# DESMO DESMO LEANINGS

The Official Magazine of the Ducati Owners Club of the United States

Volume 7 Issue 4 Winter 2009 Meet The Member • One Man's Monster

Meet The Member • One Man's Monster
Street Fighter Road Test • Ducks To Alaska
Touring Sport Ducshop Moto-GT Race Team Report

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### Cover shot of Clyde Romero at the Canadian crossing by Bob Lattanzi, Member #00002

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

### Greetings from il Capo

World Ducati week has been changed to June 10-13, 2010. This is pretty amazing, when you consider the state of the motorcycle industry. World motorcycle sales are down fifty percent. 50%! Ducati's throwing us a party during these times is pretty miraculous. I know money is tight for most of us, but if you can manage it, this is one of those events you need to go see at least once.

Speaking of hard times, club events have had an all-time low attendance, and as a result we will be trying to cut back on costs rather than raise the dues. The club had enough money to print this issue of the magazine but will curtail mailing them to dealers. Only those who advertise will get free issues. We looked at doing an on-line issue, but there is just something special about a real magazine you can hold in your hand. Yes, I know I am a dinosaur, and proud of it. =/8^]. The other cost-saving item will be to reduce or eliminate the commemorative items we give out at rallies. The problem is it is impossible to know how many to order, and the club can get stuck with a large inventory of goods. One rally we had a minimum order of 72, and only 20 riders showed up. Unfortunately, the restaurant that caters the dinner will not take T-shirts in trade.

The Touring Sport race team continued its winning ways and was victorious in the AMA Pro SunTrust Moto-GT2 championship. It is great to see club members on their Ducati winning races. They continue to race their 2006 Paul Smart Limited Edition Sport Classic and proudly display US DESMO stickers on their bikes and patches on their leathers. If you have an opportunity to come watch them next year, be sure to cheer loudly.

Work still needs to be done for next year's events. If you are looking to plan your vacations around some of our events, they should be the same weekend as this year. It is hard to move a track day, especially a weekend, so they are pretty well locked in. Rallies are a little more flexible but tend to remain the same so as not to have events too close together. Spring and autumn are our favorite times to hold an event because summer can be so hot it takes some of the fun out of an event. Now all we need is for more of you to come and ride with us.

Jim Caland



Jim Calandroil Capo	
Clyde RomeroConsigliere clyderomero@worldnet.att.net	
Bob Lattanzi Consigliere 2f4u2d@bellsouth.net	
Terry Wyse Consigliere land care land ca	
Larry Haber Consigliere LarryH@Qmarketing.biz	

David Grogan . . . Revisore di Bozze dgrogan@slk-law.com
Tom Truskolaski. . . Redattore Technico

LVN4LG@aol.com

John Rossi . . Northeast Representative

JRossi@VivaDUCATI.com

Lewis Kirk. . . . . . Curatore del Sito Web

Lewis Kirk. . . . . . . Curatore del Sito Web ducati@dmzgraphics.com

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## Piazza Del Mercato

2002 Malaguti F-15 Ben Bostrom Ducati Limited Edition Scooter/Track Bike, No. 114 of 155 and autographed by Ben Bostrom. Original owner. As brand new, 49cc, 1.2HP and kept in climate-controlled storage. 16 miles on the odometer! Yes, 16 miles. Includes a Malaguti cover. A blast to ride. Cool. Fun. Very collectable and gets about a 'gillion milesto-the-gallon. \$2695.00. E-mail: gee.man247@gmail.com or 404.272.2102.

### 2000 Cagiva Gran Canyon

This bike is well sorted out and in good condition. It has less than 1500 miles since receiving a very comprehensive service and new tires. The bike has a centerstand, heated grips, upgraded brakes, carbon cans, and a performance chip. It is red with silver highlights. All original components and other extras come with it. \$3,900. Craig Hunley, Charlotte, NC. cchunley@bellsouth.net or 704.576.3447

1999 ST2 Ducati Products computer chip, FBF carbon fiber exhaust cans. Maintained by Mark Gillotte at Moto Gizmo. Good running bike. 18,407 miles. \$4,400.00. stanwasser@bellsouth.net or 803.361.5614.

1996 900 SP track bike - aluminum swing arm, cast iron full floater front rotors. Chassis setup by G.M.D. Computrack in Atlanta. Handles extremely well. Easy to maintain, strong runner, excellent track bike. Approx. 13,000 miles, serviced by Mark Gillotte at Moto Gizmo. Stan Wasser 803.361.5614, or email stanwasser@bellsouth.net

### 2007 Moto Guzzi Griso 1100

Black, 4K miles, Excellent Condition.

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Contact Bill Birchfield cell 704.617.1835 or billb@qmarketing.biz.

1984 Honda Ascot VT 500 The carburetors have been cleaned and new jets installed, new battery, new air cleaner, new fluids, new turn signal stalks (old ones dry rotted). It looks brand new and is ready to ride. It is black and has just under 6,000 original miles. This can be a collector bike or a daily rider your choice. The paint looks like it just came off the show room and even the black chrome on the mufflers is great. Bike is totally stock. \$2,000.00 firm, clear title in hand, Jim 704.843.0429

1995 Ducati 916 This bike is in very good shape and has been upgraded with a 2000 996 engine. Less than 13,000 miles on the bike and less than 14,000 miles on the engine. Other upgrades include Heli bars, Sargent seat, Marchesini wheels, Ohlins shock, FIM chip, Arrows exhaust cans, EBC discs, and a ventilated clutch cover. All original components and other extras come with it. \$5,900. Craig Hunley, Charlotte, NC. cchunley@bellsouth.net or 704.576.3447

more classifieds on page 26...

