

SONG
OF THE
SAUSAGE
CREATURE

BY HUNTER S. THOMPSON



**Dr. Thompson puts the
Ducati 900SP to the
ultimate test—the Test of
Naked Truth—on the strange
and dangerous blacktop
of the Real World**

THERE ARE SOME THINGS NOBODY NEEDS IN THIS world, and a bright-red, hunch-back, warp-speed 900cc cafe-racer is one of them—but I want one anyway, and on some days I actually believe I need one. That is why they are dangerous.

Everybody has fast motorcycles these days. Some people go 150 miles an hour on two-lane blacktop roads, but not

often. There are too many oncoming trucks and too many radar cops and too many stupid animals in the way. You have to be a little crazy to ride these super-torque high-speed crotch rockets anywhere except a racetrack—and even there, they will scare the whimpering shit out of you...There is, after all, not a pig's eye worth of difference between going head-on into a Peterbilt or sideways into the bleachers. On some days you get what you want, and on others, you get what you need.

Ralph Steadman 9A



When *Cycle World* called me to ask if I would road-test the new Harley Road King, I got uppity and said I'd rather have a Ducati superbike. It seemed like a chic decision at the time, and my friends on the superbike circuit got very excited. "Hot damn," they said. "We will take it to the track and blow the bastards away."

"Balls," I said. "Never mind the track. The track is for punks. We are Road People. We are Cafe Racers."

The Cafe Racer is a different breed, and we have our own situations. Pure speed in sixth gear on a 5000-foot straightaway is one thing, but pure speed in third gear on a gravel-strewn downhill ess-turn is quite another.

But we like it. A thoroughbred Cafe Racer will ride all night through a fog storm in freeway traffic to put himself into what somebody told him was the ugliest and tightest decreasing-radius turn since Genghis Khan invented the corkscrew.

Cafe Racing is mainly a matter of taste. It is an atavistic mentality, a peculiar mix of low style, high speed, pure dumbness and overweening commitment to the *Cafe Life* and all its dangerous pleasures...I am a Cafe Racer myself, on some days—and many nights for that matter—and it is one of my finest addictions....

I am not without scars on my brain and my body, but I can live with them. I still feel a shudder in my spine every time I see a picture of a Vincent Black Shadow, or when I walk into a public restroom and hear crippled men whispering about the terrifying Kawasaki Triple...I have visions of compound femur-fractures and large black men in white hospital suits holding me down on a gurney while a nurse called "Bess" sews the flaps of my scalp together with a stitching drill.

Ho, ho. Thank God for these flashbacks. The brain is such a wonderful instrument (until God sinks his teeth into it). Some people hear Tiny Tim singing when they go under, and others hear the song of the Sausage Creature.

When the Ducati turned up in my driveway, nobody knew what to do with it. I was in New York, covering a polo tournament, and people had threatened my life. My lawyer said I should give myself up and enroll in the Federal Witness Protection Program. Other people said it had something to do with the polo crowd.

The motorcycle business was the last straw. It had to be the work of my enemies, or people who wanted to hurt me. It was the vilest kind of bait, and they knew I would go for it.

Of course. You want to cripple the bastard? Send him a 130-mph cafe-racer. And include some license plates, so he'll think it's a streetbike. He's queer for anything fast.

Which is true. I have been a connoisseur of fast motorcycles all my life. I bought a brand-new 650 BSA Lightning when it was billed as "the fastest motorcycle ever tested by *Hot Rod* magazine." I have ridden a 500-pound Vincent

through traffic on the Ventura Freeway with burning oil on my legs and run the Kawa 750 Triple through Beverly Hills at night with a head full of acid...I have ridden with Sonny Barger and smoked weed in biker bars with Jack Nicholson, Grace Slick, Ron Zigler and my infamous old friend, Ken Kesey, a legendary Cafe Racer.

Some people will tell you that slow is good—and it may be, on some days—but I am here to tell you that fast is better. I've always believed this, in spite of the trouble it's caused me. Being shot out of a cannon will always be better than being squeezed out of a tube. That is why God made fast motorcycles, Bubba....

