

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR
MACGYVER



VOLUME 27

JULY-AUGUST 2010

1ST ANNUAL SWEETHEART RUN



Cindy, TOP and Egidia



Faye upgrades to a local wino, watch out Bodean.

Table of Contents

1st Annual Sweet-heart Run	1/5
Monterey Blues Festival	6/8
My Ass	9/11
A Word from the Editor	11



Left to Right: Tammy, Faye, Egidia, Toni, Naiome, Oranous, Chanell, and Kimberley

The first to arrive at Stanley Lane Marketplace was Negotiator and Egidia. This market is a local morning coffee stop that opens at 5:30 am most days for good reason. They have really good coffee with upscale pastries. Why their street address is listed as Golden Gate must be some twisted postal joke. We all grabbed a quick coffee and took a restroom break while the rest of our group arrived.

Today's run was something new for ISMC, a club meeting mixed in with a full day ride. Due to scheduling restrictions, along with weather concerns, this was how it had to be this year. This run had such a great turn out, but I don't think we would want to try this mix again.

Early on this group was feeling blessed to hear Xman and his wife were safe after a serious tire blowout on the way to the run. Brother "V" stayed with them as support, and Mr. Big came to the rescue with a bike trailer to get all home safe.

(continued on next page)

Photos by MacGyver

1ST ANNUAL SWEETHEART RUN

After everyone was assembled, the whole group headed off for breakfast for the monthly club meeting and Sweetheart gathering at the Schellville Grill. The normally sleepy little café found itself full of hungry bikers. The food was good when you finally got it. Honestly, I should have grabbed my group and ran. That would have broken up the huge group a bit and helped the waiter staff of two. Live and learn. My main concern was the ladies. I must say they were great, taking everything in stride and setting the standard for the amount of laughs per minute at their table.

I should have mentioned by now that TOP was on the road with us today. He had his own adventure getting here today after realizing that BART had a different schedule on Saturdays. He paid the price to taxi himself from San Francisco to Oakland to grab a bike to be with us. Sporting new club colors had no discernable difference in how his brothers showed how they had missed him riding in the pack. They all showed him the same amount of love and ribbing as ever.

After breakfast the ladies received a teal gift bag filled with sparkling wine and other Scooby snacks as ISMC's thanks for their support. It was a surprise that was received with many smiles. This opened our Sweetheart's day for a great beginning. Our first run stop was at Cline Cellars, a lush walkway of paths, meandering fountains, bird aviaries, and a museum.

Upon arrival we were met by Darryl for our first wine tasting today, held outside under cypress trees next to a large fountain. As the sun came out, the wine began to flow. The ladies were polite, but did have some racial profiling against the whites that were served...wines that is. Only the reds were given the thumbs up. Even the Viognier, an estate grown and bottled wine, was met with mixed reviews. Darryl was nice and gave an okay presentation, and with Seabreeze's encouragement offered a 20% discount on purchases.

(continued on next page)



1ST ANNUAL SWEETHEART RUN

Though, I did not see much come out of the gift shop. This is where the Sweetheart Run really started. While most everyone followed us to Cline, only our group ventured on further to the next stop.

Just across the street, on Highway 121, was our second tasting at Jacuzzi Family Vineyards, where Bill, our host, met us for our setup in the courtyard. Bill was great. His presentation and information on the Jacuzzi Family really struck a cord with the ISMC family. His most genius sharing of history and varietals poured set the mood for inquisitive conversation on a wide variety of subjects. Not the least of which was the well received wines. The ladies spoke up about how all of Jacuzzi's wines were more to their taste than those of the prior stop. The two most well received wines were, not surprisingly, both reds, the Cashmere wine from Cline and the Barbera wine from Jacuzzi with bottle labels reading as follows:

Cashmere—The word cashmere instantly brings to mind visions of luxurious warmth, cozy comfort, and decadent elegance. Cline's Cashmere envelops you with its smooth, long finish and flavors of cherries, raspberries, chocolate and hints of cracked black pepper and plums. It's a lusciously bodied blend of Mourvedre, Grenache and Syrah with easy, earthy undertones.

