, top banana of the Malevolent Broadcasting Company

MBC plans to make the new adventure series, tentatively entitled "The B-Team," the cornerstone of its fall programing.

"We have very high hopes that the American public, particularly the female viewers, will take the all-American bikers portrayed in 'The B-Team' to their hearts, they way they have such other folk heroes as Robin Hood and Davy Crockett. We see this program as a realistic look at an underground subculture of good guys taking it upon themselves to serve as guardians of the American way of life."

The series, insiders report, is loosely based upon the famous old chestnut

"Route 66," in which the protagonists drove their Corvette from town to town, stopping just long enough to straighten the local yokels' shit. In the new program, members of the elite B-Team ride Hogs from town to town doing the same.

In the pilot program, for example, members of the B-Team intercede to save the virtue of a 27-year-old virgin whose banker is threatening to sell her into white slavery because she missed a cage payment while paying off her mother's hospital bill and putting her crippled little stepbrother through the Julliard School of Music.

Swashbuckling bikers top Mr. Fartwell's 1984 best-dressed list

Noted stylist Orville Fartwell shocked the fashion world recently when his 1985 list of best-dressed Americans featured bikers in the top four positions.

"Motorcyclists' clothing represents the ultimate blending of creativity and functionality," Fartwell said in releasing his ratings to the media.

"Notice especially the way they use simple materials indigenous to their culture — oil stains and food crusts, for example — as decorative trim on their garments," he added. "Also note that the materials used in the construction of the outfits — leather and denim — are perfectly suited to the rugged lifestyle those well-hung studs lead."

"In fact," Fartwell lisped with a wave of his very limp wrist, "those fellows are just so darn cute with their mucho macho clothes on, I just start drooling at the thought of what they must look like with those sexy leathers off."

MAIL-ORDER BRIDE — Pancho "Scooter" Chaser and his new ol' lady Henrietta take some rays while brainstorming the plans for Pancho's new ride. Pancho, whose last ol' lady, a real bitch, took off after he broke his legs centerpunching a cage a while back, advertised for a new chick in "Chopper-shopper" and, almost before he knew it, Henrietta was a-peckin' at his door. Ride on, bro and sister, we're glad we could get ya together.



Photo by Bob Wilcox



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.



Figures Lie And So Does The Government

By T.K.

Only a few things piss me off more than the annual unveiling of the FBI's Uniform Crime Report — which is in no way uniform and reports on barely a fraction of the crimes actually committed during any particular year. In short, the UCR is nothing more than a mess of misleading numbers used by politicians year after year to justify spending our money on their pet projects — and in every case, it's a "Heads, I win; tails, you lose" proposition.

When the FBI figures show the crime rate is up, politicians work the citizenry into a frenzy over "much needed" crime prevention programs, urging that even more money be spent to get criminals off the street and behind bars. But it's no different when the statistics go the other way, because then the people are told that even more money is needed to fund existing programs on the theory that those programs obviously work. Political hotshots have always used the FBI's Uniform Crime Report to get votes and money, even when the report is blatantly incorrect.

Think about this — when crime rates are reported to be low, how much money do you suppose the public will spend to improve the conditions of our prison system? Fuckin' little, and any money that's available will probably end up going for pay raises and health benefits for the local heat — to hell with

problems of overcrowding! The prevailing argument is that since there are fewer crimes being committed, there's no need to expand existing facilities. The fact is, though, that the FBI statistics upon which this argument is based are completely, totally, and absolutely fucked.

How so, you ask. Well, to start with, the Uniform Crime Report is based on information gathered from local police departments. When a down-home cop is under pressure to reduce local crime rates, he'll often change his reporting procedures to "accomplish" the task. For example, cops trying to catch a purse snatcher are told to deal with the situation in either of two very different ways. If they happen to catch the bastard, they're told to write it up as a robbery — a very serious crime. However, if the purse snatcher gets away — and they almost always do — the cops are told to write it up as petty theft, a relatively minor crime. In this way, if the crime is "solved," the cops take credit for catching a robber, whereas if they don't come up with a culprit, it's simply a matter of not apprehending a petty thief.

At the same time, other departments concerned with law enforcement develop their own procedures for filling out reports in ways that will either increase (in order to get higher budgets) or decrease (in order to show they're doing a good job) the known crime rate in their

area. And these aren't the only accounting procedures that fuck up the numbers.

It turns out that only certain crimes are part of the FBI's reporting system. For instance, certain criminal activities are most commonly committed by members of the "upper strata" of society — such as violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, consumer fraud, embezzlement and other "white collar" crimes of the type committed by lawyers, bankers, politicians, and accountants — do not appear in the UCR. As a result, there tends to be extreme bias in attributing crime almost exclusively to lower-income people. That means us! Entire fuckin' programs of crime prevention and rehabilitation are based on incomplete, bullshit statistics.

A further discrepancy at play here is that not everybody reports crimes they know of or that they've been victimized by to the local law. Do you? Unless a crime gets reported, there's little chance the police will ever learn of it. If you're burglarized, for example, but don't report it, that theft will remain uncounted in overall crime statistics. And this turns out to be a most important reason behind the FBI's Uniform Crime Report being as bogus as it is. The report is based solely on official police figures — many of which are little more than self-serving lies and at best are incomplete. Since so

Continued on page 110

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.



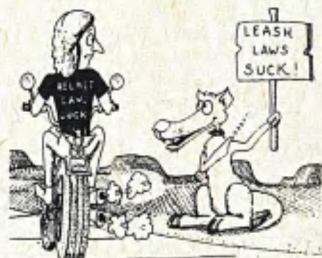
"No offense, but I've had diarrhea that felt better than that."

A man went into a new restaurant for a change of pace, and right away noticed how immaculate the place was. He mentioned it to the waiter, and the waiter said, "Oh, sure. That's what we take pride in. The manager even makes us carry a fork in our hand, so we won't have to touch the bread when we serve you. And when we go to the men's room, we have to wear extra-long zippers on our pants with a long string to pull them open, so we won't have to touch it with our hands."

"That's all well and good," said the customer, "but tell me this: How do you get it back in without touching it?"

"I don't know about the others," said the waiter, "but I use my fork."

—Dirty Ernie
Fallbrook, Calif.



The horny chick finally got the biker to her place. She cooed softly, "Make yourself comfortable and remind me I'm a woman."

So he kicked off his boots, stretched out on the couch and yelled, "Get me a beer, bitch!"

—Sweeper
Westville, Ill.

As the young newlywed was telling a girlfriend how she had successfully taught her husband some badly needed manners, he suddenly dashed into the living room and said breathlessly, "Come on, honey, let's fuck."

The friend sat stunned as the husband scooped his bride into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. Some time later, the girl returned, smiling and adjusting her clothing. "See what I mean?" she beamed. "A week ago, he wouldn't have asked!"

—Biker Chuck
Denver, Colo.



"I can remember when a new account was good for only a toaster."

The biker was approached by the artificial-insemination division of a family-planning group to contribute to a public sperm bank.

"No," he said. "I'm sorry, but I give the United Way."

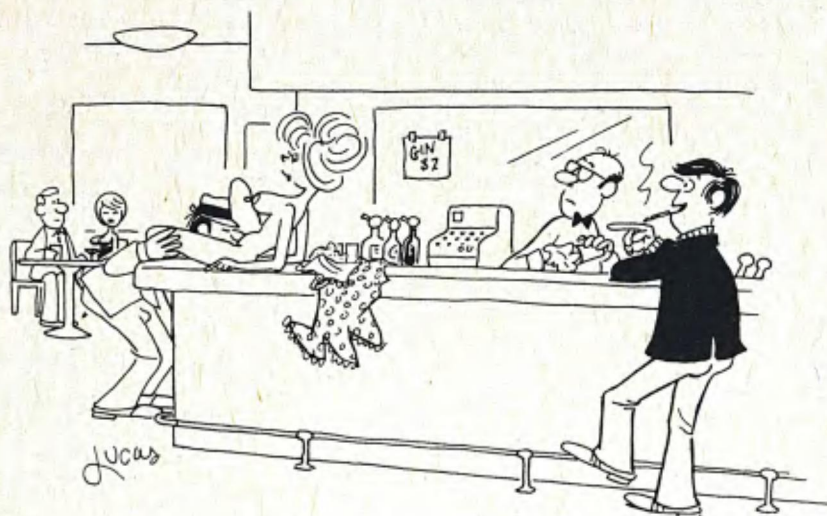
—Snowman
Thompson, Utah

A girl sat sobbing in the police station. "I was raped by a Texan," she wailed.

"How do you know it was a Texan?" the detective asked.

"I had to help him," the girl replied.

—Kate
Tucson, Ariz.



"I'll have what he's having."

A biker in need of help walked into a high-class doctor's office. The waiting room was filled with little old ladies reading *Vogue* and *Good Housekeeping*. The receptionist looked up and asked, "May I help you, sir?"

"I hope so," he said. "I've got a problem."

"And that is?" she inquired.

"Something's wrong with my dick!"

Magazines hit the floor, and the shocked receptionist stuttered. Finally, she managed to say, "Sir, this is a professional office and we cannot tolerate that kind of language."

Pissed off, the biker stormed out of the office, but try as he might, he couldn't find another doctor. So in desperation, he returned to the same office, with the same little old ladies and same receptionist.

When she saw him enter, she decided the best thing to do was to pretend she had never seen him before. "Good morning, may I help you?" she asked.

"I've got something wrong with my left ear," he answered.

That's better, she thought to herself. "What seems to be wrong with it?" she inquired.

"I can't piss out of the sonuvabitch!" he screamed.

Paul Rogers
Grants Pass, Ore.

Easyriders



Armedillo

"Not a dime in his pockets, a perpetual hardon, and a pocket full of Mexican dirt weed. Better call up Easyriders and see if one of their employees is missing."

Joe walked in the door after work and announced his arrival.

"I'm upstairs taking a douche," his wife called out.

"I thought I told you never to talk like that," Joe said.

"What do you want?" his wife replied. "Good grammar or good taste?"

—Terri
Warren, Ind.

"I thought you were going to see Jill tonight," Sam said to his ol' lady.

"I did," she answered.

"How come you're home so early then?"

"Well," said his ol' lady, "we had some coffee, played some records for a while, then she turned off the light and laid down on the bed — I can take a hint."

Panhead Richard
Palmdale, Calif.

The professor told his morning class, "I've found that the best way to start the day is to exercise for 10 minutes, take a few deep breaths of fresh air and finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

A sleepy voice from the back of the class responded, "Tell us more about Rosy."

—Jose
Houston, Tex.



"My bitch! My bro! My bike!"

Easyriders

The race-car driver picked up a girl after a race, went home with her and took her to bed. He fell asleep only to be awakened suddenly when she smacked him in the face. "What's the matter! Didn't I satisfy you when we screwed?" he asked.

"It was after you fell asleep that got you into trouble," said the angry woman. "In your sleep, you felt my tits and mumbled, 'What perfect headlights.' Then you felt my thighs and murmured, 'What a smooth finish.'"

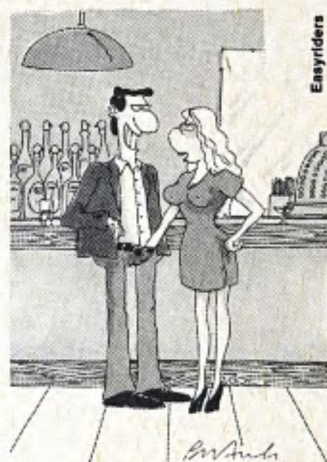
"What's wrong with that?" asked the driver.

"Nothing, but then you felt my pussy and yelled, 'Who the hell left the garage door open?'"

—T.W.
Kokomo, Ind.

Why are women like screen doors? Once they get banged a few times, they tend to loosen up.

—Moses
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Guess what's in my hand and you might get lucky."

Two biker babes were talking about the new hunk in the neighborhood. "But he acts so stupid," said one to the other. "I think he must have his brains between his legs."

Yeah," her sister sighed, "but I'd sure love to blow his mind."

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.

Easyriders

A BIKER'S TALE

by Donald Towne



To fulfill an in-service training requirement, members of the California Department of Corrections, the sheriff's office and the highway patrol were taken on three chartered buses to a wildlife preserve to undergo classes and a mock operation relating to search-and-rescue missions.

After a morning of classes on map-reading, search techniques, and radio procedures, the afternoon was spent searching for a cop who played the part of a lost child. The search was successful, but had its share of casualties suffered by searchers not altogether at home in wild terrain.

Thus, it was a sore and tired bunch who climbed back on the buses in preparation for their return trip. As they were travel-

ing through an isolated area, they were passed by a long-hair riding a Harley. The senior officer on the first bus, whose only daughter had run off with one of those "biker types," ordered the bus driver to "run that long-haired sonuvabitch off the road."

The cyclist, upon discovering a three-ton bus bearing down on him, couldn't gain enough speed on the sharply winding road to evade his pursuers so he quickly pulled to the side of the road, jumped off, and disappeared into dense sagebrush.

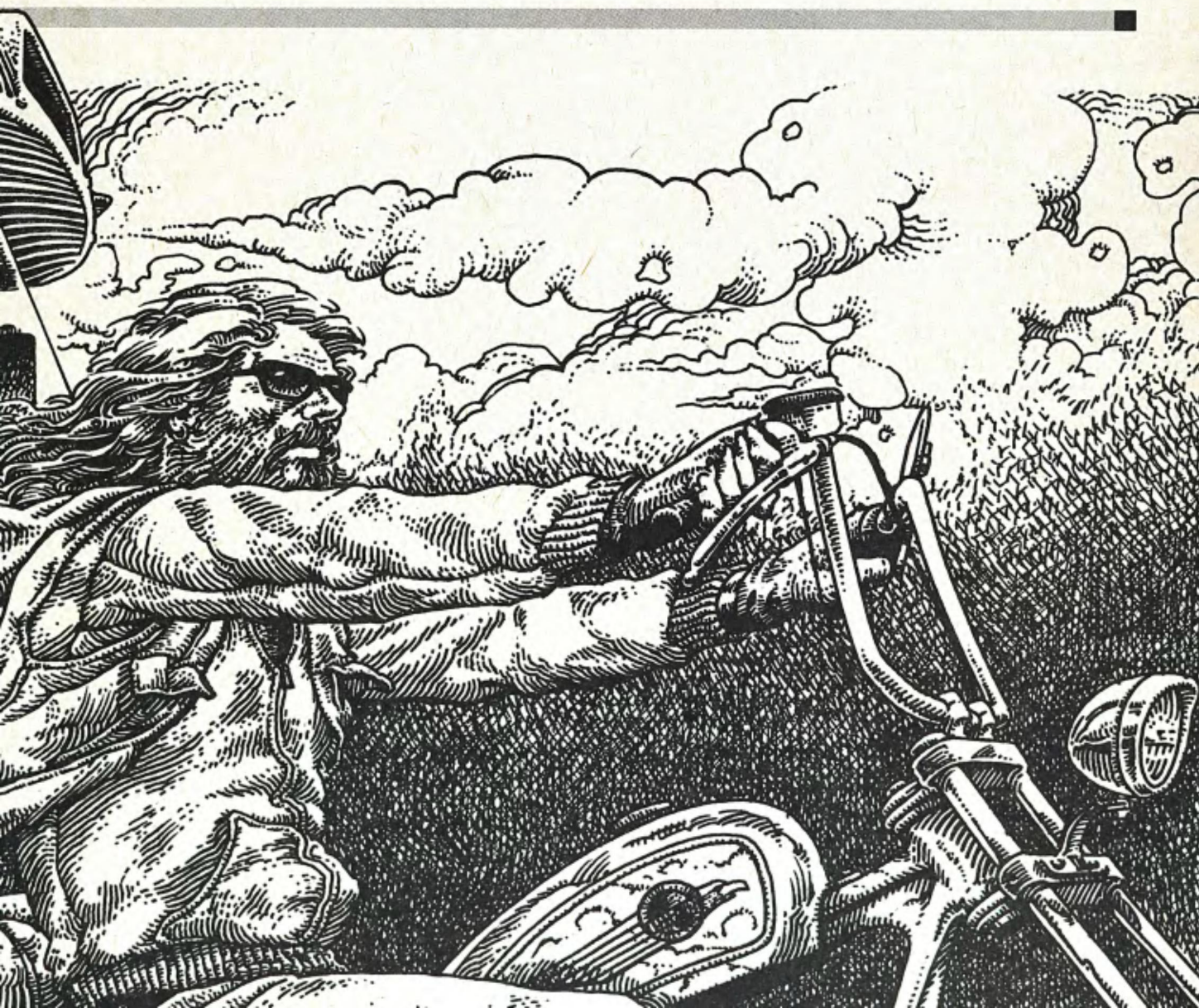
The three buses stopped by the motorcycle and the officer in charge of the first bus said, "Come on, men. Let's get that bastard."

There was some initial screaming and yelling and then every-

thing became quiet and stayed that way. After a thirty-minute wait, the officer in charge of the second bus took his men into the brush. An hour passed and then the officer in charge of the third bus led his men into the brush also.

Forty-five minutes later no one had returned and the three bus drivers were standing around grumbling about having to stay out later than they had planned. One decided to go into the brush and have a look for himself. Fifty feet into the dense foliage he heard a moan. He looked around and about ten feet away, lying on the ground all cut up and bloody, was the officer in charge of the last bus. He raised his injured head and weakly rasped, "Go back — it's a trap, there are two of them!"

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



Full Nutsack

I don't know what to do about my ol' lady. I punch the button just like I've always done, but she don't start like she used to. I've even tried slippin' my rod between her warm thighs while she's sleepin' to get her dreamin' about having some. In the old days this always made her wake up and climb on top, but now all she does is roll over and nearly rip my crank out of its socket.

What the fuck do I have to do to drain these balls of mine at least once a day?

Rigid
Melbourne, Australia

- Buy an electric milking machine.

Didn't Take It

I lost my sled, my dog, my Black Jack, my Colombian, my Mexican, my sense, my Thai, my hash, my coke, my speed, my coke mirror, my 'ludes, my papers, my pipe, my lighter, my leathers, my vest, my Buck, my belt, my boots, my 20-gauge, my pickup, my stereo, my albums, my cassettes, my Easyriders stash, my money, my tools, my waterbed, my chair, my couch, my table, my lamp, my ashtray, my TV, my fridge, my stove, my toilet, my dingleberries, my virginity, my hair, my fingernails, my left ear, my knees, my house, and my best bro.

C'mon, Mutha, how's about you spread them pee flaps and give all my stuff back?

Missin' A Lot
Grande Prairie, Canada

- Fuck off. I ain't got yer freakin' ashtray.

Rippin' 'Em Out

My ol' lady tears the girly pictures out of your rag before I can paste 'em up on the shower walls. What should I do?

Pig
Louisville, Ky.

- Forget the shower and start paying more attention to what yer ol' lady is doin' with her hands while she's scopin' them pix.

Same Old Song

I'm down in a Virginia penal farm doing a year for an escape. While I was out on bond I got married, but my ol' lady is kinda wild and I don't know if I can trust her. She says she's being faithful, but I

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



don't know. She doesn't come to see me every Sunday and the prison is in the same town where she lives. It really pisses me off. What should I do?

Gettin' Douched
Danville, Va.

- Sounds like the same old story of many downed bros. You do the hard time; she does the two-time.

More Problems

About a year ago I wrote and asked you what to do about my ol' man's vicious temper. You told me to either keep my mouth closed or below his belt. OK, I tried it and it worked real good at savin' me from black eyes and fat lips. Now what the hell do I do about these big welts all over the top and back of my head?

M.R.
Sandlake, N.Y.

- Paint bull's-eyes on 'em.

Why The Waders?

I've been told that you are an incredibly ugly bitch. A friend of mine said you could hide a roll of half-dollars under your nose. He also said

your hips looked like the north end of a south-bound camel. I didn't believe it, but another guy told me that you had to wear thick-soled rubber shoes so you wouldn't step on your tits when you walk and that you wear parachutes for drawers. Is it all true?

H.P.K.
Somewhere At Sea

- The thick-soled rubber shoes just make it possible to wade through all the shit that lonesome sailors send me in the mail.

She Can't Get No

My big problem is actually a little problem: a small-penis complex. I feel like needle-dick-the-bug-fucker to most cunts I've ever ridden.

My girlfriends tell me my tool is the perfect size for sucking and tastes really good, but I still want my mate to be fully satisfied during each session of sex. What should I do to make sure my ol' lady gets off every time?

Beef
Santa Monica, Calif.

- Sell her to a well-hung bro.

Wart's The Problem?

My ol' man's a great rider and a fantastic lover, but he's got these warts on his crank and I just can't stand them. He says they just make it better (like the ribs on a French tickler), but I think they're sickening and can barely stand to have them in my snatch, let alone in my mouth. Do you know any way they can be removed?

Judy Doll
Harmon, N.Y.

- Sandpaper, oxy torch, or battery acid. If he's too much of a pussy to handle those, try puttin' a sock (clean or well-worn, dependin' on yer taste) on his dork before you suck it.

Tired Maybe, Sick For Sure

Every month you're telling people what to do, where to get off, and how to solve their problems. From what I pick up, you've got more problems than anyone, including a real biggie — not knowing how to bathe.

Where do you come off pretending to be some kind of expert? What makes you more qualified to give advice than all the other senile hacks, like "Dear Abby," "Ann Landers," and "Dear Meg?"

Wild Child
Miami, Fla.

- Them other bitches never tried to please a biker, but I've succeeded at it. If ya can do that, you're qualified for anything.

Last Gasp

I'm getting old, but I didn't expect to live this long anyway. My wife left, but I've got a good-lookin' young girlfriend. I lost my job, but I'm on unemployment, and best of all, I'm still in the wind after 30 years on a Harley. So I don't have any problems, I just want a picture of you.

Old Man
Colfax, N.C.

- You got it — hope yer ancient heart is up to lookin' at it.

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. ■

PTSD — Vietnam's Haunting Souvenir

Most of you who've sent kites my way know that I personally answer my mail. I've put a few letters in the column, but mostly I've acted like a private Outreach Center — meaning, being a bro you could deal with directly. That's never been part of the *Easyriders* deal; I feel it's just part of my responsibility.

I'm not too rattled by most of the problems you send me, because solutions and sources of aid are usually obvious. It's like being a DI again — I know what to do the second I encounter the problem because I've got the experience. But every now and then comes the kite I hate to receive: the one from the severely traumatized bro, the one from the bro who is thinking about taking himself out. I'm talking suicide, brothers.

Sometimes it's a letter from a vet's ol' lady: "Dear Sarge, help me, please! My ol' man's about had it. He used to point the gun at me and then laugh. I'm more scared now 'cause he's puttin' the thing to his own head. And he don't laugh, he cries. . ."

Sometimes, it's from a vet's bro: "Hey, man, Jim's losin' it. He's a righteous bro and we're real close. . . but you have to come in on this one with me, Sarge. He's not listenin' to me anymore and. . ."

Usually it's from the main man himself. Like the last one received. Seems one of our own had this close bro named Jerry. Both are 'Nam combat vets: They felt they could relate only to each other. Now Jerry's dead — took his own life. And the remaining bro wrote to tell me he's got nobody left, that life sucks, and he's thinking of going to look for Jerry.

That's some heavy shit. Heavy for you, for me, and for the brotherhood. I'm talking down to nobody — I've been on that road myself. Once I almost did it. A thousand times I thought about it.

It was like this for me: 'Nam took ten years off my life, the aftermath another ten, being a DI took about five, LRRPs another five, and unemployment was taking one year a month. I figured at one point that I

didn't have a helluva lot of time left — the future was short and shitty.

Fortunately, I had a good bro and a good lady. They helped me see that I was bogged down in PTSD (Post-traumatic Stress Disorders), enabling me to go for help. Hell, I know I'm not "cured" — but I know a lot more now about where I stand, and I can handle the urge better when it strikes.

Not every vet has a bro or a good lady to talk to. Not every vet is encouraged to visit the VA or a counseling center for help. And, of those who do, not all find a knowledgeable, concerned, competent professional.

I find that, although they hear the term thousands of times, most bros just don't know what PTSD is. They have a lable, but don't know what's in the jar. I think the time has come for "Vet Voice" to lay out the problem — not only for fellow vets, but also for their friends and families, and for the general public. If we all know more about the situation, maybe we can curtail this lemming-like march to self-destruction we seem locked into.

This two- (or three-) parter is the result of a great deal of research. I've spent hours at the VA, pouring over volumes of psychological studies and reports. Moreover, I'm working from years of experience. I've been there — in 'Nam, in combat, on special missions, worked and dealt with vets — and suffer from PTSD myself. Putting all this down and together hasn't been easy. I only hope it will help.

Let's start where I started — with a single statistic. For years now, vets' organizations and other groups have been harping on one figure: "The suicide rate for Vietnam veterans is 33 percent above the national average."

Well, what the hell does that mean? They've been saying "33 percent above the national average" for over four years. Seems to me that figure was calculated once and nobody has bothered to change it as the years go by. (Or are we vets so consistent as to plan our deaths so that they remain 33 percent over the average?)

Even assuming, for the sake of discussion, that figure is accurate, I'll wager that hardly anyone who

uses that statistic can tell you what it amounts to. At best, you'll hear some kind of bullshit like, "Well, it means that for every regular American who commits suicide, one and one-third vets kill themselves." True. But who the hell can relate to "one-third" of a vet? Or to "133 percent of the national average"? Or to the same thing expressed as "33 percent above the national average?"

To find a more meaningful concept, I took out my calculator to play math student: Let us assume that 1000 non-Viet-vet Americans commit suicide yearly. Then, 133 percent — or 1330 — Viet vets commit suicide yearly. Hence, a total of 2330 Americans die of suicide yearly.

If you then divide 1330 by the whole, 2330, you'll get 57.08 percent. We now have a constant, a figure we can deal with. Of all the suicides committed in the U.S. in a given year, 57 percent of them are Vietnam vets.

The next step is to realize we're dealing with *people* — and we have to translate this percentage into a number of persons. The latest figures available to me were those from 1980. In 1980, 28,290 Americans committed suicide. If 57.08 percent of those people were 'Nam vets, then, brothers and sisters, 16,148 of our own went down by their own hands!

We now have a more meaningful, but grim figure. And believe me, it gets grimmer.

The population of the United States in 1980 was 226,000,000. Divide that by 28,290 and you realize that one American in every 7989 killed himself. But "one in 7989" doesn't sound too bad, does it? Well, remember: 16,148 of the suicides were 'Nam vets. And using a round figure, we had only about 3,000,000 Vietnam vets. Divide 3,000,000 by 16,148 and you find that one in every 186 Vietnam vets killed himself. That brings it all closer to home. At any given post of a 'Nam vets' organization, you're likely to find at least 186 members — and it's very unnerving to look around and realize that it's quite possible at least one of the bros you see could be the next man to go.

Sorry for all the arithmetic, but bear with me. It gets colder.

Now, take

Continued on page 108

SATISFIED

*One test ride convinced him —
to do it himself.*

Even at the risk of being labeled heretics, fact is, some brothers can't be swayed into buying a new stock Harley. Thus, they commit a grievous act of heresy in the stunned eyes of the goods lords at the Harley headquarters, standing as shepherds over their loyal flock, in the



bowels of Milwaukee.

Yes, blasphemy indeed. The whole solemn truth is, some of us want to ride our own personally conceived machines. Despite the much-heralded changes and admittedly significant improvements throughout the new FXST line outta York, Pennsylvania, some bros still





have to do it their own way. And who can blame 'em?

There's nothing like the custom touch — personality in every bike. This isn't to knock the new-image Harley. With its Evolution revolution, it far outdistances the foreign competition in style, comfort and long-lasting durability. Hell, my fellow staff compadre Rip-a-roo has over 30,000 big ones rolled up on the odometer of his 1984 Softail, with no complaints or breakdowns. 'Course, he's constantly applying his own changes to suit his balls-out style of ridin'.

