

March 2011

Apex

Looking Through The Curve

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc. Lexington, Kentucky
MOA #146 RA #4-49 <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>

Randy Marshall



www.BMWLouisville.com
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Irresistible Impulse By John Rice

I ride motorcycles because I love it, but it's more than that. I have to ride. It fits a receptor in my body, my psyche, like a drug fits a receptor to calm a craving or relieve a pain. If I don't do it, I get antsy, out of sorts and downright hard to live with.



I recall an interview once in which a well-known author was asked by an aspiring writer for some advice in getting started in the craft.

The veteran told the newcomer simply, "If you don't have to write, don't."

By this she meant that if the urge to put down your stories on paper isn't irresistible, then the process probably isn't worth the toll it takes on you, your time and your life. I thought then that this is true of other things in the human condition as well.

I ride motorcycles because I love it, but it's more than that. I have to ride. It fits a receptor in my body, my psyche, like a drug fits a receptor to calm a craving or relieve a pain. If I don't do it, I get antsy, out of sorts and downright hard to live with. In the winter, ice often makes it impossible (well, infeasible) to ride for a week or two, and I begin pacing the cage like a zoo animal. (He'd ride too, if they made helmets big enough....and when he wants one, I'd suggest you comply)

That creature may never have been in the wild, may be the product of several generations of captive breeding and wouldn't know real grass if he stood on it, but the internal drive to be on the other side of the barrier is undeniable.

It's the same for me. I stare out the window at the snow, watch the weather forecast over and over hoping for the slightest glimmer of hope, of a change in conditions sufficient to get the ice off the road and me in the saddle to ease the symptoms.

Consequently, my bikes always look like they've been through a war, with salt spray and grime caked in every crevice, hand covers tattered and



duct-taped on the bars and an old tank bag to hold optional cold-weather gear.

I show up at breakfast on days when no sane rational person would ride (though I've noticed that I'm very seldom the only one doing so) but it's not praiseworthy, it's addiction.

To paraphrase an old song, "...I don't want the cure, I'll just stay addicted and hope I can endure".

**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #4-49**

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Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.

**Back issues of Apex can be accessed at
<http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>**

**Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.
on any Saturday, 7-9:30 a.m.**

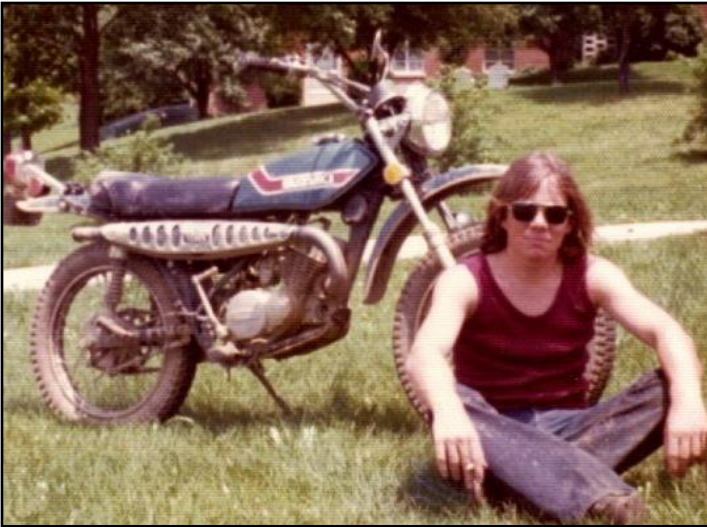
The way we were.....

Name this Bluegrass Beemerphile and WIN a year's subscription to Bluegrass Beemers Apex!

The photo on the left was taken in 1974. The photo on the right of the same person was taken in 1977. Join in the fun by send-

ing motorcycle photos depicting the way YOU were, once upon a time. Include the approximate year. See the April issue of

Apex to learn WHO this Bluegrass Beemerphile is!



The couple that rides together *shivers* together

Brenda and John Rice on February 19th raised the bar for two-up winter riding with the dawn temperature hovering around 30 degrees.

In sending the photo, John notes, "As usual, Brenda is the far brighter of the two."

Images



Writing in the snow at 10:37 pm prior to riding the BMW to the office.

