

VESPA 125 primavera



STROKE BUZZ



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INTRODUCTION

2 Stroke Buzz is one of many publications dedicated to scootering. I'd like to think it's a little different, though. I've only been scootering for about a year now, but ask my friends and they'll tell you that it has already become an important part of my life.

In the time I've spent on two wheels, I've seen that there is a **tradition of music and style** attached to the scooter. I've always liked soul and ska music, but I came into this with my own favorites and I'm not letting go of my past to fit in. I'm also not going to waste my beer money on Fred Perrys. I'm not trying to impose my values on you; I simply want to encourage you to think for yourself.

After all, the Mods and the Skins were **rebels** stealing from the past and looking to the future. So don't look at this as a threat to the tradition, but as a magazine for those who wish to enhance it and eliminate the stereotypes.

Happy Scootering! **Bryan Noise**, January 1996

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Scooter Monster by **Jason Bell**

NOTICE

Published, written, and designed by **Bryan Noise**. Proofread and edited by **Tracie Haluda**. Photo processing by **Keith Bedell**. Screen printing assistance by **Bogdan Sipic**. **Contribute** to the next issue and see your name here!

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Buy an **advertisement** so I can make the type legible next time! See page 39 for ad info. 2SB will design 'em for free. Classified ads will be free in the next issue.

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COMING SOON

An interview with **Paul McIntosh** of the Internet Scooter Club...Test drive: the 1995 Lambretta **GP200**...Ohio's greatest punk band, **Gaunt**...Meet the Baywatch-lovin' **Scooter Gang**...Milwaukee space rockers **F/i**...And **more!**



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SCOOTERS ON THE INFOBAHN

World Wide Web

Scooters on Display

<http://www.campus.mci.net/~lwilson/vespa/scoot.html>

San Diego Scooter Scene

<http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~stepper/sdss.htm>

Scooter Scene

<http://153.18.60.51/ss.html>

Original Motor Scooter Home Page

<http://weber.u.washington.edu/~shortwav/>

Scooter Talk

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~staci/index2.html>

Piaggio

<http://www.piaggio.com/>

Big People Scooters

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~vespashp/>

Vespa <http://www.vespa.com/>

Henrik's Home Page

<http://www.tde.lth.se/home/henrik/vespa/vespa.html>

Les Scooters

<http://www.planete.net/~bmarchan/scooter.html>

Seattle Scooter Page

<http://www.halcyon.com/scooters/>

John Kennedy's Scooter Page

<http://rohan.sdsu.edu/home/kennedyj/index.html>

Dan's Scooter Page

<http://www.sirius.com/~dbh/scoot.html>

Scooterworks

<http://153.18.60.51/scooterworks/> (coming soon)

Scooter Article

<http://www.organic.com/Staff/caliban/jwz/Gallery/irwin.html>

The Boiler Scooter Page

http://www.slip.net/~morrison/Carlos/The_Boiler/scooters/run.htm

Aboriginal Scooter Club

<http://falcon.cc.ukans.edu/~vespa/>

Newsgroups

alt.scooter More traffic, heavy on flaming plastic

alt.scooter.classic Usually pretty slow

Mailing lists

Two-Stroke ask for info on alt. scooter

Clubs

Internet Scooter Club for info, e-mail Paul McIntosh (paulmc@mailhost.world.net) or me (illnoise@ripco.com)

Vespa Club of America 0003749395@mcimail.com

NEWS

Released way back in 1993, the soundtrack to Jon Moritsugu's film **Modfuck Explosion** is an excellent chunk of music. Side A is arguably some of the best work by defunct DC combo Unrest. (Bridget and Mark continue today as Air Miami.) Side B is wonderful Japanese pop/punk by Karyo Tengoku, a band that mixes Zeni Geva's energy, Shonen Knife's sense of fun, and Teen-Generate's attitude.



So where's the flick, Jon? A press release included with the record promised a "meat garden" consisting of 800 pounds of rotting flesh. And we're supposed to be patient? The film target date was February 1994, but the \$50,000-budget semi-parody of *Quadrophenia* was still unreleased, but reviewed, in a mid-1994 issue of *Your Flesh*. A late summer (1994) release was promised. Calls to Chicago indie video stores could not even locate Moritsugu's other five films.

Postings on the alt.film.independent newsgroup indicate that it was shown at a San Francisco (Moritsugu's home) film festival a few months ago, but no one on the newsgroup had seen it. With the promise of sex, skinheads, scooters, uppers, and meat, I wouldn't dare miss it. Hopefully I'll be able to contact Jon before the next issue.



Forget drugs and beer, (yeah right) the coolest scooter snacks are **Chupa Chups** (Spanish for Sucky Sucks), ice-cream flavored lollipops from Spain. Ron and Jason at Scooterworks USA got me hooked this summer, and I've been hunting

them down in Mexican grocery stores ever since. My biggest score came at Christmas when my girlfriend gave me a big collector's tin full of them that she found at Target.

The Autumn 1995 issue of **Esquire Gentleman** actually cobbled together a halfway decent story on the "mod craze," even though the fashion industry decides mod is "in" about twice a year. In a sidebar



on page 50, there is a story and photos from the 1995 Niagara rally with some familiar "faces."

Well, mates, I'm sure you never knew you'd be in a fashion magazine with Prince on the cover! Thanks to you, checkered sock prices will hit the roof.

Some rich kids out there sure had a nice Christmas. In Neiman Marcus' 1995 Christmas catalog they offered the **Joe Boxer Cyberscooter**.