Barbera—Barbera is one of Piemonte's best known grapes and was an important variety in California as many wineries were of Italian influence. Vineyards planted in the cool climate hills of Mendocino count offer a long growing season, enabling the fruit to achieve full ripe flavors. Vibrant ruby red color with distinctive aromas of raspberry, cherry, a hint of tobacco and a nice bright acidity create this Barbera's harmony and finesse.

(continued on next page)



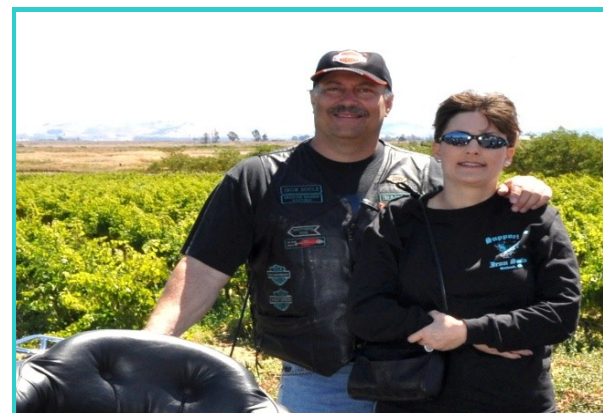
1ST ANNUAL SWEETHEART RUN (CONT.)

You really can't compare the two wineries. They both have their own look. That being said, Jacuzzi was everyone's favorite, hands down. One of the big reasons could be the olive oil they make and market right on site. Their olive oil tasting bar was outstanding, along with the gift shops, which were investigated thoroughly by our group. I could not help thinking of something I had learned years ago by my grandmother. She asked me if I knew what the second most used word in the bible was. Wine, she said. I asked her what was the first. Love, she said. I sure could feel both today.

We loaded up our Harleys with all the wine and oils and headed off to lunch. After an easy ride up Silverado Trail on this postcard picture day. The Silverado Brewery/Restaurant was a great spot to land. They had changed their menu from what I was expecting, but the salmon fish & chips and hand crafted lager consoled me quite well. The restaurant had a well trained staff. They had outside seating along Highway 29, but the restrooms seemed to be the hit with some couples. Several were gone from the table for noticeably long periods of time. Even when Bodean got up from the table, Faye jumped up and said, "Wait for me honey." Like I said before, love and wine. Love and wine, what a great day.

(continued on next page)

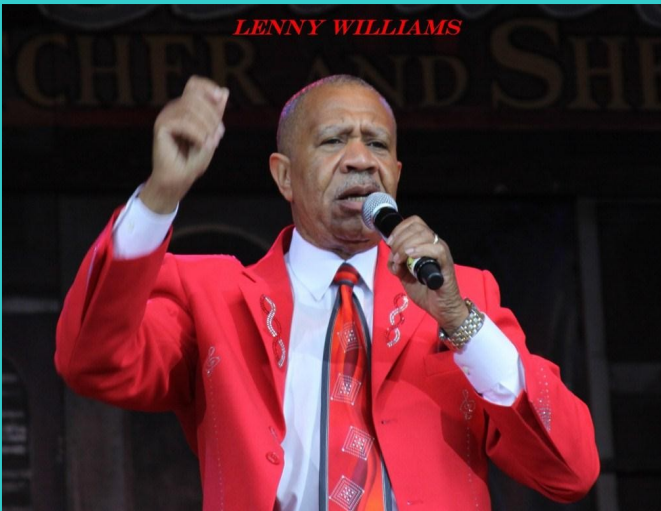
PHOTOS & ARTICLE BY MACGYVER



1ST ANNUAL SWEETHEART RUN (CONT.)



MONTEREY BLUES FESTIVAL



LENNY WILLIAMS



RUTHIE FOSTER

MONTEREY BLUES FESTIVAL (CONT.)