Photos by Tom Weber



The meeting on Saturday morning prior to Big Boy opening its doors

Photo by John Rice

February Saturdays at Big Boy, 7-9 am



You can sleep in when senior care management will not let you leave the building.



American sport bike builder Erik Buell is back in the street game with the just-announced 1190RS



Legendary American sport bike builder Erik Buell, who put himself on the motorcycle map with Harley-Davidson powered sport bikes, is getting back into the sport bike business a little over a year after Buell Motorcycles was shuttered by parent company Harley-Davidson in December 2009.

Buell showed off a new Erik Buell Racing 1190RS at last week's Indianapolis Dealer Expo, and will be the guest of honor at the Motorcycle Hall of Fame Museum's annual Breakfast at Daytona fund raiser.

Hall of Famer Buell will host the breakfast March 11, 2011, at the Daytona Club in the infield of Daytona International

Speedway, and you can bet the major topic of conversation will be his re-emergence into the sport bike scene with the new EBR 1190RS.

Developed from Buell's 1190RR race bike, which was developed from the 1125 series Buell launched just before Harley shut it down, the 1190RS is a street version of the 1190RR that EBR raced in the 2010 Superbike season.

For a brief time at least, it looked like Harley's closure of the Buell division would put an end to any dreams Erik Buell might have had to continue

building an American sport bike. Importantly, when Harley killed the line, its contract with Buell restricted him from building street bikes. Buell could still build race bikes, however, and in short order he set up Erik Buell Racing and launched into building the 1190RR.

Now that his agreements with Harley have ended, Buell's free to market a street bike, and the new 1190RS is the result.

The 1190RS makes extensive use of exotic materials, including a cast-aluminum frame and special magnesium alloy wheels using a new casting

method that makes them far less damage prone than standard magnesium racing wheels.

Power comes from an 1,190cc version of the Rotax-built 72-degree V-twin used in the 1125. The race version produces 185 rear-wheel horsepower.

None of this will come cheap, of course. Base models start at \$39,995 and can hit \$50,000 fully optioned. Exclusivity is further guaranteed by the fact that only 100 will be built.

—Richard Backus
Motorcycle Classics

Motorcycle
CLASSICS

Read more: <http://www.motorcycleclassics.com/backsidetdown-new-buell-1190rs.aspx#ixzz1Et1sBQ14>

Fair weather greets 2011 Polar Bear Run riders

Photos at Yosemite stop by Tom Weber



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In the Beginning...

Part 6 See the last five issues of Apex for Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.



John Rice

...up to about 150 mph, most of the racing drivers were about the same. For the ones who went above that level, “magic was to be seen”.

The McWilliams brothers were in that category, I believe, and it was my privilege to see some of that magic close up.

Over the years that I rode trials with the Central Kentucky Trials Team, I was able to apprentice myself somewhat to the McWilliams brothers, a rare opportunity to study up close and personal with riders of truly exceptional caliber.

At National events one could see the top 10% in the country for only a brief moment, but I had two of them right in my own group where I could even ride with them for fun in the

woods. much so that it seems like we know what we’re doing, but we’ll never get to that place where greatness lies. We can peak over the edge of that plane sometimes, but just can’t pull ourselves up over the edge.

I once read a quote by Denis Jenkinson, an automotive writer from the ‘50’s era, who had ridden with several of the great Grand Prix drivers in events like the Mille Miglia in Italy, insanely fast races held over public roads. He said that up to about 150 mph, most of the racing drivers were

overuse by uncaring individuals, but that’s another story.

