

Freewheelin Frank

by Frank Reynolds

as told to Michael McClure

The Secretary of the San Francisco Hell's Angels records the mind-blowing three days of last year's Angel run in the final part of the series begun in the preceding issue.

Photo by Larry Keenan, Jr.

It was the Fourth of July, 1966, run for the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club newly brought together under the California rocker. We were heading towards Bass Lake. This is an annual run of the year, not always to the same place, but Bass Lake has been our scene on several Fourth of Julys. All seven chapters arrived at the lake in the early morning hours of the Fourth of July weekend.

There before our eyes was the special squadron of cops assigned to the Hell's Angels. Buckingham, the head of it, we got to know quite well in a very short time. This plain-clothes inspector is very clever and specially trained to keep track of us. He and his special little cops had made an agreement with us that we would not give this special squad any trouble about giving them our names and letting them check out our engine numbers. In the past there was always an all-out alert on the main runs of all chapters. This caused chaos and confusion among the cops for they would all head for the designated area.

In the early days we had been forced out of Reno. And the death of Lovely Larry, on the prior April run, is what really put the cap on getting this special little squadron of cops to take care of us. The place where

Lovely Larry was killed was Lake Atascadero near San Luis Obispo. It was a specially called run in April because everybody wanted to get out on a spring run. As it turned out a large mob of cops of all kinds descended onto the area around the lake where we had camped. There were approximately three hundred of us, three quarters on motorcycles. The cops had a field day with roadblocks. Many bikes were confiscated. The cops had planned this as one of their definite big steps in breaking up the Hell's Angels. With armies of policemen in helicopters they just figured they'd walk right in and show us how it is, and show us that State Attorney General Lynch wasn't fooling when he said, "All-out war on the Hell's Angels. . . . Statewide investigation . . ." As I said sometime before, as Lovely Larry went through the roadblocks, one after another, they blew his mind because he hated cops when they pushed a man. And then the report said that he was run over by an unidentified motorist. There was no car cited. I mean how could there be—there were so many squad cars on the highway! And they drug him away by the feet—first-aid treatment California-Highway-Patrol-style recommended by all The whole country loves it . . . backs them up all the way. Well, so here we are. I've run it down so I don't have to go through it again. So we'll just jump right back to Bass Lake which is the next run after Larry's death.

And here we are with the special little squadron, like I say, checking out the motorcycles. This time they weren't so perked up and popping off at the mouth. I think all the cops and especially the assigned investigators well knew who carried the guilt of Lovely Larry's death. They sure made a definite change awful fast.

This time there was only one little roadblock leading into our special encampment area. If there were any cameras they were well hidden. Nobody saw any helicopters. The cops at the gate kept all outsiders away from us. The Gypsy Jokers were headed for Bass Lake too, along with scores of other motorcycle trip hangers-on. We had arrived first, naturally—it was our scene, as it will always be. But we told the cops to let all the other little outlaw clubs in. A lot of us had specially in mind the Gypsy Jokers, due to the fact that they had been branching out throughout the state. Whether it was a rumor started by one of our war-mongers or not doesn't matter, but it was said, "The Gypsy Jokers are going to come together and branch out, and after organizing enough they are going to kick the ass of the Hell's Angels." Everybody was heated up over this story but, as they rode in, we stood back and smiled and waved them on in. For a whole afternoon we let them sit around and drink and speak to us. And it went into the first night of the weekend when a few of their women on the mama level were dragged off without a sound being made, and a few of the tough-looking characters were accidentally dropped into the lake from the overhanging cliff. They were big and strong and they made it back up. Accidents

in the quiet night.