So when I got back from New York and found a fiery red rocket-style bike in my garage, I realized I was back in the road-testing business.

The brand-new Ducati 900 *Campione del Mondo Desmodue* Supersport double-barreled magnum Cafe Racer filled me with feelings of lust every time I looked at it. Others felt the same way. My garage quickly became a magnet for drooling superbike groupies. They quarreled and bitched at each other about who would be first to help me evaluate my new toy...And I did, of course, need a certain spectrum of opinions, besides my own, to properly judge this motorcycle. The Woody Creek Perverse Environmental Testing Facility is a long way from Daytona or even top-fuel challenge-sprints on the Pacific Coast Highway, where teams of big-bore Kawasakis and Yamahas are said to race head-on against each other in death-defying games of

"chicken" at 100 miles an hour....

No. Not everybody who buys a high-dollar torque-brute yearns to go out in a ball of fire on a public street in L.A. Some of us are decent people who want to stay out of the emergency room, but still blast through neo-gridlock traffic in residential districts whenever we feel like it...For that we need fine Machinery.

Which we had—no doubt about that. The Ducati people in New Jersey had opted, for reasons of their own, to send me the 900SP for testing—rather than their 916 crazy-fast, state-of-the-art superbike track-racer. It was far too fast, they said—and prohibitively expensive—to farm out for testing to a gang of half-mad Colorado cowboys who think they're world-class Cafe Racers.

The Ducati 900 is a finely engineered machine. My neighbors called it beautiful and admired its racing lines. The nasty little bugger looked like it was going 90 miles an hour when it was standing still in my garage.

Taking it on the road, though, was a genuinely terrifying experience. I had no sense of speed until I was going 90 and coming up fast on a bunch of pickup trucks going into a wet curve along the river. I went for both brakes, but only the front one worked, and I almost went end over end. I was out of control staring at the tailpipe of a U.S. Mail truck, still stabbing frantically at my rear brake pedal, which I just couldn't find...I am too tall for these new-age roadracers; they are not built for any rider taller than five-nine, and the rearset brake pedal was not where I thought it would be.

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Mid-size Italian pimps who like to race from one cafe to another on the boulevards of Rome in a flat-line prone position might like this, but I do not.

I was hunched over the tank like a person diving into a pool that got emptied yesterday. Whacko! Bashed on the concrete bottom, flesh ripped off, a Sausage Creature with no teeth, f...ked-up for the rest of its life.

We all love Torque, and some of us have taken it straight over the high side from time to time—and there is always Pain in that...But there is also Fun, the deadly element, and Fun is what you get when you screw this monster on. BOOM! Instant take-off, no screeching or squawking around like a fool with your teeth clamping down on your tongue and your mind completely empty of everything but fear.

No. This bugger digs right in and shoots you straight down the pipe, for good or ill.

On my first take-off, I hit second gear and went through the speed limit on a two-lane blacktop highway full of ranch traffic. By the time I went up to third, I was going 75 and the tach was barely above 4000 rpm....

And that's when it got its second wind. From 4000 to 6000 in third will take you from 75 mph to 95 in two seconds—and after that, Bubba, you still have fourth, fifth and sixth. Ho, ho.

I never got to sixth gear, and I didn't get deep into fifth. This is a shameful admission for a full-bore Cafe Racer, but let me tell you something, old Sport: This motorcycle is simply too goddamn fast to ride at speed in any kind of normal road traffic unless you're ready to go straight down the centerline with your nuts on fire and a silent scream in your throat.

When aimed in the right direction at high speed, though, it has unnatural capabilities. This I unwittingly discovered as I made my approach to a sharp turn across some railroad tracks, saw that I was going way too fast and that my only chance was to veer right and screw it on totally, in a desperate attempt to leapfrog the curve by going airborne.