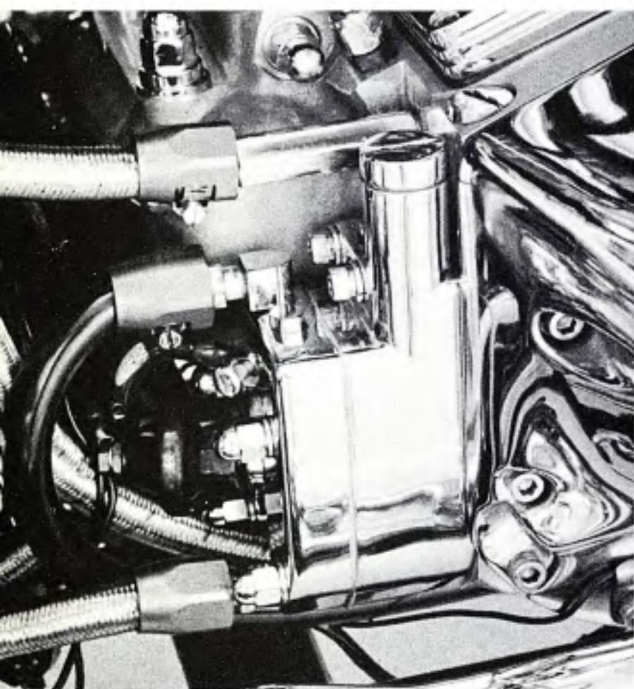
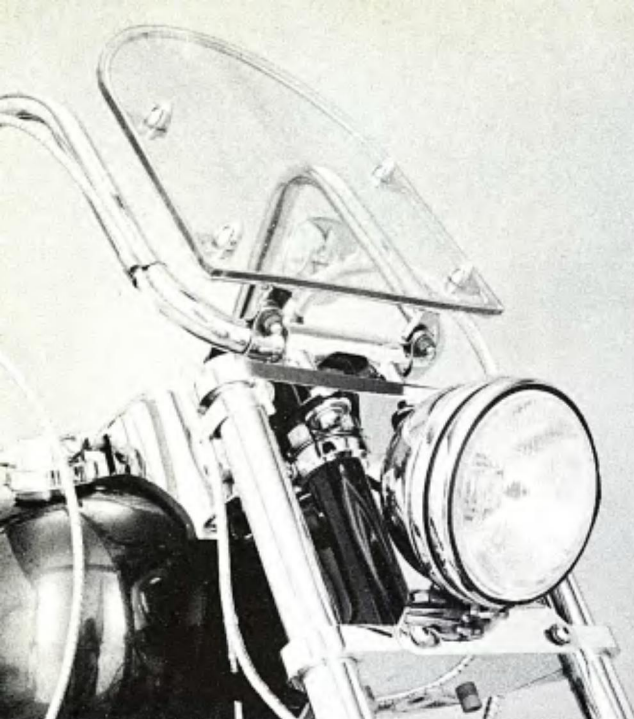
Beau, owner of the outstanding sled in front of you, took a test ride on one of Harley's latest ponies. He had the

wad in his pocket and was ready to sign the docket. Until he took the trial putt. After which he quietly tucked his wallet away and decided to do it himself. And so it was that the new-accounts ledger took a beating back in the corporate offices on Juneau Avenue in Milwaukee.

"I knew right away it wasn't for me," Beau confides. Accordingly, instead of a brand-spankin'-new showroom model between his legs, he let his fingers do the walking through an assortment of catalogs at his shop, Heavy Duty Cycles, in St. Petersburg, Florida, over on the west side of the East Coast's puttin' heaven.

Inside of a month he had all





Owner: Bob (Beau) Kunkle		City: St. Pete, Fla.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Heavy Duty Cycles		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Model: Big Twin		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: Arlen Ness swingarm	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Heavy Duty Cycles	
Year: 1983		Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Crazy Frank (rear)	
Rebuilder: Heavy Duty Cycles		Headlight: H-D/quartz bulb	
Ignition: Accel. points/coil		Taillight: Heavy Duty Cycles	
Displacement: 88 cu.in.		Speedo: Heavy Duty Cycles	
Lower end: S&S 4 1/2-in. stroke		Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: S&S, 3 1/2 in.		Electrics: Davidson Dist.	
Cases: S.T.D.		Gas tank: C.C.I.	
Heads: Sifton springs/Manley valves		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): S&S, .490 lift		Oil system: oil cooler/Drag Spec.	
Lifters: Sifton solids/Doherty blocks		Primary cover: C.C.I.	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Sidewinder		Height: 10 in.	
Muffler(s): Davidson Dist.		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Doherty case		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1983 Andrews gears		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot/Daniel Boone		Builder: Heavy Duty Cycles	
Engine sprocket: Karata Belt Drive		Special features: C.C.I. trees	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 47/Perf. Mach.		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Pollack Joe		Hub: American	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Pollack Joe		Rim width: 3.55 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: flip-flop red		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: Imron		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: artwork by Pollack Joe			

Other special modifications: Wind deflector by Heavy Duty Cycles, shaved trans gears, Earls oil line and fittings, stainless axles and gas tap by Pringel Ent.

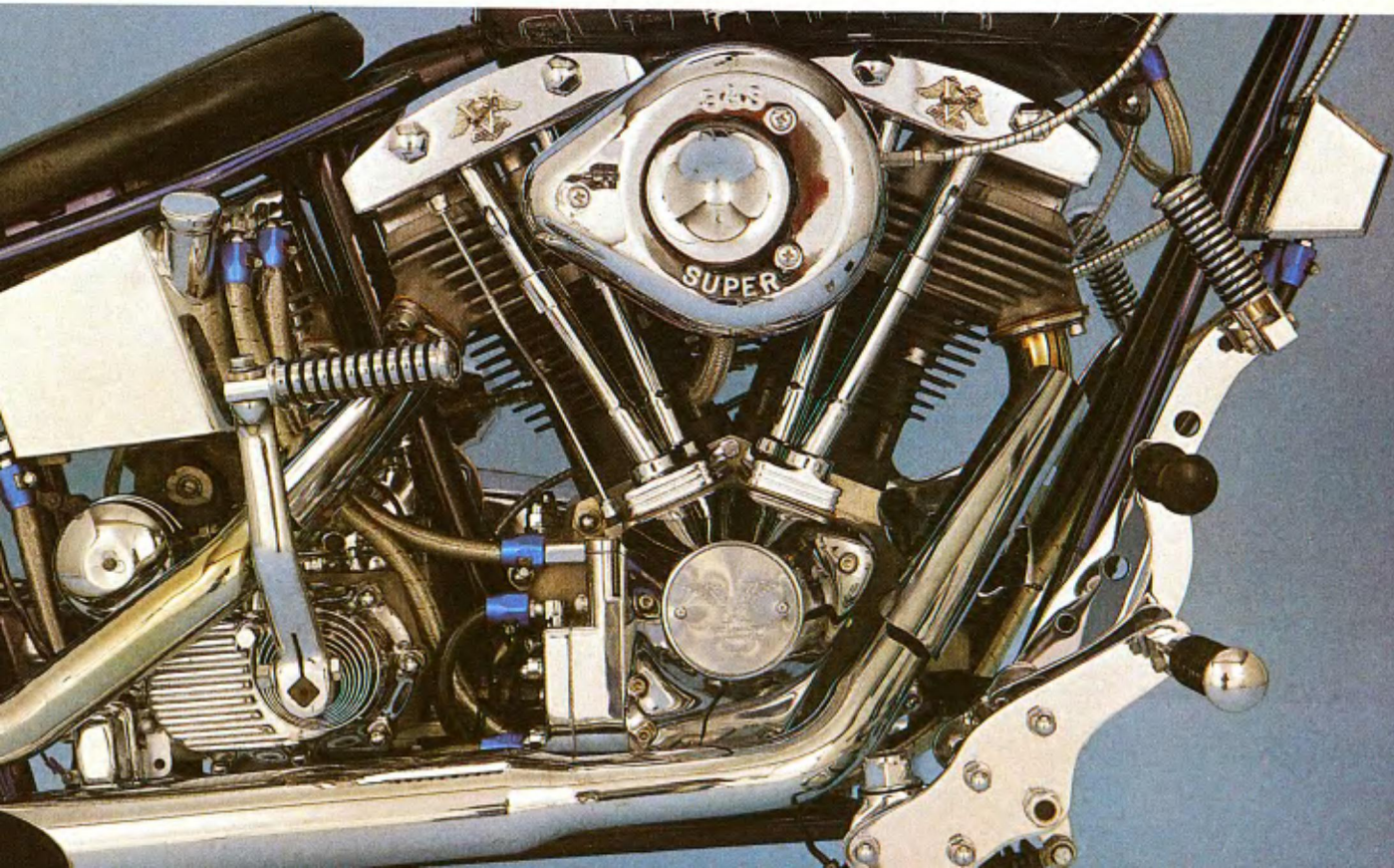
the parts, and by virtue of burnin' the midnight oil, Beau had his Voo Doo Child up and runnin' in three months. It's built with only six Harley parts, though the shovelhead engine is definitely a major portion of the show.

He quickly rolled up 2000 miles to work out any kinks and quirks before the painting

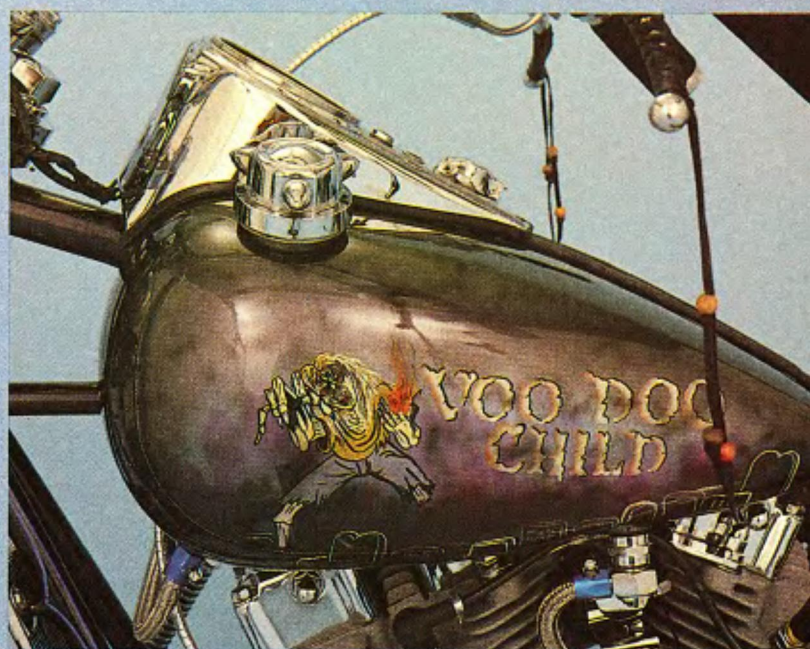
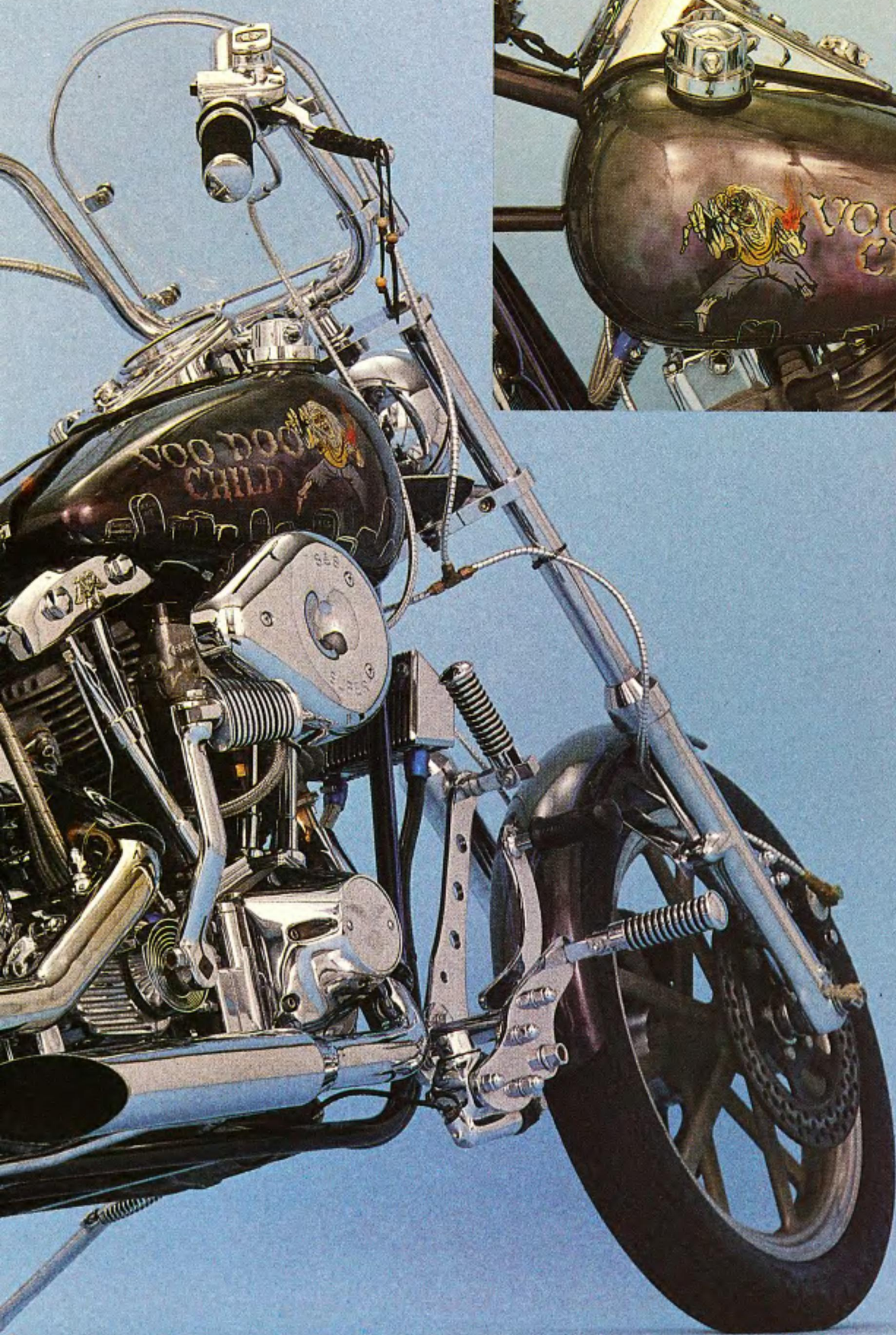
and detailing were done. Voo Doo Child got it's name from the few times Beau found himself ridin' around howlin' at the moon after tippin' a few. The bike is ridden daily. Even this past December, Floridians were not only ridin' in good weather, they were doin' it in T-shirts. When's Daytona? —Buster



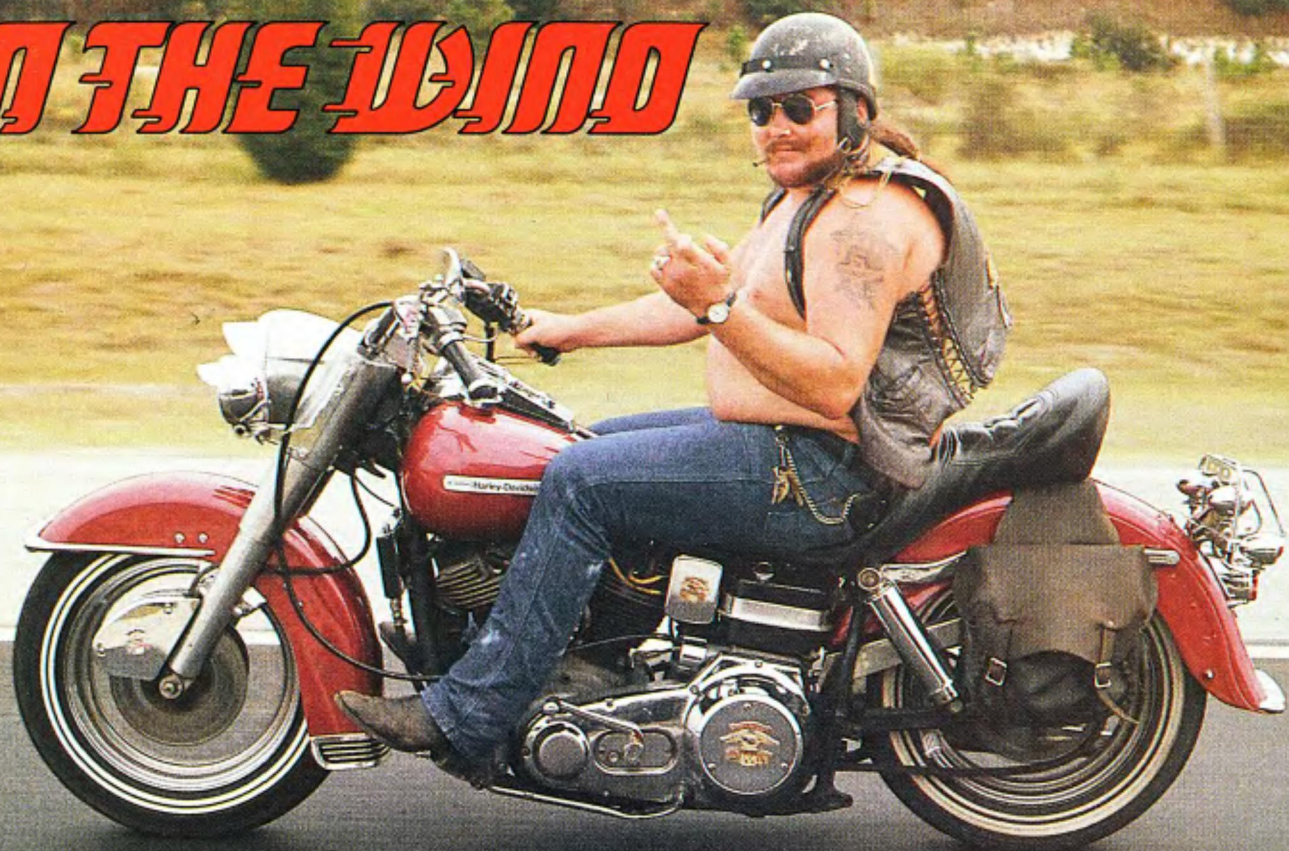
Photos by Pete Chi







IN THE WIND



—from Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, Fla.

—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





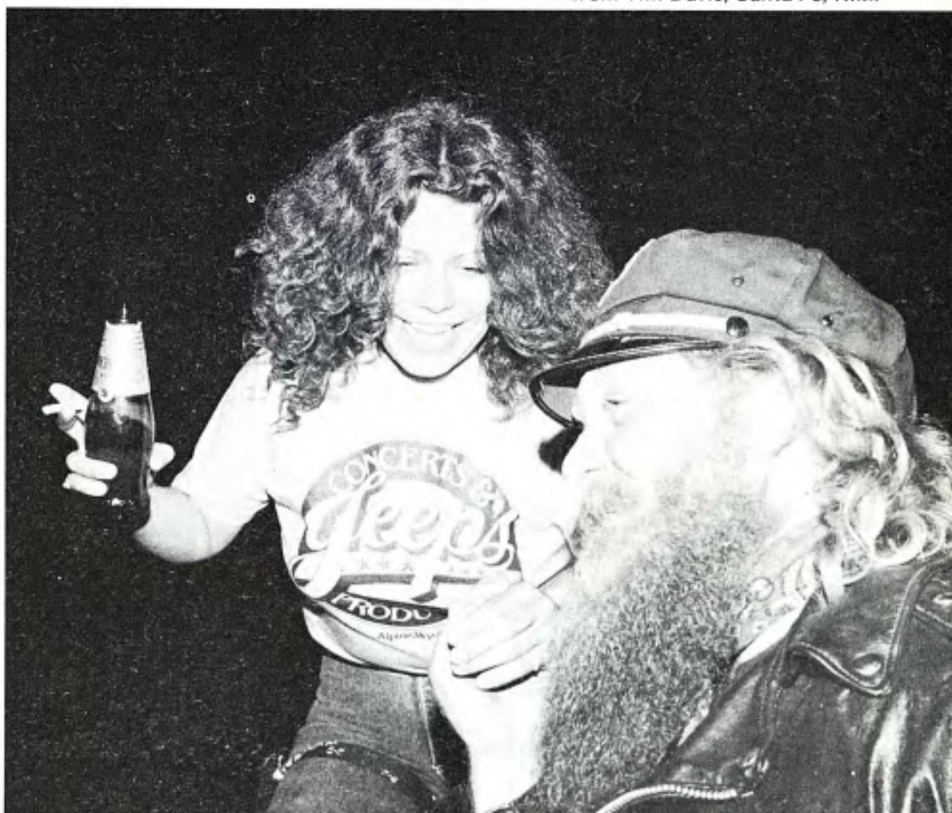
—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the 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 Paul Petska, Hastings, Neb.



—from Tim Davis, Santa Fe, N.M.





—from Weege, Laconia, N.H.



—from Dirty André, Vancouver, British Columbia



—from Lloyd Thomas, Burnaby, British Columbia



—from Sniper, Naugatuck, Conn.



—from Chuck Austin, Denver, Colo.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from Thomas Kelsey, Newport Beach, Calif.





—from Jim Sallows, Verona, Pa.



—from Pisser, Holly Hill, Fla.



—from Jim Sallows, Verona, Pa.



—from David Grove, Cortland, Ohio



—from Donna Reed, Louisville, Ky.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

"HOLLYWOOD RUN"

Say the phrase "the sixties" and almost everyone immediately thinks of sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, hippies, war and revolution.

But before the Beatles and the Stones, before Tim Leary and Owsley's Acid Revolution, before the Chicago Convention, the Tet offensive and Lyndon Johnson's ordering us to go out and "bring back that coonskin". . . before all those hyperspeed mindfucks, there was another sixties, a less wired, less spacy, less *fuck-the-world* sixties. A time when Midwest kid artists like Dave Mann were drawn like lemmings to the West Coast, as if they knew by instinct that just a few years down the road wild-living people like Janis and the Dead and the Jefferson Airplane and Stan Mouse, Robb Cobb, and so many others were going to give the whole world a brand-new definition of the word "art."

And, like fellow Midwesterner Bob Seger, who not so many years later would write a song about the "big city Hollywood lights from high on a hill," Dave was captivated by the high-energy freedom just starting to peak at that time and place. In 1962 Dave painted the picture you see on the next page. Some of his bros thought it should be made into a poster — an almost forgotten art form that was just being revived in the early '60s — so he sent it off to the noted subculture entrepreneur-promoter Big Daddy Roth. Roth bought it (for about \$50 bucks, Dave recalls), published it, and Dave's career was on its way.

For those of you who were around and flyin' free at the time, we hope it brings back some righteous memories. For those of you who weren't even born then, the times were a stoned blast — ya shoulda been there.



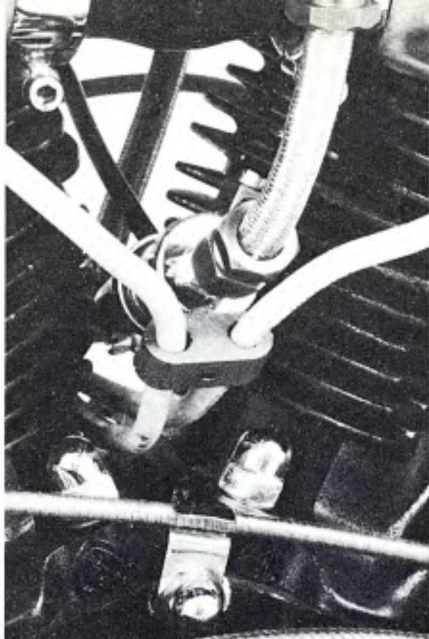
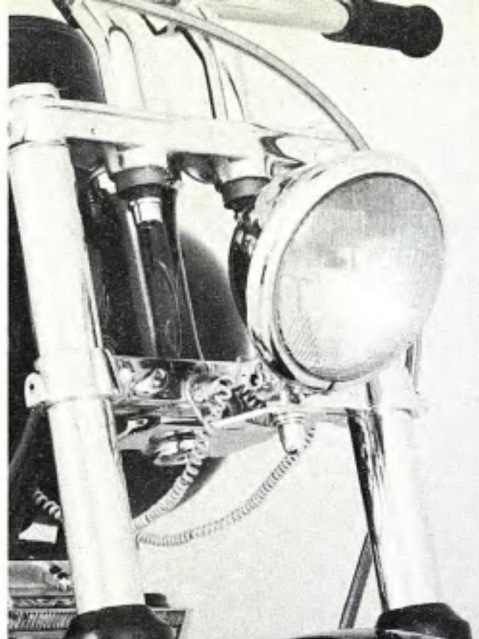


HOLLYWOOD

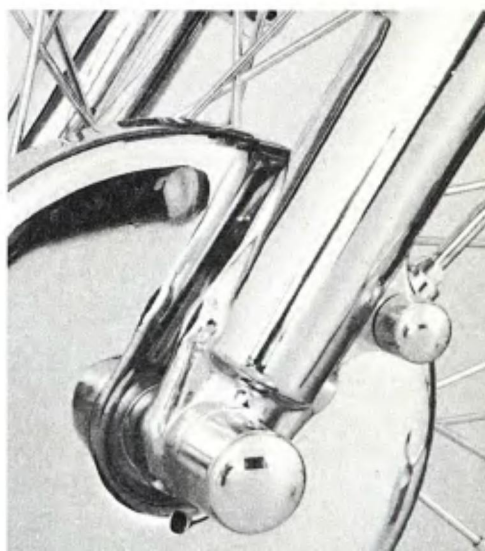
K.C. PAN

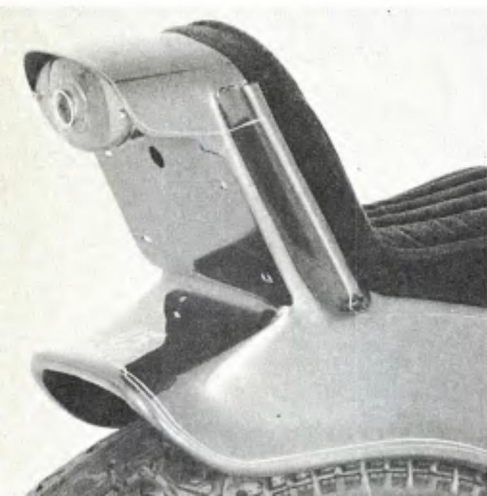
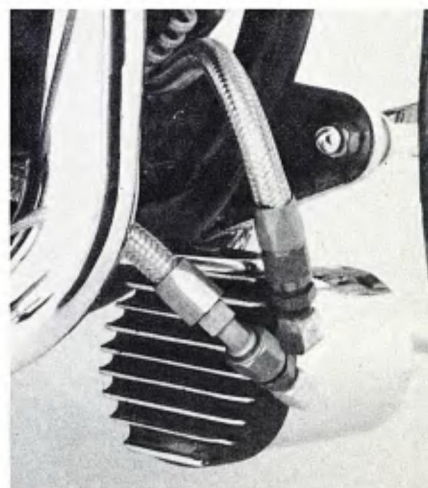
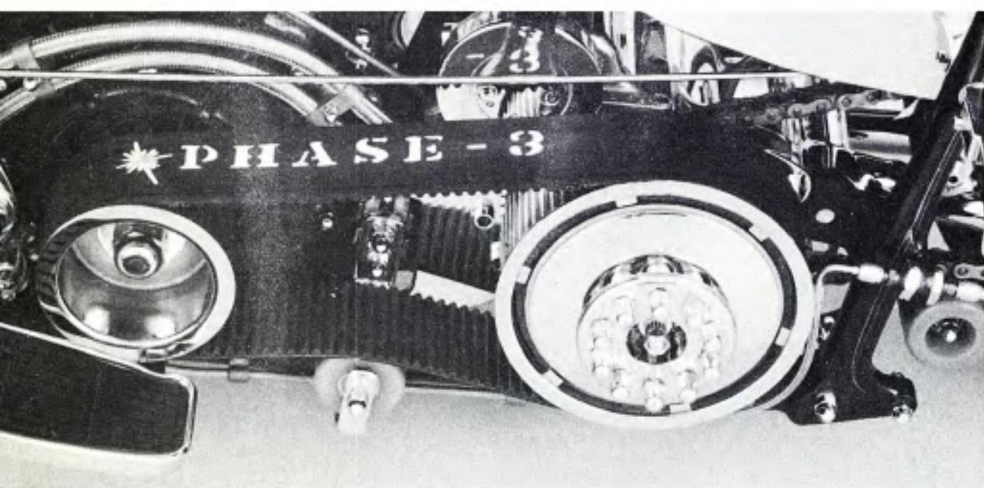
**Some bros are happy just to get to Sturgis every year, but
Bruce Brink ain't satisfied unless he's got a newly
chopped scooter to take him there.**





Usually ya get the moral of the story somewhere at the end. You know, after all the stabbin' and screwin' and scammin', the narrator comes along and says, "And so you see that if John had merely been faithful to Linda and kept his dork out of Doreen, he'd still be alive today, and that is the moral of this story." Since this is our April Fool's issue, and since we've got a rep for doing things backwards in this