It was a warm night and a little fog rolled off the lake. There were a lot of weeping willow trees, a lot of sycamore, alder, oak and even more evergreens. In the night it was pitch black only a few feet from the bonfire—a huge bonfire of tree trunks, yet a few feet away it was very dark. We hadn't planned anything the first night as far as putting it on the Jokers and the rest of these loose-like cats—here today and gone tomorrow—as to what the trip is that they're smelling up, with their short sleeves and makeup frowns and sneers. Because we had two days to go, we left that night up to our individual sex deviates, for all the perverts were having a trick or treat, while the rest of us stood about the fire and discussed the mind trip in the future, on the level of chessgame Angels. Though it wasn't spoken of and stressed as a chess game we all knew it was to be. Meanwhile out in the tules in pairs of two and three, the loose, outlawed women who came with these hotdog characters were being tasted by all of our master deviates. These were their finest hours as they would gruel and grin going down to scarf their box and trying to make them wince and scream as much as possible. Every now and then you'd hear the slapping whapping sound of a long black bull-whip. On the other end of it always and forever—was Blind Bob. Blind Bob, the leading sexual insane Hell's Angel. Need I say what chapter he is from? The newspapers and the magazines all run him down but never will they ever ever get the point. If they knew they'd surely blow it. For I have never read or never heard of anything to likely ever compare to Blind Bobby.

He swings the black whip above his head cracking it in the faces of strangers or anyone he might want to see squirm, yet he never has ever cut the face of a person he knew had something going. But he'll cut the face of many a little girl who'll say, "*No, stop. I came to be here with you Hell's Angels of such colorful strength.* You men who make all the old ladies shudder and the children run out in the street. You're so brave! Don't hurt me!" And all the time most of them dig it. One out of a thousand, I should say, one out of a million is a rape case. Where they get on a bummer and think they want it this way—and in spite of it they will come back on us.

Blind Bob is mad at those pop bottle lenses of his glasses but he wears a constant grin. He always has two or three women with him all the time. They look like they're in a trance. They might even dig ripping off the clothes of another broad as he goes into his deep convulsions with his witchlike maids.

As Peter, our new president of the Frisco Chapter, says, "Every cat's got his part among us. We all cannot be the same." That's when I did tell him I agreed. He then applied chessgame terms to what he had said: Some wicked knights and rooks. . . . Though there's many chapters they sure come out in a gleam.

As the sun sprang up the morning air burst in a still whiteness, the black smokey clouds had changed the trees to darkness in the daylight. It looked as though a

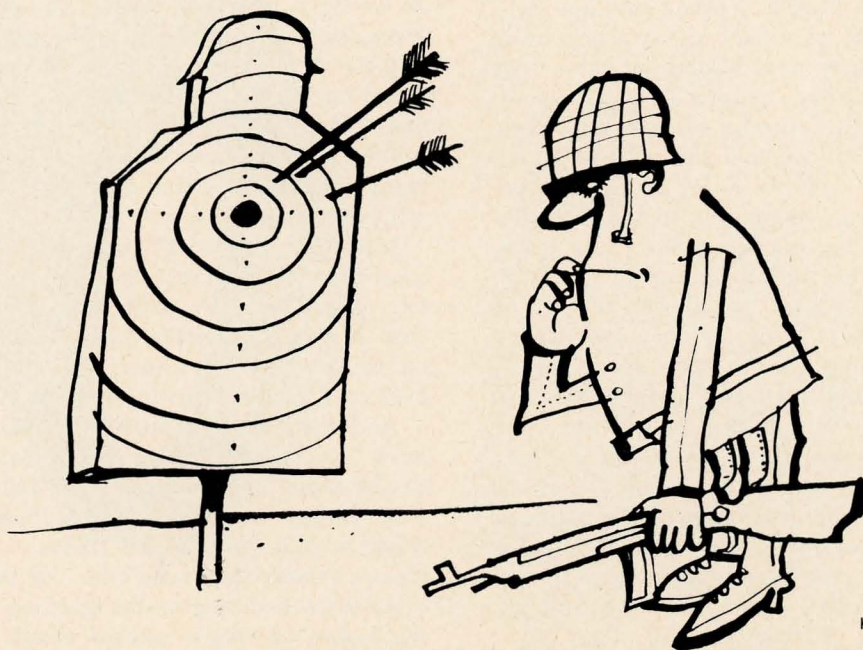
spell had been cast upon this part of Bass Lake which was our land. We would have claimed it whether or not given the permission which we had been given. Only one time did the cops walk in: a couple of sheriff's deputies and three of Buckingham's goons. They didn't get all the way into the circle before we saw their backs turned stepping away, a little bit swaggery as they tried to hold that chest-out chin-up stance, as they departed going out the same way they came in, not saying a word, leaving nothing but wrappers of tums for the tummy.