For a mere \$10,000 (*seriously*) you got: A book about underwear, a cellular phone, a Motorola Envoy communicator, a yellow helmet with a smiley face, 30 pairs of boxer shorts, and a polka-dotted scooter. The logo plate wasn't on the side cowl in the picture, so let's give 'em the benefit of the doubt and say it was a P200E.

Send the \$10,000 to this publication and we can do a lot better than that. Estimated retail cost: no more than \$2800.

Chicago's *New City* newspaper parodied the offer at \$819.98 with a black Peugeot moped, two cans of spray paint, thirty pairs of Calvin Klein underwear, and 2,000 quarters for phone calls and laundry.

Wouldn't it be funny to e-mail the poor dopes that bought it (scooter1@joeboxer.com, scooter2@joeboxer.com, etc.) and tell them what a raw deal they got? Not that I'm suggesting you do that or anything...



Fig. 1) Cub. a) Robynn.
b) Lisa. c) Lisa G.

CUB

Cub is a great pop/punk band from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. They've been around for a few years and have several records out, including **Come Out Come Out** (1994) and **Betti-Cola** (1993), both available as nifty multi-7"s on colored vinyl. Last year they released a few singles, including *Volcano* (available only at shows or by mail-order) and a split single with the Potatomen. All their songs are super catchy and fun, even the creepy ones about murder and stuff.

Lisa sings and plays bass. **Robynn** plays guitar, and **Lisa G.** is the drummer, although they seem

to have a different drummer every time they come through Chicago (Lisa G. was the best though!). To describe their sound, imagine a slumber party with the Raincoats, the Go Go's, Beat Happening (with Heather singing, not Calvin, duh!), and the Ramones.

Cub **rages** like no one else. They are one of the greatest bands I have ever seen or heard. I have never met anyone who didn't love them immediately upon hearing them.

I wrote to Cub in December and actually caught Robynn home from touring. I asked her a few nosy questions, and she answered as follows:

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
Hi! Who's answering these questions? Are you all there? Are you on tour now? Where are you?	It's just me, Robynn , the guitar player and occasional backup singer, here. We just got back from an eight-week tour with Pansy Division, Pluto, and the Potatomen. We're thinking of changing our name to Pub . Home for us is Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. A lovely city, but right now it is unusually cold and windy.	

CUB

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
Vancouver seems to have a pretty active scooterist population. Are you guys into scooters? Have you come in contact with the scene at all?	None of us is really into scooters a whole lot. I've always thought it would be cool to have one though. I'm envious of the scooterists' wardrobes. Snazzy. Cool word, too: Vespa! Yay! We haven't been at home enough this year to be in contact with anything, really.	
Every time I see you, you have a different drummer. What's the deal? Is somebody <i>supposed</i> to be permanent? Who's the drummer <i>du jour</i> ?	Valeria was our original drummer who was also the manager of a candy store. She couldn't tour, so on a couple tours we had fill-in drummers Dave (guitarist for The Smugglers) and Neko (drummer for Meow). Lisa G. is our permanent drummer now. Valeria has devoted her life to chocolate.	Cool. Like I said, Lisa G. is the best! I never saw Valeria, though.
Do you ever consider releasing something on a major label? It's surprising that the new "alternative" radio monster hasn't picked up on you yet.	So far we really haven't had any interest from the major labels. We're happy where we are now. Our last release, "The Day I Say Goodbye," (a split CD-EP/7" with The Potatomen) came out on Mint/Lookout! Records, which is a cool and exciting thing.	

CUB

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
What would happen if you were suddenly "the big thing" and Cub t-shirts were in malls, and you were playing in arenas?	I have no idea what would happen if what you say were to happen. Arenas are good for hockey games, so I'd love to play hockey in one as long as I wasn't the goalie.	
Is it true that in Canada, a certain percentage of broadcasts (TV/Radio) has to be Canadian? What new Canadian bands should we be looking for?	Yes, that is true. It's called Canadian Content (Can-Con for short). MuchMusic has actually been really supportive of us and many other indie Canadian bands. They'll play really rough low-budget videos like our "Go Fish" video. Some "new" Canadian bands that I like are Meow, Knock Down Ginger, and Scratching Post, and other bands that aren't really new but are great are The Inbreds, Sparkmaker, Pluto, Thrush Hermit...	
You guys have to be the most adorable band in North America. Do you get a lot of groupies bugging you?	Thank you very much. Overall, the people who come to our shows and who write us are pretty cool and non-stalker.	

CUB

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
Do you resent the fact that your looks might affect the success of your band? Do you hate the "girl band" tag?	I've never thought that our looks have factored into the "success" of Cub, at least not my own. I suppose it could be said that they do, in that we're three pretty normal looking women...meaning anyone can do this. Looks don't matter, you don't have to be "beautiful." As far as the "girl band" tag, well, we are female and we are a band. Just as long as people can see past that and see more.	
What do you guys do during the month or so each year when you're not touring?	Recuperate, sleep, and answer mail.	(Oh. Uh, sorry!)
Which of your records would you recommend as someone's first Cub record? Do you have any new stuff coming out that you'd like to plug?	I recommend <i>Come Out, Come Out!</i> on vinyl! We'll be recording our new album in February. Very, very exciting. I can't wait. Yaaaay!	(I like <i>Betti-Cola</i> best)

CUB

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
Anything else you want to say?	Thank you everyone for coming to see us and for writing to us. Please continue. And start your own band/zine/whatever! » XO Robynn	Contact Cub via Mint , #699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver BC V5Z 4C9

Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you very much!