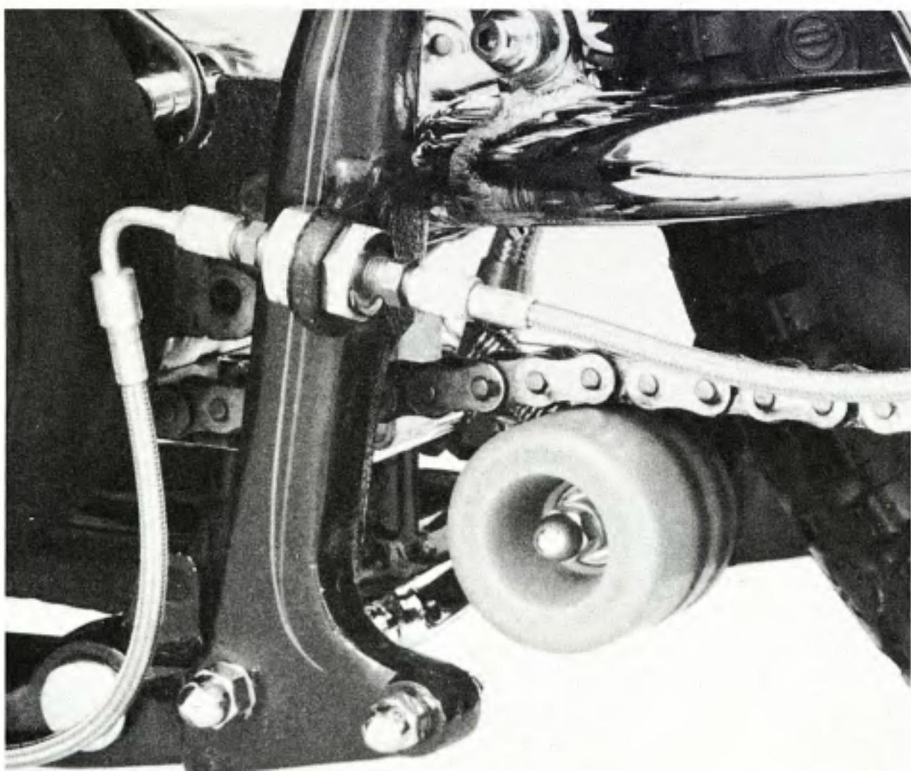
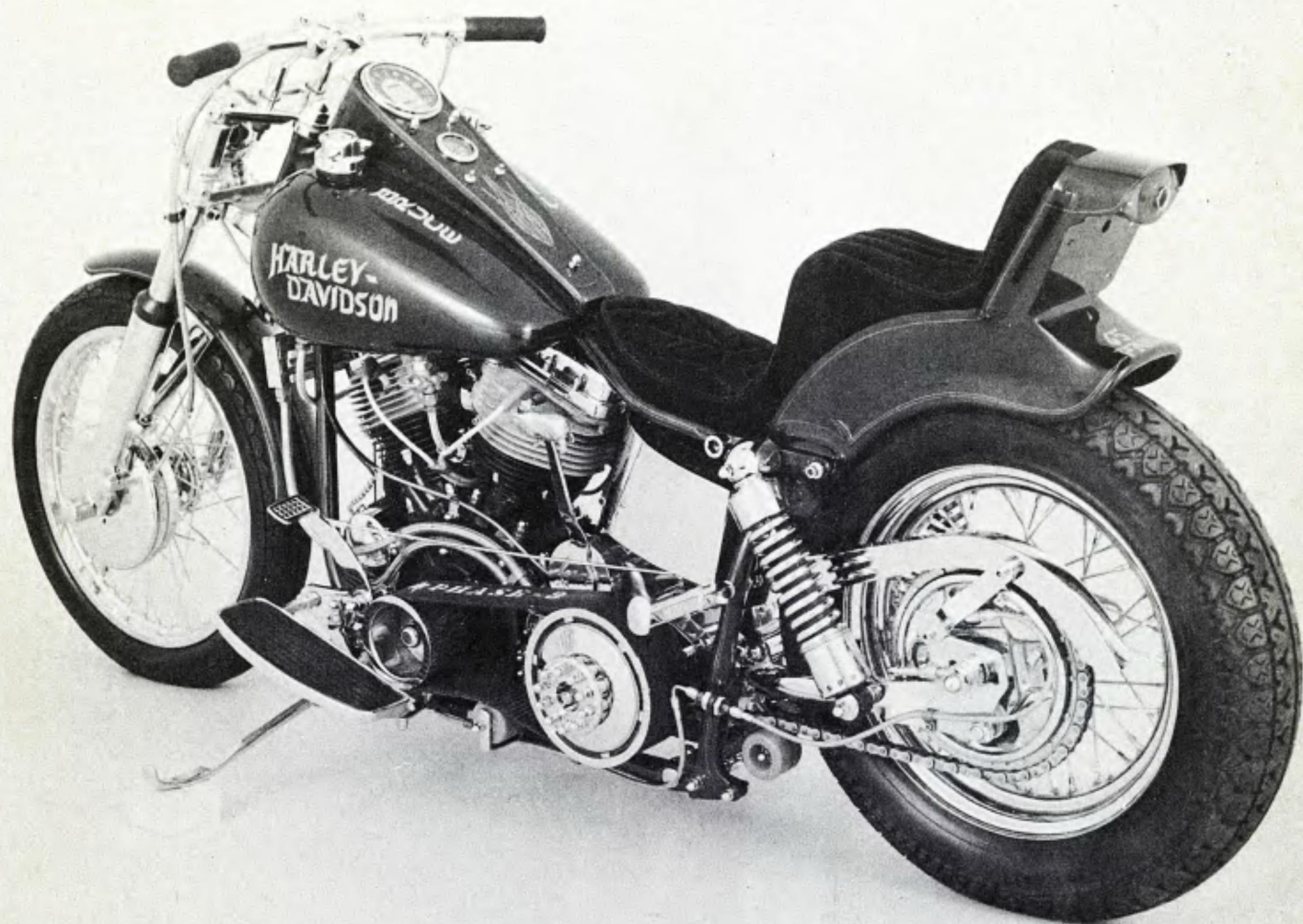


issue, we're gonna put the moral first — only there's nothin' at all foolish about this bike or the moral it proves. The moral is: Never be smug an' satisfied with what ya got, because there might be something even better right around the next corner.

Ya see, back around 1981 Bruce was riding his Wide Glide to Sturgis and, like the

rest of us, feastin' his eyeballs on the procession of other Hogs that he was either passin' or being passed by.

The thing that struck him most about all the hundreds and hundreds of scooters he scoped both on the trip and while in Sturgis, was how great-looking and sounding a righteously chopped panhead could be.



Returning home that year, Bruce decided that he had to get himself a pan, and get it fast. "I found this baby in pretty stock shape," he remembers. "It had been a dresser, but all the dresser gear had been stripped off and the custom seat that's on it now had been added.

"I took it inside my apartment for the winter, stripped it all down, and put it back together the way I wanted," Bruce says. "I started out for Sturgis on it that year (1983), but while I was on the road, a big strike hit the company I work for and I was called back."



Photos by Michael Lichter



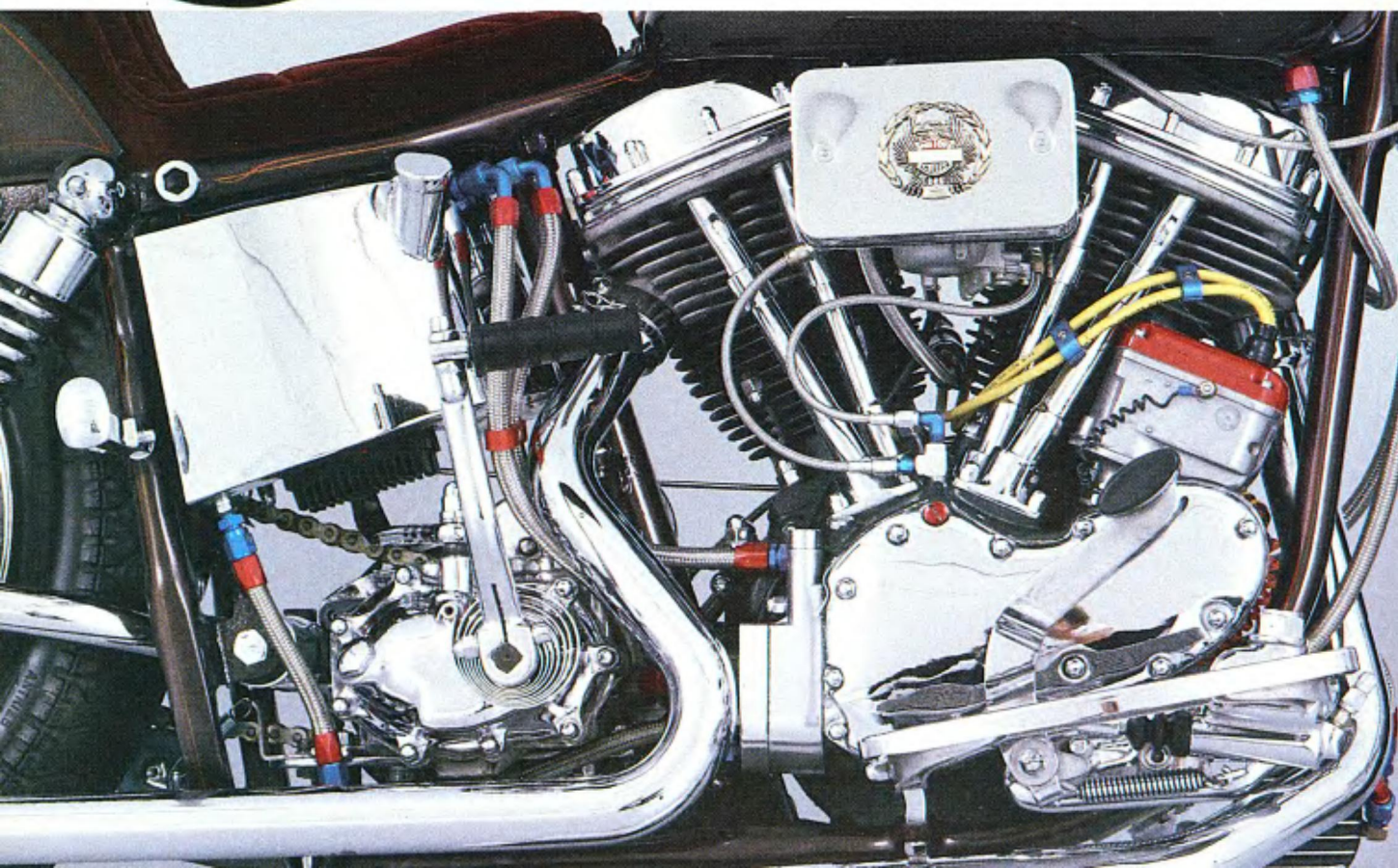
Owner: Bruce Brink		City: K.C., Mo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1965	
Year and make: 1965 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: swingarm	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: welds smoothed	
Chroming by: A&A Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1965		Risers: 4 in.	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): Crazy Frank (rear)	
Rebuilder: Stucky		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto		Taillight: blue dot	
Displacement: 1200cc		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: foot boards	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: clean		Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: like new		Oil tank: 5-qt.	
Cam(s): H		Oil system: H-D/late-model	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: C.C.I.		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: drags		Height: none	
Muffler(s): none		Material: none	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: polished case		Type: H-D	
Year: 1965		Extension: 3 in. under	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jhon of K.C.		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jhon of K.C.		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 4 1/2 in.
Color: Burgundy Diamond Pearl		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: mechanical	Brake: juice
Special paint: lettering and pinstriping			
Other special modifications: Belt and chain tensioners by Ben-Ther Bros; thanks to Little Steve for his help, and to Jhon for molding and paint.			

Not one to let setbacks keep him from getting as much enjoyment as he could from his newly chopped scoot, Bruce managed to put together enough long runs and 150-mile, half-day putts to pile over 16 thou onto the ol' odometer before he and his pan finally made it to Sturgis in 1984. And now that he's finally had his shot at profilin' his creation for all the other

Black Hills Classic regulars, he's hard at work on its replacement.

"It's gonna be a 74-in. shovel with a hardtail frame and double-belt drive," Bruce says. "So far, I've picked up an engine and a front end, and I'm rebuilding the power plant while I hunt for just the right frame. It'll definitely be done in time for Sturgis."

—Butcher



Meet "Little Mystery" and "Silver Bullet," two under-sized roadsters built during the tail end of the Roaring Twenties by a couple of top-drawer wrenches and promoters. And roar they did, since they were basically hot-rodded motorcycles disguised by a coating of sheet metal and a four-wheel foundation.

Of the two, the "Little Mystery" is perhaps the best known. Designed and built by airplane stunt flyer Ken Morehouse, the tiny tar-burner was propelled by a super-powered four-cylinder Henderson modified to use diamonds as main bearings.

Morehouse built "Little Mystery," which is 21 inches high, 34 inches wide, 51 inches long,

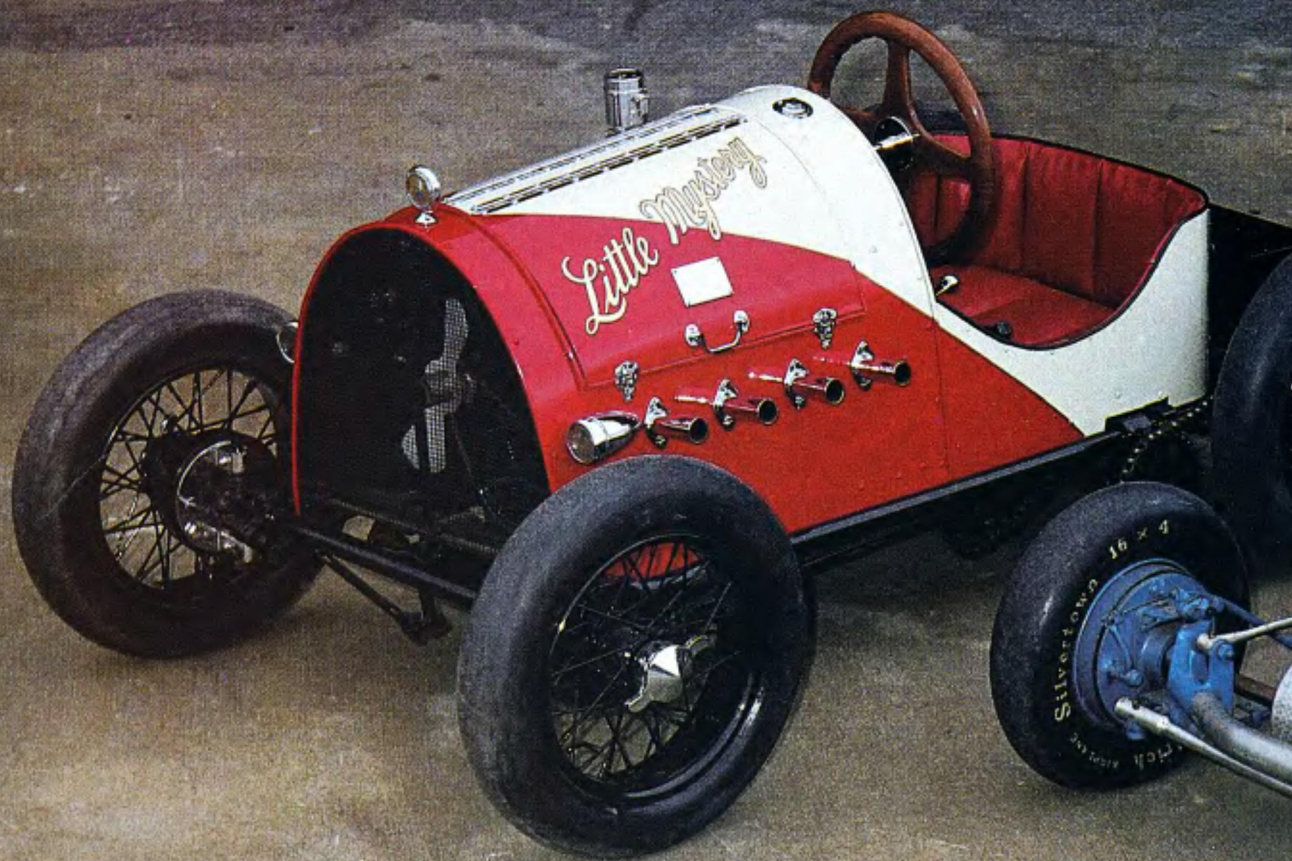
and weighs in at 625 lbs., to compete in the 1932 World's Light Car Championship at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The race turned out to be no contest with Morehouse and his "mystery" hitting a record-setting 130mph and running away with the \$20,000 purse.

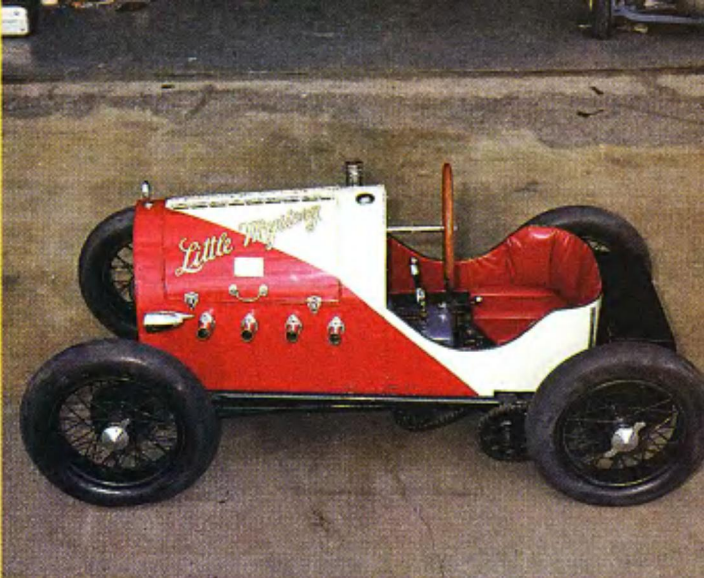
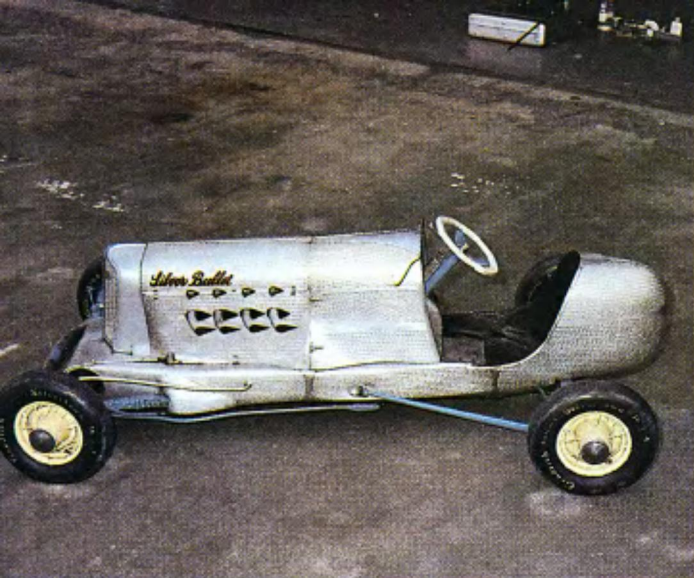
After the race, Morehouse and "Little Mystery" spent several years barnstorming the country, wowing the locals with their speed and trying to interest potential investors in Morehouse's plan to produce a line of diamond-studded bearings for airplane engines.

Though "Little Mystery" was built primarily as a proving ground for some of Morehouse's

MASTERS OF

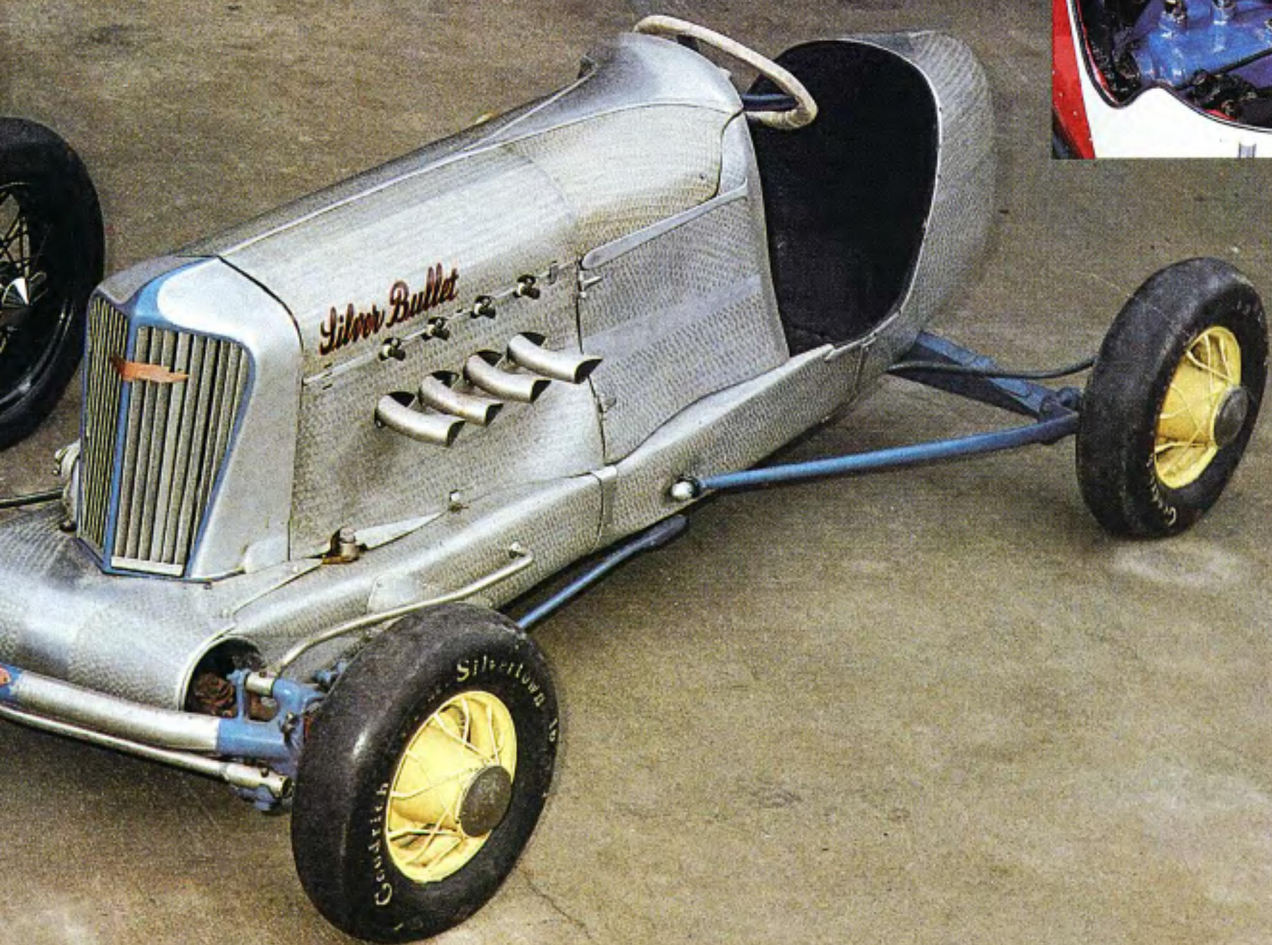
Don't plan on buying your rugrats one of these cute little motorcycle-powered

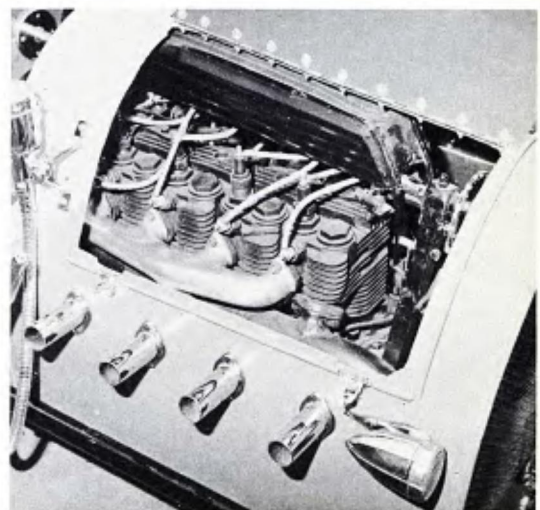
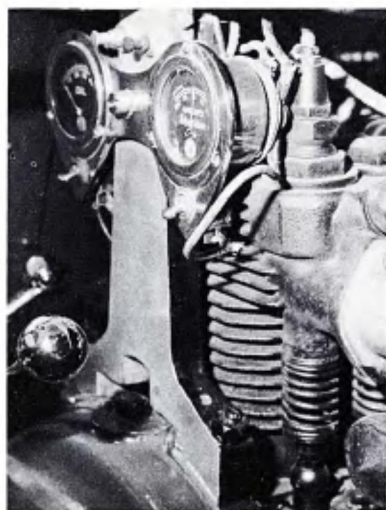
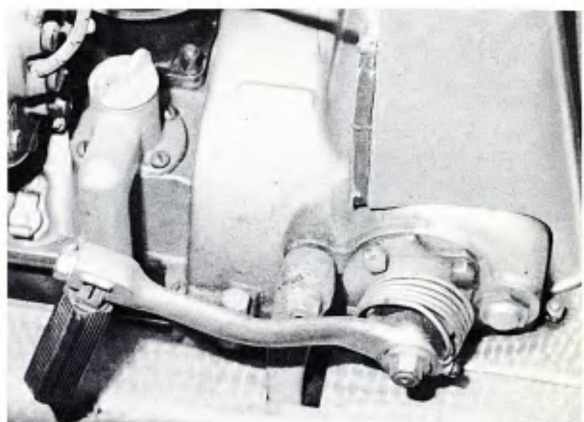
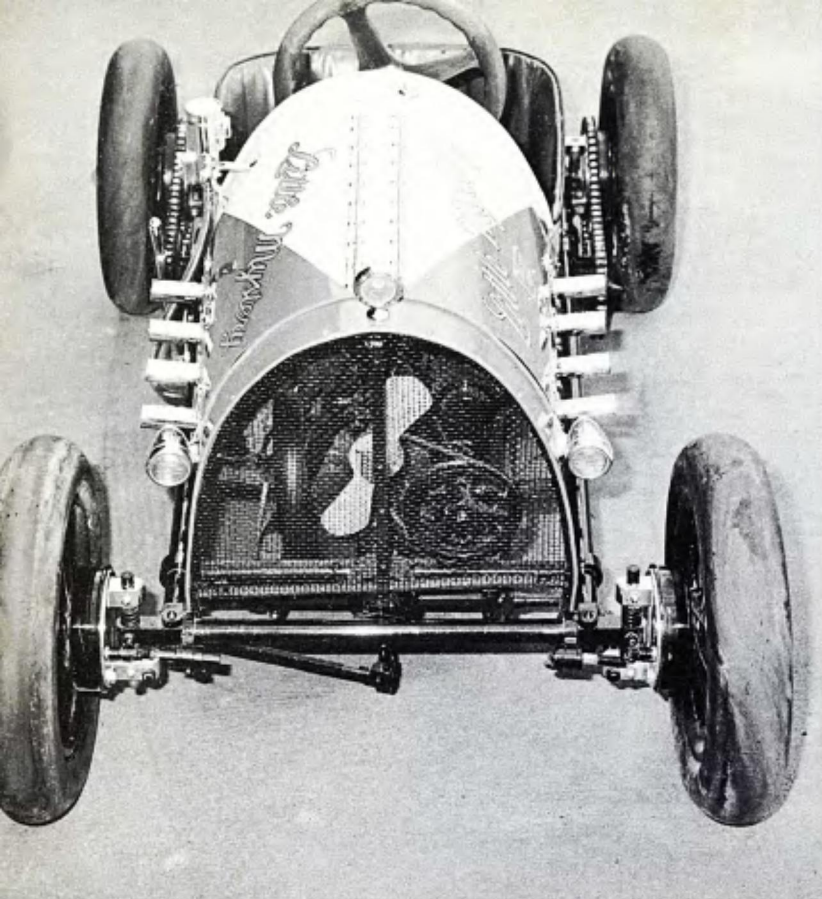




DISGUISE

mini-cages unless you're really in the bucks.





engine-modification ideas, its not-so-far-removed cousin "Silver Bullet" was one man's answer to the Depression-era need for reliable, low-cost transportation. Using an Indian engine and tranny, and featuring front-wheel drive, the "Bullet" was 26 inches high, 41 inches wide, and 83 inches long. It weighed a mere 500 lbs., had four-wheel brakes, easily

topped 70mph, and made heavy use of Model-T parts.