About the area lay sleeping bags stained with wine and blood, though just a few showed bloodstains, as proof of Bobby's whip and the other deviates. Many of the girls were specially chosen Gypsy Joker women of beauty who knew damn well what the trip was when they entered our gates. The first night, only the lame men lost their women. If they would not stand up and defend their women then the deviates led them away. Though it was not still and quiet they kept it from becoming sharp and loud. Professional is not a good enough word for this Hell's Angel kind of play. It's putting it down the way it is and people had better damn well see it. Yet for eleven years or more they've been coming back. The country think it's got some production lines; they ought to line it up with our production line of women! It would make all those suburb cats howl. They'd be lighting bonfires in the parks on election day if it were a bummer.

Meanwhile the second day grew into the hot sun. There was a stillness among all the outlawed, which is too good a word for the hotdog riders. They were getting a little worried. They were breaking the gates down trying to get out more than five at a time for breakfast, which was in the contract. We didn't want

our gates broke down so we stopped them. By midafternoon of the second day all of the loose hotdog riders that were going to show up had shown up. There were so many different oddball clubs. I'd never be able to remember all of the odd names, such as Cross Men, Question Marks, etc. I could go on and on. All the strange clubs usually wear some kind of a skull on the back of their jackets. They try to get as near to copying us as possible. They're all the same as far as the way they dress, for they try to dress exactly as we do, but the trip is—they are only out to try to catch the eye of the public for a few days and they go back to whatever trip they are really on. It is not a everyday trip for them, as it is for us, not for a lifetime.

On the lake many motorboats were wheeling around and capsizing as they veered from left to right. Many Hell's Angels were throwing their women into the water and holding them under, as if to baptize them Angel style—always naked. As the evening shadows started to move in, the whole area was heavily clouded in marijuana smoke. Wood had been gathered for the night's fire. Cases of beer stood up in the air six feet high from the day's thievery and what money had been collected to buy wine and beer. This was the second night . . . it would be the most festive night of the three-day weekend. Many of the cherub-like Angels were already drunk and mad on wine. In their madness of not knowing why or giving a fuck why they began to swing on strangers, occasionally slapping the face of a strange broad. Then, if her old man would not do anything about it, they would rip him completely to the ground. For instance, one broad who stood about as if she was anxious for something to happen was suddenly yanked by her long black hair and shoved. Her old man, who was nothing but a hotdog rider, of the Jokers, looked



KRISTOFORI

around and, instead of sticking up for her, screamed at her, saying, "GET OVER THERE AND SIT DOWN!"

One Angel says, "DON'T TALK TO HER LIKE THAT!" breaking a fifth of wine over his forehead. The Joker then slumped to his knees biting the dust—out of breath forever as he fell. His broad meanwhile was yanked and thrown upon the ground, one Angel saying to her, "You better get yourself a real old man!" Pulling her pants off her he poured wine all over her pussy. And then he got down and scarfed her box out licking the wine up. After he'd finished, he called out, "LET'S TURN HER OUT!" Many who liked the broad immediately got in line waiting their turn. In the background, motorcycles roared like thunder as they raced down the dusty trails around and around the encampment. Occasionally one would hit a bare stump throwing rider and motorcycle into the air. No one received any broken bones during the whole weekend within the encampment. Everybody gets so loose and drunk and free on a run that they're so limber it is impossible to break a bone, I think. It was quite a usual thing to see an Angel walk over and steal the bike of a hotdog rider and go racing off into the woods, not caring if he wrecked it and himself both. Each chapter had at least one prospective member. Through the three-day meeting the prospectives of each chapter were put to the test to prove that their chapter was the best. And in turn each chapter tried to prove that its prospective was the stronger and could do the most out-of-sight things. For instance, they were all put in barrels and rolled off this long sloping cliff that runs down into the lake, as one trick in the Ceremony of Prospects. Bo from Oakland won when he didn't come up for five minutes. Bo is like a reincarnation of Houdini, but looks like a blond vicious Viking. There was so much activity going on that one could not observe all of it.