Is that enough to make you go buy their records? Go! Now! I promise you will love it unless you're into Slayer and stuff, and even then you might.

Even better, go see them. They are so fun to see, and they tour pretty much all the time, so they'll surely be playing near you soon.

You will love them, I promise you.

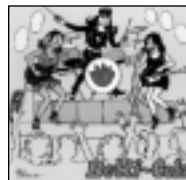


Fig.2) **Betti-Cola**, 1993 (Mint Records)



Fig.3) **Come Out Come Out**, 1994 (Mint Records)



Fig.4) "The Day I Say Goodbye," 1995 (Mint/Lookout Records)



Fig.5) Cub (L-R Robynn, Lisa G., Lisa), in 1994

Fig.1) Pisa? Hell, no! It's the Leaning Tower of Niles, IL.



AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY

Date/Place: September 16, 1995, Chicago, IL

Sponsor: Internet SC Midwest US (Bryan & Jim)

The plan: meet in Niles, IL, at a replica of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, have a cookout at a nearby park, then proceed through all of Chicago's "ethnic" neighborhoods to a party at my house.

A few of us met early at Scooterworks USA. I had just picked up my scooter after my little spill and Jim was upping to a Sito Plus exhaust.

At the shop, we met Eric and RJ, with a very handsome modded-out P-series with Adidas stripes, and Gail, who rode a teal P-series with a leather bra. (Scooter bras are pretty rare in Chicago, but she's from California, where people are different.)

We finally got it together and headed north to the leaning tower, where several people were already waiting. Eventually about 25 people on about 15 scooters showed up. Most were from Chicago and the suburbs, but about eight people came down from Milwaukee and Ian from Ontario was there without his scooter.

We took a few pictures there, then went to Bunker Hill Park for the picnic. We ate some hot dogs and judged the bikes by popular vote:

Best overall: **Marty Weber** (Milwaukee), with a beautifully restored 1963 teal Allstate. **Worst overall:** **Eric Francis** (Chicago), a gas-leakin', rusty red VA90. **Most obnoxious:** **Gail Rubin** (Chicago), the teal P200 with a (snicker) bra.

All prizes were handsome Vespa t-shirts from Scooterworks USA (Thanks to the Jasons!).

Fig. 2) Two winners: Gail (right, most obnoxious scooter) and Eric (second to right, crappiest scooter) with Eric, RJ, and their giant soccer boot.



Jon's blue Bajaj Chetak was a contender until the clutch cable broke. He never made it to the judging site, having to ride five miles back to Scooterworks in first gear. Alfredo was disappointed to lose the most obnoxious award, being the Chicago mirror king and all.

We packed it up and rode off. Running late by now, we whizzed through Devon Avenue (the Indian area), Lincoln Avenue (Germantown), and Argyle Street (Little Vietnam), passing up a few great photo opportunities. Then we got stuck in



traffic on Sheridan and again on Michigan Avenue (surprise).

We wound up in Chinatown and took some pictures in front of the big pagoda gateway. Then, after briefly being hassled by the Man for blocking the sidewalk, we split up, since I had to get home and set up for the party. Everyone went to hit the pubs and I consumed the worst beverage of my life, an alleged "cola" that turned out to be seaweed-and-fish-ade or something. On the way home I stopped for a ginger ale at a liquor store

to get the taste out of my mouth and had to explain to a concerned group of African-Americans that we were NOT, in fact, racist skinheads. We eventually befriended them with our natural charm and were invited to a biker bar on 22nd and Pulaski. (Oh, yeah, we'll be there.)

Fig. 3) Eric and RJ, Alfredo (with mirrors sticking out three feet), Eric, and Greg. Don't tell anyone, but Greg's riding a motorcycle. He took all the other pictures though, so he's OK.

The party was pretty great, thanks to Grant from Milwaukee who picked up the keg when Kim's car broke down. All the scooterless skins and mods showed up at this point, and Dan and Brian DJ'd a lovely mix of scooter sounds that only ever-so-slightly trashed my speakers.

A couple of guys got hit by the infamous Western Avenue egg squad on the way to the party, but it all washed off in the rain. We all stayed up late and got tanked. It was wonderful.

Thanks to everyone for coming. I hope you all had a great time. Thanks especially to Jim Carow and Paul McIntosh (ISC), Alfredo and his mom's potato salad, Grant and his car, Brian and Dan and their records, Scooterworks and their t-shirts, and Tracie and her thankless task of cooking and cleaning up while we all had fun.

The Internet will sponsor a (literally) worldwide rally next October, with several locations around the world linked by computer.

For information about the Internet Scooter Club, especially if you'd like to help plan the rally in your area, e-mail Bryan Noise ill-noise@ripco.com or Paul McIntosh paulmc@mailhost.world.net.



Fig. 4) Jack hitchhikes a ride on Jonna's Sears Primavera after his P200 seized. Note the IDOT-approved rubber duck mounted on the front fender (with duck tape, of course!).



KINDER NACHT

Martin Wales is the creator of a fantastic comic about the Kinder Nacht Scooter Club. The comic involves a twisted plot featuring scooters, skin-heads, Nazis, spies, speed, and a missing black diamond.

The story features several of the scooter scene archetypes working together to solve a mystery involving the death of three friends at the hands of neo-Nazis.

Kinder Nacht issues #5 and #5-1/2 came out in late 1995. Issue #5 continued the story, while #5-1/2 went in a new direction, adding a short comic by Ian Boothby, two short pieces focusing on the budding relationship between skinhead Sal and a particularly crabby Chelsea girl named Jette, and music reviews. It also contains a great story/comic about the Kinder Nacht SC attending the Victoria Rally.

