

OMM BULLETIN

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View from the Cockpit Paolo Volpara

MARCH 2016.

The relative small number of women practicing motorcycling in Turkey does not surprise me.

Although statistics are not available to me, I would not be surprised of a percentage below 2. (In USA women represent only 12% of motorcyclists).

And every time I sit in a group of bikers I understand why.

Since I met my mother, I always believed that women have more intelligence, sensibility and positive common sense than men and, as such, women find the conversation of bikers quite boring and definitely not appealing.

Ofcourse around a dinner or coffee table, relaxing after a ride with a cold beer or hot chocolate the conversation MUST be on bikes & bikers and, usually in these circumstances, all bikers present are "good bikers" if not exceptional ones.

But, and it is a big BUT, most of the time the conversation goes on relentlessly disregarding any subject not related to two wheels and an engine in between; it happens "Wherever Particular People Congregate", wherever and however bikers talk.

I guess for women it could be intellectually challenging to spend more than the occasional time on horsepower, counter-steering, traction-control and bravadoes done with them. And it is challenging for me as well; with all limitations and faults I have (including the ones I don't know to have) fanaticism is not among them.

Bikers, especially the young ones in my circle, are more and more fanatic and this attitude is probably the greatest barrier to learning. The famous quote of Winston Churchill "*A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject*" set the stage and define the issue.

If "not changing the subject" is boring, "not changing the mind" is the fertile ground for ignorance.

Still fanaticism is growing and becoming a normal way of relating to people although the fanatic (or fan) displays micro-mind standards and little tolerance for contrary ideas or opinions. True in politics, philosophy, religion, hobbies, sports and motorcycling; (from Latin *fānāticus* belonging to a temple, frenzied, from *fānum* temple) this is a belief or behavior involving uncritical zeal or obsessive enthusiasm.

We see the tragedy of fanaticism in the events that take senselessly lives, loves and resources.

We see fanaticism in the rejection of diversity, of other people's opinions, of new discovery and ideas.

We see fanaticism in the defense of privileges, superstitions, injustice and inequality.

In our small ponds we see fanaticism in the macho attitude of knowing all, in risking all, in boosting all, in the never-ending talks that won't change subject. Fanaticism finds difficulties in "placing subject" in the contest of importance or in the right priority.

Once again women are generally good in evaluating what is important placing things in the right contest. It must be the legacy of giving life or the relation between testosterone and obtuse behavior.

For bikers being objective is more difficult: despite recent Renault advertising Life is Not a Race and we cannot give to a valuable sport as biking a dominant position in our life.

It is a game, as such to be played with intelligence skills and intensity knowing at any time that it remains a game, an enchanting one, a serious one, one that can be used as a door to a discipline for life ... but still a game.

It was on a restaurant on the second floor of a building that saw better times, where the smell of fried food mixed with the one coming from approximate toilets: helmets together on an empty table, Aerostich, Dainese and Revit and other high tech jackets hanging on the back of the chairs, bikers riding once more the route they just rode.

The air thick with leaning, braking, accelerating, swerving and all similar things. Good entertainment for the first half hour but after that point one element of the fanatic conversation emerged with stunning clarity: all the glory on the bikers and all errors on the others road users.