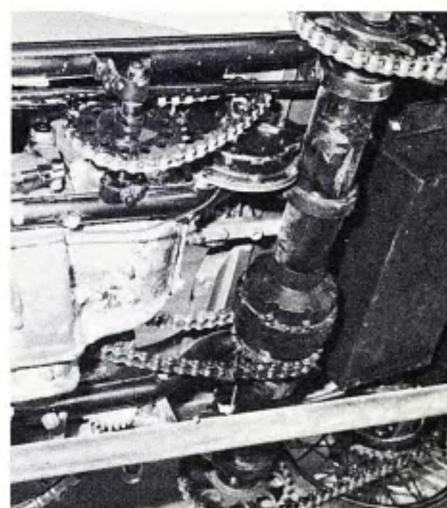
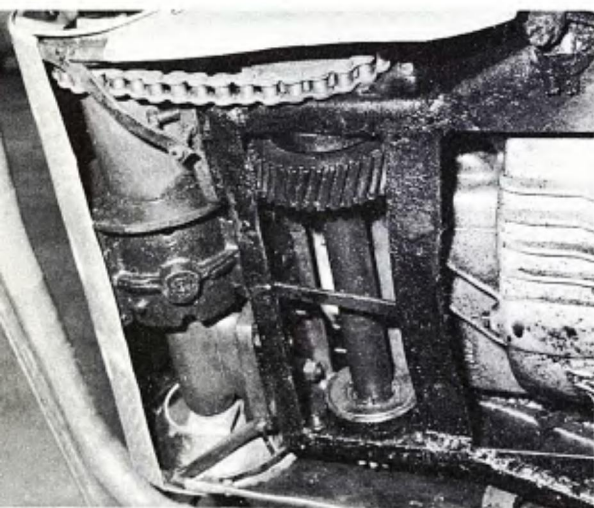
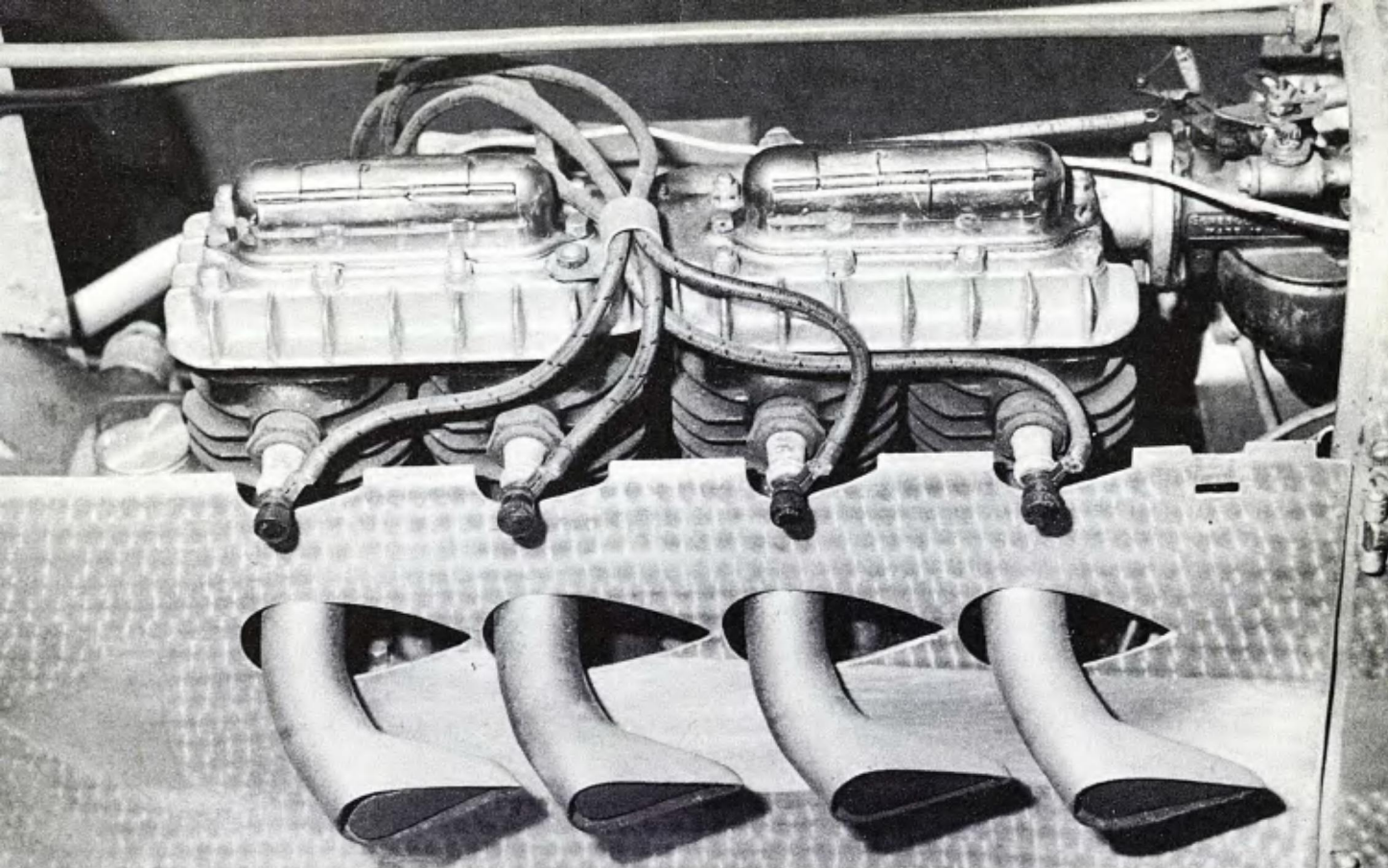
According to builder Ed Borntraeger, the "Bullet" was intended for "fellows who were in the same position I was, with no machine shop, and with the desire to build a real midget auto cheaply.

"I used car parts, mostly T-model Ford, but in all instances such parts were made to look like something

new or special. I used the Indian 4 engine as it was, along with its transmission."

Borntraeger never did, nor did he ever intend to, build production models of his midget. Instead, he sold complete plans (seven sheets of 18"x24" paper, he recalls) for the car through ads in the Home Mechanics-type magazines of those days.

"I wish to have you realize



that I am not handing out bunk, but plans on my car, something you can really use," he wrote in one of his promotional mailings. "As most fellows now have more time than money [certainly true in those Depression-era days of 20,000,000 unemployed men-ed.] for building such a car, my plans will appeal to you, I know."

Apparently, Borntraeger

was right, because a couple of thousand sets of plans were sold, many of them to the West Coast wrenches, who, a few years later, virtually invented the sport of midget racing.

Amazingly, since they were both one-of-a-kind creations, the "Silver Bullet" and the "Little Mystery" are still around and still in nearly stock condition (except for

"Mystery's" having lost its supercharger somewhere along the way). They've also both found the same home, the American Auto Racing Museum, in Santa Paula, California, where they continue to remind everyone who sees them of what a great combination old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity and power-for-all-seasons motorcycle engines have always made.

—Butcher

FLASHBACK

BY BIG JIM

Shortly after getting back from Vietnam and separating from the U.S. Army, I made the startling discovery that there weren't too many legitimate jobs available stateside where I could utilize the skills I'd picked up in the service. I mean, it just looks sorta funny on job applications and such when you list things like "reconnaissance," "mine deployment," and "killing people," under the heading of "Skills and Abilities." A year after I'd bid Uncle Sam farewell, I was struck by another revelation: I'd earned less per annum on my own than I had while working for Uncle.

The only reasonable solution seemed to be college. I know, I know — when you think of college your mind's eye tends to show you herds of nerds (and hopefully, an occasional fine-looking fox), but not too many long-haired, bearded bikers. Well, your mind's eye has it right, folks. I was the only one of my type for my entire four-year hitch. The other thing that I was the only one of is spelled v-e-t-e-r-a-n. Since we're talking early 1970s here, I'm sure you can see how popular that bit of background made me, particularly when coupled with my appearance and rather obvious "alternative lifestyle." But that's okay; my attitude then, like now, was always "Fuck 'em all."

In a way, it was sorta funny. The old rat pan and I eventually came to be recognized for the inseparable couple we really were. About once a year the student paper would send one of their braver peons around to take a picture of us for the benefit of freshmen and virgins; you know the sort of thing I mean: Watch out for this beast and his machine. The only time it seriously bothered me was when someone found out I was temporarily stuck with munching the free lunch at the local "mission." Hell, money was always a problem; by the time it was over, I'd been forced to divest myself of everything I ever owned — except Lady Rat.

During my senior year, by means which time has now managed to befog completely, I wound up getting invited to a New Year's Eve party. It was the first thing

in four years that I'd been invited to *attend*; most invitations that came my way had to do with departing. I, of course, assumed it was a joke of some sort. But then the more I thought about it, the more appealing the idea became of turning the joke around, of going to the fucking thing. What the hell, I figured; it wasn't like I had any friends to lose.

I took it into my head to show up looking just like what the sanitized assholes would expect — and then some. My attire included my old Army field jacket, resplendent with all the badges and patches I'd earned, topped off with my LRRP bush hat. Shitkicker boots and greasy Levi's completed my ensemble. I figured my appearance would be sure to pave the avenues of free discussion. Then, since it was a BYOB affair, I procured a bottle of 100-proof vodka, restricting myself to two measly slugs from it — assuredly, for medicinal purposes only — before setting off. Flying along icy streets bordered by two-foot-high snowbanks, I concluded that I was truly going to have a great time spreading around a little holiday cheer.

I had the desired effect on everyone there, I guess. No one would talk to me or even accept a drink from my bottle. Your loss, my gain, I thought, sipping away at it until it was no more. It was hard to resist congratulating myself as I also managed to put away some of their whiskey, some wine and some beer, so I didn't bother to try. Hey, self-entertainment seemed to be the name of the game I was playing.

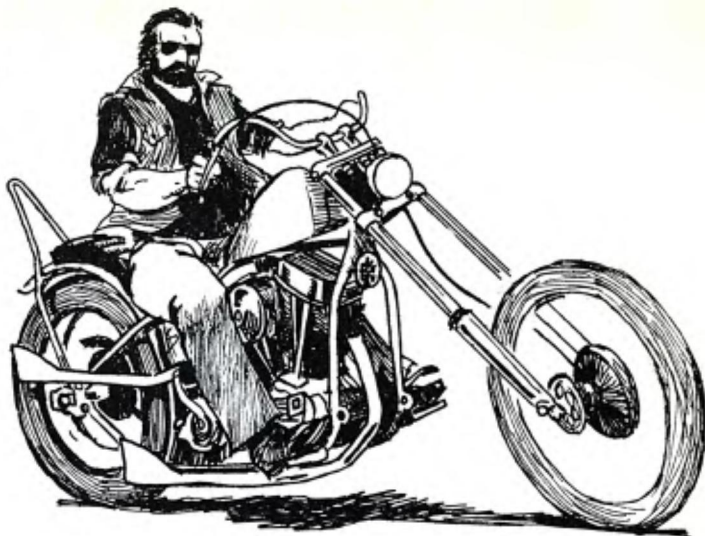
By about 3 a.m., I'd entertained myself into near rigor mortis. Practically everyone else had left already and the people who lived there were inviting me to go away for probably the twenty-ninth time. Bush hat unceremoniously askew, I was physically escorted to the door and bade a less-than-fond farewell. Not to be outdone by my hosts' social graces, I reciprocated by expressing my gratitude for a perfectly delightful evening, even as I gracefully fell down their front steps. The slamming door told me

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Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

A New Growth

Unless we start supporting each other and expanding our services of knowledge to the new wave of riders each year and curb manufacturing of over-powerful street machines, the government is going to step in with legislation requiring new riders to jump through hoops to be eligible for a motorcycle license, therefore discouraging the new breed and bringing to an end the growth in the Canadian motorcycle industry.

—Layback
Canadian
Biker Magazine

Spinning Guts

Though you can't see the Harley's guts spinning and pulsing, you can hear each mechanical event that contributes to the engine's life so clearly that you can visualize what sort of mayhem is happening inside. The XLX seems to be working harder at idle than most machines do at redline. The Harley struggles hard to sustain combustion, with such determination that you can almost feel its will.

—Motorcyclist

Ain't No Biker

In my book, a biker ain't a biker if he ain't got a bike. It don't matter if he is the toughest guy on the block, swaggers like Marlon Brando, picks his teeth with a Bowie knife, and wears all the correct gear — cut-off, originals, cowboy boots, cool-looking shades, bandanna — if he ain't running a good set of wheels, then he ain't a biker.

—Maz
Back Street Heroes

Sadly Unsuitable

Sadly, the only companies that actually produce complete [sidecar] outfits are Jawa, Cossack and Harley-Davidson. Of the rest, most of their machines are frankly unsuitable as a basis for an outfit without extensive modifications to the chassis, one of the weakest points of today's machine with regard to sidecar use.

—Australian
Motor Cycle News

ment in which they can slowly come around to appreciating the virtues of traveling on a motorcycle.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

Throw Them Out

Harley-Davidson finished a close second, with, appropriately, 74 votes. Harley-lovers won the punctuation derby by using the most exclamation points in their answers. One even went so

be cheaper to gamble that nothing serious will happen to the motorcycle rather than to pop for the routine, preventive maintenance.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Sample Obsession

Granted, nothing on four wheels can ever match the distinctive feeling of motorcycle riding and this is why I give special credit to Harley and BMW for at least offering a sample of this thrill to those who are curious enough about our two-wheeled obsession to perhaps end up buying one because of that sample ride.

—Jack Mercer
Northeast Riding

Cold News

The 1985 Harley lineup is no longer hot news. It was introduced several months ago and didn't include any startling new models. The old Big Twins are now Evolution models. Belt final drive has been incorporated on more models, having proven itself in the test of actual ownership. Harley's belts are generally lasting more miles than the first owners.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

And Thou

I can't think of a way to close this column without trampling over one or another well-worn cliché about man and his tools. Maybe you can get a sense of how I feel about them if I tell you that, in my opinion, when the poet spoke of a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread and thou, he was talking to his toolbox.

—Joe Minton
Motorcyclist



Mellow Thunder

The rumbling that issues from the dual pipes unmistakably labels the engine as some sort of V, but that sound, like a fingerprint, is not quite like any other. It doesn't duplicate the blap-blap-blap thunder of a 45-degree Harley, and it's not exactly the mellow bellow of a 90-degree Ducati V-twin; instead it's a little of both.

—Cycle World

Naturally Blessed

Not everybody is blessed with motorcycle fever naturally; the idea is to give those unfortunates who have not been so lucky an environ-

far as to insist anything but a Harley isn't really a motorcycle at all. He suggested we throw out all non-Harley votes. "Just doesn't seem right to include them," he wrote.

—Fred Clements
Motorcycle Dealernews

Self-Help

Self-adjusting, self-diagnosing, self-healing motorcycles seem almost mandatory. If we haven't already, some day soon we'll reach a point where servicing complex, intricate bikes becomes so expensive that individual owners won't bother dealing with it. It will

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

After five months, Pigstick no longer minded his new cellie very much. Sure, the dude still did the worst farts he'd ever encountered either side of the border. And the special privileges the new cellie got — stuff like the custom chow — were a bit irritating.

But, Pigstick had to admit, there were compensations. The extra time in the exercise yard, for one. And the exemption from that dumb laundry job for another. And the dude, it turned out, was really a pretty straight-up bro. Not at all the whiny mama's boy he'd seemed the day they'd prodded him through the door of Pigstick's six-by-eight.

The strangest thing, Pigstick realized, was that he'd really enjoyed showing the new cellie the ropes. It was a lot like breakin' in a virgin, he thought, teaching a new kid his way around the pen. Showin' him who he should know and who he should stay back from.

* * *

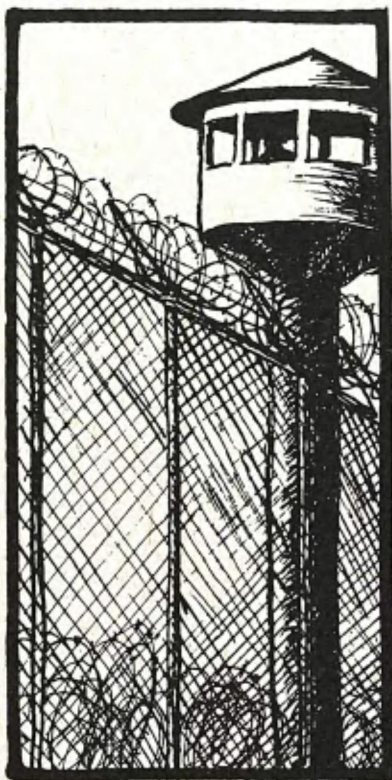
They came for Pigstick's new cellie between dawn and breakfast. "It's time," the bigger and meaner of the two screws told Pigstick as he motioned the cellie out into the corridor. "Hey, man, how 'bout some chow first?" said Pigstick, trying to buy a little time. "Now!" sneered the screw. "This reprobate's got a date with the P&D department. The pain-and-death boys, they're gonna hurt him good."

For one last time Pigstick reached out toward the new cellie who had become a bro. The cellie looked up at Pigstick, his brown eyes wide and trusting, and licked the proffered hand with his wet, furry dog tongue. Then the screw pulled tight on his choker and he was gone.

Later, at breakfast, nobody asked Pigstick about the strange marks on his face. They all knew what the bruises you get from beating your head on the bars look like. And they all knew precisely why those bruises were there.

* * *

The above parable, though for the moment still fictitious, is not one of



the April Fool's Day jokes scattered throughout this issue. We wish it was. In a lunatic bid to outdo the Birdman of Alcatraz by creating an army of caninemen of Quentin, California's Iron Duke, Governor George Deukmejian has come up with one of the most sickening ways of exploiting inmate labor since the Romans first figured out they could make their boats move faster by lashing the guys at the oars.

If Big Duke has his way, California prisoners will soon be put to work raising more than 2000 puppies a year for the torture chambers of so-called scientific researchers.

According to David H. Craig, the puppy scam perfectly suits the Iron Duke's plan to put more prisoners to work because it does not conflict with any private business in the state.

In a report on finding new jobs for prisoners, the Department of Corrections notes that protests by animal lovers "threaten to greatly reduce or eliminate supplies of laboratory animals currently being

provided by animal shelters and pounds." Prisoner-raised hounds, the report said could fill the dog gap by producing "more than 2000 60-pound, 6-month-old animals per year for universities in California."

The study also notes that prisoners will be able to provide the dogs "as much supplemental human contact as possible to imprint the dogs to be domesticated animals which can function in a research setting or which are amenable to training."

I'm not sure *exactly* what that means, but I *think* it means that the dogs will be wagging their tails on the way to the ovens.

Well, okay, gov, but it does seem a little strange that you want to cram a couple of thousand dogs into a prison system that's already so overcrowded the inmates have less floor space than most self-respecting kennels.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS Bang, Bang, You're Dead — Legally

A federal court has ruled that it is perfectly legal for prison guards to shoot escaping convicts in the back even if the escape could be easily thwarted by using non-lethal means.

The decision came in a case in which a prisoner at the Michigan Training Unit was shot to death by a tower guard after he had climbed two 12-foot fences and was about 50 yards from the outer-perimeter fence.

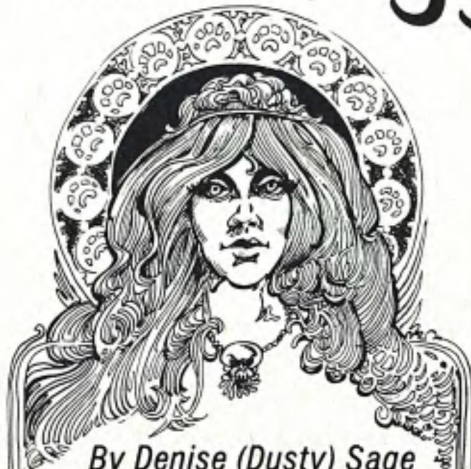
The convict's family, filing a civil rights action against the Michigan Department of Corrections, claimed that the unarmed victim was being closely pursued by two guards and was headed straight for a containment perimeter that would have prevented him from getting any farther than 300 yards from the institution before being apprehended.

In its defense, the state noted that the tower guard — who was 275 yards from the scene — had shouted for the inmate to halt and fired a warning shot before discharging the fatal round.

In finding for the state, the court ruled that the

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Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Aries

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

✚ Have yourself a ball-buster of a birthday bash — decorate your cake with Ex-Lax and keep everyone on the move. (Give each guest a roll of ass-wipe and a coffee can, and let 'em get real loose.) Afterwards, take flicks and sell 'em to your local fart-smelling society for big bucks. Put some excitement back in your life. Pass around a Vicks inhaler and let everyone sit on it.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

✚ This month you have the brass and the balls to pull off a royal flush. You can handle some heavy-duty shit and come out smelling like a winner. First off, use a breath freshener and change those crusty shorts. Then march your ass down to the bigwig and say, "Give me a raise or start wearing your asshole for a turtle-neck sweater." (This method worked for Attila the Hun, so it should work for you. If not, don't blame me.)

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

✚ This month your keen intellect leaves ya dribbling in your drawers. Worse yet, you show and tell. Diarrhea of the mouth puts a smear on your reputation and leaves a stain on your sheets. With your luck, you'll get outta the rack and step on your nuts. Best grab yourself a hot fuck and hide out till the situation blows over.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

✚ Tying up loose ends will prepare you for a big move forward. If you've been kicked back and snivelin' over some recent bad times, blow your nose, dry your eyes, and clean your ears. This is prime time to take that big step and change jobs, move, find a new house mouse, or anything you've been planning on for quite some time. Remember, the key word now is "planning."

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

✚ Good things are heading your way. You win a case of suds, find some big bucks stuck to the seat of a public toilet, run into a nymphomaniac who's just been let outta jail, your mother-in-law gets lockjaw, and/or your dick grows an inch longer (or maybe it's just finally gotten hard). Get off your ass and enjoy this one before it's over.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

✚ If it seems like everything

Your typical Aries should sport "Speedy" as his middle name. Aries are fast, furious, freewheeling, and always in hot pursuit of stray pussy, all of which they manage to do with class, style and stamina.

Sexually, Aries inspired the phrase "Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am" (polite fuckers, huh?) and they'll keep on doing it until they get it right or in — whichever comes first. They're ramrods in the sack and always have a full load, but often put it in the wrong hole, not giving a shit as long as there's some hair around it.

Always on top when it comes to innovative ideas, Aries are amazingly capable of converting old worthless crap into new worthless crap. (Got a worn-out douche bag and want a rubber ducky?) Aries tend to do best in vocations requiring quick decisions and leadership qualities. On the other hand, though, they do have a tendency to begin a project only to summon a flunky to take it over and finish it when boredom sets in.

Some famous Aries past

and present: Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, Houdini, Rod Steiger, Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Hugh Hefner (wonder if he ever gets bored?), Wallace Beery, George Harrison, and saving the best for last, *Easyriders'* Spider.

Aries are prone to migraine headaches, shortening of the penis, cowlicks and chicken licks. Most are plagued by insomnia and counter the problem by counting the hairs around their bungle to get to sleep. (The smart ones simply count the hairs between their teeth until nodding off.)

While Aries are competitive to the max, most play fair. Just remember that they're rather quick-tempered, just as quick on the draw, and will dot any eye in sight. One thing in their favor: Aries seldom carry a grudge. Instead, they get even on the spot.

If you want your mind totally boggled, if you want someone who'll still be partyin' when everyone else has passed out, grab onto an Aries and hang on tight — you've got a rough ride ahead.

loose on any major changes until the month's end when you can flip a coin and decide. Until then your balls are in a sweat from head trips and horny hang-ups. Before making a final decision, make sure the door swings both ways.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

✚ Tricky elements blow hot air out your ass (and it smells like trouble). Watch out for the big break that turns into a big bust. Hang onto resources with a tight fist. Remember, just because the world is flipping you off, that doesn't mean you have to sit on it. Shop around before parting with your hard-earned coin.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

✚ Put on your hard hat, then grab your hardon with one hand and your gonads with the other. Protect your goodies. That leak in your tire may not be as slow as your thinking is right now. Your brakes could need adjusting — don't wait till you're in midair to discover it. In other words, you're in an accident-prone period this month.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

✚ You're in luck not only this month, but also for the next couple of 'em. You can shoot your best shot now and hit the target without any bull. Even extra work won't bum you out — the pay makes it well worthwhile. Your fortune now comes from past efforts and it's about fucking time. It's still slow-go, however, on the kumquat trail of tails.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

✚ Be ready for the red-carpet treatment. You've got a double dose of do-it-right, no matter how wrong it is while coming your way. If you're still tryin' to con your way outta a shitty deal from a while back, open your mouth and floorboard your tongue. You're able to make real headway with minimal effort.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

✚ You're in for a nut-cracking nudge of energy this month that'll blow your shorts off. Use it to get your bike in shape — otherwise you could have a breakdown on the way outta your garage. Save enough steam to climb on and curl your ol' lady's toes between the sheets. Learn to mix business with pleasure. If you're smart, you can speak your piece and have it, too.

you touch either turns to shit, makes you sweat, gives you a ring around your asshole, or leaves a rash between your toes, relax — you're normal. After the 18th an on-the-rag attitude slows you down and puts a dent in your love life. Time to get out the whips and

chains that give romance an extra needed boot in the butt.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

✚ As usual, you can't decide which end is up. Well, if your hair is no longer on your head and your ass is wearing a hat, you're in big trouble. Hang

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
H-D of Clanton 1210 7th St. S., Clanton

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
For Hawg's Only 5754 E. Speedway, Tucson

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
J&R Chopper 602 1/2 Broadway, Van Buren
Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
David's Harley 3021 Madison Ave., San Diego
C&W Trikes 843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1853 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5889 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy.,
Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
American Cycle Supply 5503 Broadway, West Palm Beach
Peace Chief Sound Center 6805 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
Miami
The Motorcycle Shop 33 NE 79th St., Miami

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow

Big John's Cycles Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Meli Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 8888 N. Western, Chicago
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville
Jim's Custom Cycle Virgie

LOUISIANA

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

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

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 35891 Gratiot Ave., Mt. Clemens
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Chet Hall Enterprise 15032 E. Nine Mile Rd., E. Detroit

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Milwaukee Iron 1789 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1986 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Shore Area Cycle Works 1359 Rt. 9, Lakewood

NEW MEXICO

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

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome

Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 27 Hamilton, Oyster Bay
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Brooklyn Performance Cycle 8924 Ave. D, Brooklyn
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yaddin Road,
Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shop 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4951 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Cycle Masters 138 S. Cherry St., Marysville
Southwest Cycle 2718 Airport Hwy., Toledo

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2906 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA

Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parrisville
Moe's H-D Specialties 830 S. Dogwood Rd., Wainutport

SOUTH CAROLINA

Doug's H-D 2790 Pamplico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Cheta & Co. 4575 W. Hwy. 31, Corsicana

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Hwy. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Mountain Iron Rt. 3, Stuart

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1416 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumble Weed Customs 1001 Summit St.-Unit 3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA

Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne

WISCONSIN

Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

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. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$18 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Send \$18 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. **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.

Busted biker, blue eyes, good-looking, sincere. Photo exchange. Tom Makbovin 80A1493, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Harley tramp, 25, down in Texas, due to see daylight in late '85. I'm 5'8", 170 lbs., with brown hair and eyes. Foxy ladies, 25 to 7, please write and send pix. Ira Rubin 17001-009, FCI Ft. Worth (Star), 3150 Horton Rd., Ft. Worth, TX 76119.

Shovelhead-lovin' honky. I love sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and my Harley-Fuckin'-Davidsons. Lookin' for sisters who can relate with same. Rick Hale, Box 38405, Florence, AZ 85232.

Kentucky gentleman 31, 6'2", 200 lbs., blue eyes, light brown hair, would like to hear from some foxy ladies. Send photo for same. Nathan Hardy, KSR 87894, La Grange, KY 40032.

I'm a 27-yr.-old w/m, wanting the presence of a woman in my life. Mark Clark, Box B-89134, Tamal, CA 94974.

I am 5'10", 180 lbs., 28, and looking for someone willing to help make today's dreams tomorrow's reality. Please send photos. Hobbies: dancing, singing, and enjoying every bit of my woman's needs. Joe White 82-A1315, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

100% Aryan white boy, 27, locked down for 6. Where are my sisters, my bros and friends? Brent A. Ellis 047436, Box 538-ACC, 5-Dorm, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

So. Cal. white boy would like to hear from ladies with heart. Will answer all. Richard E. Guppy, C74278, Box 689, CTCF-F219, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Need righteous, good-lookin' good-hearted white woman for this down 24-year-old Aryan tramp. Robert Clevenger, N-41291, Box 1000, Lincoln, IL 62656.

White male, 6'2", 190 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, late 20s. Less than a year left. Looking for women, 18-?, who don't want to take the money and run when going gets tough. Appreciate honest correspondence. Mike Waleke, 5212 City, M. Box 238, Oregon, WI 53575.

W/m, 26, 180 lbs., brown curly hair, green eyes, would like to hear from ladies, any age. Love to putt, truck, fuck, and rock 'n' roll. Pix nice, but not necessary. Joe McBrowne, A-8130, Box 105, Grantsburg, IL 62943.

Blue-eyed outlaw/singer/Nam vet needs letters from a solid lady who can be trusted. I'm 33 but look 25, brown hair, 6'1", 200 lbs. Many interests include writing short stories and poems. James E. Lowery, EF137762, F-125 Coastal CI, Box 7150, Garden City, GA 31418.

Milwaukee tramp, 32, doing 10 in the Sunshine State, looking to hear from other Milwaukee people. Out shortly, heading for home where I still have my shovel, and ready to party. Ladies, let's plan ahead for summer. Rick "Scooter" Cochenet 068716, #203, Box 99, Clermont, FL 32711.

"Steamer" Mike Dugan, and anyone else who wonders where Outlaw Bob ended up: I'm doing over 1000 years in the Sunshine State! It's going down like corn bread and cotton mouth. Robert J. "Outlaw Bob" McCullough, A035178, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Wanted: Positive-minded white girl, 18 years or older. No games. 23, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Soon free and in the wind. Richard Anthony, Box C69341, San Quentin, CA 94974.

Downed bro doing time for Oregon. I'm 20, have long brown hair, 5'7", 125 lbs., and have no one here. Need letters from ladies. Gary Beagles 11855, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, OR 97310.

Lovely lady to be free in '85. Want to make some plans for future puttin' and partyin'. Rose Faison, AF04404, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

W/m, 44, 6'5", 210 lbs. All letters and pix welcome. Everyone write, please. W.W. Owens 374619, Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Lonely w/f, 27, single, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'3", 140 lbs., looking for new friends and people who want to correspond. Janet Willis 151301, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Aryan brother, 19er, Ozark Mountain man, down in Texas for making meth. Could use words from the free; any and all are welcome. L.W. "Doc" Cover 361018, Box 128, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861-0122.

Left Calif. for a funeral and got slammed into this East Coast tomb. White tattoo artist, 33, blue eyes, brown hair, looking for sensual lady. John T. Todd, Box 100, S. Walpole, MA 02071.