Martin has a great sense of humor and draws well. He addresses the issues facing scooterists, good and bad, and does his best to make sense of it all. I asked Martin a few questions about his work:



KINDER NACHT

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
How old are you, and how long have you been doing <i>Kinder Nacht</i> ? What is your background?	I'm 25 years old and I've been drawing comics since 11th grade, but I've only been doing <i>Kinder Nacht</i> for about five years. #1 came out four years ago and you can really see a difference between the comic then and what I do now. As far as school goes, I went to the Emily Carr College of Art and Design and then Capilano College (both in Vancouver, Canada) for a few years in the graphic design and illustration program. Right now I work at a very unrelated job and do the comic in my spare time. The only other person involved is Scott Stewart who oversees production of the book.	The characters represent different facets of scootering, so the reader will develop his favorites: Isicaa (Izzy), the mod-in-charge; Simeon, a gun-toting gangster wanna-be; Scott, the only level-headed one in the bunch; Sal, who accidentally became a skin overnight; Ty, the rude boy with the pills; and Taylor and Sorsha, the mod girls.
Is "Kinder Nacht" a real scooter club? Are the characters based on people you know?	"Kinder Nacht" is not a real scooter club but many of the characters are based on people I know. Scott, for instance, is based on Scotty Stewart whom I mentioned before and Taylor is based on my girlfriend Yasmin. Simeon and Isicaa are sort of two sides of me; Isicaa is the leader type, together and grounded but full of angst. Simeon is a wilder, crazier, and definitely angrier side.	


KINDER NACHT

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
You mentioned that you are changing the format of <i>Kinder Nacht</i> to a 'zine format. How are you changing it, and is #5-1/2 (<i>Kinder Nacht Specials</i>) any indication of what is to come?	I am changing the format of <i>Kinder Nacht</i> although the story of the <i>Kinder Nacht</i> SC won't be interrupted. The 'zine will be called <i>Skadrophenia</i> and will feature the running story of <i>Kinder Nacht</i> in every issue. As well as the comic, <i>Skadrophenia</i> will have ska and mod CD reviews, interviews, fashion exposés, and concert reviews. It'll also mix in skin-head- and scooterist-interest pieces. I believe that the whole scooter/ska scene is very inclusive of all the clique cultures involved, such as mods, skin-heads, and rude boys/girls, and I want to do a 'zine that caters to all the subcultures that make up the bigger subculture. #5-1/2 of <i>Kinder Nacht</i> is nothing like what <i>Skadrophenia</i> will be like.	
Are you a mod, skin, or any of the other archetype? What do you have to say about people basing their lives on these "standards"?	I get frustrated on this topic. I don't think that there's any such thing as a mod today—if there were they'd be working their butts off at a shit J.O.B. all week, then spending their weekends wrapped up in drugs and buying clothes, and I don't see that happening these days. I think the scooter scene is a melting pot,	I think the "fight" between Sal and Izzy in #5-1/2 was very funny, and an interesting statement on "fitting in."

KINDER NACHT

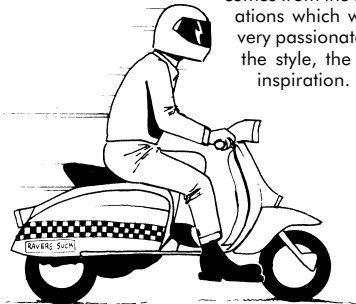
QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
What other comics do you follow and look to for inspiration?	<p>an amalgam of style, taste, and culture. My feelings on stereotyping oneself to fit into a group or clique is that it portrays a sense of low self-esteem. If you like the clothes, wear the clothes; if you like the music, listen to the music, but don't do it just because your scooter club won't include you if you don't. I'm not a mod but I admire a lot of things about the mod style so I emanate those things. I'm not a rude boy either but the same goes, I love ska, sharkskin suits, pork pie hats, tiny braces, Fred Perrys, R&B, but sometimes I just wear my jeans, a t-shirt, Conversees, and a baseball cap. "I am not a [mod/skinhead/rude boy/skater]... I am a free man."</p> <p>I try to look more for artists than comics but in some cases that goes hand in hand. One of my biggest influences is <i>Love and Rockets</i>, I am inspired by the Brothers Hernandez' story (self-taught, innovative style and layouts). Influences from way back are people like Steve Rude (<i>Nexus</i> and <i>World's Finest</i>), older stuff by John Byrne and Terry Austin (<i>X-Men</i></p>	<p>The Kinder Nacht Scooter Club (opposite page) Izzy, Paul, Jim, Sal, Sorsha, Taylor, Simeon, Scott, Biz, Ty, Jette, and Panther Princess.</p>

KINDER NACHT

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
What music do you listen to? <i>(Tell the truth! Every scooterist I know loves the Pixies but would never admit it at a rally... "I like Paul Weller and the Skatalites." "Wow! So do I!")</i>	<p>and <i>Fantastic Four</i>), Michael Golden (<i>The NAM</i>), Todd McFarlane (when he did <i>Longshot</i>), Frank Miller (<i>Dark Knight</i>, old <i>Daredevil</i>, and <i>Sin City</i>), and newer artists like Jamie Hewlett (<i>Tank Girl</i>) and Mike Allred (<i>Madman</i>).</p> <p>I'm being totally honest when I say I listen to Paul Weller and The Skatalites, but I listen to other stuff too. I love Blur, Oasis, Menswear, Elastica, Supergrass, Sleeper, even Juliana Hatfield. I listen to so much ska that it seeps through my pores (The Specials, Mepheskapheles, The Selecter, Easy Big Fella, King Apparatus, Operation Ivy, Madness, Toots and the Maytals, I could go on forever). My collection of ska CDs is nearing the 100 mark. I will admit that I've always loved old jazz greats like Ella Fitzgerald, Django Reinhardt and Stephan Grappely, Duke Ellington, Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday, and Astrud Gilberto. I enjoy good music, all kinds, not just the music that everyone in my interest group tells me to like.</p>	