Classified ads are free for US Desmo members. Spring issue deadline is February 28. Summer issue deadline is May 31. Autumn issue deadline is August 31. Winter issue deadline is November 30. Please provide an accurate description of about 500 characters, price and contact information, plus a digital photograph. You can also list a classified ad on the US Desmo web site, www.usdesmo.com.

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## Touring Sport Ducshop Ducati MotoGT Racing News EIGHT HOURS, THREE PODIUMS & ONE CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE

by Wendy Hogg, DUCSHOP, www.ducshop.com, Member #00164

ouring Sport Ducshop Ducati won their third consecutive Moto-GT2 Championship at the season finale AMA Pro SunTrust 8-hour endurance race at Daytona International Speedway yesterday on the #77 Ducati PS1000LE. The team's other PS1000LE (#38) finished third in the class, while its Ducati 848 scored third in the Moto-GT1 class.

The team is particularly proud of the fact that it was the only Moto-GT1 privateer effort to reach the podium. Running against two of the strongest factory-backed endurance teams in the nation, Westby Racing and RoadracingWorld Suzuki, the Ducshop team boasted flawless pitstops and was as high as second place for part of the race.

Typically, the 8-hour race didn't go to plan. The Ducshop team is considering petitioning to have the event changed to a seven-hour race because every year they suffer a calamity in the final hour.

This year's happened on the famed Daytona embankment. Team strategy dictated the #38 bike was to win the race while the #77 machine was to be consistent and smooth enough to claim the championship, but after leading the class for seven hours #38 quit on the straight. Rider Brian Stokes, who had just taken the seat for the final stint, pushed the dead bike back to the pits. After 15 minutes of diagnosis, crew chief Mark Sutton replaced a faulty ECU with a Microtec ECU and sent them back onto the track, albeit in third position. In 2007 Sutton also saved the race and championship in the last lap when he successfully changed the clutch on an unscheduled pitstop, earning him the name Hot Fingers. He's now aptly named Miracle Mark. Like last year, he'd saved the day, only this

time without burning his fingers\*.

Meanwhile the championship-leading #77 bike had taken over the lead, where it stayed until the checkered flag

All nine riders did something to cause their team a 20-second penalty. Team owner Frank Shockley's transgression brought out the entire team to help the marshal count down the 20-second drive-through penalty, and after his stint the crew forced him to do 20 pushups in his riding gear. Shockley was also awarded the meatball flag when the headlight died during his stint. The problem was quickly remedied with a flashlight and an entire roll of duct tape.

The team would like to thank the crew and riders (listed) who supported them though the eight hours along with the sponsors whose support helped them through the season. They would like to extend a special thank you to Ducati, who supplied their factory rider, Dario Marchetti, for the race.

### **RIDERS**

#77 - PS1000LE - Pete Friedland, Corey Rech, Brad Phillips

#38 - PS1000LE - Brian Stokes, Dario Marchetti, Frank Shockley

#49 – 848 - Ryan Elleby, Matt Lynn, Hawk Mazzotta

### **CREW**

Mark Sutton (Ducshop), Helen Shockley, Nathan Raptis (Ducshop), Zach Southard (Ducshop), Mat Sage (Ohlins USA), Chris Dodd, Mike Reed, Ivey & Elayne Miller, Trish Sage, Jeanna Friedland, Tom and Bobbie Landro, Dillion Winship (Ducshop), Tim Robinson (Ducshop), Dwayne Palmer, Wendy Hogg (Ducshop)

Ducshop proudly builds and maintains the PS1000LE engine. The team is also sponsored by Touring Sport Ducati, gBehavior, EZ- Glide 350, Öhlins USA, Speedy Moto, Robby Byrd, USDESMO, Swatt Motorcycle, JVE Limited and Pilot Leathers and Operation Home Front.

Race info			Results	
Circuit	State	Date	#77 Bike	#38 Bike
Daytona International Speedway	Daytona Beach, FL	March 6	2nd	DNR
Road Atlanta	Braselton, GA	April 4	1st	5th
Barber Motorsports Park	Birmingham, AL	May 2	2nd	DNF
Road America	Elkhart Lake, WI	June 6	1st	DNR
Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course	Lexington, OH	July 18	2nd	1st
Heartland Park Topeka	Topeka, KS	August 1	1st	DNR
Virginia International Raceway	Alton, VA	August 15	1st	DNR
New Jersey Motorsports Park	Millville, NJ	September 5	DNF	4th
Daytona International Speedway	Daytona Beach, FL	October 17	1st	3rd

DNR = Did not race DNF = Did not finish





# MEET THE MEMBER Vicki Boling



story and photos by Terry Boling, member #00297

fter nearly five years of dragging my wife along to several US DESMO events, I decided to formally introduce her to my fellow US DESMO members. For those of you who have not met my wife previously, please welcome Vicki Boling.

