

# the cycle busters

By BEN SAMUELS as told to  
ANTHONY HENDERSON



ALTHOUGH most passion mamas are shared by club (far right) some (above) are considered very private property . . .

## HEADLINE EXTRALENGTH



## 'Angels' who Terrorize the South

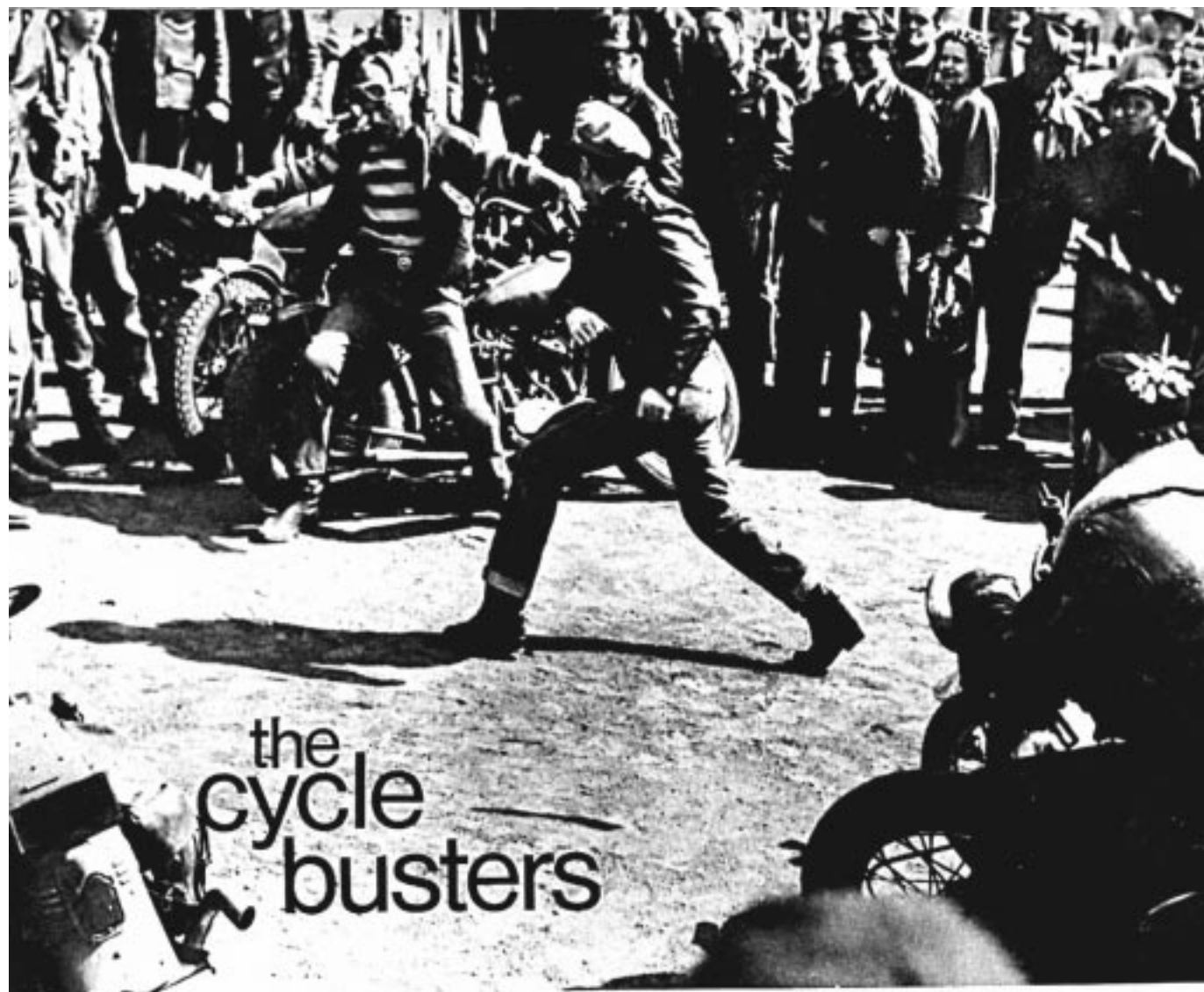


**T**HE old sports stadium in Bowenville, North Carolina had never seen anything like the big bash the Speed Freaks and Hell Rangers—my cycle club—threw that night. Any bash that a cycle club throws is wild, sort of a combination beer-guzzling contest, swap session, free-for-all and bike Olympics. And this one was the wildest I'd ever seen, and I'd seen plenty, from coast to coast, riding with the best-known cycle clubs in the country.