KINDER NACHT

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
Anything else you'd like to say?	<p>I'd like to point out that aside from comics and music I'm inspired by cult British TV. Every time I watch an episode of <i>The Avengers</i>, <i>The Saint</i>, or <i>Secret Agent</i>, I feel waves of creativity. My admiration for <i>The Prisoner</i> and the futuristic sci-fi of Gerry Anderson's <i>Thunderbirds</i>, or <i>Captain Scarlet</i>, comes from the imagination involved in these creations which were so ahead of their time. I'm very passionate about the sixties' James Bond—the style, the plots, the characters are all an inspiration.</p>	<p>To contact Martin or to subscribe to <i>Ska-drophenia</i>, write:</p> <p>Island Easel Imaginations: #205-730 Vancouver St., Victoria, B.C. V8V 3V3</p> <p>or e-mail: mwales@islandnet.com</p>



BREW CITY BEER RUN: THE SECOND PINT

Date/Place: October 21, 1995, Milwaukee, WI

Sponsor: Vesparados SC

We planned to ride from Chicago to **Laverne & Shirleyland** on Saturday, but as the day came closer it became painfully obvious that it wasn't going to happen. It was a beautiful week until 4:45pm on Friday, when it started raining and the temperature dropped. By Saturday morning it was about 40 degrees. Alfredo called me at 6:00 AM and said he and Kim were driving up in her car. They picked me up at 9:00 AM, then we blew a tire pulling away from the curb. We were doomed from the start. After putting on the doughnut and finding it flat as well, we called a tow truck and eventually left Chicago at about 12:00. It was snowing (well, a little) in Milwaukee!

Everyone else apparently met at the **Fuel Cafe** in Milwaukee at 11:00 AM and left us a note, so we stopped there (nice place!) and checked the schedule. We caught up at the **Sprecher Brewery** right at the end of the tour, just in time for the beer tasting (nice timing, eh?). After downing a few, everyone headed to the **Lakefront Microbrewery** (the owner called it a microscopicbrewery), where they were kind and had the foresight to have the beer tasting before, during, and after the tour. They had some excellent beer, and the owner was a hoot. The



tour was great, the owner was really funny, but corny, and by now everyone was kinda tanked. So let's ride!

It was (luckily) a short trip to **Marty's house** where the cookout was planned. It was a lot of fun, he had a nice collection of Scootering and scooter books that we looked through while chatting and wolfing down burgers.

By this time, we were drinking some dreadful local piss beer but barely noticed. Eventually it wound down and people started heading to the party. Several of us hung out to see *Pulp Fiction* on video for the eighth time and ruin it for the people who hadn't seen it yet.

After the flick, we cruised over to **Y-NOT II**, which is a pretty dumb name for a bar, but it was a cool place. I heard it was a lesbian and old man hangout, but this night it was packed with scooterists who started dancing once they stopped playing disco and got the soul/ska ball rolling.

We stayed 'til 2 AM, then followed Grant to his house. On the way there, a monster truck pulled

up next to Grant and the guy rolled down his window, leaned over his big-hair mama, and yelled "**Nice moped, ASSHOLE!**" We started cracking up, and yelled "Nice monster truck, DORK!" When the guy realized that Grant wasn't alone, he sorta clammed up.

I think it would have been cool if a hundred scooters had came over the hill just after he said it, but no such luck. That's life in the land of beer and Harleys.

We learned at the Lakefront Brewery that Milwaukee has a ratio of 820 people per bar (!!!) (the national average is 2,200 people per bar) so it must be a cool place.

We sure had a good time, despite the fact that we didn't ride. It was pretty nice when we got back to Chicago, so we made up for lost time by riding around the rest of the day.

Thanks, Tom and the other Vesparados! The patch was great, as promised. You did an impeccable job of planning and keeping everything moving, despite the weather. And thanks to Lakefront, Sprecher, Marty, and Y-NOT II.

TOYS FOR TOTS 1995

December is no time to hold a motorcycle parade in **Chicago**, but Toys for Tots made some sort of deal with the devil (or Santa Claus) to make sure December 3 was the nicest day since October. Posters advertising the event had been hung on every lamppost and in every store window along Western Avenue.

The poster promised 10,000 motorcycles, which seemed ludicrous until I got there. I wouldn't be surprised if there were more than that. Most were Harley-Davidsons, but just about every make and model of motorcycle ever made was represented in the crowd that filled Dan Ryan Forest as far as the eye could see.

So what was I doing there on a Vespa 125 Primavera? If this had been Brighton in the mid-Sixties, I would have been one unlucky motherfucker.

I was supposed to have met a few other Vesparazzi before riding down, but apparently everyone but me was having engine trouble. I'm sure it had nothing to do with the big Second to Last SC cocktail party the night before.