Vicki started riding her own motorcycle in 1994 when she realized that riding on the passenger's pad was not remotely as fun as being in control of her own bike. She started with a used Ninja 250 and quickly moved to a 1993 GSX-R750. With the GSXR, she terrorized the twisty mountain roads within a 200-mile radius of home, including nearly having Deal's Gap memorized when most people did not even realize the road existed.

On June 22, 2003, her life would be dramatically changed as she rounded a blind curve to find an 18-year-old girl completely on her side of the road. Vicki was catapulted over the car and into a ditch, coming to a stop with her left leg and hip broken and dramatically twisted, with her foot resting near the side of her helmet—the lower left side of her body, from the hip down, was crushed.

Motorcycling had become such a large part of Vicki's life that she vowed to ride again. We had met before the accident through a mutual riding buddy, but it was not until after the accident and constantly running into her at the local twisty-mountain-road hangout in late 2003 that our relationship grew—growing like an invoice for Ducati accessories. Humorously, part of our first date was comparing X-rays from our motorcycle accidents, and—she won.

Vicki's rehabilitation went well enough that she started riding on the back of my Harley. With her cane strapped to its side for the times spent off the bike, this bike was the first stepping stone to riding on her own due to the lower seat height and less distance required to lift her leg. Once we discovered that she could get on the back of the ST2, the Harley became moth-balled as we racked over 9,000 miles of two-up riding over the next few months on the twisty roads of western North Carolina and Tennessee, often riding with other US DESMO members. Her cane was too long to conveniently strap to the ST2, so we found a folding cane that fit in



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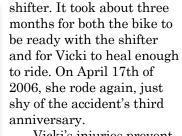
the left tail fairing of the ST2. The itch to ride her bike was getting worse, and riding pillion on my bikes was not helping the situation. Keeping her GSXR in storage an hour away in North Carolina was about the only thing keeping her reasonably sane.

I spent many months trying to come up with a way that Vicki could change gears on her GSXR because of her paralyzed left foot, and I eventually stumbled across an electric shifter designed by Pingel. The Pingel shifter is controlled with push buttons on the handlebar and designed to electrically change gears, up and down, as opposed to air shifters that only work in one direction for drag racing.

Vicki's hip was deteriorating quickly and a total hip replacement was needed soon. With cold weather of the winter of 2005 arriving, she decided to wait on installing the shifter until she recovered from the hip replacement

and the weather was warmer. After waiting more than two years to ride her own bike again, she did not want to start riding and then have to stop for a few months because of the hip replacement. We shelved the shifter assembly and left the bike in storage for a few more months.

After the surgery, the GSXR was pulled out of its nearly three-year storage, and I started to design a bracket to mount the



Vicki's injuries prevent her from sliding off the seat and riding at the speeds to which she had grown accustomed, and she doubted that riding slower would appeal to her. To avoid the temptations of riding faster, we often ride 300-400 mile days throughout the mountains of South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina, and some parts of Tennessee. Not only was she introduced to the world of sport touring, I tempted her to try a new addiction in the form of

organized rallies: US DESMO rallies.

Using the Ducks Fly South 2006 rally as her gateway drug, I thought it would be cool to attend the rally for her birthday that fell on the same weekend. She had never been to any type of motorcycle rally and originally was really not interested, often thinking about the stories a person hears about Daytona and Myrtle Beach rallies. I reassured her that the two are like comparing apples with dinosaurs and the rally would be fun. She was a little concerned about riding her silver and pink (a factory '94 color scheme) GSXR to a Ducati rally, but she was up for any teasing she may receive. She enjoyed the rally so much that we turned the DFS rally into her birthday get-away and have been to every one since then, while mixing in a couple of Ducks Along the Blue Ridge rallies.

The early rallies were attended with her on her

GSXR or R1, but I had to get her on a Ducati. I had been casually watching for another ST2, and just before the 2008 DABR rally, we were at Touring Sport in Greenville, South Carolina. They did not have an ST2, but they did have an '01 Monster 900ie with a wild metallic, factory paint job that she really liked. It is one of those paint jobs you either love or hate, and for Vicki, it was "love it." Behind her back, I struck





a deal with Rob Toledano at Touring Sport, and the bike was ours. Without enough time to purchase and install a shifter on the little Monster, she was going to have to take her R1 to the rally, and I never told her I had bought the Monster.

Taking a few days off of work, we turned the DABR rally into a five-day weekend. During the rally, I found every opportunity to tease her about riding a non-Ducati to a Ducati rally, saying how that Monster would have been a good bike to bring to the rally and any other thing I could think to tease her about. I kept the purchase from her the whole weekend, but did manage to tell a few other attendees of the rally (who kept the secret—thanks!).

The first day back at work, I made arrangements with Rob to get the bike after work. I rode my Harley to Touring Sport and left it there as I rode the Monster home. Rolling into the driveway, I killed the engine so Vicki would not hear the difference in engine sounds.

Before the DABR rally, I had taken my Ducati Paso 750 for some fine-tuning at a friend's shop, so when I asked Vicki to drive me over to get the "bike," she assumed it was the Paso. I was shocked with what happened next. Vicki walked right past the Monster! I had to point the bike out to her, and she was baffled that she could have



walked right past it. I do not know if it is a sign that we have too many bikes or not, but I like to think it was a sign of how bad her day was from chasing a three-year-old around. Vicki was now a Ducatista!