It was a bold and reckless move, but it was necessary. And it worked: I felt like Evel Knievel as I soared across the tracks with the rain in my eyes and my jaws clamped together in fear. I tried to spit down on the tracks as I passed them, but my mouth was too dry...I landed hard on the edge of the road and lost my grip for a moment as the Ducati began fishtailing crazily into oncoming traffic. For two or three seconds I came face to face with the Sausage Creature....

But somehow the brute straightened out. I passed a schoolbus on the right and then got the bike under control long enough to gear down and pull off into an abandoned gravel driveway where I stopped and turned off the engine. My hands had seized up like claws and the rest of my body was numb. I felt nauseous and I cried for my mama, but nobody heard, then I went into a trance for 30 or 40 seconds until I was finally able to light a cigarette and calm down enough to ride home. I was too hysterical to shift gears, so I



went the whole way in first at 40 miles an hour.

Whoops! What am I saying? Tall stories, ho, ho...We are motorcycle people; we walk tall and we laugh at whatever's funny. We shit on the chests of the Weird....

But when we ride very fast motorcycles, we ride with immaculate sanity. We might abuse a substance here and there, but only when it's right. The final measure of any rider's skill is the inverse ratio of his preferred Traveling Speed to the number of bad scars on his body. It is that simple: If you ride fast and crash, you are a bad rider. If you go slow and crash, you are a bad rider. And if you are a bad rider, you should not ride motorcycles.

The emergence of the superbike has heightened this equation drastically. Motorcycle technology has made such a great leap forward. Take the Ducati. You want optimum cruising speed on this bugger? Try 90 mph in fifth at 5500 rpm—and just then, you see a bull moose in the middle of the road. WHACKO. Meet the Sausage Creature.

Or maybe not: The Ducati 900 is so finely engineered and balanced and torqued that you *can* do 90 mph in fifth through a 35-mph zone and get away with it. The bike is not just fast—it is *extremely* quick and responsive, and it *will* do amazing things...It is a little like riding the original Vincent Black Shadow, which would outrun an F-86 jet fighter on the take-off runway, but at the end, the F-86 would go airborne and the Vincent would not, and there was no point in trying to

turn it. WHAMO! The Sausage Creature strikes again.