By 9:00 AM, I was sitting on my bike with my gift, a Nickelodeon "green slime" personal cassette player, hanging from my handlebars in a Toys'R'Us bag, watching Harleys whiz by on their way to the parade. I already have a Walkman, so I figured I might as well ride down and do something nice for some poor kid. "Maybe I'll run into someone I know," I figured.

As I got closer, motorcycles started outnumbering cars, and by the time I got to 63rd Street, I had sort of fallen in with a pack of Harley riders who seemed pretty friendly. I figured, "How bad could it be, it's a charity event, right?"

At 83rd Street, I turned left into the entrance of the forest, which was wrong, because that's where

the front of the pack was. Everyone was supposed to line up behind them on the other side of the park. Just as I realized my mistake, I saw three scooterists who had made the same mistake. I pulled a quick u-turn, caught up with them and asked if I could ride with them. They welcomed me into their pack, and we started wheeling down the road to the back of the line-up.

Their names were Michael, George, and Christine. Michael had a gorgeous chrome P200E with eight headlights and twice as many mirrors. When I first saw his scooter, I thought it was a motorcycle, he had so much **stuff** on his bike. Christine had a teal and white P200E, and George had a red 1966 Allstate 150. I was relieved to not be the only scooter there, even though their scooters put mine to shame.

We all rolled down a narrow path lined with Toys for Tots volunteers and other riders. We got a mix of compliments, confused looks, laughs, smiles, and jeers. Eventually, we came to the back of "Group Three." We were told that there were to be four groups and the first one left early, since so many people had shown up. We signed

waivers, then the other guys went to find the souvenir stand. They bought me a jacket pin, which was really nice of them since I had met them only 45 minutes before. We saw riders a quarter of a mile ahead pulling out, so we bundled up and started our bikes. Suddenly, Michael groaned.

We looked over to see him revving his throttle with no response from the engine. His throttle cable had broken! As everyone pulled out into the parade, we pushed over to the side of the path and started breaking down his bike to see what the problem was. He took off the air filter and saw that the ball at the end of the cable had broken off. Of course, none of us had spare cables. After abandoning a ill-advised plan (my idea) to leave the cowl and air filter off and use his right finger to pull the throttle while driving (O.K., it was a dumb idea, I'll admit), we left him there and caught up with the end of Group Three.

We rode out onto Western Avenue and took off at full speed, with showoff crotchrocks doing wheelies past us. George and Christine turned off Western a few blocks later to find help for Michael, and I was on my own again.

Because the police had blocked off all the intersections, it was pretty much smooth sailing. Western Avenue is one of my favorite streets to ride on, since I live near it and I know all the potholes and grease strips by heart. People with kids and camcorders lined the street, which was great, because my parents would have never taken ME to a motorcycle parade.

There was an amazing variety of people and motorcycles. There were biker gangs, Christian clubs, African-American clubs, old folks, kids, yuppies, men, women, guys in Santa Claus suits and anything else you could imagine, including a totally orange Harley (wheels and all) with a guy in a bear suit riding it.

They were riding Harleys of every description, Ducatis, Yamahas, Hondas, Suzukis, Triumphs, BSAs, Nortons, crotchrocks, road bikes, choppers, three-wheelers, touring bikes, bikes with sidecars and trailers, and weird custom jobs that defy description. Most people drove respectfully, but some showoffs passed on the median, popped wheelies, and cut everyone off. Most of the other riders ignored me, but a few of them

were really friendly. The people lining the streets waved and cheered.

We eventually arrived at the U.S. Marine Corps Armory at Foster and Kedzie. I found a parking place and walked a quarter of a mile to the gymnasium along the endless rows of motorcycles, hoping to find just one scooter in the crowd. There were none to be seen.

I went inside and saw the glorious 30-foot high pile of toys that had been donated. Most people brought stuffed animals and threw them on the pile, but I didn't want to chuck electronics up there, so I handed it to a little volunteer girl, who looked as happy to put it on the pile as she would have been to keep it.

It was so good to know that I helped someone out and had such a great time doing it. The ride would have been fun if I was the only person doing it, but to see all these people getting together made it even better.

I rode home, southbound on Western opposite the endless parade, looking for scooters and hoping all my friends would be able to come next year.

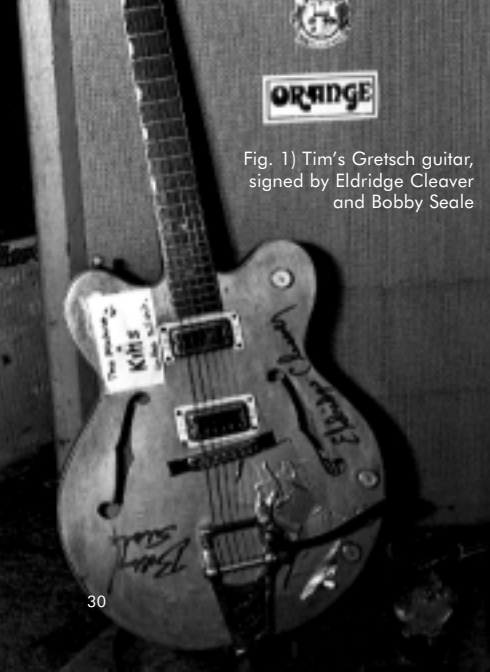


Fig. 1) Tim's Gretsch guitar,
signed by Eldridge Cleaver
and Bobby Seale

LORD HIGH FIXERS

Tim Kerr will tell you that soul music never died, it just keeps turning up in different forms. What is soul music? "Minor Threat. Marvin Gaye. John Coltrane. The music's not any different. The old ska is no different from the old soul stuff, which is no different from what we're doing," he says.