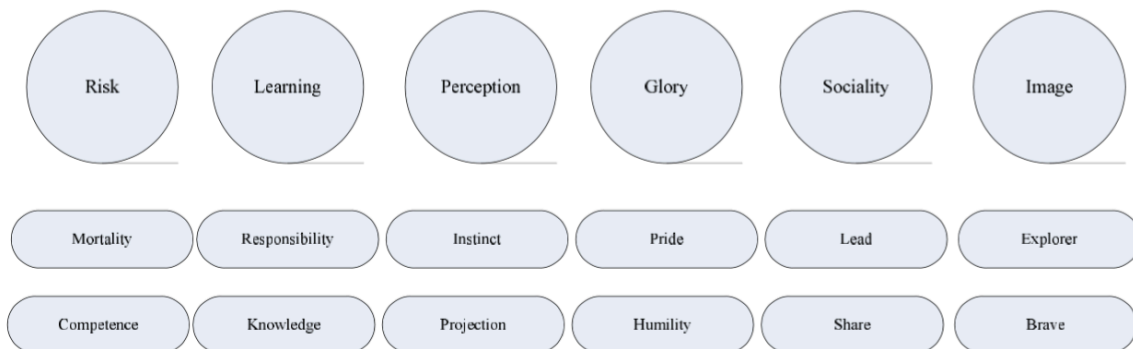
Fanatics have problems in recognizing responsibility and to admit limitations and mistakes. It is always somebody or something else: never my fault always the stupidity of "external".

And my suggestion, at the same table, to call accidents “mistakes” was taken as an example of Italian humor not much better than French modesty.

Back on the road, with the group snaking in front of my wheel I thought about the parallel between responsibility and response-ability and an additional element for the “good biker” definition rode for the rest of the day on my back seat.

A good biker is not only able to respond to hazards but, more important, is the one who takes full responsibility of the outcome as the essential tool for learning.

The truth riding as my passenger is the sweet one Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, in *The Little Prince* – “*People have forgotten this truth,*” the fox said. “*But you mustn’t forget it. You become responsible forever for what you’ve tamed. You’re responsible for your rose*”



Ted Simon has been and still is for most of us a Lighthouse in the dark world of Motorcycling journalism. An inspiration to take the bike and go, around the corner or around the world. The secret is that Ted is a writer and a journalist who Does not write "about bikes" but he uses the bike to go around and create splendid stories. If you do not know him you can discover his creation and purchase his books at: <http://www.jupitalia.com>

Good friend and great admirer of Turkey, Ted is now relocating in France and he wrote a message just as the OMM BULLETIN of March was in final edition: *"When you move house all sorts of things float to the surface. Here's one of them – a piece I wrote for the Sunday Times in 1977, just after getting back* (from the first Jupiter circumnavigation) *I think it's interesting to read now, and some of it is not a little prophetic. It's easy to look back and think of those days as relatively peaceful and innocent, but that's not at all how they seemed then"* I asked Ted permission to republish it and he immediately agreed. After reading start packing: as painful, tragic and full of sorrow is the time we live these hours, nobody should abandon the freedom of moving around to the criminality of few. As Ted writes *"...my own experience has been overwhelmingly peaceful, marked by kindness and hospitality everywhere"* And "bold" highlights are my choice, not Ted's.

BACK TO '77

The twin track of molten tyre rubber began halfway round the bend, a steeply descending right-hander on a Turkish mountain. I kept to the right side near the rock face, and watched the tracks veer away to the left and across the far edge of the road where they disappeared. Beyond the edge there were several hundred feet of nothing. Some policemen in rough khaki with red insignia stood nonchalantly looking down. I stopped the bike and joined them. Far below, the rear end of a lorry was visible. I rode on contemplating

those fresh black tracks, imagining myself in the lorry driver's seat as he was launched into space. It made me shudder.

I thought of the various ways it could have happened. One lorry overtaking another on the way up? Steering failure? Terminal fatigue? Some drivers on this Eastern run use opium to keep going. I went on to imagine how I would react if a lorry like that came hurtling round a corner towards me, and paid homage to the dead man by using his example to stay alive. It was one of the methods I employed to survive a 65,000 mile journey on a motorcycle.

On the road from India to England there were endless chances to learn from other men's' tragedies. At times one could imagine there was a war on. Seven thousand miles strewn with wrecks. A TIR juggernaut sliced in two, the cab here by the roadside, the container in a river 200 feet away. How could that happen? A new white Peugeot rammed down to chest height under the rear axle of a trailer. Tankers ripped open. Innumerable vehicles upside down. All the way through Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey the carnage mounts up as the traffic concentrates. On the Iran-Turkey border (a wonderful old-style frontier where you have to pass through a stone gateway) the biggest TIR trucks queue up, two abreast, in a two-mile-long line.