Looking for a serious-minded, hot, sexy blonde to fulfill my lonely nights. 100% pure Indian, 5'10", 169 lbs., dark brown hair and eyes, born 3/13/62. Todd J. Wilson, C28396, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

W/m, 23, light brown hair, 5'10", 165 lbs. Ladies, send me dirty, wild, possessive kites with cool or raw flicks. I'm hungry for you. Jim D. Wilkerson, C-69148, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Aryan male, 30, 6'2", 190 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair. Lookin' for a stand-up house mouse who's got boo-coo heart and knows when not to be too much of a lady (smile). Mike Price 311996-019, Box 1000, Marion, IL. No prison mail allowed.

Wanted: Good-hearted lady with a little time to spare to scratch me a few lines. Dirty white boy, marriage-minded. Kites with flicks answered first. Mike Dougall, A021795, Box 700, Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m biker, 32, looking for a very together ol' lady who lives in Washington, likes to travel, and would be willing to relocate. No phonies, liars, game-players, or teasers. Send letters and pix to John Goerig 629146, B-1-C, Box 514, Monroe, WA 98272.

Two Fresno bros doing time in the Big Q. Sure could use some female attention. Please write Frank Christian, B-66387, and Coy Ballard, C-56836; Tamal, CA 94974.

100% outlaw w/m, 32, blond hair and blue eyes. Just over a year to do and would like to share my dreams with you. Ladies, write Doug Gordon 48234, Box 999, Canyon City, CO 81212.

W/m, 27, 6 ft. and tired of the bullshit. Ready to settle down with the right one. Want to tell someone your dreams? T. Parsons, C82430, Box 515, Joliet, IL 60432.

W/m, 38, 200 lbs., trash from the gate. Been down a long time. Looking for the right lady. No games. Out in 16 months. Paul Silva 059172, PCI, 3876 Evans Rd. Box 50, Polk City, FL 33668.

Downed w/m, 30, seeks chicks and flicks. Under one year to hit the bricks. "Slow Hand" Anderson 161-886, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Lookin' for a honey who may want to get serious. No head games! Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 165 lbs., in the wind in '85. A.D. Oney, B78824, Box A, Rm. 4293, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

W/m, 23, 6'1", 175 lbs., blue and brown, wants to hear from ladies. Send nice and naughty flicks. I'm waiting, so get the pen smoking. Love y'all. Mike McFarland, Box B-36919, Florence, AZ 85232.

Lookin' for mouse! One lonely bro, 5'10", 165 lbs., brownish-blond hair, hazel eyes, in need of sexy, no-bullshit lady (no dumb cunts). Out in '85. Glenn "Tattoo" Schave, Jr., Box WR, Green Bay, WI 54305.

Downed Tenn. bro doin' 20 the best way I can. Sure could use a good ol' lady to share thoughts and feelings with. Ricky Williams 304764, Rt. 1 Box 1077, Brazoria, TX 77422-9799.

Help! Sincere white woman, 27, down on bad rap needs good man to help me make it through. No bull! Nice-lookin' blonde with green eyes, 5', 105 lbs. Would enjoy pix with letters, but can't receive mail from prisoners. Pamela Carter 160421, BCI Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Downed w/m looking for possible long-term relationship with lady, 18-40. Need letters and pix. Plenty of time to answer all. Jim Darby 158937, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 23, 6'3", 195 lbs., looking to meet young foxy ladies from NYC area. Write/flicks. Jack Bass, 81A6089, Box G, Wallkill, NY 12589.

Looking for a biker bitch to correspond with "The Bandit." Will be coming out of hell in May '87. Arthur Banks 047643, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Healthy w/m, 26, 5'9", 185 lbs., looking for that sweet little woman with whom I can share my dreams of riding, loving, and living the good life. Michael "Tank" Shepherd, C-25456, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

W/m has been down since '78 for bank withdrawal. Need letters and flicks from any and all. Cleath "Bandit" Wadsager, Box 33-00553-018, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

Wanted: righteous, down-to-earth lady who loves the outdoors and taking care of her man and kids. W/m, 29, 5'11", 168 lbs., coming up for air by Xmas. Marttie Eugene Curry 346081, Ellis II, E2-115, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Good-looking French-Canadian dude, white, 35, searching for a compassionate lady to correspond with. Guy Bazinet, Box 22, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 4V7.

W/m down and expecting to get out in '85, needs to find a good girl for then. I'm a one-woman man, 5'9", 150 lbs., with brown hair. Please send pix. Ronnie Deavers, Rt. 2 Box 1090, Ridgeway, VA 24148.

Tramp artist in need of love from special woman. Want to share, not take, and build a future. W/m, 32, brown hair, 5'10", 180 lbs. Send pix. Robert Biddle, C-64315, CMC, Box A, Room 3343, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401.

SoCal scooter tramp in Folsom needs letters and photos from ladies: marriage-minded, skin flicks, anything at all. Help make this time go faster. Bobbie Lee "Mad Dog" McFarland, Box C-80547, Represa, CA 95671.

Free-spirited w/m Scorpio, 25, 6', 175 lbs., brown curly hair, hazel eyes, beard. They got me till 8/85. How about some nice (and nasty) letters from women, 18-45? John Indivvero 84-C-287, ACF, 3595 State School Rd., Albion, NY 14411.

Attention, ladies: Lonely white boy, 21, 6'3", tattoo artist, seeks strong-hearted lady who will stand by me till I step in 12/84. Johnny "Grande" Goswick, Box B-42572, Florence, AZ 85232.

100% white and lookin' for good woman to help me through this time and be there when it's over. No games. Send flick. Marvin Gibson, C-81164, Box 441, Chino, CA 91710.

W/m, 47, 1 1/2 yrs. to go, maybe less. Seeking sincere lady for serious relationship. Age, looks, and location no barrier; kids OK. Jim Meisner, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933.

Wanted: Warrior's companion; must be loyal and smart. No games, dummies, or drunks. Must be in good physical shape — I am. Age, looks not important; heart is. Send pix. Michale Cowden 30952, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Downed biker doin' hard time wants letters and pix from you single ladies. I'm 5'11", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. John "Hang Man" Voytko, P7392, Box 99901, Pittsburg, PA 15233.

Help! Lonely half-breed, 1% tramp, 29, been down 4 years. Need correspondence with one of you sweet ladies to help make this time fly. Flicks, visits, anything. Will answer all. Ernest "Gunner" Garza, Box 600, Unit C-2, Canon City, CO 81212.

Two Eagles, 32 and 38, temporarily restrained, looking for two cute doves to fly thru the canyons of our minds. No demands. Waiting in anticipation. Replies accompanied by flicks could make the difference. We're both healthy and well-groomed. Troy "Rebel" Brown 77626, Unit F, and Ron "R.C." Cline 74159, Unit D, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

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 **Bernie "B.C. Frog Hawg,"** waved on to his death by a redneck cager. We love ya and miss ya. Until we meet again, all your bros, sisters and friends, Vancouver Island, Canada.

In memory of **Jolly Jake,** 7/15/84. Bad blood on earth was your ride to Biker Heaven. Sure hope there isn't any there. See you again someday. Cheko.

In loving memory of **Fred J. Swaggert,** a good man I once loved. Words cannot express how much your bro miss you. Ride free and easy, babe. Denise.

In memory of darling **Peoples "Big Pat" Patterson III,** 7/11/84. He lived to ride and he rode till the end. Friends in Lugoff and Pontiac, South Carolina.

In memory of **Crazy J.** It's been 4 years, sis, and you're still in our hearts. The Colorado Sons of Silence remember you as the craziest, toughest bikin' chick there ever was. The Colorado Deadmen (my brothers) will always remember and love you as you were. Your sis in life and in death, Dora (Penny).

In loving memory of **"Mouse,"** 10/2/83. We miss you, bro. Memories never die. We'll always keep yours alive. Ride in the wind forever. Love, Denise and all your friends from Mom and Dad's Bar, Marshalltown, Iowa.

In ever loving memory of **Paul G. Cooper,** 11/8/62 to 1/26/84. I never was one to show tears, but, little bro, since you've been gone, I have shed many in this hell hole. I write to say thanks for being more than a brother, a friend when there weren't many to be found. You're free now, so fly, baby. SS and the world.

In memory of **Larry Ward,** taken from this life on 9/14/84 at the age of 25. I'll never forget you, bro, and I'll do what I can for your ol' lady and son. Your brother Mike, Lisa, and Little Mike.

In honor of and with love for **George "Smash" Richmond,** 2/18/56 to 11/7/78. You taught me to ride and respect big bikes. You're in my heart. From Rocket, Wy., to Harrisburg, Pa., always and forever, "Bubble."

In memory of **Reno,** a bro through and true who was downed by rednecks 5/23/84. Missed and loved by Dago Red and family, Hoss in spirit.

In memory of **"Cannon Ball,"** 7/12/84, gone but not forgotten. We'll meet again in Harley Heaven. All your brothers, Hawg Ridin' Fools MC.

In memory of **Chester W. Scamp, Jr.,** 2/14/57-7/23/84. When I was hurt and needed a friend, you were there to help me mend. Goodbye, goodbye, my trusted friend, all your memories will never end. We love you, Michelle, Gary, Chuck, and friends, Taylor, Michigan.

In loving memory of **Colette Carmel Manier,** 12/30/56-6/17/84, taken from us too young but at least your suffering is over now. I'll never forget our good times. Whenever I'm in the wind, I feel your presence riding right beside me on our Black Beauty. Someday I'll be riding right beside you again. Love, Sharon.

In honor of **Fred A. "Pamhead" Simpson, Jr.,** 11/18/56 to 7/8/84, taken senselessly by a cage at the hands of a fool, leaving unique memories only for those who understand. Love, your #1 ol' lady, your family, and bros and sisters of Maine.

In memory of **"B.G.,"** who was taken away 12/3/82 by a little punk with a gun. You will be in my memory forever. Your bro, Terrible Tony.

In memory of **Cruise,** president of Righteous Company MC, and **Dutch,** Ghost Riders MC, two of the best bros ever. Gone but not forgotten. Your brothers.

In loving memory of **Robert "Snake" Heller,** 9/18/84 wasn't your day, but I know you're free in Harley Heaven. It will be "a rainy night in Georgia" till we meet again. Keep it in the wind, bro. Sadly missed by your loving ol' lady, Kathy.

In memory of **Ronald "Tubey" Geiger,** 7/19/84. We opened up Harley Heaven's door. Now you're not the first to make us score. Sharing all the memories at each and everyone's side, you know I'll walk around carrying your pride! P.B.

In loving memory of **Butch Stroisch,** 26, who died 9/8/84 after a head-on crash with a Jap truck whose driver left him there to die. After a week of intensive care for multiple injuries and burns, he died on the table during skin grafting. A 100% biker who had a lot of biker friends and a family who will miss him very much, he might have been alive today if that dude had just stopped to help him.

For **Steady Eddie,** 4/1/84. You'll be long remembered and always loved by all of your brothers. It's a fine, fine day. Your friends from Hattiesburg, Miss., and Dee. Goodbye, bro. Ride on!

In loving memory of **Renee Babbie,** 7/24/83. In our hearts always. Never forgotten! Partied up a scooter one summer night. All your loving brothers and sisters in the Rockies.

In memory of **Tony Tiger,** 10/26/58 to 9/5/84. The best friend I ever had, a true brother, loved and respected by all who knew him and murdered by a slut in a cage who did a left turn in front of him and his Sporty. Painfully missed by all his family and friends in Savannah, Tennessee. Gary D. Jennings.



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

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The Last Laugh

Continued from page 18

five-day layover at Chino, and on the fifth day opportunity had not only knocked, it had positively beckoned.

Why, he'd almost begun to feel invincible by the time he'd reached downtown L.A. that first evening of freedom. He'd worked six hours for a Riverside, California, pig farmer who seemingly didn't recognize prison denims when he saw them or at least didn't give a shit as long as the right number of hogs got loaded on the right number of trucks. When the last rig had been loaded and the driver had been given his bill of lading, the farmer had waved Cap over. "Starting right now," he'd said, "I figure you got yourself five minutes to clear off before I call the sheriff." Before his stretch up north, Cap would have dropped the prick in his tracks, kicked the cowboy dogshit out of him and burned his farm to the ground with him included, but time served had forced him to learn much about a certain commodity called patience.

In this case, patience had been rewarded almost immediately. A short fifteen minutes later, from behind a dusty mesquite bush, Cap had watched the farmer rattle off down the road toward town in his Ford pickup. Half an hour after that, Cap himself had finally left the premises, wearing an old plaid shirt and a pair of Levi's whose slack had been remedied by safety pins. In his hip pocket nestled the small but comforting sum of \$63. And he neither knew nor cared that for the rest of that day the farmer's wife smiled to herself whether her ol' man said anything funny or not.

Cap had ridden the dog into Los Angeles with no one giving him a second look and his luck had held. Now if he could just get to sleep — abruptly his thoughts turned back to the coming morning. If any one thing



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had sustained him during the time he'd been locked up, it had been his commitment to revenge; the aching need to know why Kat was dead, the rage to punish her unknown killer, to wipe away the 12 years, five months and four days Cap had served in some miserable bastard's place. Escape was nothing. Cap was out to win the whole match. In the final analysis, there just wasn't room in his life for any more losses. He'd find the enemy or die trying.

Once again he saw the "facts" as they'd been presented to the jury. Katherine Carelli's naked, battered body had been found in her suburban bathroom by her lawyer husband upon his return from a late-night card game. The coroner said Mrs. Carelli had died of massive internal bleeding, sustained during a beating that had gone on long after she'd already stopped breathing. Cap's own breathing turned ragged, remembering, imagining.

They'd said a trail of blood led from the bathroom to the bedroom, that the bedroom looked like a cyclone-ravaged butcher shop. Under a pillow, stuck to the linen by Type-A blood, investigators had found a color photo of a young couple on a '53 panhead. The grieving Mr. Carelli had identified the smiling leggy blonde in the picture as his wife when she was still Kat Baxter. And the grungy long-hair she was so lovingly snuggled up against was, he indicated brokenly, her former fiancée. A low-life whose name he'd never learned, for it was part of an unfortunate past Katherine had outgrown and forgotten. The back of the photo was inscribed simply, "Cap 'n' me."

In her personal effects, locked in a little cedar chest she'd gotten for her high-school graduation — Cap still remembered driving her down to the store to pick it up — was the agonized letter Cap had written her after her "Dear John" had reached him in Vietnam. Certain sentences had been considered essential to railroading him and were consequently read aloud during Cap's trial.

"If you marry this other jerk, you know you'll live to regret it."

"You said you'd rather die than live without me."

"When did you decide you wanted a living death in the suburbs instead of the rest of our lives being free to ride and love wherever we wanted?"

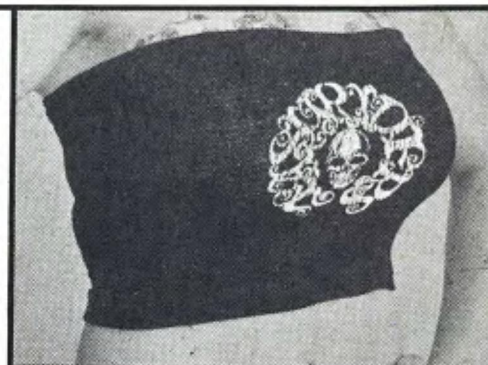
The court-appointed psychiatrist mouthed the opinion that Cap displayed all the tendencies of a war-shattered paranoiac with a persecution complex. He had no answer to Cap's shouted assertion that he was, indeed, being persecuted. The polygraph tests were inconclusive, or so they said. The fact that Cap had no alibi didn't help. The additional facts that since returning stateside Cap hadn't kept the same job or lived in the same place for more than two months, that he'd been picked up several times for being drunk and disor-

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☐ CHRISTMAS
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☐ SUNDAY
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Get your ass outta that fuckin' place fast, bro, and make it ...

one piece!



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Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends throughout the year

We wanted some all-occasion cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind. We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — no shit. They're so rank we can't show them all in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing, Mother's Day, Father's Day, etc. cards. Remember, you've been warned. You get 12 different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$5.95.

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derly, not to mention the two occasions he'd been involved in bar fights, all served to indicate he was at best a menace to society and at worst, the cruel slayer of a beautiful young woman who'd once thought herself in love with him.

Well, Cap had long ago ceased crying for Kat, and the pain had somehow transformed itself from raw hurt into a fierce bitterness. After all this time the trail might be cold, but somewhere there had to be a clue, one tiny bit of information that would point him in the right direction. The place to start was with Kat herself, or rather, the only other person Cap knew who had been as close to her as he himself had once been.

In contrast to the bike's smooth roar, Cap sounded like a terminal emphysema patient as man and machine split the grayish-yellow dawn murk on the freeway. By the time he'd reached the San Berdoo cut-off, he estimated his lungs were three-quarters burnt-out, but the Harley kept hugging the road so perfectly, the twin thumper never missing a stroke even when it started to climb, that they were in the mid-mountain area before he realized he wasn't fighting for every breath. He stopped to piss in Victorville, California, and, looking at his watch, revised his ETA. At his current rate of travel, he'd be in Las Vegas by early afternoon. He hoped the information he'd been given was right.

When Angie opened her apartment door and recognized him, her eyes widened with shock and Cap would have had to be blind not to notice the twin element of fear flickering in those chocolate-brown pools. Blindness would also have been his only excuse if he hadn't noticed she was barely dressed in a half-open bathrobe and that she'd been crying. For a moment he thought she was going to scream, but then she reached out a suntanned arm and grabbing him by the sleeve, yanked him inside. "Cappy!" she said, throwing both arms around him, oblivious to the fact that her robe had now fallen a hundred percent wide open, revealing evidence that she'd been sunbathing in the raw all summer.

"My God! Cap! Why'd you come here? They've already been here looking for you, you know!" she whispered fiercely. "They're probably watching the place, dammit! Where in hell have you been for the last two weeks?"

Ignoring her questions, trying to overlook her musky perfume and her innocent nakedness, Cap backed her off to arms' length and watched her face as he asked one crucial question of his own. "Do you think I did it, Ang?"

"Shit!" she said, her eyes filling with tears again. "How can you ask me that? I knew you couldn't do anything like that, not to Kat, not ever to Kat. But you've got to get out of here, before they find you!" She noticed the untied robe and cinched it tight

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Give them the message with our new shirt, or put 'em in their place with our original design. New design in any color; our other shirt is available in white on black or black on white. Specify which color, which style (F-shirt or new) and what size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$10, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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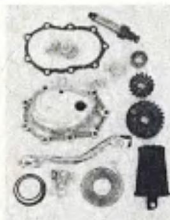
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around her tiny waist.

Long-suppressed desires stirred deep inside the tall, lean figure slouched against her foyer wall. "We'll get to that," he said. "But I need to know some things first. Don't worry, I didn't come here for you to put me up or to get you in trouble. Looks like you might have enough of your own, anyhow. I just need some answers and then I'll be gone."

"You hungry?" she asked. "Or you want a drink? God, how did you find me? I'm so glad to see you, you've no idea —"

"Shhhh! Slow down, lady, and cool your jets a second. First things first, and first off I want to know why you've been crying."

For a moment, her face turned old and haunted. "It's nothing," she said, turning away.

"You know, Ang," Cap said softly, taking her by the shoulders, shocked at the very slightness of her weight as she struggled against his hold, "one real nice thing you and Kat always had in common was that neither of you could lie worth shit."

"Be serious! What would you remember about Kat's kid sister from those days?"

"Oh, little things. Like the fact that at sixteen you were already a fox getting ready to give Kat a run for her money in breaking hearts all over town. That, and the aforementioned inability to tell stories. C'mon, Ang, spill it. Here it is years later and you're still not putting anything over on me. Start with the tracks on your arms, why don't you?"

"They're old!" the girl said, drawing away once more, defensively shrugging the sleeves of her robe down to cover the insides of her elbows. "And that's the other reason you've got to get. He's coming over any minute."

"Who?" Cap inquired grimly, already knowing.

"My... my former connection!"

"If you've kicked, what's he got on you?"

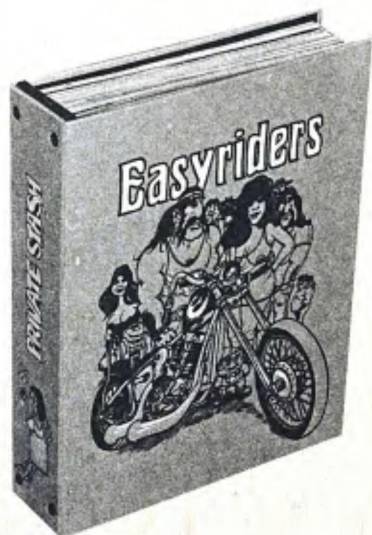
"Please, Cappy, I'm begging you, let it go. It's my business."

"What kind of business?"

Easyriders



"Parents expect kids to say cute things. Let's go ask Mom if we can play with her pussy!"



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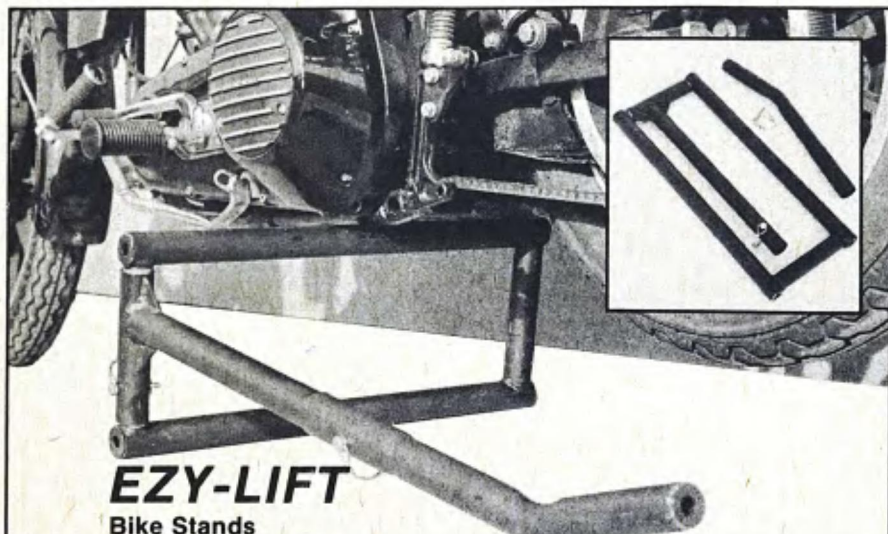
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Iron powder, activated charcoal, sodium chloride, water, miscellaneous inert solids.

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Oxidation reaction

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HANDIHEAT
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

"I owe him. He . . . he . . . oh, damn you, Cap! He bailed me out of jail and I've got to pay him off. Are you satisfied?"

"Doing tricks, right? Or has he got you doing some running for him? Which is it, Ang? Or is it both?"

"All right!" she sobbed. "You aren't perfect, either, you know!" As her frail shoulders shook, her robe swayed open again, tantalizing, appealing, inviting. Her breasts, small and firm and sun-browned, sporting hard little nuggets of a deeper hue, danced back and forth, playing hide-and-seek with the chenille fabric covering her arms. "I was picked up for hooking — twice. It would have been a trip to the can, but he got me out and I swore off. I got a job, but he wants his money back faster than I can make it straight, so I've been hustling on the side. So what? That's how I got in this jam in the first place! Just let me get back out of it myself, will you, dammit!"

"But he's coming over to feed your arm again, isn't he, Ang? To feed your arm and to pick up last night's bread, right? OK, here's what you're going to do, 'cause you don't need that shit, Angie baby, and you know it. You're going to go take a nice, long hot shower. And you're going to stay in the bedroom until I tell you to come out."

The dude was almost exactly the way Cap had pictured him — thin, wiry, acne-scarred, mustachioed, a cheap punk in a sleazy three-piece suit, wearing a two-bit equalizer. The only — and it was negligible — danger he presented was the knife in his boot, which he had out and open before Cap was quite ready for it. Consequently, Cap had to break his arm since he didn't have time to take the razor-sharp blade away from him any other way. It was almost a shame, Cap

Easyriders



thought, as he pitched the semi-conscious pimp down the stairs and heard the bastard's right femur snap sharply, now it'd take him even longer to crawl back into the woodwork.

He threw the deadbolt on the apartment door and headed for the bedroom, feeling suddenly, surprisingly, tired from his three-minute encounter with Angie's former "friend." She was still in the shower and her rumpled bed looked irresistibly inviting, despite its ruffles and frills. The next thing Cap was conscious of was a delicious warmth, radiating out from his loins, and a soft feathery feeling spilling over his hard flat stomach. In a moment, he'd identified all the components: Angie was skillfully drawing a mountainous erection out of him with her tight, hot mouth and it was her soft dark hair brushing his belly.

Much, much later, he remembered the questions he'd come this far and risked so much to ask. Her drowsy responses gradually pointed out the direction he'd be riding in the morning, but now in the shelter of her body, he took what was so freely offered and felt truly alive again.

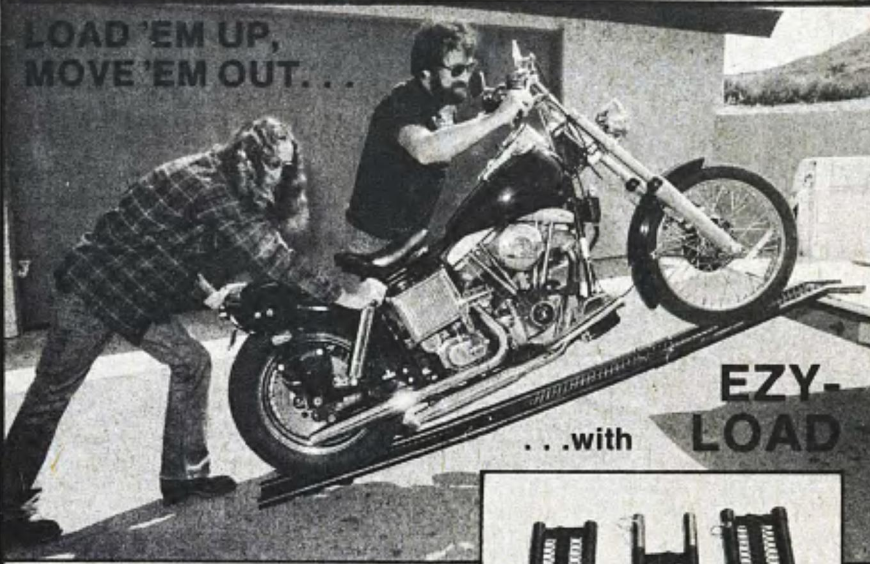
The fact that it was late September didn't count for shit in the crushing heat shimmering off the empty wastelands between Vegas and Phoenix. It might be cooling down in other parts of the country, even turning semi-crisp as night came and went, but here in the southwest the hot Arizona pavement clutched hungrily at the fast-moving rubber tracking it. A bro at the last gas stop had cautioned him that half the state's population was in uniform and on battle-alert for anything moving over 55mph, but Cap had already figured that out, adjusting his speed going into blind curves and only opening it full-out on straightaways where the visibility was seemingly infinite.

What felt like a small brick hit him square in the teeth and once again he silently cursed all flying insects, consigning them to eternal hell. An acid rain of sweat was running down his back, eating at his skin, as he brought his watch up to his face once more. He knew it would be even hotter after Phoenix, that he had to take whatever advantage evening offered if it ever came, that he had to keep on going. El Paso would no doubt be like a fucking furnace no matter when he got there, but there was no point in charring his hide even more just for a few hours' sleep. He'd have a couple of beers, bring up the old salt content, and hit the final lap.

After twenty minutes or so of fighting city traffic, Cap located the bar Angie had told him about. "It's safe," she'd said. "The chicks are friendly, and the trade's all bros, and there isn't a cop in Phoenix who'd go in there on any less than a presidential order."

The place was every bit the hole

LOAD 'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT...



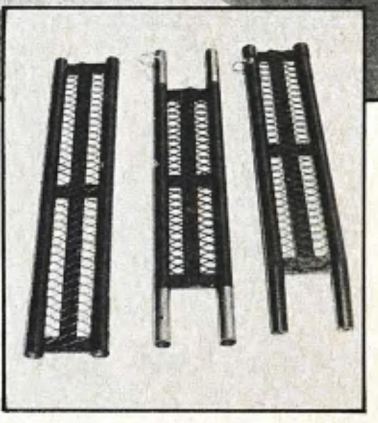
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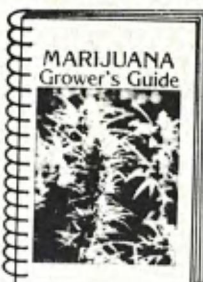
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(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1926-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		

H.  **SHOP DOPE III**
Harley factory service updates from '41-'56. Updated maintenance and repair procedures that may be missing from service manuals.

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(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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Ang had described, but the air-conditioning was like a life-restoring embrace, the brew was chilly, and the girls were not only friendly but mostly fine-looking ladies who could dance their way out of their sequinned skivvies and into a man's lap without half trying. If he came back from Texas, Cap decided, he'd probably enjoy vacationing at El Gordo's Little Tijuana Lounge for at least a month. Over his objections, Angle had staked him to a yard and some change. Running the pool table at El Gordo's enabled him to wire it back to her before putting Phoenix behind him.