Even if you've never heard of Tim Kerr, chances are you've heard of one of the bands he was in. He was the guitarist for the Big Boys, Bad Mutha Goose, Poison 13, The Monkeywrench, and Jack O' Fire. All of these bands had plenty of soul, despite their radically different sounds.

Tim has again joined Poison 13 singer **Mike Carroll** to form **Lord High Fixers** to play a powerful mix of punk, soul, blues, and garage music. The band includes guitarist **Andy Wright** of Sugar Shack, bassist **Robbie Becklund**, and drummer **Stefanie Paige Friedman**.

Together, they blast a loud wake-up call to today's stale music. Building upon their influences, they redefine soul on their own terms, making revolution rock for the '90s.



Through their songs and liner notes, they challenge both personal and national politics, encouraging us to think for ourselves and to ignore what society expects of us.

Tim and Andy's loud, distorted wall of feedback forms an excellent background for Mike's gruff, scratchy vocals. Robbie and Stefanie lay down a critically precise beat that holds the **mayhem** together.

Dave Crider (of The Mono Men) calls Mike "Jekyll and Hyde," and it's no lie. Mike is a wild man on stage, contorting and jumping about in stark contrast to his quiet, reserved offstage manner.

When it all comes down, it's about the music itself, and Lord High Fixers can deliver. On stage at the Empty Bottle in Chicago, they played a powerful set that brought a packed house up tight to the stage, bouncing along with Stefanie and Robbie. Tim broke half his strings on the first couple songs and then subconsciously proceeded to nearly trash Dave Crider's Telecaster as Dave cheered him on from a couple feet away.

Tim is well-known to many music fans. He's been



Fig. 3) Mike Carroll could kill you just by looking at you. And Tim Kerr is so punk, he dares to wear a bleach-stained, torn Fred Perry.

through it all in the music industry, watching the independent rock scene develop during his time in the skate-punk Big Boys, then seeing it devoured in the aftermath of Nirvana. At that time he was recording with Mudhoney's Mark Arm and Steve Turner as The Monkeywrench.

With major labels showing interest in Bad Mutha Goose, he decided he wanted out. "If you start doing it for money, it becomes the main factor in decisions. I'm not into that at all," he says.

"At this point now...if I do a band, I want it to be something that's just '**What is THIS?**' do something that just changes everything again, even if it's just one person in the crowd that gets what we're saying."

Tim's had another problem with the music industry: a label called Tim/Kerr records. "It's not me. I don't want to sue, I don't want to shut them down, I just want them to **please** do something to make people wonder if it's possibly not me."

"I saw Jon Spencer, and Jack O'Fire had the single out ("Bring Me the Head of Jon Spencer," Undone 0002) and I said 'well, I think you guys are just great, y'know...' and he said, 'yeah, I kinda thought so...' then his next question was 'How's your label goin'?'"

The Lord High Fixers have released an EP, **Talking to Tomorrow**, (Scooch Pooch P-010) and various singles and compilation tracks. The new LP, **When the Revolution Comes**, will be out soon on Estrus.



Fig. 4) Robbie and Andy rock out

TIM KERR'S SCOOTERS

"I have always thought that older scooters were cool. During the original Poison 13, the drummer had an old red Allstate that didn't run, sitting in his garage. He gave it to me and I took it to a shop (this is around 1984) who couldn't really do anything for it. Since I was very green on the thought of restoring anything and he led me to believe that there was nothing anyone could do, we left it with him.

Pretty stupid, yes, I know!"

"Later, a friend in Dallas, Dan, was heavily into Vespas and years later—1988 or 1989, he gave me a frame and a whole scooter, a 1963 All-

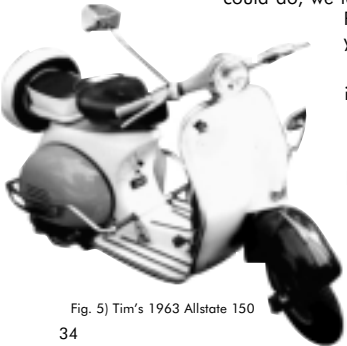


Fig. 5) Tim's 1963 Allstate 150



Fig. 6) Tim wears his 1959 Lambretta LD MkII on his sleeve.


state, to restore, which is what you see here (Fig. 5)." It was at about this time that Tim played with Jack O' Fire at his first scooter rally at Emo's in his hometown, Austin, Texas. He's been hooked ever since.

"I've gotten pretty damn good at body restoration, if I do say so myself, but I'm still learning (with my friend Boris) about the engines. I now have a '56 Allstate and a '59 Lambretta LD MkII [as well as the '63 Allstate]. I have always personally liked the style of the LDs the best of all. I'm restoring both the '56 and the '59 right now."

Lord High Fixers have aligned themselves with a group of revolutionaries called the **Young Lions Conspiracy**. Tim was introduced to the Conspiracy by **Big Daddy Soul**, a mysterious figure

he contacted through an address on an old Sun Ra record. Big Daddy Soul graciously answered some of our questions about the Conspiracy and its war against "Mr. Suit."


BIG DADDY SOUL

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
How do we know you're not Mr. Suit, manipulating us again?	By the words and ideas that I am saying. I'm sure Mr. Suit would love to package these ideas—look what he's done (or undone) to punk. The bottom line is that you really don't know for sure, do you? So don't follow! Take everyone's ideas including these and put them in a program that you have designed yourself. Your own personal movement. That is what the Young Lions Conspiracy is about.	
How can I recognize other Young Lions?	They will recognize you .	
What can I do right now to fight Mr. Suit?	Do not participate in Mr. Suit's blather alternative nation. Or better yet, participate but keep throwing wrenches in the army's wheels. Scream, cry, kick, anything to break free of his musty old grip. Then live, live! Burn that candle at both ends!	