For the Ducks Fly South rally in 2008, Vicki finally rode a Ducati to a US DESMO rally. I have also found an ST2 for her: a 1998 model in anthracite. We have installed a Pingel shifter on the ST2 and appropriately nicknamed it the "Gimpy Glide." The Monster, with its pretty paint, has been dubbed the "Disco Duck" and is her garage queen. She has been enjoying both Ducati motorcycles for several thousand miles.

### **US DESMO 2010 Calender of Events**

Updated November 17, 2010

Track Day - Monday, April 5, Roebling Road, Savannah, GA

Ducks Along The Blue Ridge (DABR) - April 30-May 2, Mt Airy, NC

Track Day – Monday, May 17, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, SC

Ducks Head West (DHW) - August 6-8, Erwin, TN

Ducks Fly South (DFS) - Sept. 17-19, Hiawassee, GA

Track Weekend - October 9-10, Carolina Motorsports Park, Kershaw, SC.

Track Weekend - October 30-31, Roebling Road, Savannah, GA

Visit www.usdesmo.com for rally recaps, track day stories, pdf versions of previous Leanings issues, picture galleries, membership and registration forms, and the discussion forum! Have an idea for a 2010 event? Contact Jim Calandro at capo@carolina.rr.com or 1.704.843.0429.

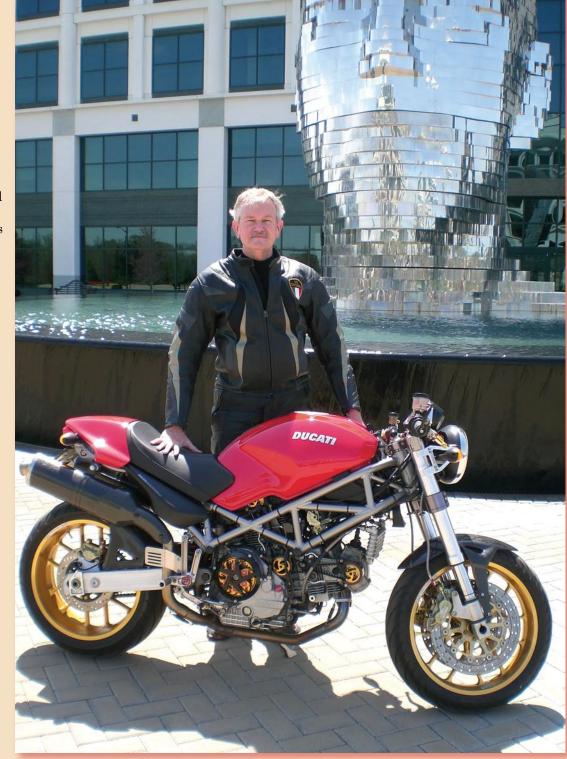
# One Man's Monster

by David Grogan, Member #00268

n 2002, after a 28year hiatus, I was ready to re-enter the world of two wheels. Channel surfing in a hotel room brought up a World Superbike race on the then Speed Vision channel, and I was hooked again. But what to buy?

My last bike had been a beloved 1968 BSA 650 Lightning, which had been rated at the time by one of the bike magazines as the baddest bike of its day. I do not now recall the author, and it might have been Peter Egan shading the facts a bit to give the British motorcycle industry a little help against the Japanese onslaught. I thought the BSA was a magnificent machine with terrific torque and handling. Despite the conventional thinking regarding British bikes and Lucas electrics, it always started, after one kick with the ignition off, on the first or occasionally the second kick. However, in 2002 I was not interested in a vintage Brit bike but was looking for a modern machine.

The Japanese bikes all looked the same, and I could not find any characteristics in the literature to help me pick one over the other. The liter bikes were





scary fast, and the 600s were top-end-only screamers, and all had ergonomics that were too foreign to my BSA experience and too hard on my 52-year-old neck.

At Charlotte BMW-Ducati-Triumph, they had a new



2001 Monster 750 that spoke to me. Larry Haber was a little concerned when I said that I had not ridden for 28 years, and that the gear shift had been on the right



side of my last bike, but a couple circuits of the parking lot convinced him I probably would not drop the bike on the test ride, and off we went. It was my Lightning reincarnated, with the engineering brought forward three decades. Larry was talking deal for bike, helmet, suit, and boots, and one of the guys there even followed me home in my car, and I then drove him back. A full-service dealership!

The 750 gave great service for several years and many thousands of miles, including one trip from Charlotte to Tampa and several US DESMO rallies, but a couple of shortcomings became noticeable. Ducati lore worshipped the clanking dry clutch, and the 2001 Monster 750 had a wet clutch; the five-speed gearbox had the engine turning annoyingly fast on long trips; the forks were not adjustable; and a bit more power would be welcome. In 2007, I began searching for a Monster 1000.

I was about to buy a low-mileage 2004 Monster 1000S in Vermont and have it shipped, when Jim Calandro found for me the same bike with 1,200 miles in Tennessee. The bike had been immaculately kept by its ex-military owner, with the only modification being a full Akropovic exhaust from the cylinders back. Very nice. He was selling it because his wife did not like riding on the back (imagine that!). The handling on the test ride on a strange road seemed so-so, but once check and title had been exchanged and the bike was mine, the handling was a delight on the ride back to Charlotte.