At the Pakistani end I was, in a sense, lucky. Newly proclaimed curfews and martial law had reduced the traffic to a trickle. I was privileged to see a great city, Lahore, apparently deserted by all life except for the cows moving majestically in herds along the broad thoroughfares, quite independent of man.

Worst of all was the notorious Yugoslav Autoput from Skopje to Zagreb. Juggernauts and impatient German tourists bound for Greece pack these 800 miles of two-lanes

monotony as tightly as the meat in a sausage skin. The skin of course bursts in frequent and bloody accidents.

Nowhere on the 7000 miles from Delhi to London is it a difficult ride, unless one chooses to cross the high passes in winter. (In Africa and along the South American Cordillera I had a much tougher time with rocks, sand, mud, flood, and corrugation). After four years of traveling I was glad to have this relatively easy – and often tarred – surface rolled out for me all the way home but, thank heaven, I had also acquired the road sense to survive on it.

Many people who took an interest in my journey consider that my greatest accomplishment was to come back alive.

With my mind full of more positive benefits this seems like the least important achievement, though it was done with great effort. But at least it proves that the odds, however bad they may seem statistically, can be defeated. The only serious injury I suffered –to an eye – was due to a fishing accident.

I found the best aid to survival was the old truckie's motto "drive the next mile". to which I would add my own corollary for motorcyclists "and don't let the other fellow get you."

Most people believe that situations can arise on the road, which make them helpless victims of chance. I think you stand a much better chance if you believe that everything that happens to you on the road is your own fault. Everything.

The truly astonishing volume of traffic that now surges up and down the Great Orient Expressway has rather overshadowed what used to be called the Hippy Trail but the Hippies still flourish. The "freak buses" still plough between Munich and Goa, Amsterdam and Katmandu, advertising stereo sound, free tea and fully collapsible seats. In little

rooms in Kandahar, Europeans wearing odd combinations of ethnic dress, from Turkish Depression gear to Gujarati mirror clothes, still fondle polished slabs of compressed hashish and dream about the price on the streets of Paris and Hamburg. And dope-hunting Iranian police still make tourists turn their camper vans inside out at the Afghan border where cornflake packets and supplies of Tampax blow away in the high wind. So it is all the more bizarre to find oneself riding in central Turkey among bountiful acres of white and purple opium poppies, their fat pods ripening for another harvest of morphine base.

The anti-Hippy crusades pursued with gusto by some Asian authorities may have been justified, but seem designed mainly to clear the way for the big spenders of tourism.

What is a Hippy? "If you are found dressed in shabby, dirty, or indecent clothing, or living in temporary or makeshift shelters you will be deemed to be a Hippy. Your visit pass will be cancelled and you will be ordered to leave Malaysia within 24 hours... Furthermore you will not be permitted to enter Malaysia again" Signed: Mohd. Khalil bin Hj. Hussein Dir Gen of Immigration

The above definition would have included me with my tent and jeans as well as a high proportion of the native population.

In Nepal "every guest who is in Immigration for their problems (sic) should be polite and noble behaved, any misbehaved activities and discussion by the guest shall be proved a crime". Difficult advice to follow in view of the impolite and ignoble behavior of the officials there.

However Mother India remains mercifully benign to all comers. A few more people in shabby clothes and makeshift shelters are not going to make much of a dent on several

hundred millions in the same state. As long as India is India the Trail will live on.

These have been four crucial and violent years to travel in the world. Of the 45 countries I visited, 18 have been through war or revolution. Many of the rest have faced economic depression or internal violence. Yet my own experience has been overwhelmingly peaceful, marked by kindness and hospitality everywhere.

I have returned to find prices double, the European pecking order changed, and the political complexion of Europe much pinker than it was. Britain seems a bit chastened but otherwise unchanged.