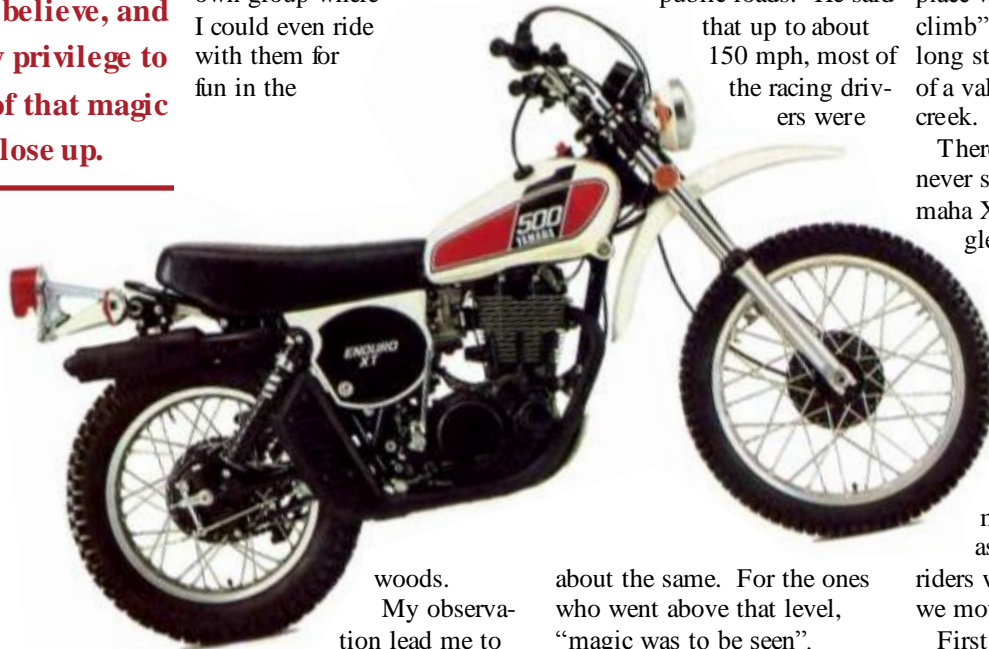
On this particular late fall day, I was riding with Pappy McWilliams, patriarch of the family, John and Jim and a couple of the other Berea riders, all much better than I.

We’d been on the trails for a while, in and out of a light rain and the woods were muddy and slick....prime country for trials riding, where finding traction was the key. We came to a place we just called “the hill-climb” because it was a long steep incline on the edge of a valley leading down into a creek.

There we met two guys we’d never seen there before, on Yamaha XT 500’s, a 4-stroke single dirt bike that had lately sprung upon the scene,. These were huge torque machines, shod with knobby tires that looked like they could be strip-mine implements. The mufflers had been removed, making the bikes as noisy as fuel dragsters. Their riders were tackling the hill as we motored down the path.

First one, then the other would back up to the edge of the path, then wind on the throttle, drop the clutch and roar up the muddy hillside spraying muck in a high rooster tail until he’d slide out onto his side 20 or 30 yards up the bank. We stopped our quiet trials bikes to watch the spectacle.

The riders ceased their Sisyphean labors long enough to laugh at our spare-looking machines with the trials tires that looked like bicycle treads com-



My observation lead me to the conclusion (later verified by a ride on the back of a K-bike with Jason Pridmore at Road Atlanta) that the great ones are several moves ahead of the bike. They know what it’s going to do well before it does it and their body and mind are placed where they will need to be when that happens.

The rest of us react to what just happened. We can get pretty good at that reaction, so

about the same. For the ones who went above that level, “magic was to be seen”.

The McWilliams brothers were in that category, I believe, and it was my privilege to see some of that magic close up.

One incident stands out in my memory in particular clarity. A bunch of us had met at the Livingston riding area, off the 49 Exit near London, Kentucky. There was a section of the National Forest there that was open for riding then, now closed due to the ravages of

In the Beginning... Part 6 By John Rice

**John McWilliams
looked up at the hill
for a moment,
snicked his Bultaco
into gear and mo-
tored slowly toward
the base.**



pared to their knobby beasts.

I could see this coming. I knew I couldn't do much better than these guys on such a slippery slope, but.... John McWilliams looked up at the hill for a moment, snicked his Bultaco into gear and motored slowly toward the base. He gave it a bit of throttle, just enough, and with that characteristic straight up pose, he rode up the hill clear to the top without spinning a wheel, turned and came down half way, turned again gracefully and rode back up to the top again, still never having put down a foot or even appearing to be

having any problem at all.

He came down part way, stopped and balanced for what seemed like a long time, then rode to the bottom criss-crossing the greasy incline as if it were paved.

The rest of us, with the exception of Jim, couldn't have come close to this performance, but we kept our mouths shut as Pappy looked at the two slack-jawed XT riders and said, "Let's move on. If John can climb this one, anybody can."

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Thank in advance.

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