What looked like a barbarian sale of women began as the evening shadows closed in. Upon an orange crate women were being stood with their hands tied behind them and auctioned off. The sign read: CHICKS FOR SALE. WE ACCEPT ANYTHING. A tall lanky Angel by the name of Buzzard was the auctioneer. He would stand and describe the tall or shortlike broad, describing how she sucked and fucked. Quoting, "Here is a broad I have before me, who is not only a nympho, she is also a bisexual. She can take care of your old lady as well as you. What is my offer?" The beautiful broad with long brown hair and a large bust with slim hips was quickly yanked from the orange crate as the long black whip cracked around her neck and jerked her from it. This time it was someone else wielding Bobby's whip: it was one of Satan's Slaves, who are very good friends of the Hell's Angels. They are from the South—and are known for their sexual deviation, for yanking women right off the streets and taking them into their bars and raping them. The Satan's Slaves are number one when it comes to sexual diversion. They are of Satan himself.

As darkness crept in the trees seemed covered with black smoke. The moon was full and the howls of women as they were being raped rang out into the night. This was the biggest sex orgy we had ever had in our lifetime. Everyone by this time was covered with filth from falling in the lake and wallowing in the dust and sloshing wine over each other. The smell of sexual orgies reeked along with the honeywind of marijuana. In some jagged stumplike corners of the forest certain characters were rolling their sleeves up geezing their arms full of crystal and opiates, jacking themselves completely off the ground in their insane way. Everyone was completely mad! Stark raving crazy! The hotdog stand riders had had their bikes taken away, kicked up and revved over till the engines BLEW scattering metal all over the ground. Those who had remained clean were sloshed with wine and spit on! At times a turd would come slinging through the air—shit splattering upon each other's faces. No one was to remain without filth upon his body.

In order to leave our campsite one had to follow a long winding trail that led through the trees before coming to the roadblock and the road. As some of the riders tried to leave from time to time during the night, some of the wildest Angels who had hidden themselves up trees along the roadway would jump down off the branches right on top of the bike rider knocking him from his motorcycle, leaving him sprawled out unconscious along the side of the trail. Then they'd drag the motorcycle, the broad, and the rider off into the weeds. The angels would climb back up into the trees to wait for the next Gypsy Jokers or hotdog riders trying to escape.

From the overhanging branch of one tree, a hotdog rider was hanging by his heel after being tied and strung into the air. For who knows what—it didn't really matter. Many caps of LSD had been brought. This was an insane forest with a now higher fire that was raging into the sky. The cops did not dare come in. If they had come in they would have been ripped clean of their flesh and probably eaten.

I was high on acid by this time myself, and I could not comprehend what was happening, and it probably didn't matter. The sounds were like an African jungle during the great fire when all of the animals grow angry and mad on the rampage. Anyone who was not a Hell's Angel or a close friend was smashed and beaten. Graves were being dug. I don't know if anyone was buried or not.

All night long this insane wildness went on. A jazz band was brought in from a local nightclub and forced against their will to stand by the fire and play as loud as they could. Many harmonicas blew insanely into the night—music in wild distortion. Women who had been raped during the previous days now walked along as if in a deep trance, not caring if the world had ended or not. It was as though we all hoped someone would come in trying to resist what we had started so we could rip

them from bone to bone. But not once did we turn against one another. This was the closest the Hell's Angels had even been, and we could not get any closer than we were. We loved one another and we could not hurt one another. We only wanted to hurt *anyone* who was not one of us.