In the interim, he poured a reasonable amount of suds down his throat, held up his end of an openly amorous conversation with a ball-breaking bar queen named Sugar and let his mind work over the info he'd gotten from Angie. He'd deliberately held it away from himself on the ride down, afraid of totally losing it before he could get a decent grip on himself. It hadn't been the kind of news that could be taken in stride and digested over breakfast. If he got that part of it all over with now, he'd have 401 miles to finalize his game-plan.

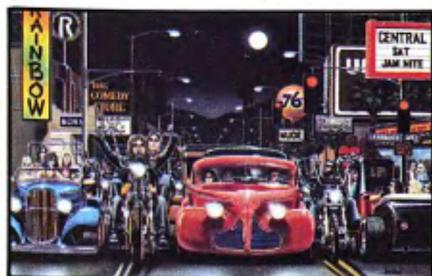
Kat Baxter at twenty had easily been the most beautiful, finest piece of ass ever put on earth. Warm, soft, and as hungry as Cap was to burn up every night put before them with a passion that never got slaked no matter how many times they rolled in the rack. When Cap got drafted, they'd joked about getting themselves a double two-years'-dose of saltpeter. Parting had been nearly unendurable. They'd only just barely managed it by spending the week leading up to it on a marathon run up the coast to look at a place where they thought they might want to live when Cap returned. Then Cap was gone, with only his memories bridging the gaps between her letters. If he hadn't been in nearly six solid



"You're right, six Puerto Ricans could live in there."

DAVE MANN

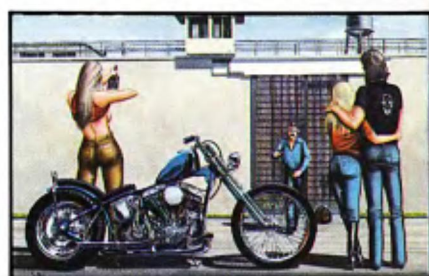
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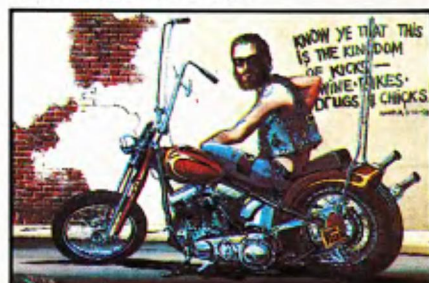
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



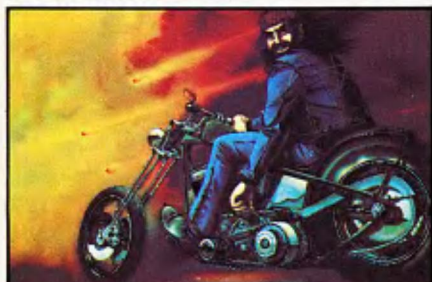
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



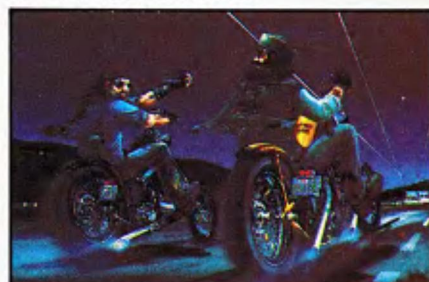
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



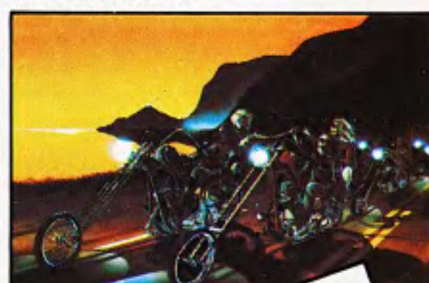
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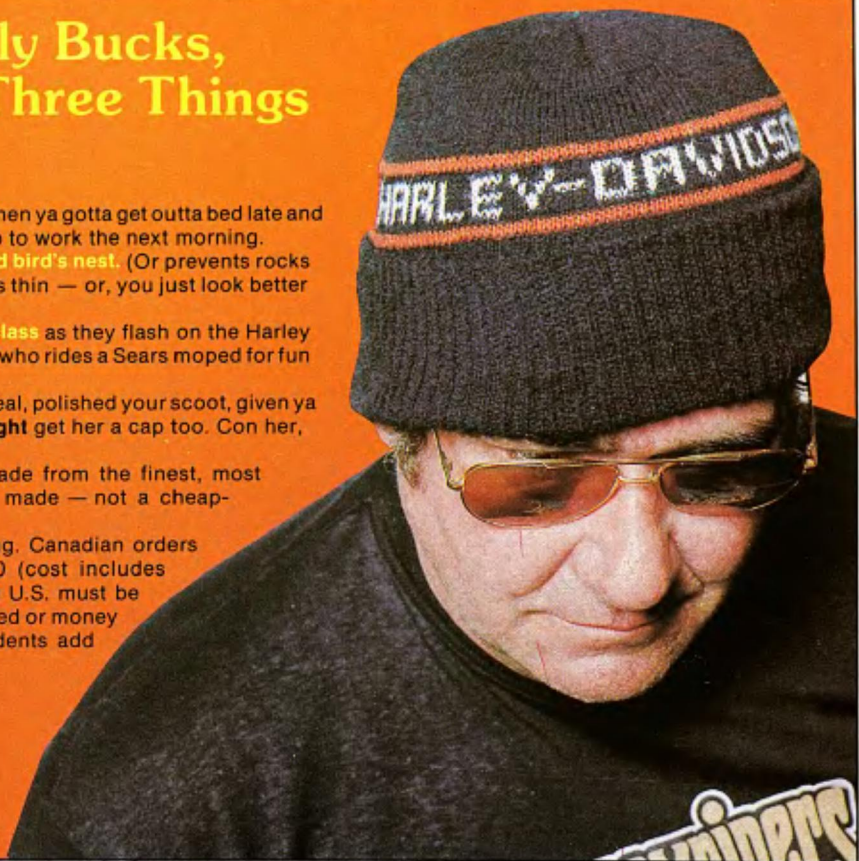
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#M-16 See Previous Page

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months of heavy firefighting, he would have noticed when her letters started getting weird. As it was, he'd only noticed they were getting less frequent, but he'd attributed it to the fact that being in the middle of hell didn't make for good postal service. Her "Dear John" had blown him right out of the water mentally. Fortunately, there'd been the small matter of a war going on all about him to get him through this time, even during the black period when he'd thought he no longer gave a shit.

Now that he knew what it had all been about, he almost wished he didn't know. Because it had all been so fucking unnecessary, so fucking stupid, so damn terminal. Kat had decided to fill in part of the lonely months without him by going back to school at a local jr. college. There, she'd fallen in with a new crowd and after a few months finally accepted a date to go to a party. No big deal. But she'd gotten wasted on whatever was being passed around and when she woke up, it was because the guy she'd gone there with was on top of her. She hadn't fucked anyone since Cap, hadn't had any intention of fucking anyone until he returned. But the dude was heavier and stronger and his miserable little rape was consummated without anyone intervening. Six weeks later a rabbit died and confirmed her pregnancy. Afraid to tell Cap, unable to get rid of the bastard she was carrying because of her upbringing, she opted for a wedding ring. The up-and-coming young lawyer didn't mind the shotgun aspect; it guaranteed him a place in her bed every night. On her wedding night she miscarried.

After that, she quit school and turned to hard drinking. Carelli took her around and showed her off at all his social and political functions. She was, after all, a beautiful asset to his ambitions. After a while, though, her behavior began to be a liability.

She got drunk too often and too thoroughly. God alone knew what their private hours must have been like; their public appearances together were bitterly hostile scenes out of a lousy novel. He had her put away a couple of times, ostensibly to dry out. She came back a Thorazine zombie. Now Carelli wanted out. She told him he could suffer her forever for what he'd done; she had enough on his various crooked deals to keep divorce a meaningless threat.

Carelli scored a big courtroom victory the spring Kat was killed. He sprung two bad cases who'd been caught hands-down in the middle of a PCP operation. Nobody knew how he'd done it. The evidence was incontrovertible. Still, they'd walked, albeit with heavy fines. Since they were broke, it was just a little surprising that their fines got paid, but then again, they disappeared immediately afterwards, so who really cared where the money had come from. Two weeks later Kat was dead. And after Cap's trial, no one thought it strangely coincidental that Carelli himself decided to move on. Rumor had it that the young, brilliant, grief-stricken lawyer had gone to Texas to attempt a new life.

It was four in the morning when Cap made the state line, the machine between his legs roaring steadily, splitting the breaking darkness with a song of impending vengeance. That Carelli had probably heard by now that Cap was loose was almost a certainty. That he could run but he couldn't hide was just as true. Armadillos, jackrabbits, roadrunners, even mechanized fellow travelers seemed to scatter before the energy force bearing down on the sleeping border city of El Paso.

Carelli's home address proved to be a fortress-like apartment building with a double-key and card-entry system and an armed guard just inside. Cap cruised past it, found a Denny's,



"Put out the dog, dammit,
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ordered breakfast, and looked up Carelli's office in the local phone book. Over steak and eggs, he wondered if Carelli would die like a man or go out begging for his life. He tried to hold to a mental image of the sleazebag, but Kat's face when he'd kissed her goodbye for the last time kept coming into view.

Carelli's office was on the second floor of a two-story reconstituted warehouse. There was no security. Cap took up his vigil in the men's room twenty feet down the hall. An earlier phone call had produced the information from Carelli's answering service that he was expected in about 10 a.m. At noon, he still hadn't shown up. Cap left the men's room and went outside to a phone booth on the corner. No one answered at Carelli's apartment.

At one p.m. Cap began to weigh the possibilities that Carelli had, in fact, chosen to run. Would he have crossed the border into Mexico or simply gone to ground somewhere in El Paso? At two p.m. a sound like thunder broke on the stairs coming up to the second floor. Five of El Paso's finest made the turn and surged toward Carelli's office door, pausing just long enough to break it down. Within minutes they were joined by a lot of creeps in suits and ties. Nobody visited the men's room. Cap's nerves jumped around in accompaniment to the screaming in his brain as he listened to the sounds of a dozen cops ransacking attorney-at-law Joseph M. Carelli's nearby office. He kept wondering how long it could take them to accept the fact that neither he nor Carelli were in there, that they ought to check out the rest of the building. He wondered if he'd hidden the scooter well enough, if he could possibly get to it without being seen what the holy hell was going on. He kept coming up with blanks. Would they shoot him down in the crapper or restrain themselves enough to just take him into custody? He made up his mind to go for it. He had no chance at all where he was and



"What can you do about these?"

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an only slightly better chance if he tried to get to the stairs. Realistically, he'd known from the start that the odds weren't favorable.

A funny notion came to him that he didn't want to die pissing on himself, that he really ought to piss now while it was still a matter of choice. What was another minute at this point? His back was to the door when the two suits walked in, causing him to do just exactly what he'd hoped to avoid.

"So what the hell did the note say, anyway?" one suit asked the other as they joined Cap at the urinal, totally ignoring him.

"I didn't see it, but I understand it was mostly gibberish. You know, the usual sort of shit that assholes scribble down when they're whacked out of their minds. It wasn't really a note — it was more like some kind of fucking memorandum. Things he was going to do today, I guess."

"So? What was he gonna do today — that required a .357 Magnum, I mean?"

"Who the hell knows? All I can tell you is what he should have done yesterday."

"What's that?"

"The stupid s.o.b. should have learned how to clean that mother without blowing the top of his head off." At this, both men chuckled dryly.

"So what's on this tape we're looking for?"

"Beats me. The lieutenant says one of the items on the jerk's list said, 'Burn K's contract tape,' and the lieutenant has the hots to know who 'K' is."

"Christ, it's warm today. Let's get back to it. Maybe we'll get lucky in time to make happy hour over at Sadie's." Like a drill team, the two detectives zipped up simultaneously and nodding slightly to Cap, left him standing there, all alone, not guilty of anything except bad aim at the trough.

The laughter, when it came, started deep inside, building momentum as it rushed up to explode into the small

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airless room. He laughed until he cried, and then he cried until the laughter came back on him.

Night again in Phoenix. Cap wasn't sure why he was there, or even how he'd managed to get there. He cruised around the block two or three times and then made up his mind. Something like intuition was calling him.

When he walked in the door of El Gordo's Little Tijuana Lounge, a 100-lb. weight hit him about chest-high and knocked him back against the wall. "Cap!" Angie breathed, holding onto him with all her diminutive strength. "You did it and you're back!"

"What the hell —" he exclaimed, his heart starting up again after the surprise of her assault. "What are you doing here?"

"I came here to meet you," she said, very matter-of-factly.

"But how —"

"Couldn't think of any reason to stay where I was, but there were a couple of real good reasons to leave. And don't worry — I wasn't followed."

"But how did you know I'd —"

"I didn't, but believe me, I sure hoped a lot. Now, I don't know about you, but I'd sure like to get outta here tonight, and I've found somebody who'll give you \$1500 in cash for your ride." She put a slender finger against his lips as he started to protest. "Yeah, yeah, I know, and so does he, but he says it doesn't matter where he's going."

Two hours later, a biker and his lady were speeding along a little-used highway, headed north. As dawn broke, they crossed the state line into Utah. "Sonuvabitch!" Cap swore softly, as his ears picked up a certain little telltale noise in the engine. "You're sure a lot better at selling sleds than you are at picking 'em out." He pulled to the side of the road and turned to look back at Angie.

"Here," she said, laughing as she handed him a can of oil. "Just give me some time, and I'll learn how to buy 'em and how to fix 'em."

Looking at the reddening horizon, Cap pulled her close and said, "Time's one thing we've got plenty of — now." ■

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How Did Sex Begin?

Continued from page 41

created man as a hermaphrodite, with four arms, four legs, two heads, etc., but when man rebelled against his creator, Zeus cut him in two, creatin' man an' woman. This neatly explained the phenomena of sex — it was simply a matter of the two parts tryin' to get back together by "joinin'" one another frequently.

After God created man an' woman He had to make certain they perpetuated themselves, so he invented fuckin' an' ordered 'em to do it every little while. (Thus, the "nooner" was invented.) It wasn't much fun for Adam in the beginnin', just pokin' his dork in that silly place, so God added a little sugar to make sure men an' women had some incentive to do it — again an' again. (Gen. 1:28) That's why fuckin' became rewardin' while at the same time a responsible performance of duty. The added sugar roused man to a veritable climax of pleasure. Since head hadn't been invented yet, he thought plain ol' fuckin' was just tits.

Now, get this: no TV, no radio, no disco, no beer parlors or pool halls, no motorcycles. Sex became the first true form of entertainment. Fuckin' was utterly fascinatin'. But what, after all, is fascination? The word is derived from the Latin term *fascinum*, which describes the male organ.

Now we get to kissin', a very important part of makin' love. Swappin' spit an' tongue-suckin' is always a good intro to fuckin', at least to the Western man. But how come a Japanese mother will fondle an' love her kid or her boyfriend or ol' man, but never kiss him? How come, as a prelude to fuckin', Eskimos rub noses, while a lot of other races don't do nothin' at all except maybe knock their ol' lady in the head, lay her out on a rock, an' pork her?

Actually, kissin' originated as smellin' (Gen. 27:27). People, as well as animals, smelled one another, an' if the odor was pleasant an' appealin', they followed it up by fuckin' one another. Eskimos an' Maoris seem to be rubbin' noses, but what they're actually doin' is smellin' each other.

Dogs sniff their masters, fish "kiss," a bull stuffs his nose up a cow's snatch. The signal is there, an' it says, "If it smells or tastes good, eat it." Some people seem to think that shouldn't be taken literally. In most cases, it is, though, especially if the one who smells good enough to eat is a chick who keeps her snatch scrubbed down an' gets hot when she's around bike people. Dogs, cats, an' cows lick their offspring to show affection. Men an' women lick one another for reasons of passion an' sexual fulfillment.

Virgins are a rarity today, but there was a time in history when bein' a virgin could be either a blessin' or a curse. In some societies, virgins were

saved up in bunches, then sacrificed to the gods by havin' their hearts torn out or by gettin' barbecued over a campfire. If a chick wasn't a virgin on her weddin' night, she could be dusted on the spot by her ol' man, 'cause the theory was that he'd been cheated.

Some women were kept virgins by their fathers through the use of chastity belts — iron girdles that went around the waist an' down through the crotch to prevent dudes from schtuppin' 'em. Chastity belts came in all kinds of shapes an' sizes, includin' models with spikes both front an' back. That meant a dude couldn't get in either door without his dork endin' up on a skewer. As for virgins gettin' pregnant — well, maybe it can happen, but somebody better come up with better proof than I've seen yet. One of the most popular beliefs is that of the Virgin Mary, accordin' to the Gospel (Matt. 1:23). The prophet Isaiah (7:14) is quoted as sayin', "Behold, a virgin will conceive an' bear a son. . ."

The original Hebrew text never said so. The word which the New Testament renders as "virgin" (*almah*), in fact describes a "young woman of marriageable age." (The Hebrew term for virgin is *betullah*.) It was the Greek translation of the Bible — the *Septuagint* — which first mistakenly translated the Hebrew "young woman" into "virgin." It was this mistake that the Gospel adopted. "Immaculate conception" doesn't mean that Mary was a virgin. It means that she was pure in mind an' spirit, havin' been excluded from sin at birth by God, so she would be worthy of givin' birth to you-know-who.

Still on the subject of Biblical sex, can you believe that beatin' your meat once resulted in the death penalty? It seems this dude, Onan, was ordered to jump in the sack with his dead brother's ol' lady an' shove the meat to her. She must've been some kind of doggy-lookin' broad, 'cause Onan took one look at her an' decided he'd rather jack off. He did just that (Gen. 38:1-11) an' since he committed this evil in the sight of the Lord, he was dusted. Masturbation (also called onanism) became a capital crime.

The belief that jackin' off creates insanity and/or grows hair on your



"No! No! When they feel faint you're supposed to tell them to put their head between their legs!"

palms is bullshit. Nonetheless, over the years, an entire catalog of prohibitions were drawn up to prevent males from masturbatin'. It seems funny, but there were never any corresponding rules made for women. Maybe nobody thought women could enjoy sex, masturbation, or orgasms. Men were warned against daydreamin', wearin' tight pants, an' holdin' their cocks while takin' a piss. Anybody who did these things was suspected of wantin' to beat his meat.

One authority advised anxious parents to put clasps on their son's cocks to keep them from beatin' off, an' in the 1800s little cages were sold that could be securely locked over a boy's genitals at night. The most ingenious of these inventions was one that had sharp spikes pointin' inward an' was battery-powered. If the kid got a hardon, it would set off bells that would bring dad on the run with a hickory stick.

Probably the first, an' least offensive, love potion was a simple lock of hair which served as a constant reminder of the loved one it came from. Before long, though, people being people, love magic began to take on darker aspects.

A particularly gruesome form of gaining would-be influence came from the cemetery. A girl anxious to get the attention of some dude would steal into the graveyard at night. There, she'd exhume the corpse of a dude buried exactly nine days — a trinity of trinities. She'd cut a strip of skin off the dead fucker, an' when the opportunity presented itself, she'd tie the strip around the arm or leg of her sleepin' lover. Did it work? Well, I, for one, will pass on checking it out.

Some commonly used love potion ingredients include the blood of a bat, frog bones, cow shit, human shit, an' crocodile shit. The methods of preparation vary widely. One swell recipe called for a dude to fill his sweetie's pussy up with a mixture of crocodile shit, bull semen, an' the balls of a man who'd been murdered, on the theory that since the poor slob went long before his time, he still had lots of unspent sexual energy left in his balls.

Honey mixed with camel's milk has been regarded as the ultimate love potion throughout all time, so if you're fixin' to get somebody to love ya, here's what ya gotta do: First, get one great big fuckin' camel — April Fool!

Both men an' women have always worshipped the penis. The gateway to King Solomon's temple was flanked by two humongous phallic structures. One, Jachin, stood for "he will erect." The other, Boaz, meant, "in him is strength."

In early history, penis worship even entered into the church, where statues of saints were provided with large cocks. Women denied the joys of motherhood invoked St. Foutin, the first bishop of Lyons. The women poured red wine over the head of his statue's cock, then drank the wine.

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hopin' it would increase their fertility.

Hot cross buns were originally pagan genital mascots. To conceal their erotic source, they were stamped with a cross. Excavated pre-Incan pottery shows women worshippin' huge cocks, embracin' 'em with their arms, sittin' on 'em, an' suckin' 'em. Roman soldiers went into battle totally naked, except for head an' chest armor, so their cocks could be seen an' strike fear into the enemy.

In ancient lore, there's a story about a man who, after bein' beaten up by a gang, was thrown into a garbage pit. Along came a woman who then pissed on 'im. (Sounds like another Annie Sprinkle story.) Well, it revived 'im. His cock then magically grew an' pointed the way his attackers had fled. Make whatever you want out of it.

Perhaps it's coincidence that certain four-letter words have a unique relevance to both the world of faith an' the realm of sex an' the obscene. In Hebrew sacred lore, God was known as *Yhvh* (pronounced yahveh). The word was so holy that it was pronounced openly only once each year by the highest priest. A number of gods had four-letter names. There's the Greek *Zeus*; the Latin *deus*; the Spanish *Dios*; the Scandinavian *Odin*; the German *Gott*; and the English *Lord*.

Departing the spiritual scene, we have piss, shit, fart, and cunt: the most vulgar references to sex organs an' bodily eliminations. Headin' the list of traditionally taboo sex terms is the four-letter word: fuck. Its modern obscenity is equaled only by the obscurity of its origin. No one really knows where it originated, an' to true fuckers, it don't matter. (Don't bother to send in your definition. We ain't got time to read it, and besides, we already have, anyway.) Nobody knows the derivation of "cunt," either.

Some say that fuck is derived from the German *ficken* (to push into a pocket) or the French *foutre* (to spurt). Cunt may come from the Latin *cunus* (a split) or the Roman *cuneus* (a wedge). Wherever they came from, they're here to stay, an' we've been enjoyin' 'em from the start.

How did sex begin? Who cares? ■

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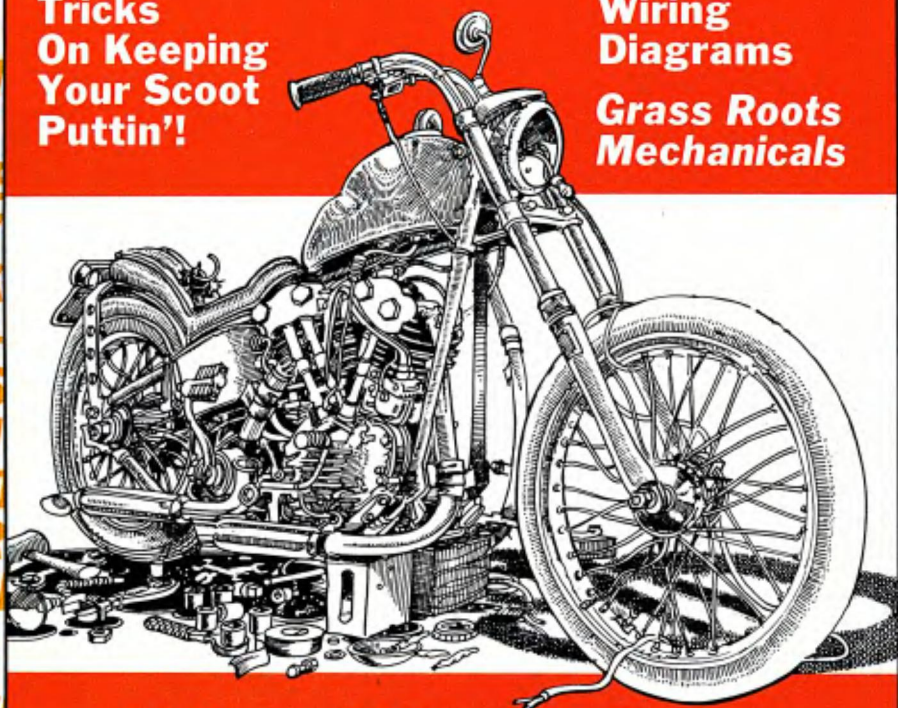
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Lockdown

Continued from page 83

use of deadly force was "reasonably necessary," because "an escapee, by virtue of his escape, is a desperate individual and is in the process of committing a felony."

Newby v. Servitts, 590 F.Supp. 591 (W.D. Mich. 1984)

Probation Unrevoked

A California appeals court has freed an inmate whose probation was revoked after a hearing in which he was not allowed, in the court's words, "to confront and cross-examine adverse witnesses."

The prisoner had been accused of violating probation by leaving the state without the permission of his probation officer, and the evidence used against him was a car-rental receipt and a hotel receipt that he'd allegedly signed. The prisoner denied signing the receipts, but they were used against him anyway without any corroborating proof of their authenticity.

In overturning the revocation, the court of appeal noted that the evidence was merely hearsay and that there was no good cause to deny the defendant the right to question representatives of the hotel and car-rental agency about the legitimacy of the documents.

People v. Maki, 203 Cal. Rptr., 359 (Cal App. 1984)

Can't Export Cons

The West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals has ruled that West Virginia residents convicted of a crime within the state have a constitutional right to be incarcerated within West Virginia.

According to the court, the West Virginia constitution prohibits prison officials from arranging to house prisoners in other states to ease overcrowding or to segregate so-called troublemakers.

"To remain in West Virginia, even to complain and be difficult, is the prisoner's constitutional right," the court ruled.

Ray v. McCoy, 36 CrL 2057 (W. Va. Sup. Ct. App. 1984)



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Vet Voice

Continued from page 55

16,148 and divide by 52. That's 310 bros a week who kill themselves. Divide by 365. My brothers and sisters, we're now talking 44 vets a day.

If you feel, like most Americans, that you're only part of the whole country, then 44 people a day committing suicide doesn't rattle you. But, if you feel, as I do, like part of a small brotherhood, then these 44 people every single day hurt!

Take into account, too, that deaths are balanced by births in the population. The birth rate in 1980 was 16.2. In that year, every American who killed himself could be said to have been replaced by at least 114 new Americans. But no matter what figures you use, how do you replace a 'Nam vet? Newborn Americans replace deceased Americans. But each of us who commits suicide is replaced by newborn Americans — not Vietnam veterans.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are forever a limited-numbered and constantly dwindling group. Each one of us is irreplaceable. Most of us desperately need each other. We cannot continue to cut our ranks at such a horrible rate. A biker splattered all over the road by some criminal in a cage — as sad as that may be — will be re-

placed by up-and-coming young bikers. The individual and what he meant to certain people cannot be replaced, but new bikers will replenish the brotherhood, at least statistically or numerically. This does not hold for the brotherhood of 'Nam vets. As each goes, our number is forever lessened.

Read and remember the grim numbers, bro. And the next time that gun, that cliff, or that bottle of pills looks good to you, remember us — the ones you'll leave behind. Don't cut us down, man. Instead, turn that front wheel toward someone or someplace

where help waits.

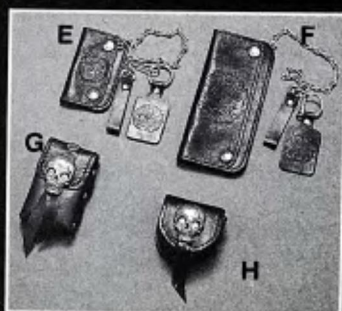
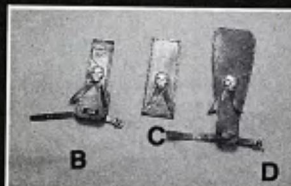
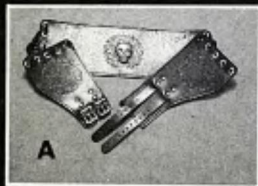
In the next issue or two, we're going to face off with PTSD. We're going to look it right in its ugly face, see it for what it is, and kick the shit out of it — by understanding it and knowing what to do about it. In 'Nam we had to contend with an unseen enemy — we're famous for that. Well, this is one enemy we're going to bring out in the open. We'll stand toe-to-toe with him. And, unlike last time, our fellow Americans aren't going to get the comfortable privilege of putting the shame on us and ignoring the

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enemy because they couldn't see him for what he is.

Last month's column briefly touched upon additional news for and from those of our bros who are locked down. One of the uglier aspects of our unending struggle to get the help we need for Vietnam-related problems is that sometimes that help just isn't forthcoming until after vets are separated from the society they fought for. Two brothers down in the federal pen at Milan, Michigan, have expressed this shameful predicament most eloquently.

SYNDROME

I got back to my hometown in the spring of '69 — the long hair and the flowers, they really blew my mind. I marveled at the changes, how the folks were feeling free, and wondered if their happy life would ever be for me. I stopped and had a beer, then went home and went to bed, And laid awake there half the night while confusion filled my head. I'd left the war the day before; I still had friends back there. And though they were still fighting, they weren't getting anywhere. I thought of all the firefights I'd shared with them in hell, and wondered where I'd find someone that my story I could tell. Well, misery loves company, but how could I explain how it feels to look death in the eyes and never feel its pain?

I went to see some doctors shortly after I got back; I figured I was crazy, maybe slipped on through the crack. I told them of the nightmares, but I could not make them see — I began to think that it was true it wasn't really me. I told them all my story and they didn't know what to say; I wasn't sure my ears heard right, so I left and went away.