The lovely part of a Monster is that the engine and frame are fully exposed, not enveloped in plastic bodywork. No other bike screams out in the same manner for modifications that hang out for all to admire. Ducati began mining the Brit-bike past by introducing the Monster, a modern naked bike, in 1993, and Monster sales have reputedly been about half of all Ducati sales since.

The first modification was installing the Cycle Cat bars, rear sets, sprocket cover, and sidestand that had been on my 750. Stock Monster bars give the feeling of parasailing at speeds above 70 or so, and full-on clip-ons are murderous on wrists and neck, but the Cycle Cat clip-ons, with their four inches of rise and fully adjustable angle, are just right and look and feel terrific. Off with the fairly ugly castings that held the rider and passenger pegs, being replaced by the stylish and functional Cycle Cat rear sets—a Monster was meant to be a monoposto. The Cycle Cat sidestand, while lighter and looking much better in platinum-anodized aluminum than the painted, steel stocker, was also 3/4" longer, which would save my new bike from a heart-breaking tip-over as had been suffered by my 750. I also brought over a Hyperpro steering damper from my 750, which was purchased after a heart-stopping tank-slapper. From 2001 to 2004, and 750 to 992cc, Ducati saw no need to change the frame or fork dimensions, so all the parts fit perfectly, except that Ducati did slightly increase the diameter of the main frame tubes, so the damper had to be fitted to a secondary frame tube.

After installing the Cycle Cat clip-ons, the stock top



triple clamp, with its nowempty bar mount, had to go. I was also ready for an open clutch cover to show off the sights and sounds of the classic Ducati dry clutch. Cycle Cat had long faded into the dust, but SpeedyMoto made a gorgeous top triple clamp, and, while perusing their web site, I saw they made a complete upper and lower triple-clamp assembly with tapered roller bearings that was even more visually

pleasing than anything that had been made by Cycle Cat. SpeedyMoto also had an elegantly machined and almost neurotic-looking Kukri clutch pressure plate for Ducatis, and they provided stainless-steel springs, anodized retention buttons, and a very open, complementary-style clutch cover. Before I headed for check out, I thought I would see what SpeedyMoto had to replace Ducati's cheap-looking plastic belt covers—perhaps something in carbon fiber. No carbon fiber, but their Leggero belt covers (which are to the stock covers as a string bikini is to a burqa—in fact, "belt cover" is just not an honest term

for these shaft covers) matched the style of the clutch cover and pressure plate. While I was at it, why not a crankshaft cover so the left side of the bike would not feel left out? Plus a red-anodized billet oil-filler cap. The internet is a marvel, but hazardous. \$1,400 later, it was time to log off from SpeedyMoto and let my credit card cool.

Jim Calandro was impressed with all of these goodies, but he observed that the stock wheels were just not up to the same level of trim. Pulling a cover off one of his many bikes like a magician, Jim said, "This is what you need." Gold-anodized Carrozzerias—gorgeous, much lighter than stock, and much less expensive that comparable Marchesinis. A couple of calls to Rick Tannenbaum of Cogent Dynamics [see Rick's ad elsewhere in this issue—ed.], a little more melting of credit-card plastic, and the wheels arrived. Light enough to toss like a Frisbee. Of course, a Supersprox two-piece, 40-tooth rear sprocket with gold-anodized aluminum hub riveted to a steel tooth-ring was needed to complement the Carrozzerias and to shorten the very tall Ducati stock gearing.

Bling is nice, but other suspension performance upgrades were also in order. Rick revalved and resprung the forks with Penske and Race Tech parts. While doing this, Rick noticed a very slight leak from one fork. As the

> bike then had only around 6,000 miles. it was too early for a seal leak. Rick was replacing the seals anyway, but he tracked down and polished out a faint burr on the lower slider that would have trashed the new seal in a couple thousand miles. Rick is a dedicated professional and a suspension wizard. He later prepared and installed a Penske rear shock

To better show off the SpeedyMoto titanium-finish lower triple clamp, the stock headlight mount had to go. At the Indianapolis MotoGP, a Monster owner gave me a lead for the mounts shown in the photos. They arrived as flat pieces that could be mounted on a variety of bikes, with instructions to bend an S-curve into them "as necessary" to fit your forks and headlight nacelle. Oh, terrific. I clamped them one end at a time into a vise with aluminum-padded jaws, grabbed hold, and leaned back. Checking frequently with a protractor, I was able to bend them to the previously carefully measured angles. If





accidentally bent too far, I don't think there would have been any going back.

The turn-signal mounting kit with the headlight mount was worthless. However, Lowe's came through with a 1/8"x1" aluminum bar. I cut it to length, drilled each end with the three holes for the turn-signal bolt, wires, and alignment pin, and bent each end 90 degrees. To avoid having the turn signals point comically toward the sky, the middle of the center part of this home-built mount had to be twisted in the vise to take out the fork rake. My protractor from my college engineering-drawing class again helped get the angle right the first time.