The time had come again, the reservations were confirmed, and it was back down to Monterey. Roadrunner had hooked me up last year with his inside man for box seats for this three day event. We were staying at the Embassy Suites again. I can't say if it was the complimentary happy hour, or their great free breakfast, that keeps us coming back. It could also be the late hour room service that serves until midnight, or even possibly the short shuttle service to the event. We will take more advantage of the service next year due to the city's need to use up their red paint on any and every square inch of curb, limiting parking drastically. This and the noticeably higher day rates that have shot up to \$25 for parking may be one of the reasons the main arena was half empty this year, compared to last year. This and the lineup of artists has gotten pretty sad the past few years.

That being said, we still had a blast. It's always a real treat spending time with such notable ISMC members and their better halves. These included Tree, Mailman and Bernice, who was moving really well after her recent surgery; KC and the lovely Camilla; Roadrunner and Trudye, with her gal pal who was sporting the latest in Elton John eyewear. For those of you who have not had the time to go, there are a lot of entertaining reasons to head South for this event. We won't dwell on the obvious, it's in Monterey.

The multiple stages of live entertainment is a logistical challenge to plan your day. By no means feel the need to spend the extra money for the main arena the first time you go, unless there is a particular act you want to see. Not all, but most of the acts move around the various stages during the three days. The smaller stages are more intimate for seating and eating while enjoying the show. There were three outstanding acts for me this year. First by far was Confunkshun. This was their first time at the event, but I hope not their last. They are not really what you would call a blues band, but no one seemed to care...seeing the large groups of people doing the electric slide in the audience. Their vocals were outstanding in quality and harmony. The horns were as tight as, dare I say Tower of Power, with the most flamboyant bass player I have ever seen. The other two acts tied for different reasons. Both were moving in their own ways.

The gospel group "Sista Monica and The Gospel Choir" was uplifting in the ways you would think. The booming voice of their lead singer, Sista Monica, shook the rafters with the joy of the Lord, backed up with a dynamic choir of well trained singers. The other group, Teeny Tucker with the BITs Honor Band, who was a group of the local school's that benefited by the money generated by this event. They were making the crowd proud to see their money well spent on such a talented group of young musicians such as these. A highlight of their set was veteran singer Teeny Tucker, who sat in for a few songs. It was hard to tell which of them was more impressed by one another, the students or Teeny Tucker. In any case, it was the crowd who reaped the benefit of a totally entertaining show. Sharing these moments with my ISMC brothers was a great thing, and hopefully more can come next year.

TIPS AND TRICKS

1. Take a hotels free shuttle if possible.
2. If you have any verifiable illness, it is easy to get a handy pass. This will allow you and a guest to enter or leave the fairgrounds throughout the day, which is a big plus for those who wish for a power nap or to eat something healthier than the deep fried everything served onsite.
3. Take cash, as the ATM machine tend to run out of money.

(continued on next page)

Article provided by MacGyver

Photos provided by Roadrunner

MONTEREY BLUES FESTIVAL (CONT.)



END

MY ASS

The seat on my 2001 Road King police special has come up in countless conversations over the years, mostly in terms of how it fits my ass. Also mentioned is how it's good they make that seat so big to fit those donut eating riders that they were designed for, whom spend countless hours in the saddle. I don't take offence due to the fact that this mono shock, air supported seat has been under my very comfortably supported backside for 100,000 miles now. Not one of the many riders that have gone cross-country with me at some point has not come up to me and commented in passing on either how can they get a seat like mine or taking back their fat ass seat comment, usually when I am putting a little more air in the air shock under the seat.

It is function over fashion when you are putting 500 plus miles a day in. I have had my seat reupholstered ever other year or so by the talented owner of Concord Upholstery. He has matched up my custom side box covers, along with a very cool tour pack cover, all with a matching crisscross pattern that the original seat came with.