Fifteen wasted years have passed since I left that Asian hell — funny, how to find some help I had to come to jail. And I can't keep from wondering if all the guys like me are gonna have to get locked up before the world will see we fought that war and wrecked our heads and all we've got to show is the bitter taste of freedom that the protected never know.

By Ronald "Mouse the Louse" Hunter and David "Buster" Keaton

Something is surely wrong with a society that turns a deaf ear to its citizens' cries, letting them go way wrong before offering them any guidance as to how to go right. Buster and Mouse, we're all in your debt, bros. ■



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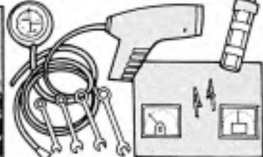
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Soap Box

Continued from page 49

many victims of crime refuse to get in
touch with the police, the real ques-
tion is, just how many people do
bother to call the cops?

Some social scientists who are
aware of this problem have conducted
"victimization" studies in an attempt
to pinpoint its scope. In large national
surveys of randomly selected Ameri-
cans, respondents were asked such
questions as whether they'd been
criminally victimized during the pre-
vious year, and if so, by which crimes
in particular. The surveys' results
showed that official police statistics
enormously under-report the true
incidence of crime. In one survey, only
28 percent of the responding crime
victims had reported those crimes to
the local law. It was found, for exam-
ple, that only 68 percent of motor-
vehicle thefts had been reported; that
robbery had been reported in only 49
percent of such cases; and burglary in
about 46 percent. Assault was
reported to the cops in only about 40
percent of applicable cases and lar-
ceny-theft in only 18 percent. What
all of this means is that approximately
70 percent of the kinds of crimes
the FBI lists in its report aren't
reported at all!

Big Brother always makes "our"
decisions based on their fucked fig-
ures. It doesn't matter if they're deal-
ing with helmet laws, income tax,
crime statistics, body counts in 'Nam
or dope-peddling in Fresno; the
numbers are almost always wrong
because they're calculated by dudes
with a special interest in having them
turn out their way — which is not
always best for you and me. If there's a
moral to all of this, I guess it's that we
shouldn't trust politicians and cops —
or their statistics. But you already
knew that, didn't ya?

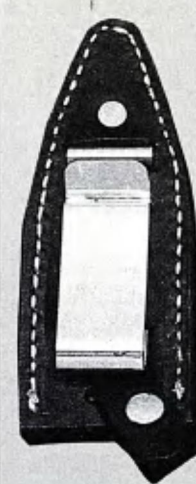


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"Damn it, honey, can't you just give the kids
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Personalized Biker Knives

by Kershaw



#1002
\$47.95

Your Initials,
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Engraved Free
On Every Blade!

#1002: Special Agent; vinyl-coated
aluminum alloy handle; overall,
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The best and nothing but the best,
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Rockwell C57-59.

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**NO PERSONAL CHECKS. SEND A MONEY ORDER
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U.S. add \$3 each for postage and handling. Canadian orders, add \$7 each and foreign orders, add
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Send order to: **Biker Knives**
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Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are

available for \$180. Or, for \$300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only \$25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (146)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. (616) 636-8200. (143)

David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

CATALOGS

Jammer's Handbook, \$3.95, 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (149)

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (149)

Steamboat Enter., Box 7232, San Diego, CA 92107. (149)

ENGINES

Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So., Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (149)

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Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

IGNITIONS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 662-3615. (149)

Larsen Leathers, Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (703) 382-4668. (143)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (149)

Forman Harley-Davidson, 115 N. Main St., Stillwater, OK 74074. (405) 377-0045. (149)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040. (502) 554-1146. (153)

Frisco Choppers (new/used H-D parts bought/sold) 375 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. (415) 864-4242. (149)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (149)

OBSOLETE PARTS

Belmont Harley-Davidson, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 224-3818. (149)

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (149)

PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (149)

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (149)

Jammer Cycle (800) 423-2633 (outside of California); (800) 453-9651 (California only). (149)

Parts Galore, Inc., 5921 Middlebelt, Garden City, MI 48135. (313) 522-7903. (149)

Pinellas Custom Cycle, Box 284, Pinellas Park, FL 34290. (813) 546-6553. (149)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (143)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (149)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, 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, 132-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.

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start your business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

W/m wants kinky girls from Australia to send flicks and letters. Let's get something started. Big Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Cash paid for motorcycle toys. Photo of toys helpful; no models or homemades. Toys, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Candye Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$2 for your own personal picture and letter. Candye, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

Handicapped bro needs Harley trike with 74 or 80. Richard "Hook" Engleman, Rt. 2 Box 590-AA, East Jordan, MI 49727. (616) 536-2832. (143)

Easyriders for sale: #1-4, \$10 each. #5-19, and other unavailable issues, \$5 each. *In The Wind* #1, \$5. All good to excellent. Money orders or wait until check clears. Tracey Lohmann, 1202 Skinner Dr., Carson City, NV 89701.

Tattoo fans, artists and shops: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free. Send SASE to Tattoo World News, 15537 Cabrillo Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. Air-mail overseas, \$2. (151)

Biker rings. Why pay big bucks when you can have the same thing cast in solid Herculon? Unbreakable; sizes 6-13. Suggested retail, \$20; yours now, postage-paid, only \$15. Soon available, catalog of all 18 rings in stock. Send cash or money order to Biker Rings, Box 8428, Calabasas, CA 91302. (150)

Disabled biker, applied for Social Security, but don't qualify. Needs help. Please send \$5.50 money order donation to F.L. Shipley, Box 550453, Atlanta, GA 30355-2953, and I'll send you my famous Texas title twister. Your lady will love them. Thank you. Not asking for a hand-out, just a chance for a new start!

A T-shirt not made for everyone. "Beat Me Bite Me Whip Me Fuck Me Like The Dirty Pig That I Am, Cum All Over My Tits And Tell Me That You Love Me Then Get The Fuck Out." Send \$9.50 and size wanted to BCS, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360. Outside U.S.A., add \$2.50. (149)

Tattoo supplies, catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (143)

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX-rated films. Call Darlene Dawn. 1-312-274-9600. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (143)

Wanted: Attractive, totally submissive slave girl. Answer with a letter explaining how you intend to serve and please me. Include full-length nude photo of yourself and also a closeup of your face. K. Reed, 533 Barlow, Wichita, KS 67207. (143)

W/m, 36, 5'8", 190 lbs., hard-riding mountain man needs special woman who enjoys riding, camping, and canoe trips. Self-motivation and honesty a must. Photos answered first. Dick Babbitt, General Delivery, Bainville, MT 59212. (142)

W/m, 37 yrs. old, needs a lady to help me do the downhill side of this dime. Write to Ray Serpa 253244, Box 520 (11-B-SW), Walla Walla, WA 99362. (142)

To my Animal: Happy birthday, sweetheart. Can't give you your present on March 4, but it will be waiting for you when you come home in April. Not long to go now! Who loves you? That's right! (142)

Michael: Happy birthday, baby. I love you more than words can say. Maybe some day we'll be together and happy again. Stick with it! Love, Kel. (142)

Harley man in wheelchair needs good ol' lady who's got her head together and is honest. Must like H-D trikes. I'm going to Daytona for Bike Week; sure could use the company. Send letter, photo, and phone to Shorty, Box 12315, Arlington, VA 22209. (142)

W/m brother down. We need help to get petition up to get Randy "Tattoo" James out of Florida prison. Tattoo's ladies, Bit, B.J., and Taylor, Box 3, Marston, NC 28363. (144)

You wanna offer a unique, original gift to a special bro, your regular nighttime companion, a new prez? Give him/her a large framed individually and professionally designed diploma honoring the receiver as a Bachelor or Doctor of Tavernology, Sexology, Bikology, etc. No two alike. Funny and gross, yet not a cheap rag. The few who ever got one would not trade it for a weekend with Miraculous Mutha. Available in many languages. For more details, write to Jackie Bouvier, Box 166, Bernieres, Quebec, Canada G0S 1C0. (142)

Attn: Mademoiselles, jeune filles, femmes, señoritas, frauleins, ladies, lasses, women, birds, chicks! Try something different today; meet a prisoner! American male, considered attractive, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, desires close friendship with intelligent, open-minded, fun, sincere females who love life. Photo appreciated. Reply assured. Write to David Bass 89388, LCIS/Dorm 1-B, Box 1056, DeQuincy, LA 70633. (142)

W/m atypical biker looking for high-class woman, 25-35, to fill voids in my life and on my Harley. One who knows how and when to be a lady or a tramp. No heavy users, drinkers, or smokers. I'm honest, hardworking, sincere, and expect same. Letters with photos answered first. Ohio Hog Rider, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (142)

W/m, 5'8", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes, with 2 yrs. left seeks correspondence with ladies who will help end this loneliness. Will answer all; please send photo. Write Mart "Jr." Schneck, K-7107, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011. (142)

Can anyone help me find half my heart? Her name's Jay Jay Eager. Please contact Jay Lynn Cox, 1653 N. Hayes, Springfield, MO 65803. (142)

Wanted: Lady, 18-37, who wants to do it all, just like Bogie and Bacall. Into my scooters, country puts and living. Into riding and peace in life. I'm old-fashioned, over the hill, and looking for a serious-minded woman the same. Write John R.M., Box 25662, Garfield Hts., OH 44125. (142)

Gator: A year has passed since the candle was lit. Although the wax has long melted, the fire still burns! Happy anniversary! Lady. (142)

Steve: Thank you for giving me back many things which I thought were permanently gone. I couldn't be with a better man, and I'm very glad that I can be a part of your life. I'm very proud to be your ol' lady, and April cannot come soon enough. Love ya with all my heart and then some. Ride free, party hardy, and enjoy life the best way possible. Besides, I like it when your flower grows. Love, Teresa. (142)

T.P.: Always thinking of you, even in my dreams. Love ya forever. Frog. (142)

Biker jewelry. Catalog, \$1. Refundable. SAMIKE, 2833 Meramec, St. Louis, MO 63118. (142)

Roach: Happy birthday. Until we're together again, I'm forever yours. Faithfully, your lady Debs, and love from your daughter Tequila. (142)

24-yr-old w/m, 5'10", 160 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, looking for a woman with heart 'n' respect, who's a little bit country, little bit rock 'n' roll. If you like camping, traveling, waterbeds 'n' lace, and are looking for more than a twenty-two-cent pen pal, then send this white man a letter with a recent picture; no head trips, please. Will be out in '86. Craig Anderson, C56377, Box 608, 5-5A, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (142)

Two lonely w/m prisoners without a friend in the world need a couple of real women with heart who want to be appreciated. Dino Baiardi 73301; and Dave Bove 75183; TSP, Trenton, NJ 08625. (142)

Tony (Dayton Outlaws): Contact Sherry Grandfield (remember Kings Island), 10465 S.W. 43rd St., Miami, FL 33165. Love ya lots. W/B. (142)

Handicapped triker, "paraplegic," paralyzed from the chest down, confined to a wheelchair for life, from a m/c crash in 1979. Easygoing w/m, 28, 185 lbs., 6'. Very independent. Live in a nice home in the country, ride a hot-running 3-wheeler I built from scratch. Have a good job, raise German shepherd guard dogs, and take life one day at a time. Looking for one good-looking biker lady with some class to spend life together with. Biker ladies, 21-35, any color, any place. Must enjoy leather and lace! Be able to relocate to my home in lower Michigan! Ladies, I'm kool, kind, kinky, and got my shit together. For a special life with a man who knows what a lady likes, send scribe and flick to Wheels, 4703 S. Division, Wayland, MI 49348. (142)

W/f, 5'2", 115 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, 30, no kids, ol'-lady-type, seeking to find an ol'-man-type for packing behind and supporting (emotionally) when the world closes in. Emotional stability/rapport, employment are required; a clean record isn't. California area, but will relocate. Scorpio, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (142)

Professional tattooing handbook: illustrations, diagrams, valuable tips, trade secrets, expert instruction, tattooed women's photos. 71 pages, \$21.45. Tattooer, Box 242-B, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (142)

Swap Meets: February 17, State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. March 10, K.C. Trade Mart, Kansas City, Mo. (142)

W/m, 28, Gemini. Will one sweet, caring lady please write? I'm very serious. Raymond Tapp 83531, RFC, Box 69, LaGrange, KY 40031. (142)

Two w/m looking for serious-minded, sexy and intelligent ladies. Write and send pictures to two lonely guys; will answer all letters, ages 25 and up. Randall Bryant 12052-067J, and Billy Jackson 80752J. Box 888, Ashland, KY 41101. (142)

Downed bro looking for foxy lady for sincere relationship, letters, visits, romance, adventure. Send flicks. I am located close to NYC; will answer all letters. Neal Falkenstein 83-A-3299, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. (142)

Broadway Bob, Westchester, Ill: Happy birthday on the Irish Day. Love you. The Irish girl from Midlothian, Ill. (142)

Chuck: Sorry I didn't get this in for your birthday, but happy birthday, baby. I love you now and forever. Your lady in N.H., me. (142)

Huck says, "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Save 50% or more. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-B, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (142)

Downed, dashing Italian bro looking for sincere, foxy, level-headed mama to share dreams, visits, letters, loving, adventure. Looking for lady I can care for. Send flicks. Your dreams can come true. Bill Hawk 83A655, Box 338, Napa, CA 94558. (142)

Murph: Looking forward to St. Patrick's Day. Little pink houses. Love ya. Cheri. (142)

Noble: It's been a while. Drop a line; let me know what you're up to. Charli, Box 222, Tombstone, AZ 85638. (142)

David: We've been through a lot in the five years we've been together. Pulled through it all, now — and forever. You're a good ol' man and a good old dad. We love you. Happy birthday, 12/28/55. Love, Bunky and the rugrats. (142)

Buzz: Happy anniversary, 2/14, and happy birthday, 4/4. You're the best. Glad you're mine. Love you forever. BJ. (142)

Writing a convict takes a special kind of woman. She must be perceptive to the nuances of his writing; able to feel his sadness, happiness, desire, his strength emanate from his writing. Lookin' for one special woman to share my dreams of good times to come. 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., brown, hyl. Michael Shepherd, C-25456, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (142)

All clubs: We're forming a new club and want to insure no conflict by using "Scorpions" or "Desert Riders" for colors. If so, contact "Swede," Box 223, Dugway, UT 84022. (142)

In memory of Yamaha: You are missed, bro! MD. (142)

What would you say? Billy or Harley beer. L'Fox. (142)

Ex-Breed from Jersey doin' time in Fla. would like to hear from bros, sisters and sweet ladies. Would dig some flicks, for sure. John "Li'l John" Dilatash, TCI 046481, A/S-5-5, 3950 Tiger Bay Rd., Daytona Beach, FL 32014. (142)

Lady K: You make the grass grow, rivers flow, the birds sing and most of all, my world turn. I love you with all my heart. I want you in the wind with me forever. We both know that's what we want. '85 or '86 is meant to be ours. "Top." (142)

Death row convict would like to hear from people who can relate to H-Ds, weapons, and white survival. Odin lives! McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, AZ 85232. (142)

Downed 25-yr.-old lonely w/m seeks to hear from sincere, fun-loving chicks, 18-35 yrs. old. I have 6 years to go, so I'm in great need of a spouse. Answer all. Please send pix and loving letters to Seth Rountree, C-38769, H-307, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95666. (142)

"Tattoo Fun Book." U.S., \$3; foreign, \$5. Dinah, Box 7133, Santa Rosa, CA 95407. (142)

Wanted: 1937 H-D sidecar, model LE. Will consider any metal H-D body; 1936-1957. Knucklehead Ken, 4014 W. Main, Tupelo, MS 38801. (142)

Penny: The knee is ready; when's the rematch? Tom S., Phoenix, Ariz. Call "new listings." (144)

Wanted: Woman between the ages of 20-30 yrs. to be the mate of 25-yr.-old, 6'3", 190 lb., financially secure w/m. Must be into H-Ds, the outdoors, and taking care of her man. This is a sincere offer for the right woman. No alcoholics or needle freaks. It's worth a stamp to find out. Send pix and letters for same to Robert, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (142)

Lonely death row prisoner, 38, been down 8 yrs. and would like to write anyone. Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, AZ 85232. (142)

W/m, 33, brown hair and eyes, 225 lbs., 6'3", seeks lasting relationship with pretty young woman with nice body, who's willing to relocate to Wash. state to await my one yr. release from prison. Can stay with family until I get out. Must be between 18-32; children okay. Write to Richard Emery, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272. Include photo and phone number. (142)

Downed country biker, 34, looking for sincere lady with a heart to help share my dreams. Age and looks no big thing. Out in '87. All answered pix get one back. Wayne Davis, C-70090, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0060. (142)

Swap Meets: Feb. 17, State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. April 28, K.C. Trade Mart, Kansas City, Mo. (142)

Lance: Thinking of you always and wishing you were here. I love you, Somfer. Your babe, Gina. (142)

Two w/m doing 5 apiece would like to hear from all women of the world. Airhead is 6', brown hair, hazel eyes and 24 yrs. Insane is 5'9", blond hair, green eyes, and 23 yrs. Both love to party and will be free in '85. All pix are accepted. Send kites to Paul "Airhead" Cota 368298, and Duane "Insane" Niersmann 372284; Box 38, Huntsville, TX 77344. (142G)

W/m, 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., doing time behind the wall in Ky., lookin' for ladies for companionship or more. Very lonely; age and looks not important. Send letter and photo; will answer all. Hurry, ladies. Richard Machison 92872, LLCC, Box 6, LaGrange, KY 40031. (142G)

Texas Tittie Twisters sent to you for \$5.50 donation per pair. Send money order to F.L. Shipley, Box 2964, Humble, TX 77347. (142)

Major motorcycle shop on West Coast for sale. \$122,500 includes all inventory and leasehold improvements. Call (805) 581-3100 — ask for Dan Sweeney. (142)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, expert instruction. 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (142)

Looking for a sweet, caring, loving lady, 25-30, to write to. Mark Phillips 065887, PCI, 3876 Evans Rd., Box 50, M/6, Polk City, FL 33868. (142G)

Kurt R. Schultz: Remember us in Auburn, Calif. Fuckin' McBride says, "Stay high." Hope you're okay and still in the wind, not the rain. Give us a call collect. Love ya! (142)

W/m, 29, 175 lbs., 6', long wavy blond hair, light blue eyes, looking for that special lady who is open-minded and has plenty of heart. Will answer all letters. Less than six months left. Steve Owens, C49478, Box A-6207X, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (142)

California bro, 3500 miles from home, would like to hear from any ladies. I am 24, 6', 185 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Send letters, and photos if possible, to Mark Downes, Box 14, Concord, NH 03301. (142)

Non-outlaw independent biker seeks female for long summer run. Lady must be free-spirited with open mind and be street-wise. Box 250, San Francisco, CA 94101. (142)

Wanted: Beautiful, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (142)

Two brothers lost. Dale and Danny, where are you? Very urgent that you get in touch somehow. L.G., Box 8, Decatur, IA 50607. (142)

Southern Nevada vet and little girl are looking for that one woman with class and a brain and body. Have job, farm, and a whole lot of love. No boozers or dopers. Pix answered first only! Take care of us; we will take care of you. Please me, don't tease me. "Amen!" Box 1623, Pahrump, NV 89041. (142)

\$\$\$ for your old Harley magneto. Mr. Coyote, Box 700101, San Jose, CA 95170. (142)

Dear Baby (or is it Margie?): I have never before felt for anyone what I feel for you. My love for you is as endless, timeless, and boundless as the universe itself. April 6 marks the first of many years of happiness for us. I'm yours only. Love always, Bruce (or is it Baby?). (142)

Rusty Boos: Happy birthday, 4/10/85, and happy first anniversary, 5/5/85. You'll always be my #1. Love forever, Joy. (142)

\$\$\$ for your Harley parts. Mr. Coyote, Box 700101, San Jose, CA 95170. (142)

Wanted: good-lookin' woman, 18-31, for biker in the joint. Outdate '85. Send photo. Ed Mitchell, N41789, Box 1000, Lincoln, IL 62656. (142)

W/m, 27 yrs. old, blond, blue eyes, kicking around a case of the sad, sad blues. Searchin' for that special babe to lighten the load. Michael Harvey 19558, Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586. (142)

A.T.C., B.C., C.C., D.C., A.C.: Contact Big Jim Nolan 03798-008, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. (142)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information, free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (142)

Julie, my sweet one, what happened? Need you, love you, always and all ways. Joel Vernon 92382, Spruce-1, Angola, LA 70712. (142)

Doc Woody: Grenada/Beirut/Tanks. (602) 964-5229. Roads. (142G)

Tattooing outfit: Professional electric machine, voltage reducer, ink, designs, \$109. 17 different inks, \$18.95. 360 designs, \$21.95. 500 needles, \$14.50. Steele, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (142)

Female companion wanted. Age, size, looks don't matter. Travel the U.S.A. all year round. But: must be able to read and understand road maps, healthy, love sex, freedom, rock'n'roll, and have no commitments. Martin, (201) 363-0868. Box 1221, Lakewood, NJ 08701. (142)

Forming motorcycle club for spring of '85. Seeking righteous people. Write Righteous Riders '85, Box 2365, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada L1H 7U6. Include SASE. (142)

Sierra-Mountain-dwelling dude is seeking one sincere, attractive, young woman for worthwhile romance. Call Steve. (916) 541-1674, or send photo, mail to Box 10403, Zephyr Cove, NV 89448. (142)

I'm a downed w/m from Arizona, doing 10 here in this "Okie" country. Been in 3; out probably at end of '85 (early '86, for sure). 24 yrs. old, 5'11", 195 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, tattooed, would like to hear from serious ladies only. Looking for that special one, so let's hear from ya. Dave Guth 117272, Star Route, Box 70, Hodgson, OK 74939. (142G)

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W/m, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30 yrs. old, looking for down-to-earth woman who likes to ride, beach, camping. If you're tired of being used, abused, taken for granted, if you're looking for something better in life, drop me a line with picture and phone number. Bill, Box 735, Lady Lake, FL 32659. (142)

Wanted: sincere, understanding female. I'm one of a kind, 170 lbs., 5'7 1/2", 32, love kids. Free man, 5/10/85. Send photo. Rich, 666-6B Tacoma Rd., Erie, PA 16511. (142)

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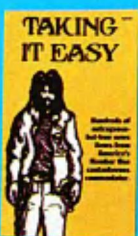


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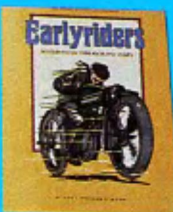
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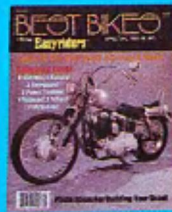
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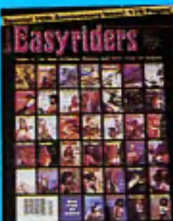
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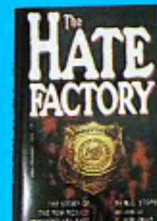
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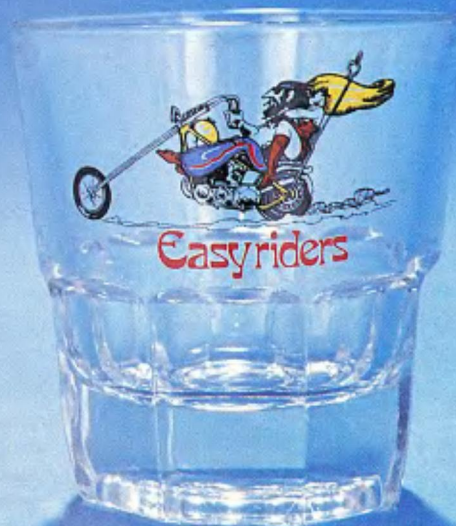
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Flashback

Continued from page 80

that I ought not tarry where I lay for too long, that I really ought to pick myself up sometime soon and get homeward-bound.

Mustering my dignity, I eventually got up and began to search for my ride. Everywhere. At length. Soon I was beginning to question whether I'd actually arrived on my sled. Nothing looked familiar and everything in sight was covered with snow, which apparently had been falling copiously while I was occupied elsewhere. I questioned myself seriously and got back the enigmatic thought that if I hadn't ridden Lady Rat, I most likely wouldn't be there at all. I urged myself to attain some facts about the situation, like the name of the street I was on — something I'd long ago forgotten. Once I knew that, my scooter's whereabouts would come back to me in a flash.

While looking for a corner with a street sign, I encountered an alley. In spite of not knowing where the hell I was in the first place, I decided to take a shortcut. Wouldn't you fucking know it, though? The sonuvabitch only ran straight into another alley. I have no idea how long I spent leaning against the back of someone's house trying to figure out this incredibly complex situation, but suddenly I noticed a bright red light bouncing off the buildings that lined the other alley. Whatdafuck?

Then I saw it. A police cage! Shit! No. No! Not cops — it was the Viet Cong! Shit! This lousy LZ had been overrun and there I was, standing around like the only turd in the toilet, conspicuous as hell. But I knew what to do — my training hadn't been for naught. I thrust myself face-down in the snow and played dead. When they came through to loot and plunder, I wouldn't bat an eye. They'd never waste a round on a dead man.

My boozed-out brain's logic wasn't quite in sync with that of the cops, though. The sight of some nut in a floppy hat and field jacket throwing himself into the snow caused the city's cautious protectors of the chaste to summon backup. Before I knew it, I



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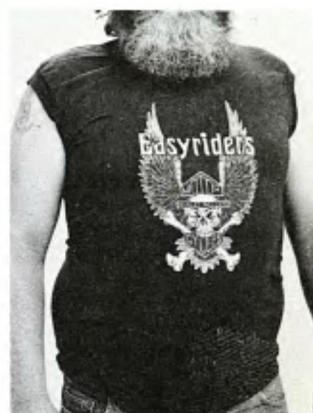
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was pinned by the lights of two black-and-whites and there were four uniformed hostiles hell-bent on forcing me to betray myself.

"Get up! Hey, you, get up!"

Nothin' fuckin' doin', Charlie, I thought to myself. I'm dead.

"I said, 'Get up!' the cop shouted.

I know your tricks, Charles. You ain't suckerin' this homeboy.

Then one of the VC said, "Hey, maybe he's sick — or hurt."

"No, I'm not," I volunteered. I'm dead."

Well, that did it. They reached down and jacked me up by the ass and arms and put me into what laughingly passed for a standing position. Fuck! They'd captured me!

"What are you doing here? What's your name?"

I ask you, what could I do? I flattened both hands high atop my head, bush hat pushed into my face, and gave the only reply a good soldier can give, "Jones, James S., Sergeant U.S. Army, RA11000000, 10 April '48!"

"Cut the fucking crap! What's your purpose here?"

"Jones, James S., Sergeant U.S. Army, RA..."

Suffice it to say that we went that route only two more times before they threw me in one of the cars and hauled my ass off to the Hanoi Hilton — er, actually, as it turned out somewhere along the way, the city jail. My little flashback was over, but not my evening out on the town, by any means.

I confess I made fast friends of all the officers downtown with my glib stories and lovable antics. I still tried to give only my name, rank, serial number and date of birth, but the corporal at the desk was more interested in my wallet. While I was playing POW, he was smirkingly taking down the story of my life from its contents.

"You on drugs?"

"Shhhhiitt, no. Ne'er tush the stuff."

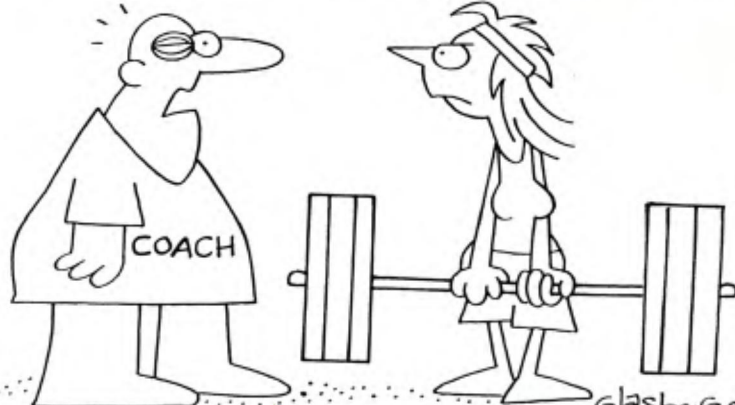
"Only drinking?"

"Yesh."

"What were you drinking?"

"Uh, uh — that clear, that — like, uh, water, you know — uh, that uh, Russian shtuff..."

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"Debbie, if you're going to be on the women's weight lifting team, you've got to learn the names of the various lifts! For instance, when I ask to see your 'snatch', it's not what you think..."

"Vodka?"

"Yeah! Hey, you drink that, too?"

"Don't get smart!"

"No, shir!" and I saluted, almost knocking out my own eye.

Life was a fishbowl at the moment. I could hear the four cops who'd brought me in all laughing like hell, but they were none too sharply defined. Kept movin' and swayin' and shit, you know?

I recall I mentioned — for some unknown reason — that I'd quit smoking. They were utterly fascinated by the fact. But I thought the corporal didn't believe me, so I had to "prove" it to him. I bummed a smoke from one of the men and smoked it all the way down to the filter. Throwing it on the floor, as if I'd just obviously proven the theory of relativity, I said, "Shee?"

But the corporal really became a dear friend when I volunteered that I'd studied karate — and tried to prove that by attempting to chop the corner off his desk!