The front brake lines were replaced with steel-



braided Spiegler lines that needed to be somewhat shorter than stock because of the re-routing. To keep them in position at the bottom triple clamp, I fabricated loops from 1/8" brass rod padded with rubber washers from Lowe's. This has not been entirely satisfactory and is still a work in process.

It was also time for the beer tray at the back to go. That serves as a convenient place to set your sunglasses, and then forget them as you ride off, which happened with my 750. I was thinking of fabricating a bakelight/turn-signal/license-tag bracket from the rest of the aluminum bar, but CompetitionWerkes makes an excellent, professional-looking stainless-steel unit that can be found for under \$100. This unit neatly tucks the turn signals, brake light, and tag close to the seat. As shown in the photo, tape the rear sub-frame tubes to allow marking your cut points, and measure at least twice. Cutting a starting groove with a triangular file will save you from the hacksaw's hopping out of its initial kerf. Check with a square to make sure that the saw is cutting perpendicular to the tube. Once you have

started the cut, there is no going back. One warning about the CompetitionWerkes bracket: it was die-cut, so all the edges are sharp and need to be eased with a file, and the oval slot for the wiring needed a lot of filing, as it was as jagged as a hacksaw, which would lead to Lucasquality wiring gremlins in short order (pun intended). Paint the cut sub-frame tubes with silver Rustoleum and cap them with 7/8" rubber chair-leg caps from Lowe's for about a buck.

Riding the bike at Indianapolis in the race traffic, I began to notice the heaviness of the clutch. Except in such stop-and-go traffic, the clutch pull was not bothersome. But, why not an Evoluzione clutch slave

while I was making all the other mods? As I like to keep two fingers on the bar and two on the levers, CRG shorty clutch and brake levers work very well. A safety addition that is also quite satisfying is the Framm horn, which can actually be heard by drivers, in contrast to the stock horn. This requires a relay to avoid frying the horn switch from the increased current draw, and both are available from Aerostitch. Further internet searching turned up carbon-fiber fenders front and rear at a fraction of Ducati catalog prices. And a very practical, eyepleasing, and relatively inexpensive modification was to replace the cheesy stock rear-axle cover plates with the nice billet plates offered by Desmo Times—practical because the identical stock units on my 750 had seized to the axle nuts and scraped a grove on each side of the swing arm when the little tabs on

the bottom straightened out and became a broach.

The fly screen never looked right to me, and the stock teardrop mirrors were butt-ugly. Bar-end mirrors, another recommendation by Jim Calandro, and removal of the fly screen completed the '60s-'70s bad-boy British rocker look, which is most recognizable in the view from the front with that large round Monster headlight. I pronounced the bike done, and someone immediately suggested Galfer wave rotors. But it is indeed done. Enough.

The finished Monster is a joy to ride. Certainly not as fast or nimble as an 1198, but still well beyond my abilities as a rider to fully utilize its potential. In riding the North Carolina back roads with Jim Calandro, the bike just goes where it needs to go without any effort or histrionics. This Monster is every bit as satisfying now as I remember its BSA predecessor, and it seems to have Gibraltar-like reliability. To paraphrase what Jim had silk-screened on the T-shirts from the last Ducks Fly South, I don't believe I will ever need another motorcycle.

# 2010 Streetfighter Riding Impressions

story and photos by Neale Bayly, Member #01174

Road notes July 10th: Throttle too sensitive at small openings, or low speed! Difficult to modulate brakes in tight twisties. Too much vibration at low rpm. No fun under 50 mph.

nd that's why I'm in love with this bike. Ripping the front wheel off the ground at 70 mph with a light crack of the throttle is like taking an uppercut to the jaw. Slamming your head into a 150 mph hurricane-force wind across the un-faired handlebars in five heart-pounding gear changes, it'll stop so hard that when you want to end the madness you'll end up with three Adam's apples if you're not careful. With the bike inhaling high-speed sweepers faster than Lindsay Lohan doing shots at happy hour, riding around town is like pissing Mike Tyson off and taking him to Fight Club at your local bar. It's like trying to train a junkyard Rottweiler to sit and stay at your local poodle parlor. And without a shadow of doubt. it's the wildest, craziest, two-wheeled, adrenalinepumping production motorcycle ever made. So much so that it should come with a government health warning,

or disclaimer: "Operating this machine might end up leaving you stark raving mad." Or something to that affect.

Making all of the Monster range of motorcycles that have come before it seem comparatively tame and well mannered, it seems somewhat strange to me that Ducati has taken such a long time to create such a beast. With the Streetfighter movement beginning in Europe around the time I was cutting my motorcycle riding teeth, it's a style and culture that is going on three decades since its inception. Triumph has been very successful with its Speed Triple line, which capitalizes on the idea of a stripped-down sportbike, left with just the bare essentials for ripping around town and tearing up the night. Aprilia has also jumped on the bandwagon by taking the bodywork off the RSV Mille sportbike to deliver the very badly behaved Tuono, and MV Agusta has the rare and hard-to-find 1078 Brutale. But while the venerable Speed Triple and the wildmannered Tuono have enjoyed the top billing over the years, they pale into insignificance under the shadow cast by Ducati's new Streetfighter.