People are as oblivious as ever of their relatively great material wealth. I suppose they are right to be, since what we have here is not really important to the quality of life; indeed most of it, to my mind, is a burden. My mother's garden, about half an acre of lawn, flowers and fruit trees, could accommodate an Indian slum of a thousand inhabitants (not that I suggest it should).

I watch her move about in it alone, pruning and trimming, and I imagine she wishes there were less to do.

I used the word slum, but for me that denotes people who have abandoned hope in their squalor. The Indian slums that I saw were not like that. They were scrupulously maintained in the village tradition. Given just a few amenities (a source of clean water within reach, drainage, a supply of roof tiles) they would reach an acceptable minimum standard. Direct comparisons between European and Indian lifestyles are as fraudulent as ever.

I have spent a lot of time wondering how "they" could arrive at some sort of parity with "us". During these four years "they" have acquired much more power to press their demands. I see no alternative: we shall have to sacrifice

some of our abnormal privileges. If we did it gracefully and imaginatively we could benefit a great deal from the sacrifice, but I expect it will be a bitter and bloody business in the end.

Around the world I have been asked to defend Britain in her "decline" and have tried to conjure up some notion of a British "genius" at work. Under the stresses of these last years I thought maybe new directions would be found, new social forms experimented with. I see now that this was foolish. We still carry so much fat. There is no sense of change, just an occasional whiff of decay.

But things will change. Having been among the two billions who will demand it I know they are not just images on a screen or on posters for Oxfam. They are real. We will have to accommodate them.

"How will you ever be able to settle down?" people ask. "Will you want to do it again?" I used to laugh.

The prospect of stopping in one place, of doing some real work and living among familiar faces was all I could dream of. The book I have to write has been on my mind too long, but now I realize that until the book is written the journey will still not be over. And already I know what makes the tramp go back on the road.

There's a tingling vista of freedom that is as elusive as it is intoxicating, and it is peculiar I think to those who travel widely alone. There is a wild pleasure in being able to vary one's behavior at will, with nobody around to remind you of what you said or did yesterday.

For example, I used to take it for granted that I preferred to sleep on a bed. In these four years I have slept on all kinds of surfaces, wet or dry, hot or cold, in a prison and in a Maharaja's palace, still or moving, in pin-drop silence or in railway platform bedlam. I now find that I would choose,

whenever possible, to sleep on a rug on the ground in the open air.

Why does it matter? To me, enormously. The habits of sleeping, eating, drinking, washing, dressing that I learned in youth had great influence on my state of mind and body. But they are not habits I would have chosen and in these four years they have all changed. In many ways I find that the old ways of doing things were unnecessarily complicated and expensive. Today what I do is much closer to what I am.

It does not take much imagination to see that the same process applies to less tangible but even more potent habits of behavior. I think I used to make great efforts when meeting people for the first time to impress them. This kind of thing obviously demands a lot of energy and creates a good deal of anxiety as well.

If I had tried to sustain it through four years during which I met, practically every day, new people from whom I wanted help, often with no common language to fall back on, it would have made me a quivering wreck. Relax or crack were the only possible alternatives. I managed to relax by abandoning expectations.

“Whatever it is you want” I told myself, “you don’t need.” Whether it was a visa or a pound of rice, or permission to sleep on somebody’s land, I prepared myself in advance to be content with refusal. The result was a revolutionary illumination. I was almost always given what I wanted and at the same time I found I wanted much less.

These personal discoveries, once begun, became the foundation for a philosophy which, while in no way startling, is intensely real to me, having arisen out of my own personal experiments.