The next thing I knew was that I'd been stuffed back in a patrol car again and was being escorted home. They watched me until they were sure I'd gotten my door open and then we all wished one another a fine evening.

Almost as soon as I was inside, I remembered Lady Rat. Probably because she wasn't there to greet me. Fuck! It dawned on me that I felt enormously tired, but there was no way I was going to leave my one true friend out on the street. However, while trying to unlock my front door from the inside with my key, everything in my body apparently decided to call it a night. I awoke some eighteen hours later with what felt like every hair on my head standing straight up in my mouth. Holy shit — my bike!

You say you don't believe in miracles? Well, try this one on for size. She was still there, intact, covered with snow, precisely where I'd left her, chained to an iron railing.

I still smoke, but I don't have many flashbacks anymore. I also don't go to New Year's Eve parties much. I never drink vodka. Oh, yeah, one more thing — Lady Rat is still with me. ■

Continued from page 25

Cleopatra, the queen of queens, was quite a believer in blowjobs. One story has it that she sucked off 500 men in a single night, an' that when she wasn't blowin' dudes, she was collectin' their semen to use as an ointment an' beauty cream. On one occasion, she's said to have been the life of the party when she blew a hundred

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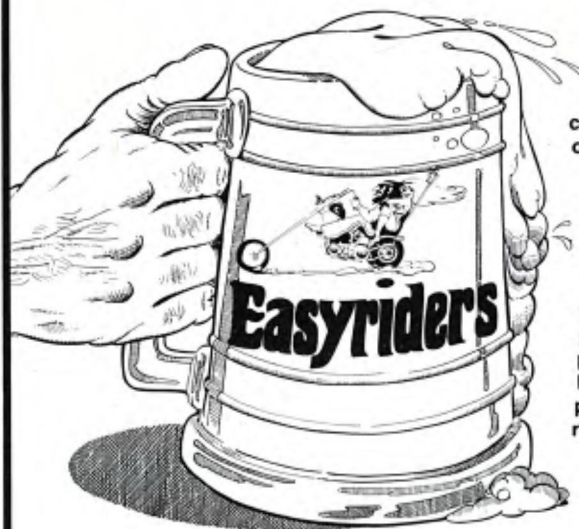
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Roman noblemen at the dinner table. Another legend has her at a spectacular orgy where she sucked a thousand cocks before callin' it quits. (Show that to your ol' lady!)

So highly respected was semen as a love potion in ancient times that Pliny suggested usin' crocodile sperm as an aphrodisiac. Four droplets of the stuff was supposed to do the job. An' Grimoire's *Medieval Black Book* advised rubbin' crocodile semen on the balls an' cock, then waitin' for the results. (There are probably some guys still waitin'.)

A long time ago, a friend told me a bizarre story. It seems that my friend George had a brother who married a cute li'l chick. One day when the brother was at work, George dropped in on her, an' after sharin' a brew, she went down on him. He said she went at it like a mad woman and ultimately, he hadda beg her to stop.

Later, when George was out puttin' with his brother, they got to talkin' about sex an' his brother said he couldn't get his cute li'l bride to even get near his cock, much less suck it. He said she told him that just the thought of it made her wanna puke. The relationship went on for about ten years. The brother's wife would come over an' give George absolutely great head, but she wouldn't fuck him. Then she'd go back home an' fuck her ol' man, but she wouldn't give him a blowjob. Figger that one out.

But, back to you and me now. When a woman takes a man's dork in her mouth, the excitement should be mutual. This is one occasion when the female may rightfully feel superior to her partner because she has him, so to speak, by the balls. She can do almost anything with him for those few fleeting moments: make him cry, make him beg, make him jump an' wriggle around like St. Vitus with a case of crabs.

The woman feels the throbbin' of the organ against her lips, smells the characteristic odor of the sudoriferous glands of the area, an' because the cock on a biker is usually pretty big, she can get up there on the end an' see the male genitals as she proceeds to suck his dork till his head caves in. It's really pretty wonderful, don't ya think?



"I'm sorry, miss, but we don't accept 'pieces of ass' as charitable contributions."

Paybacks

Continued from page 21

making strange hand signals that I couldn't quite figure out. I decided it might be best to keep my mouth shut even though the judge had obviously found me guilty already — at least as long as my lawyer was making like a clam.

"I suppose I am, your honor."

"Intoxication is no excuse for breaking the law."

"Damn, your honor, I was just trying to explain!"

His gavel thundered. "I'll not warn you again, Mr. Steel! Your language is offensive to this court. One more outburst and I'll find you in contempt."

"Okay, your honor. You're the judge, boss."

"Your driving privileges are suspended for one year, and you will not partake of alcohol or abuse any other drugs for a like period," the judge intoned. "Nor are you to enter any drinking establishments or associate with known drunkards during that time. In addition, you're ordered to attend Alcoholics Anonymous no less than once a week for a period of one year and to prove that attendance to your probation officer weekly."

"A whole damn year?" I gasped.

"Miss just one meeting," the judge went on, "and I'll see that you're put away for life as a repeat offender. Violate any term of this probation and you'll make history as the first life sentence for simple drunkenness. Do you understand?"

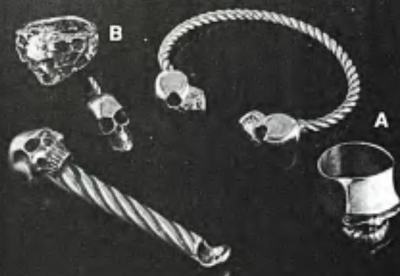
"Yes, sir," I whispered. The next year was gonna be a real fucking downer.

The first few months were hell. I had my scooter stashed with a friend in another county and I'd get over there every chance I could to get a little road work in. I had to be damned careful, though; my dipshit of a parole officer was always showing up at places and times that he wasn't supposed to. For the life of me, I couldn't see why I'd been stuck with a p.o. who took his job seriously. Still it was better than being locked up.

The thing that couldn't be gotten around, however, were those fucking meetings. Every Wednesday night at 7 p.m., that's where you'd find Steel — listening to drunks. I couldn't get my attendance card signed until after the meetings were over and to make matters worse, if you were late getting there, you had to have a damn good excuse or they'd mark that down on your card. Usually I'd just go in, sit down, fire up a smoke, have a cup of mud, and let the bullshit flow. Then, while they were closing in prayer, like church fanatics, I'd be getting the secretary to sign my card, so ol' Steel could be gone.

Inevitably, it happened. I was late for a meeting because I missed the damn bus and couldn't catch a cab. The session was nearly three-quarters over

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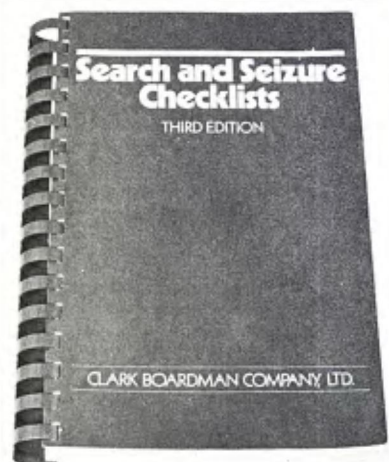
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when I arrived. The two dudes I squeezed in between gave me the evil eye, but I ignored the pissants. The clown chairin' the meeting that night was a scrawny runt who'd been just a little too "friendly" right from the gate. The first time he'd actually started coming on to me, I'd dealt with the problem in my usual tactless manner, using the words "faggot" and "death." I knew he was gonna do his damndest to get even now that he had the floor.

It took him a moment to spot me. Then he zeroed in for the kill. "Oh," he lisped, "I'm glad to see our newest member was able to grace us with his presence for our last few minutes together. Let's ask him to come up here and share his story with us. I'm sure it will be interesting and a treat for us all."

The assholes started clapping like crazy, urging me to go up to the front and make an ass of myself.

"Well, shit, where should I begin?" I said, looking disconsolately at my watch.

"Why were you late tonight?" the secretary asked. "That's as good a place as any to start."

I shuffled around for a few minutes before deciding what to say. "Well, since you asked," I began, "me and my ol' lady stopped by the liquor store and picked up a bottle of Boones Farm. After I got her good and drunk, I screwed her till she couldn't walk straight. And that, gentleman, drunks and ladies, is why I was late tonight."

The silence could have been cut with a dull bayonet. Was it my fault the assholes didn't have a sense of humor? I'd given it my best shot.

Now the wimp spoke up. "Come, come, Steel. We'd all like to know what brought you here in the first place."

There were a couple of female-types in the crowd and I got the feeling they'd rather have me keep talking about fucking than drinking. I made a quick mental note to check out the prettier of the two after the meeting.

"Well, let's see. What brought me here was that I drank too much for too long and I ain't finished yet. I'm not here to stop drinking — I'm here because it's part of my sentence. I'm gonna be different and tell you the truth, instead of the sort of bullshit I've been hearing from the rest of you."

"I like drinking nearly as much as scootin' and fucking. I can handle my liquor almost as good as any man and outdrink most. I get in trouble sometimes, but who don't when they drink as much as I do?" I glanced over the crowd and grinned. "You assholes are miserable. Just look around. I can see it in your eyes. You know what's really pathetic? You're so fuckin' brain-washed, you actually believe your own lies. Well, screw all that. Give me a bottle, a woman, and a scooter, and I'm happy. If you ain't having fun, why pretend? It just doesn't make no sense at all to me."

"Just what's that supposed to mean?" demanded a redheaded old

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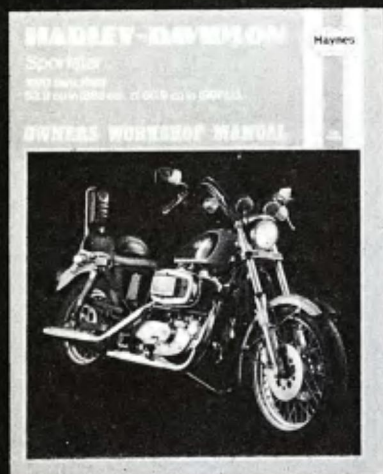
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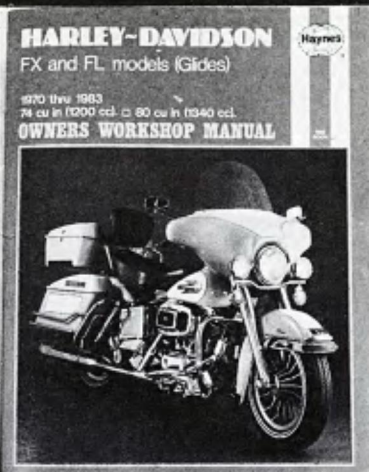
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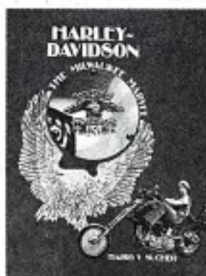
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dyke who was all the time smiling and saying how much she loved us alcoholics and how big an alcoholic she was. It was enough to make a grown man cry the way she carried on with the younger bitches, especially since I knew that the only thing she really loved was what was between their sweet young legs.

"Just what I said, that's what the fuck it means, bitch. You're peddling bullshit without a license. As for me, it's these damn meetings or hard time. I can't fuck or ride in the slammer, so I'm here. But all you turkeys sit here, week after week, and try to convince one another that sobriety is the best thing since the invention of sex. I ain't interested in staying sober at all, and neither are you. You're always either complaining about how bad you want a drink and how you ain't got the balls to take it, or you're complaining because your life ain't any fucking better now that you've stopped drinking. So you tell me, who's bullshitting who?"

"Well, I never!" the redhead snorted.

"And you never will," I assured her.

"You've got a real poor attitude," Mr. Chairwimp said. "It's evident to everyone here that your life is completely warped because of alcohol. You don't have a prayer of changing until you take that first step and admit that you're powerless over alcohol."

"You don't hear too good, do you, asshole? I don't *plan* on changing." I laughed aloud. "Why don't you go on back in the can and pop some more of them yellow jackets like you've been doing ever since I started coming here? Do you really think I'm so stupid that I don't know you're all high on something? It may not be alcohol, but fucked up is fucked up."

I tromped back to my seat, glad to hear the usual closing remarks as the collection basket was put into circulation: "In keeping with the seventh tradition, we are self-supporting through our own contributions." When the basket got to me, instead of dropping a buck in, I pulled a couple out for taxi fare.

As I was leaving the building, a hand came down on my shoulder. "I

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just want you to know that I, personally, appreciate how much courage it took to do what you just did in there," one of the older boozers said with smarmy confidentiality.

"Get the fuck outta my face," I replied, my tolerance for bullshit being completely exhausted for the night. He backed away from me, rolling his eyes.

While I was looking for a cab, a beat-up old Chevy pulled up next to me at the curb. The driver was one of the two halfway decent-looking wenches who'd been breathing hard during the meeting. I got in next to her.

"I wanted to ask you about your story tonight. I think it was a bunch of bullshit, especially the fucking part," she said cooly. "I'll bet you ain't nearly that tough when you get to the bedroom."

"You're on, woman," I said, groping her tits. She shuddered and her eyes sort of glazed over. "My place, okay?" I asked. "I think I've still got some Boones Farm left." She nodded her assent. My hand snaked down between her legs and I commenced to finger-fuck her. She must have come a dozen times in ten minutes. What the fuck, I thought, it beats the hell out of riding a taxi.

Just before daylight, I kicked her horny ass out. By then she wanted to be my ol' lady full-time so I let her know right quick that there was no way that was gonna happen. The last thing I wanted was some cunt shadowing my every step, especially one who handled her sauce so badly that she needed to go to AA meetings.

Crashing again, my mind began to wander. I thought about my bros and their women, scootin' and partying. I knew they were having a ball and here I was, a fucking leg. No wheels and no woman. It pissed me off. I got up and poured myself three fingers of Wild Turkey. As I sat there drinking, I looked up. "Hey, Higher Power, how's about giving ol' Steel a break? I can do the time with no sweat, but I need a little help with the blues. So how's about it?" I didn't get an answer.

Then I fired me up a joint. Between the Turkey and the smoke, I started to



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mellow out. Then I got to feeling sorry for myself again, thinking about my bros who could both ride and drink legal. It just didn't seem fair. They were out partying while I was stuck with a bunch of winos bullshitting one another about how great staying sober was. Bikers weren't full of that kind of bull. They'd tell you the truth, eyeball to eyeball. If you didn't like it, you could always go fuck yourself.

They say in those meetings that you've gotta do it one day at a time. And that's how I did it. The days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. Eventually, I had only one week left on my sentence.

All year long I'd kept expecting them to throw me out, but they couldn't unless they wanted a meeting with the court. Most of them at the meetings were three-time losers and one more visit to the court for them would mean hard time, too. Still, I was counting the days till freedom, when I could drink and ride with my bros.

It was on a Wednesday, the day of my last AA meeting, when my probation officer stopped by my pad. I'd seen the fucker pull up to the end of the block and park and I knew he was trying to catch me drinking. I carried all the bottles to the bedroom and hid them in a trunk, then I ate an onion to cover my breath.

I answered the door on his second knock and he walked in like he owned the place. "I want you to know, Mr. Steel, that I haven't been fooled by your act over the past year for one moment. You're just as much a drunk today as you were a year ago."

"I don't know what you're talking 'bout. I'm as sober as a schoolmarm."

"Bull!" he said. "I'd like nothing better than to see you behind bars."

One day at a time, I thought. Don't let this asshole get to you. He knows you're home free and he's just trying to get you to fuck up. "Not today," I finally said. "I've got a celebration to attend tonight."

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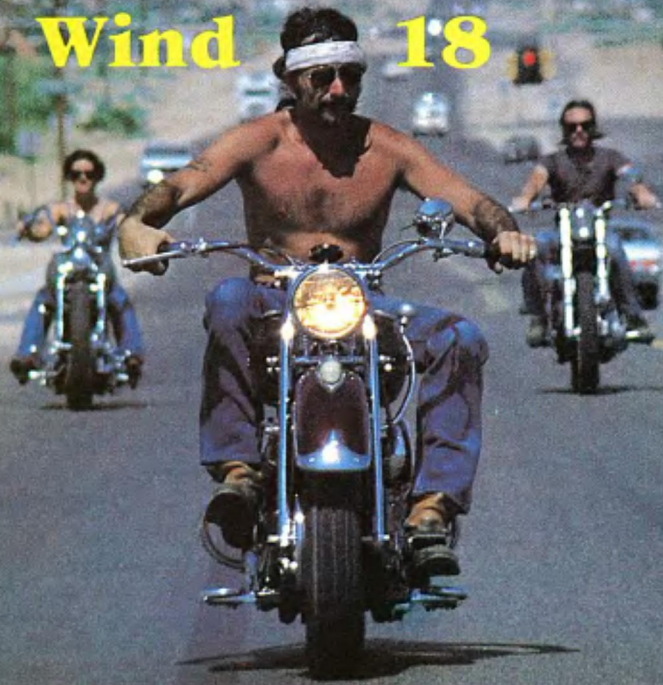
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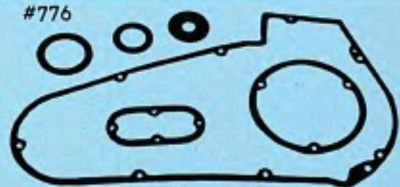
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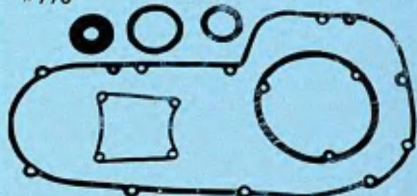
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"One year," he laughed derisively. "You haven't been sober for one day, let alone a year. Just thought I'd let you know that me and the judge will be attending the meeting tonight. We wouldn't wanna miss our star pigeon getting his one-year chip."

Shit, I thought, ain't they ever gonna quit? I looked him straight in the eye and said, "Well, I hope you'll both be sober."

He clenched his jaw and his face turned red. "I've never seen anyone more deserving of a life sentence than you. But you'll get yours when you fuck up one day."

The moment the asshole left, I got on the phone and called Snake. He'd have what I was looking for.

"Say, man, ain't you about to finish that bullshit they got you doin'?" he asked.

"Tonight's the last night, Snake. That's why I called. What have you got that'll fuck up about thirty or forty people at one whack?"

"Oh, lemme see, how about enough acid to float 'em to hell and back? What's so funny?"

"I think it's the cartoon you just drew on my mind," I chortled. "See ya later."

For once, I arrived at the AA meeting early. My scooter was parked nearby, ready for the road, because this was one party I wouldn't be staying for. I was really tempted as hell to get good and plastered before the festivities began, but somewhere within myself I managed to find a little self-control.

Inside, it was just me and a dude putting on the usual, huge 60-cup urn of coffee that served as our weekly "refreshment." I waited until his back was turned, then I dumped the little packet of white shit in with the java.

Those mothers would thank me for remindin' them of what they'd been missing. There wasn't a one in the bunch who didn't drink coffee by the gallon. Noting that I still had plenty of time to kill, I left after making sure everything had mixed well.

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An hour later, I returned. Everybody in that little room was screwed up. Thirty-some odd souls were just trippin' around like charter-member space cadets. Soon after that the orgy began. They all started tearin' their clothes off — literally. Things like zippers and buttons were just too much for 'em to handle, I guess. The ones who were ambulatory were prowling the room like horny zombies, while others just sat around stoned outta their gourds. The sassy redhead was trying her damndest to suck the tongue right outta some young chick and there were probably a dozen or so other people who'd already managed to get down to fucking. It was wild.

About then, the judge and my p.o. walked in. The judge's beady little eyes seemed scarcely able to take in all that was going on. I motioned for him and his companion to join me at the coffee pot. The little fag who'd had it in for me hopped up to the judge, bare-ass naked. "Welcome to AA, your honor," he chirped. "Glad to see you. Hope you'll excuse me, but I've got a meeting to run." Then he hopped away again. The judge was clearly seconds away from having a stroke and I could scarcely keep from laughing like a loon.

"What the holy hell is going on?" the judge whispered. "This looks like a damn orgy!"

"Naw, it's just your everyday AA meeting," I assured him.

The p.o. seemed mesmerized by two broads who were going down on each other. The judge turned on him with a sudden fury. "Why didn't you tell me about this?" he demanded.

"I swear, I had no idea, sir! I thought these were legitimate meetings!"

I carefully filled two cups with coffee, deciding I had just enough time to see what kind of assholes they'd make of themselves given the right opportunity. "Here," I said pleasantly. "You'd better have some of this to steady your nerves."

Both of them grabbed at the styrofoam cups like they were reaching for life preservers and gulped the contents. Oh, yeah, paybacks sure are hell, I thought. ■



"Lift the seat, asshole!"

Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

happens to be a fuckin' red-neck federal hack at this very same institution I'm locked up in.

Birdman
Morgantown, W.Va.

□ We're two bros doin' time for the feds down here in Morgantown, West Virginia. It so happens your so-called civilian is a hack here at FCI, employed by the federal government as a correctional officer. This might be one reason for the big cover-up. He allegedly has on several occasions bragged to inmates as well as staff that he doesn't like bikers, longhairs, or drug users.

Unsigned
Morgantown, W.Va.

On The Rag

□ Just thought I'd write and say that getting my *Easyriders* every month is like my ol' lady going on the rag. Sometimes it's early, sometimes it's late, but I'm damn sure glad when it gets here!

Wally Gohde
Kingston Mines, Ill.

H-D Dealer

□ In response to Preacher from Spokane, Washington (February '85): I don't know what he wrote H-D, but by the sound of the reply from good old Claud, he must have hit the nail on the head.

I personally tried to deal with the same dealer before driving 200 miles to Missoula Cycle Center in Montana.

Steve
Spokane, Wash.

Bikers Bars

□ In reply to "Biker Bars" in the January "Wordmonger": Maureen, here is a list of bars that are my favorite places to hang out. The Limerick, 548 Main St., Honesdale; Spicers Cafe, 951 Main St., Honesdale; Pines Tavern, 500 Woodward Ave., Hawley; Midforest Inn, Rt. 6, Lords Valley.

I am presently doing a state bit at Rockview Penitentiary and should be home in March of '85. If you would like, this spring I would be more than happy to show you around the Honesdale area. Just drop a letter to me here or at my shop: M&M Auto, 300 Shady Lane, Honesdale, PA. Mike Solomito Y-2856 Box A Bellefonte, PA 16823

130
Easyriders

Best Trike

□ I just got my January '85 issue and would like to say congratulations to Paul for the magnificent job he and his bros did on his trike. Best I ever laid eyes on!

Big Rich
Hagerstown, Md.

Needs Help

□ I'm putting up a 74" 3-wheeler of my own this winter and need to see all the trikes I can. Ya couldn't have picked a better trike for your feature 'cause I'm gimped up, too.

I had a close call with the Reaper a few years back, and while I can still walk and everything, I only have partial use of my left arm and leg. I've been doing a bit of head-scratching, trying to figure out how I'm going to rig my clutch and shifter. Seeing Paul's trike was really inspirational!

So, Paul, if you're reading this, I sure would appreciate it if you'd get in touch with me.

Happy
7061 St. Regis
Dallas, TX 75217

Hard Question

□ A few of my bros and I are planning on starting a club. How can we find out what club names are being used? Could ya send us a list?

Rat Head
Deerfield, N.H.

■ Hell, you might as well ask how high is up.

Club Name

□ We have had a club together for about a year and a half now and will be transferring it to the free world once we've all been cut loose. Some of our brothers have already been paroled and the rest of us are awaiting ours.

We want to inquire about club names. We've been going under the name "Road Rebels" since the club's birth, and we're wondering if this name has been documented or used by any other club.

"Huey"
Lebanon, Ohio

■ Maybe our readers know.

D.A.M.M. T-Shirt

□ You had a real smartass answer for a couple of people whose letters you printed about the D.A.M.M. T-shirts. When I first saw the ad, I was going to write about it, too. I found a little humor in the

sarcasm of it, but it's real not funny at all. You know what's happening out there — it's always in the "Easynews" and "Tribute Brothers Lost" sections. You even printed an open letter from an unfortunate guy whose husband was run down and then had to end up finding no recourse against his murderers. It makes a lot of sense to run an ad like that in a biker's magazine, somewhat like *American Rifleman* endorsing a gun control organization, right?

Running that ad is tantamount to biting the hand that feeds you, if not your own.

Darryl Goss
Framingham, Ma

Got Posters Fast

□ Here I am, stuck on Okla. awa, otherwise known as "The Rock." Along about two weeks ago I sent away for a couple of posters from your gents. Now I figured that would take at least six or eight weeks to get here considering how most companies dick you around.

Well, I went to the ol' mailbox today and holy shit! There were the posters. Considering how long it takes to get mail here, the posters must have left the day I ordered got there. I'm deeply impressed! Somebody really got his shit together just want to say thanks whoever's responsible and tell Spider to give him/her an extra piece of raisin pie.

Scotty
APO, San Francisco

■ Cathy's the chick thank. She's loose but okay broad.

Big C

□ I just want to let you know that "Night Travelers" made my day. I think it's the best fuckin' story I've ever seen in your rag.

Give Charles Gray a double helping of raisin pie.

Cindy
Seaside, Ca

■ Gray is in the hospital right now — he's got the B

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, postcards, threats of violence, letters, propositions, and demands for payment may be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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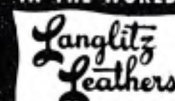


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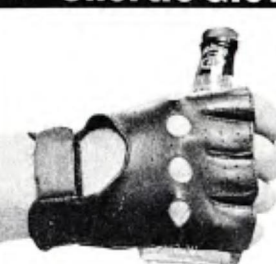


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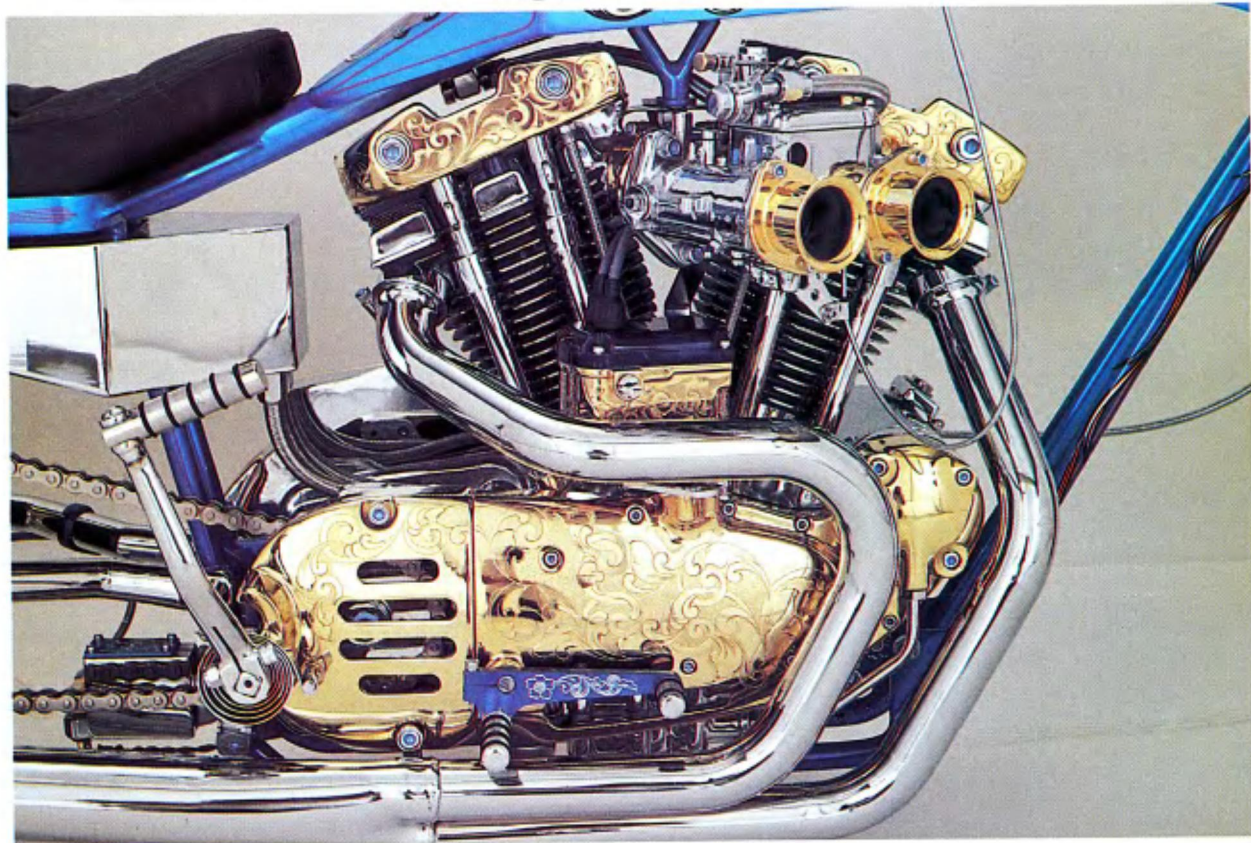


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Available in limited quantities through motorcycle and accessory stores. East of the Mississippi, dealers can purchase this jacket through ADI. West of the Mississippi, dealers can contact CCI. Have questions? Contact: Hein Gericke, 201 W. Bastanchury Rd., Fullerton CA 92635, phone (714) 738-6262.

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