The officers all talked of how people hated us—and wanted to see an end put to us. "We must stick together. We must become as one! We are the Gods!" we cried out in insane anger.

"We must strike out against those who attack us!"

"All men wish to put an end to us! And can not!"

"When we stick together we are an army!"

"When we stick together we are a FUCKING ARMY!" George cried out. "No one can stop us!"

I had already fucked four or five women, maybe more—I had lost count. Now all I could do was suck pussy. If I did not like the woman, I bit her pussy. I was tired

and worn out. Finally I fell into a bed of hot coals which seemed to be warm. Then I went to sleep. When I awoke I was covered with black soot. My clothes had been burned but not my skin. Why, I don't know. It didn't really matter. We had all undergone a spell which we had created ourselves. It was day and time to start breaking camp. No one was stirring. Clothing lay about the ground stained and ripped. Bodies hung out of the trees—some half in the water and half out. One of my nearby brothers slept inside a garbage can, his feet dangling out.

It was so still not even birds were singing. It was cold before the sun had crept over the mountain. I kicked a can trying to make some noise and found out my ears were completely plugged. When I slapped the side of my head to make them open up I heard the sound of a horn blowing. I looked about to see who was blowing it but saw no one. Then I heard the rustle of branches breaking as someone fell from a tree right into the midst of a pile of sleeping bags. Someone stood up and screamed, "You motherfucking sonofabitch motherfucker!!"

I noticed I had stepped on a hat, containing change and a couple of crumpled dollar bills, which had been passed around by Johnny Angel, collecting for booze—is what he had said—but really he was collecting for his own pocket. It is an old Angel tradition to collect money when you are broke. The idea comes from the church where they pass a collection plate around every Sunday. Always at the start of a run, you will see somebody passing a hat around to the hotdog riders and people dropping change in it.—This is supposed to be for booze but it is to fill one's own pocket and to get some money to eat on. This is usually only collected from the hotdog riders, unless an Angel is fool enough to drop a coin into it, which I doubt.

Then we broke camp, leaving behind the rumble of rubbish. The two toilets were burnt to the ground and we had to pay seventy-five dollars to replace them. Many drunken bodies of hotdog riders were left behind to pick themselves up—if they ever did. The cops jumped back from the gates as we roared out—they, too, looked insane after the two days. We broke onto the road in a roar, and as our heads cleared in the morning summer air, we roared out of the valley back to our cities and towns in California, knowing that we had a lot ahead of us. Knowing that we had brought our minds close together over the three days, we were riding out like saints with many prophecies to be delivered. There was work to be done. We had to get on with it. The festival was over, the 1966 Fourth of July run for the Hell's Angel Motorcycle Club of California.

PEOPLE TRAVEL TO PARIS

by DALE PENDEL

people travel to Paris
and wash up and dress up and brush up
and go see Folies in big expensive high-fashion theatre
and watch beautiful nude ballet
and say "well yes that was nice scenery
and look how broadminded I am"
while at home they fight
to take the girls off magazine covers
and take the magazines off the stands
and take the stands off the streets
and would take the pedestrians off the streets
if they could
and think "now I believe in freedom of speech
but if everyone could read what they wanted to
it would be anarchy and isn't that Communist?"
and all the right thinking and broadminded people
everywhere are afraid to go to public toilets
because someone might find out
that their shit stinks

etc

Dope con't from P 7

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even as it must from the use of our pharmaceutical carnival of legal crutches for the business man and housewife.

What has become clear is that objective and responsible research is essential to clear the issue. It is also clear that public interest warrants such research. We can only sit in innocent confusion as to why the government chose to cancel 50 of its 55 National Institute of Mental Health research projects in this area.

SMELL FREAKS *** BEWARE ***

The use of commercially available FREON is becoming something of a fad. What you should know is that it is destructive to the central nervous system, which puts pretty much in the same bag as glue sniffing (so to speak). If you want to go on a giddy trip "laughing gas" is much more effective and also safe. It is also legally available at your local supermarket. Reddi Whip uses "laughing gas" (nitrous oxide) for the pressure. If you don't shake it up and leave the can upright you can draw the gas off the top by placing your mouth over the nozzle, pushing it down, and inhaling deeply. About three people can get the giggles this way without laughing to death.