Towards the end of the journey the power I had built up in this way began to fail. There is obviously a limit to a learning process like this; in my case about three years. After many months in India I began to wish I was home. I knew the wish was dangerous and debilitating. To hurry now would invite the accident I had avoided for almost 60,000 miles

In Delhi I became absurdly frustrated by a delay of two weeks in getting some spare parts. When I finally climbed out of Old India through the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan I experienced a psychological dizziness that astonished me, and kept me in Kabul days longer than I intended. It had a lot to do with the way I had adapted to the pressure of Indian life, the permanent exposure to people, their curiosity, hunger and clamour. Coming out of that was perhaps like decompression for a diver, but earlier in the journey I would have taken the transition in my stride.

On the long route home I made mistakes attributable only to apathy. For the first time I looked for companions to ride with, and used them to support my faltering spirits. And finally, in Istanbul, I lost all restraint and I rode for home almost non-stop, getting to Munich in three days although I dared not take the bike over 50mph.

Somewhere along the way I wrenched my back and so, having spent four years in almost perfect health I managed to arrive home a physical wreck. And my imagination having worked overtime for so long went into a coma. For many days I could hardly recall, with any conviction anything that had happened to me "out there."

For a while I felt as though those four years had never happened at all.

Links

Joe Glidon wrote many years ago: *"Yes, I can accept the conditioned complacency of youth much more readily than I can accept a dismissive wave of the hand from those who I know know better. As the oil of brilliance thins over the puddle of human discourse, I try to make amusing swirls in the micron-thin film of my own intellectual superficiality"*.

I remembered Joe in the previous issue of the magazine and I was remembering his words when great silence and indifference from my old friends was the answer to the return of my "intellectual superficiality" with the OMM Bulletin.

But then Hakan Erman wrote me a very sincere note and the "dismissive hand" disappeared from my memory.

Hakan is "OMM rider of the first hour", he qualified with the first group of IAM Observers years ago and he never used his badge or his title: for Hakan all of it was just part of knowledge acquisition.

We lost contact for some time but the note below shows that silence among real friends is not a sign of forgetfulness.

"Dear Paolo, It has been a while since I last read the Bulletin. Informative, provoking, refreshing as always.

These are such times that it is increasingly difficult to feel "normality". When human life seems more and more disposable, future becomes uncertain, can we still sit and talk about motorcycling?

For one thing, mental paralysis is what the trouble makers hope for.

Second: We are riders and normality is better not our thing.

Third: We cannot be certain that we will make the next corner, let alone the future, right?

Better rider must be the one that keeps on going and enjoying. Just like the fact that changing direction and speed of the bike is all you do, both set of targets require considerable amount of dedication.

I think biking does have solid place on Maslow's need list. It may satisfy the top three needs (Love/belonging, Esteem and Self-actualization).

Of course it may also be contradictory to Safety.

I think that without the trust that we will return safely from a trip, we would not be able to continue.

We look at the road and see bikers riding every day, couriers, bad riders and we hope for the best. When perceived safety drops ("enough" accidents, loss of a friend, etc.), we may look for other fields to satisfy our higher needs... or... Or we keep going and aim higher. Or we keep going while ignoring our facts and we are most stupid (Desire without Competence).

I've come across quite a few riders that claim entering every corner as wide a possible is "advanced riding". Some of them added that they participated OMM trainings. They obviously got it wrong, but OMM trainers should be alarmed. Actually, an OMM t-shirt or batch that reads "it depends" could indeed be a nice reminder. *"Examiners must give candidates room to adopt the 'thinking' solution and observers need to help the 'thinking' develop"*, yes please.

Ride and Think – March 2003

This section is dedicated to the edition of old articles that appeared over the years in OMM Bulletin or presented in the "Read&Ride" section of www.ommriders.com

It is with great pain that I selected to reprint of the article below: referring to a set of criminal attacks in Istanbul (explosive trucks slamming into Bet Israel and Neve Shalom synagogues resulting in 20 deaths and suicide bombers targeting the headquarters of HSBC Bank and the British Consulate, killing thirty people) this article could have been written today just changing few references. Facing terror is not easy wherever it strikes ... still the bad times for Europe, for the world and for Turkey can be made worst by our fear.