With a fighting weight of 368 pounds and packing a 155-horsepower punch from the 1098-derived engine, it simply leaves any previous machine in this genre, except perhaps the Brutale, sucking exhaust fumes. It makes bikes like the Kawasaki Z1000 and even Yamaha's FZ1 seem like touring rigs, and even the wickedly styled, power-house Benelli Naked Tre comes in coughing like a chain-smoking barfly when you compare horsepower and torque figures. And looking closely at the new Streetfighter spec sheet, it's obvious Ducati didn't just peel the bodywork from a bunch of left-over 1098s.

Starting with the black steel-trellis frame, the steering head angle has been relaxed to 25.6 degrees, compared to its more race-orientated sibling's 24.5 degrees. The rear swing arm has been lengthened to give an overall wheelbase of 58.1 inches, compared to the 1098's 56.3 inches. With the wider bars, this makes a lot of sense, as the bike would be way too hyper on the Superbike's original geometry. There is also a uniquely styled, and sturdier, lower triple clamp holding the inverted 43m Showa fork in place (Ohlins if you opt for the higher priced "S"), and the bike rolls on its own unique Marchesini wheels. These are a pair of beautiful 10-spoke aluminum alloy rims that wear regulation sportbike-sized Pirellis rubber: 190/55R17 rear and 120/70R17 front.





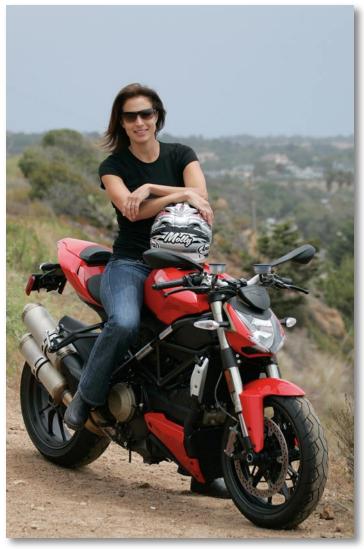


Responsible for rearranging your family jewels under the deceleration process, two Brembo four-piston monoblock calipers attack massive 330mm discs. With braided steel lines taking the fluid from the radial-pump master cylinder with the lightest two-finger squeeze, the Streetfighter's brakes are easily amongst the strongest in the two-wheeled world. Maybe even too strong for road use? Requiring a deft use of the digits to avert tragedy at lower speed, on the Mulholland Highway heading to the coast I had a lot of trouble finding the right pressure to allow me to make smooth progress. On a more open piece of highway and need to lose a lot of speed quickly? They instantly become your best friend. And, as related by my peers, they are faultless on a racetrack.

The Showa suspension is multi-adjustable at both ends as you would expect, and as-ridden was mostly compliant over the variety of surfaces I rode on. Chasing my buddy Chris on a BMW R1200GS along some bumpy back roads, I had to give up after nearly being tossed out of the seat a couple of times. No one needs to travel that fast on these sorts of roads though, so it's not a major complaint; I just wanted to see how it fared.

Tucked in tightly and very neatly, if you consider how much plumbing and wiring must have needed to be hidden, the 1099cc engine is a riot. Making mind-blowing amounts of power for the street, it is quoted as delivering





155 horsepower at 9,500 rpm, with the rev limiter shutting things down at 10,200 rpm. This is actually about five horsepower less than the Superbike, due to the shorter air intakes that are needed without the full fairing, although the Streetfighter's engine is actually seven pounds lighter thanks to the cast-aluminum crankcases. Having recently ridden a 1098R, there is no way from the seat of the pants you can notice the minor power loss, and if you need more horsepower, you might want to try therapy first.

Dealing with the burned gases from the two large combustion chambers, a 2-into-1-into-2 steel exhaust exits into two canisters on the right-hand side of the motorcycle. These emit a healthy throb and will no doubt

be responsible for losing a lot of weight from the bike when they are eventually replaced with an aftermarket system. A pair of sensors located inside these pipes read exhaust gases





for precise fuel mapping, and an electronically controlled valve boosts mid-range power.

One thing I immediately noticed when I jumped on the Streetfighter was that the pegs felt nice and low and gave a lot of legroom. This is due to a thicker seat pad, which gives a 33.1-inch seat height, compared to the 1098's 32.3 inches. In contrast to

the comfortable foot-peg position, the tapered aluminum handlebars felt small and quite far forward, putting the rider into a semi-race crouch. Personally, I would have liked them wider and closer to me for extended road duties.

Parking the bike for beauty shots, it's all Ducati. Beautiful, exotic, and unique all at the same time, the 1098-derived headlight gives the bike an unmistakable look. Complete with the tiny color-matched headlight shroud and belly pan, there are enough splashes of red





on the standard model to keep things balanced. And the wheels are just plain sex appeal. Mirrors are interesting, but might be a love them or hate them item, and the gas tank looks identical to the Superbike's, although apparently it is one inch shorter to help get the rider closer to the bars.

The view from the hot seat is all road ahead, and it feels weird at first to have this feeling of nothing in front of you. You can't see the headlight and have to look down a tad to see the instrument panel. With a digital bar running up the numbers on top and a set of small digital numbers calculating your speeding fines on the bottom right, all the regular information is easy to find. The warning lights, turn signal lights, and neutral indicator are on top of the pod, and there is a temperature gauge on the bottom in the middle.