LEGAL DOPE IS HERE

Well, it's finally happened. One each standard high school dropout hippie chemist has found a legal dope that really gets you off. Basing his experimentation on knowledge picked up in the stabilization of tetra-hydrocannabinol, he has found a catalyst that releases the latent hallucinogens found in virtually all plants. Used with ordinary cigarette tobacco three or four toke will give a very clean pot high for about 30-45 minutes. It comes on amazingly fast (most people go up seconds after the first toke), and is totally safe and LEGAL!

As an added benefit it makes pot come on stronger and can be the basis for extensive research on spices teas, etc. (If anyone finds a goodie write DOPE c/o HELIX and we will check out the physiological aspects.)

Now to this strange catalyst and the actual preparation of " ". It is common aspirin, pure aspirin not the buffered junk. To prepare it grind the tabs into a fine powder like flour. Then mix it with the tobacco, a film of the powder should cover all the tobacco (chunks mixed with the tobacco are not effective because of the sparsity of the hallucinogens). The approximate proportions are two tabs of aspirin to three standard cigarettes. If you do a good job of powdering the aspirin the proportions will work themselves out properly in the mixing.

Next roll substance or jam in pipe, inhale deeply, hold and enjoy. You might turn straights on to it since there's no legal or physical hangups.

SMOKE - IN

(Condensed - n the East Village Other, August 5th)

New York--Huge quantities of marijuana were smoked in public in Tompkins Square Park in New York City on July 23rd & 30th by mixed crowds of hippies, blacks and Puerto Ricans. There was nary a bust by the wary fuzz as the heat was on them because of the nearby Harlem Puerto Rican "section."

"Bring instruments & make music, drums, drums, drums, bells, flutes, (joints?) traiga la conga conusted.... Forget paranoia--make music together *Tompkins Park," read the leaflet. On the 23rd, 400 people showed and smoked and on the 30th, 3,000 were hip to the idea that every Provo (N.Y.) happening is automatically a smoke-in. By 8:00 hundreds of joints appeared everywhere in the crowd; a sweet haze rose skyward...anonymous benefactors threw handfuls of joints into the air.

The hip, grass-smoking poor of the ghetto--hippie, Puerto Rican, Negro--can ignore police harassment if they're together. The cops aren't going to bust 3,000 people--not after Memorial Day, not with rioting all over the country. Together the people here are even capable of resisting the laws--like the laws against grass--that discriminate against people in the ghetto; and changing them, directly and nonviolently.

(Dick: cont. from p5)

(One wonders if Christianson's parishioners are dazzled by such subtleties from the pulpit.) The chemist reported after a technically aided visual sighting of some microscopic green vegetable matter, that it was indeed cannabis.

This past week the entire case was dismissed from court. Dick Christianson, who so "acted like a cop" when he entrapped Roger Crowley, didn't even show up for the trial. It was, the court agreed, a sequence of arbitrary fumbblings.

Risking editorial intrusion, I admit that my mother is a Christianson, and that my father is a Lutheran minister. But my mother is a sentimental laissez-faireist, for all her propriety, and my father recently confessed to me that having played the power-game for 50 years he now recognized it as such, and so considered himself an intrinsic hippie and an aging drop-out. But this is something which Dick Christianson - my perhaps distant relative - has not yet had the wisdom to discover: that when you get engulfed in the desire for power - no matter how you rationalize it from the pulpit - you inevitably begin to treat people, literally, like shit. With the same strange fascination you gave to your own waste when you were a child you begin to sadistically and dirtily fondle and manipulate people...in short, for all your back-slapping, smiles and paternal wonder you lose your own humanity, belittle and even functionally injure the humanity of others. Dick Christianson must quit confusing his prerogatives with that of a child playing in the dirt. "When I was a child I spake and acted like a child, but....."

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