GO TURKEY

Andrew Mueller and Paolo Volpara @ Time Out and OMM 2004

The snow is still covering spots of my garden and the morning ride takes a lot of concentration to anticipate portions of the road frequented by Mr. Blue Ice. Full winter clothing and full riding pains... still from yesterday one can feel a subtle change in the air. Entering March and the hopeful anticipation of better weather.

For bikers is time to take out maps and pencil and start designing the next rides: short, long, extra long is not important.

Anticipation is one of the best part of traveling and dreaming is (for the time being) free.

Turkey is a perfect destination for good riding and an exciting playground for us already living here: unfortunately the geo-socio-political situation as presented by major media is boringly passing a single message: "*Stay home with window taped, do not travel, buy emergency supplies,*

watch more of our ads and consume more of our beloved client's products... if you can't stop the urge to escape from virtual reality visit your uncle in a civilized country... do not go East and stay away from exotic places"

Every year the "travel expert" journalists find a good reason for keeping visitor away from what they consider "risky countries" and the recent criminal acts added fuel to the ongoing fire.

The British Foreign and Commonwealth Office writes: *"There is a high threat from terrorism in Turkey... We urge you to be vigilant in all parts of the country, and especially in the vicinity of potential terrorist targets. Past examples suggest that sites which symbolize the political, religious and economic values of western countries, including the UK, are particularly at risk, although symbols of the Turkish state have also been subject to terrorist attack in the past"*

If one excludes, from the possible places to visit, the symbols of western values and the one of the Turkish state it would be quite difficult to find hotels, buy ice creams and espresso, link to Internet, use an ATM and take a swim.

Are bikes symbols of western culture? Stay away from it, as mother always said.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the Department of State placed Turkey with 27 Countries under travel warning and recommends *"U.S citizens to defer non-essential travel to Turkey"*

The same administration, not so timid in sending advisors and pacifiers in remote parts of the world, suggests that the American citizens in Turkey *"at least should avoid public transportation, residential areas, clubs, restaurants, places of worship, hotels, schools, outdoor recreation events, resorts and beaches"*

What a miserable life, confined to a limo in rural area, searching for villages without mosque!

We were preparing an invitation to leave all the bourgeois cautions behind and ride to and in Turkey when we came across a splendid article written by Andrew Mueller for London Time Out – Istanbul and we asked and obtained from the author for permission to reproduce it in our Bulletin.

"An Italian liner on a jaunt around the Mediterranean cancelled scheduled stops in Izmir and Antalya. The manager of Istanbul's Ritz-Carlton told the BBC that Americans were calling to cancel their bookings. The Foreign & Commonwealth Office advised British citizens against traveling to Turkey except on essential business; on the FCO website, a heartbreakingly understated bulletin announced that "Until further notice, the British Consulate in Istanbul will not be able to provide the full range of services". The pattern, by now, is depressingly familiar: after the explosion, a fusillade of stable doors slamming.

The intentions of those warding us off Turkey are, doubtless, honorable: the FCO can certainly be forgiven for taking last week's attacks to heart. However, as we reach the season in which British fancies turn wistfully towards sunshine, here's what you should do: book a holiday in Turkey.

Organize a city-break to Istanbul. There are several reasons for doing this. First, and most obvious, is that Turkey is a fabulous and fascinating country, and Istanbul a beautiful and vibrant city. Secondly, there's brute economics: you'll be able to pick up those cancelled hotel rooms for a song, though it would seem in poor taste to bargain too hard. Most importantly, this is how we do our bit. We're lucky. Previous generations called to serve have ended up standing waist-deep in Flanders mud, or being forced to build railways

across Burma. We get to win our war by visiting sites of historical interest and buying fridge magnets.