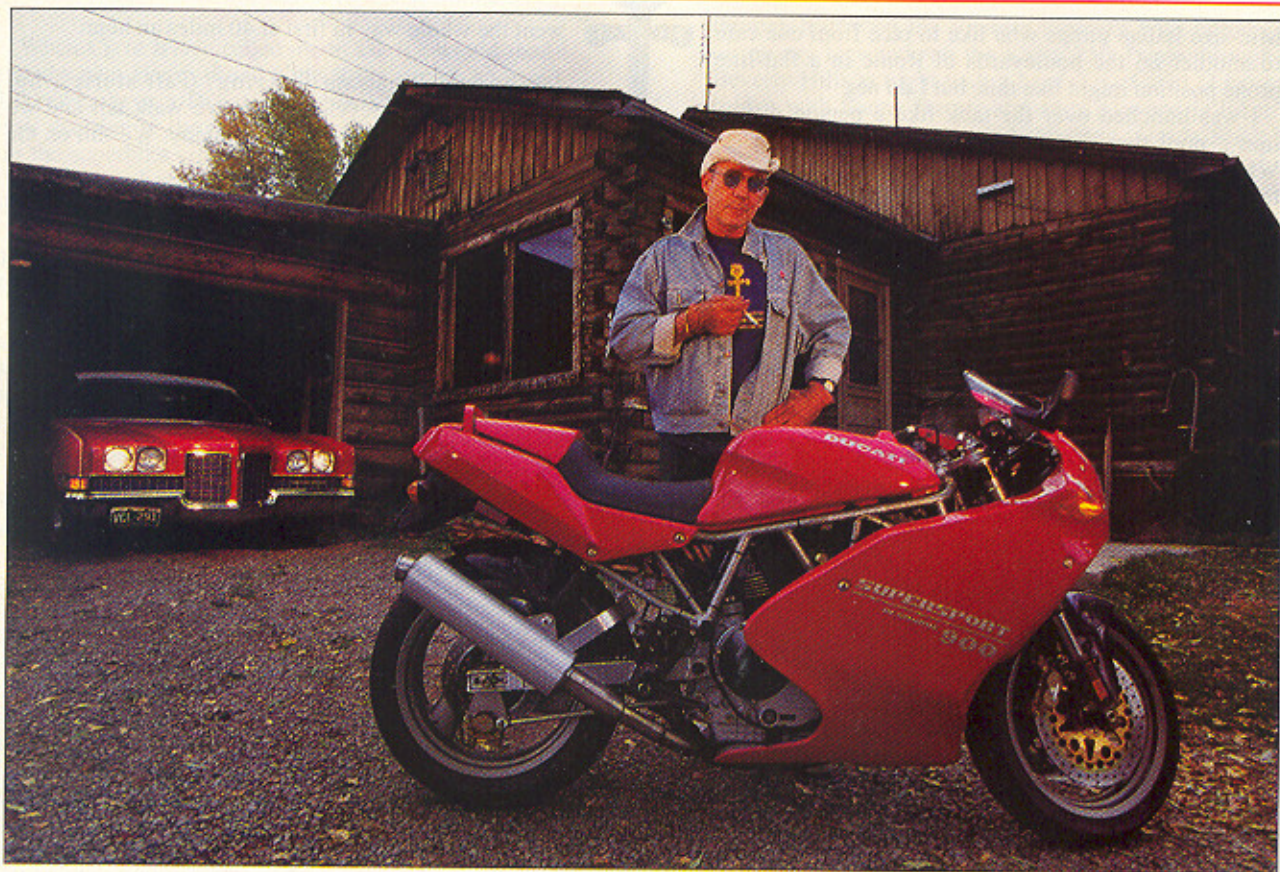
There is a fundamental difference, however, between the old Vincents and the new breed of superbikes. If you rode the Black Shadow at top speed for any length of time, you would almost certainly die. That is why there are not many life members of the Vincent Black Shadow Society. The Vincent was like a bullet that went straight; the Ducati is like the magic bullet in Dallas that went sideways and hit JFK and the Governor of Texas at the same time.

It was impossible. But so was my terrifying sideways leap across railroad tracks on the 900SP. The bike did it easily with the grace of a fleeing tomcat. The landing was so easy I remember thinking, goddamnit, if I had screwed it on a little more I could have gone a lot farther.

Maybe this is the new Cafe Racer macho. My bike is so much faster than yours that I dare you to ride it, you lame little turd. Do you have the balls to ride this BOTTOMLESS PIT OF TORQUE?

That is the attitude of the new-age superbike freak, and I am one of them. On some days they are about the most fun you can have with your clothes on. The Vincent just killed you a lot faster than a superbike will. A fool couldn't ride the Vincent Black Shadow more than once, but a fool can ride a Ducati 900 many times, and it will always be a bloodcurdling kind of fun. That is the Curse of Speed which has plagued me all my life. I am a slave to it. On my tombstone they will carve, "IT NEVER GOT FAST ENOUGH FOR ME." □

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GOING GONZO

“YOU SOUND crazy,” he growled over the phone, his voice rumbling like loose gravel trapped in a cement mixer. I had just proposed to the Prince of Wild and Weird a ride through the Rockies on two very fast, very red motorcycles. “Crazy.”

I didn't argue. Those were strong words coming from Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, shining light of “Gonzo” journalism and National Affairs editor at *Rolling Stone* magazine (see “Polo is My Life,” *RS* 697); few know the meaning of “crazy” better than he. This is, after all, the outlaw writer who knocked heads with the Hell's Angels (and has the broken nose to prove it). The maverick reporter who took on President Nixon before it was chic to do so, and covered a District Attorneys' Drug Conference with a fistful of psychedelic drugs. This is the anti-politician who ran for Sheriff of Aspen with the Freak Power Party, the war correspondent who nearly got killed yelling obscenities in a Vietnam battle zone. Yes, this best-selling author (*Hell's Angels*, *Fear and*

A lost day at the Owl Farm

BY BRENDA BUTTNER

Loathing in Las Vegas, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, *Better than Sex*, to name just a few titles) has

made himself a household word—not to mention a character in “Doonesbury”—by pushing the bounds of the ordinary, searching for truth in places where others didn't dare.