The stadium was on the edge of town and they used to play all the high school games there, until the town got rich and built a new high school with a second stadium next to it. We had a deal going with the local cops: If we stayed out of trouble in town, we could use the stadium for our bashes, for dragging, or for anything else. We didn't bug them, they didn't bug us. It was a good deal. And there were plenty of other towns to bust up when we felt the urge.

We had built bonfires all around the rim of the football field, and things were rocking. We had everything—kegs of beer, marijuana—there was as much smoke from joints as there was from the fires—bennies, anything you wanted. And every biker had brought

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The author of this wassal document, whose name has been changed to protect him from possible reprisal, took part in a violent cycling war that raged across the borders of four states in the South. The story provides a truly "inside" look at the customs, character and motivations of the outlaw cycle gang members. The author, appalled at the violence and bloodshed in which he took part, testified before the grand juries of the four states. And, wanting others to know the story, made this manuscript available to *MALX Magazine*. The words and opinions are his own, with only minor changes made for the sake of clarity.



at least one extra chick who wanted to be a mama, and a half-dozen chicks were stripped down to panties and were doing crazy dances around the fires, with guys chasing them. Bikers were carrying girls around, out to where it was grassy or under the stands, and there they'd make love. Fights broke out every time a biker would bump another one or try to steal a mama he liked. There were mamas staggering around naked, half out of their minds from bennies or pot or from "pulling the train" on a half-dozen bikers. And there were guys lying on the grass looking as if they were dead—stoned on marijuana, beer, bennies, sex or all of those things. Other bikers, who'd rather ride their bikes than make it with a chick, were dragging up and down the straightaway of the quarter-mile cinder track that bordered the field. The noise was fantastic, and you had to watch where you were walking because the dragsters were riding to and from the track and a lot of them were half-stoned and didn't care who they ran over.

I had made it with a couple of chicks early, while I was still in condition to really enjoy it, before settling down to beer and bennies.



That was my system at a bash: chicks first, then I could get really stoned in a relaxed way. Of course, if a stray chick came along that really turned me on, I didn't let her get away.

**B**UT anyway, the bash was going along. The Rangers had been more-or-less friendly with the Speed Freaks for almost a year. We'd helped each other out in crunches with other cycle clubs and it looked as if we might get together as one club. You know, a consolidation, with one name. Then we'd be a really big club, almost the biggest in the state. And this bash was supposed to be a preliminary to serious talks between Grizzly Griffin, our leader, and Way-Out Wayne, the Speed Freaks leader.

Way-Out was just that—way out. Everyone said he was a little crazy, really insane. He was tall and stringy, leathery as a whip—maybe six-six and weighing only 160 pounds or so. And he had this big head, too big for his body, like he got the wrong head somehow. His black hair stuck out straight in all directions, like a porcupine's quills. But the weirdest thing about Way-Out was how he'd suddenly stop whatever he was doing and stare off into space, as if he was looking at something far away that no one else could see. His eyes would go blank and flat-looking. Then he'd come back just as sudden and go on with whatever he'd been doing.

And Way-Out had a temper like a madman; you never knew what would set him off. It could be any little thing that you'd never think would bother anyone. I once saw him work a guy over with a tire iron for saying it looked like rain.  
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FOR short period of time, Hell Rangers had truce with local cops (below), cutting out rampages (such as opposite page, below left) in town. But fight over passion mama (above) triggered veritable blood bath, left two cyclists killed, and five more seriously injured...