This may seem an odd strategy, but this is by some distance the oddest war that Britain has fought. The enemy is profoundly peculiar: a globally-franchised gang of suicidal cranks without manifesto or agenda beyond random violence. Whatever you thought of George Bush's visit to Britain or his invasion of Iraq - and I wasn't much keen on either - the bombings in Istanbul were nothing do with them. Like the attacks on New York, Washington, Bali, Djerba, and every other recipient of the al-Qa'ida calling card, they were entirely the responsibility of the criminal dingbats who carried them out. And our political and military response to this enemy has been plain weird: invading about the only country on earth we were reasonably sure they weren't.

We can't stop terrorism, and clearly can't stop our governments embarking on bewildering military adventures.

But we can, and should, stop either from disrupting our lives: that's how we win.

I help write a travel guide called "The World's Most Dangerous Places" (fifth edition out now - I modestly submit that it'd make a fine Christmas gift, or in-flight reading en route to Istanbul). Despite the title, the book really explains that the world is generally less dangerous than we're led to believe - Turkey didn't rate a chapter in the current edition.

I got an email recently from the guide's editor, the American adventurer Robert Young Pelton. He's in Kabul, and having fun, as anyone who made the effort would: great shopping, mercilessly hospitable people, and, Robert tells me, a glut of great new restaurants.

I know what you're thinking. But you'd be safe there, and you'll be safe in Turkey - or, at least, no less safe than you are in London, where you probably work in a building fairly similar to the HSBC office in Istanbul. It would be overdoing it to suggest that the relevant authorities should issue medals to particularly intrepid or prolific tourists - a Distinguished Room Service Order, perhaps - but your action would be nonetheless noble. Go to Turkey. Holiday for victory. Send me a postcard."

This Bulletin is edited by [Paolo Volpara](#) with contributions from bikers in Turkey and abroad.

And now for the legal warning (repetition of January... promise: will change in March, although repetita juvant)

WARNING: YOUR GEARS AND THE ACCESSORIES ON YOUR BIKE CAN GIVE THE WRONG IMPRESSION. ACT RESPONSIBLY AND DO NOT MISLEAD POPLE

PRETENDING TO BE WHAT ONE IS NOT CAN LEAD TO UNPLEASANT SITUATIONS AND UNBREAKABLE LIAISONS

Do not carry Alu panniers, Kangaroo bar protections, Explorer and/or Adventure and/or Kathmandu branded gloves, Kalahari and/or Tenere and/or Dakar and/or Latitude-Sandstorm branded gear, bandanas under the helmet, Hydration and Cooling systems on your back ... unless you know whether to turn right or left at Bessebele to reach Goroua Boulai coming from south. It can make observers believe that your "adventure/enduro/allroads bike" can seriously leave the front of the bar/pub/cafe and reach the near public park.

Do not wear Bomber and/or Pilot and or Tassel Leather and/or Rocker fringe Jacket, Chaps and/or any gear branded/or/ with Skull & Bones, no wallet with chain or chain without wallet or/and helmet from Wehrmacht or Allied Armies, no Candy and Rock and Biloxi boot, no Eagles and/or Iron Crosses and/or or Master Death, do not wear t-shirt with "If you can read this, the bitch fell off" unless you can sing at least 10 songs of Loretta Lynn without including "Coal Miner's Daughter". Playing Johnny Strabler without the appropriate knowledge can give the impression of premature senility, lost tribe longing and incapacity of controlling the lean.

The Bulleting Board and the Good Taste Unlimited suggest that you can live happy without the following expensive accessories:

1. GPS and GPS transmitter: happy people and good bikers like to get lost and not to be found
2. Special exhaust and silencer: happy people lose kilos and gain HP's saving money and disturbances.
3. Cruise Control: happy people always play with the right hand and they never go straight
4. Auxiliary tank: good bikers like to stop for many reasons not excluding the natural ones. It keeps pants good & happy as well
5. Nasal strips: good bikers want to look as Valentino on corners while holding breath

Always wear protection does not matter what you are doing.
And try to enjoy life as well, in between.

**IF YOU CAN'T BE A GOOD EXAMPLE
BE AT LEAST A TERRIBLE WARNING**