BIG DADDY SOUL

QUESTION	ANSWER	NOTES
How do scooters fit in to your plan?	Scooters should fit into everyone's plans. That's a silly question. But the scooter's got to have soul! Metal, not plastic. Tim knows where I'm coming from...if they're from the '50s or '60s, all the better. That's my personal view, I can't and won't speak for other Young Lions.	
Is there truth to the rumors of subliminal messages on Lord High Fixers' albums?	Ahh... you have found them! (laughter)	
What other bands teach Young Lions Conspiracy values?	More people are starting to ask that question after the Jack O' Fire lessons. I was asked to write a lesson for The Makers , and obviously Lord High Fixers are affiliated. There is a lot more music and musicians that I personally feel have the soul and spirit, but they don't know about the Young Lions. If a band wants you to know their affiliation, it's their choice. It's not for me to name names.	Any correspondence delivered to Big Daddy Soul in care of this publication will be directed to him in the strictest confidence.

'MERSH!

T-SHIRT	ORDER	SUBSCRIBE
	<p>Order your 2stroke buzz t-shirt NOW! The shirts will probably be olive with a dark blue design, (the color of the cover of this issue). It'll have Jason Bell's fantastic drawing from page 3 on the front, and a 2SB logo on the back. The t-shirts are a steal at only \$16.00 postpaid, and are guaranteed to look their best when soaked with beer, sweat, and 2-stroke oil. Order now and get it in time to wear to the first rally of the season.</p>	<p>What? Huh? you can't afford a shirt? No big deal. You've gotta be able to cough up eight bucks to subscribe. All subscribers will get the 2SB legshield sticker with their next issue. How cool is that? You tell me. Eight bucks for four issues AND a sticker. I must be crazy.</p>
<p>Yeah! I want ____ t-shirts and ____ subscriptions. I have enclosed a check for US\$16 per shirt and US\$8 per subscription. Boy, do I feel better now.</p> <p>Name _____ Scooter _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>City _____ State _____ Zip _____ e-mail _____</p>		

ES LA LEY

“Es La Ley” is Spanish for “it’s the law.” If you live in Chicago, you’re familiar with the saying as it appears on insurance billboards and the matchbooks at the Empty Bottle.

This is the first in a series of columns about scootering laws in different areas, states, and countries. Es La Ley is comprised of information and advice culled from scooterists, and thus is not 100% accurate. Please contact the Department of Transportation of the area in question for detailed information. 2SB is **not** responsible for inaccuracies!

MICHIGAN

Thanks to David Sterling for the following information. Send me the goods on your area and get a free issue and sticker.

CLASS	LAWS	INSURANCE
Moped 49cc and under with an automatic gearbox	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Helmets and eye protection mandatory for moped riders ages 18 and under only. Mopeds require license (\$7.50) if age 15-21, no special license needed with full driver’s license. 	Mopeds do not require insurance, only a moped registration (\$15, valid for three years).
Motorcycle everything that doesn’t comply 100% with the Moped definition	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Motorcycles require a motorcycle endorsement on the operators’ license. Written and road test required. Helmets AND eye protection are mandatory at all times for motorcycle riders. 	No-fault insurance is required for motorcycles to be registered for the road.

ADVERTISING

As you may have noticed, there are no ads in this issue. Why? Because I didn’t sell any. Why? Because I didn’t feel like it. A few people expressed interest in advertising but I bugged them about it a few times and they didn’t get anything to me. No big deal, I’m not angry, I’m not expecting to get rich doing this thing, and I can’t be bothered to aggressively sell ads.

I’m hoping that when people see the majesty of the finished product, they might want to advertise. Which is cool with me, but there’s no pressure. The address/phone/e-mail info is on page 4.

If you are interested, please contact me before sending materials, because the format may change a bit from issue to issue.

I’d be happy to put together an ad for you that would fit in to the “look” of the ‘zine (i.e., design it to look like something tucked into the manual or whatever) or tell you the sizes so you can do it yourself. Rates vary according to colors and size, obviously, but start with the assumption that a B/W full page ad costs US\$50.

CLASSIFIEDS

Starting next issue, classified ads will appear in **2stroke buzz**. These ads will be free to individual readers (within reason) and US\$.25/word to businesses. Fill out the form below and mail it to the address on page 4, or e-mail me the necessary info.

CLASSIFIED FORM

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone/e-mail: _____

☐ for sale ☐ wanted ☐ products ☐ rallies/events ☐ personals

(the first three words will be be **boldface**.)

PICTURE PAGE

This month's victim, uh, subject is **Dee Dee** (aka ModGirl) from North Carolina. Alt.scooter readers know Dee Dee because she uses up all the exclamation points and doesn't leave any for the rest of us. Her boyfriend took this picture a few months ago, when she was rubbing it in my face that it was still warm on the East coast (where there are 40 inches of snow now). Dee Dee bought her P200E last summer and is hoping that someday she will meet another scooter rider in her area. The white P200E has red and blue stripes on the cowls and a sidecar which she hasn't attached yet. Drop into alt.scooter and say hi.

Send pictures of yourself, your friends or your enemies to **2stroke buzz** and be amazed at how great you look here on the last page!