And, yes, perhaps it was a little less than sane to think of loaning him a brand-new \$10,000 Ducati 900SP. The good Doctor is also, after all, a connoisseur of the finer things in life (especially when on someone else's expense account), and he mentioned several times that he just might like this bike too much to give it back.

Yet, as Thompson would be quick to agree, sometimes you have to take some risks to get the truth. And the truth is that this hard-drinking, rough-talking iconoclast delivers prose as powerful as a straight shot of his favorite Wild Turkey.

Crazy or not, we made the arrangements.

And so it wasn't long before I headed for Hunter's hangout, The Owl Farm, which perches on a low-slung hill a few miles out of Aspen in Woody Creek, Colorado. Two metal vultures,



riddled with bullet holes, greeted me. As did a sign on the front door of a weathered log cabin, warning away potential visitors with a photo of the wrong end of a rifle. (Thompson has quite a fondness for fine firearms.)

There was no turning back now, and besides, a picture-perfect day for a ride beckoned. Hints of Indian Summer crackled in the air, and golden aspens flashed like splashes of sunlight against the dark face of the mountain.

I parked my Honda VFR next to the Doctor's Ducati Supersport, which had been delivered earlier. (Both motorcycles were graciously—or bravely—on loan by Fay-Myers dealership of Denver.) The bikes gleamed like bright beacons, overshadowing even the purple-breasted peacocks Thompson keeps as pets on his property.

It would be a while, however, before we took to the snaky switchbacks that coil around the cliffs of the Rockies. You see, the rhythms of the Owl Farm do not echo those of the outside world, and although it was 4 in the afternoon, Hunter had just finished breakfast. With a trademark tumbler of bourbon in one hand and a remote control in the other, he held court from his desk in the kitchen, barking out orders and observations. "Explain yourself," he grumbled to a CNN talk show, flinging a ball at the TV set. It just missed and caromed instead off a nearby wall (which is adorned with a fax from President Clinton and a latex model of a pair of breasts.)

Then there were guns to shoot, and boxing to bet on, and theology to debate. "I figured out how that drug-addled carpenter conned everyone with the loaves and fishes story," he announced. Finally, after most in the room were convinced that Lucifer really was Jesus and vice-versa, Thompson submitted to the temptation of the Italian prize waiting in his drive-



Journalist, peacock collector, NRA poster boy Hunter S. Thompson and CW Feature Editor Brenda Buttner prepare for a rocket-ride through the Rockies.

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ing many questions, especially about its limited turning radius. "You don't want to make a dumb mistake," he advised. "Crazy mistakes are okay, but forget the dumb ones."

My mistake was in turning away for a moment. With a thunderous boom, he blasted the Ducati down his gravel driveway then whipped it around a tight turn. By the time I jumped aboard the Honda, he was a blur of scarlet in the distance.

"Just showing off a little," he later explained to me from the seat of another very fast, very red vehicle: his 1971 Pontiac convertible. Hugging the centerline, tires screeching in protest, he screamed through a corner with two wheels almost off the ground. After one of his friends along for the ride let out a little shriek, he mumbled, "Gotta take some risks."

No kidding. When I said good-bye, he was busy plotting a way to sneak the Ducati onto Aspen's airstrip. "Get going about 140 mph," he said, "That's where that bike belongs. There are some things you just gotta do! What could it be..." he chuckled, "a federal offense, maybe?"

Wind-whipped, road-weary and brain-tired, I declined the offer to join him on the runway, leaving Hunter to explore the outer reaches of the 900 Supersport by himself.

I may be crazy, but there are some places of the Mind and Earth where even the most certifiable don't follow Hunter S. Thompson. □