I didn't have time to have it reupholstered recently, before the Brotherhood Run to San Diego. I was talking to Heavy K outside of a Harley Davidson dealership about how I should have made the time to get my seat redone. He mentioned how Corbin, a well known motorcycle seat manufacturer, does custom seats that last longer than the regular upholstery filled seats and that the turn around time was not bad. By the time I got back to the Bay Area, my ass was dialing the phone to call Corbin.

Heavy K was right, they have gotten this custom seat setup down to a science. You can, and I did, make an appointment along with nineteen other riders for a Saturday. You can also do it during the week, when they customize about five bikes a day. In either case, you won't pay more for a custom seat than an online order made by manufacturers and individuals. They put out about 300 a day in this well run, highly organized, group of artisans.

(Continued on next page)



MY ASS (CONT.)

I was happy when super “V”, our event coordinator said he would ride down to Hollister with me. That is the home of Corbin, though not their only location, which we will get to in a minute. “V” brought a ride along early that Saturday morning named Tony. It turned out to be a nippy, but traffic free ride.

I was immediately impressed, upon arriving at Corbin, with the wide variety of bikes lined up in their custom seats department. The first thing you do is to sign in at the front desk with the lovely Crystal, who sends you to the twenty year veteran, Julio. He is the lead man and artisan, whose mantra to all customers is, “We are working on it.” This is his version of “chill dude,” and that is exactly what you should do at Corbin.

The Wizards Café was a welcome addition to the setup. They have a standard menu for a café, but with generous portions and minimal prices. You won’t find a bloody mary for breakfast here though, nor a beer for lunch. Since you may be there for four to five hours, depending on how custom you are getting, imagine how relaxed some riders would be when leaving after that long with alcohol present. Don’t worry, the time flies by for those who enjoy meeting riders from around California...and Nevada, as was the case this day.

They come from far and wide. Everyone is there for the same reason, and is happy to be there. Everyone there enjoyed talking about bikes, rides on the crazy electric car hanging upside down from the ceiling of the Wizards Café.

You can check out the computers setup in the lobby to help you pick out the seats or a wide variety of after market accessories Corbin has to enhance your riding experience. You can also wonder about the crazy burnout tracks on the floor of the lobby. They make you wonder if the rider made it out of the building through the open door or the window.

In any case, it is not long before your fabricator comes and finds you to check out the new seat. This is where I give you your first tip...pay attention. This is what you came for.

(Continued on next page)



MY ASS (CONT.)

As he holds the bike for you, and you sit in your new seat for the first time, take your time. They are in no hurry. They throw a pad over the seat and tell you to take it for a ride. I suggest you do that, not just around the warehouse, but for a real ride of ten or fifteen minutes. Your decisions now will determine if you end up coming back another Saturday to have them redo it.

Once this step is done, Adriana steps in for your second question, logo color and pattern, along with material colors, pattern and trim. Short of some exotic rhino skin sort of thing, they have everything you could think of for you to choose from. You can two-tone it, embroider your name...if you can think about it, they can probably do it. After I had made my choice, which was simple for me to stay with the cop bike theme, the only thing to really decide was a matching crisscross pattern.

"V" was nice enough to make a beer run, but the word was out before he left the parking lot and other riders were throwing money at him. When he got back there were eight of us out on the picnic benches under the shade trees, swapping stories of back roads ridden. Then before we knew it, they were waving me in and we were on our way.

Heading back to the Bay Area, we made a stop along the way home. The Oakland motorcycle club was in San Francisco to support the Three Bridges Run, where we met up with several ISMC members. One of those was Iron Butt's adult escort from Southern Spain, Cristina, who had hitched a ride behind Negotiator. All indications was she had a fantastic time. FD was there as well, sporting his new Harley Davidson with a custom Corbin seat.

Article and Photos By MacGyver



SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

E-mail:
caseyonsite@msn.com

ISMC



Soul Smoke Editor
MacGyver



Brotherhood, Respect Unity

MY ASS (CONT.)



END

WORD FROM THE EDITOR

As always, different opinions and articles are encouraged and welcome. More opinions and views are more valuable.

As always, keep it upright.

MacGyver

END