Jumping off the Streetfighter and boarding a plane home, it took me a while to process my feelings about the new Ducati. It's definitely for the experienced rider only, and it's only going to work well in a limited number of situations. It's so visceral, so insanely fast, and just so incredibly raw—though that none of that matters, and by the time I landed I was humming opera and speaking Italian. It'll set you back \$14,995 (\$18,995 for the S) but the price of admission guarantees the start of one of the most intense love affairs of your life.

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## Ducks to Alaska!

by Clyde Romero, Member #00003

### First the stats:

Total mileage 7,707.1 miles; fuel used 161.3 gallons; average MPG 47.7. Two rear tires; two chains (one non "O" ring). Trip length 14 days. Marietta, Georgia, to Skagway, Alaska. Bike used: Ducati ST4S 2004, aka the STRIKE EAGLE.

ep, it can be done on a Ducati, and, yes, it was fun. Both myself and Bob Lattanzi (member #00002), who went with me, saw a lot of weather and

different road conditions. Oh yeah, while I am talking about road conditions, the Alaska Highway is paved, and both Bob and I saw more gravel roads in Montana on Highway 93 from the Canadian border than we ever saw in British Columbia and the Yukon Territory!

Our route was from Clarksville, Tennessee, to Omaha, Nebraska (Craig Hunley's new home). That was the first day out! The next day we went from Omaha to Minot, North Dakota. The third day we broke the border and ended up in Calgary, Alberta. Bring your passport and expect to be questioned by U.S. Customs upon leaving the United States as well as by the Canadian Border Patrol. The scenery up until this point is nothing but spectacular, the roads are good, and you can average around 85 mph! We did not see one cop in the States.

We spent the night in Calgary and pressed north through Banff on 93, the Icefields Highway. The weather



was the problem here. A cloud front came through and dropped the temperature to around 45 degrees. In case I did not mention it, heated gear is a must! You could



see your breath when you took your helmet off! Yeah, it was cold and damp. With regard to rain gear, bring rain gear that is quick-donning because there are no over passes to get under to put your gear on if weather comes up—and out West it comes up fast! That day both Bob and I ended up in Prince George, British Columbia, which is the major gateway to the Yukon Territories and Alaska. All the major thoroughfares go through this rather large city. It was here that we found a motorcycle shop that had a rear tire for Bob's bike. We decided that we would return back through this city to have the tire installed for the return trip to the States. Plan on a maintenance day for your trip and remember that shops are closed on Sundays and Mondays. We were lucky that NR motors was open on Mondays, but plan accordingly.

Once you are north of Banff on the Icefields Highway, this is where you will start to encounter wildlife and sparseness of population, including gas stations. You should plan for 180 mile between fill ups, and if a



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station appears at the 150-mile mark with fuel, you will be pleasantly surprised! This is also where TRIBAL KNOWLEDGE comes into play. You say, what's that? When you are at a gas station, ask those that are there

with you what it looks like where they came from: that is, road conditions, construction. availability of gas, wildlife, etc. Get a true picture of what is in front of you. The average stage length will be around 800 miles once you are above Calgary. In fact, you have to average around 750 miles a day to get anywhere out West since the distances are so vast.

Both Bob and I were up and on the road

every day no later than 6:30 a.m. and rode until around 6 p.m., which gave us around two hours before the sun set and we needed to be where we were stopping for the night.

After we left Prince George, we ended up at Toad River Lodge, which is a great place with great food about 50 miles west of Watson Lake, Yukon Territory. It is on this stretch of road that both Bob and I encountered some of the worst roads of the entire trip. There were patches of gravel. The worst one was a downhill, steep-grade, left-

hand turn with gravel on both sides of the road. The dust was manageable, but as the sun started to set, visibility started to be a major concern. We were glad to get to Toad River! Needless to say, the bikes got a good look-after, tires-check every night and bugs were washed off as well. Your visor will be challenged with numerous bugs! I had a damp cloth in my tank bag and while riding was able to clean my visor on the run.

British Columbia is some

of the best riding I have ever seen. It's the North Georgia Mountains with no cops! We were going an average of 80 mph through some great mountain passes. Very little traffic. Cars actually moved over to let us by! It was incredible! There were stretches of highway where we encountered very strong cross winds. There were some very strong gusts as well. One of the items I installed on my bike was a stone guard for the radiator and oil cooler. A holed radiator/oil cooler on the road is a major stopper.

From Toad River, it was a hard run into Skagway,

Alaska. The weather was great until we got within 30 miles of Alaska. The temperature dropped 40 degrees to around 45! And there was a light mist as well. The Skagway Highway is beautiful, as it parallels the coast

as you enter Alaska. This road had gravel on it along with salt! Both Bob and I re-entered the United States! There is a huge signpost that signifies that you have entered Alaska.

We spent the night in Skagway and decided that it would be best for us to take the inside-passage ferry to Prince Rupert, so we booked a spot on the ferry that night. The ferry trip was great. It was 2-½ days from Skagway to Prince Rupert, British

Columbia. If you decide to do this, bring tie downs.

As you can see, you must secure your own bike on the ferry, and, yes, it's a big deal! The ferry trip is great. You get to whale watch and see a lot of Alaska's coast line—well worth the trip. This actually saved Bob and me time, since otherwise we would have had to back-track on Highway 1 to Watson Lake and then go south on Highway 27 through the forest fires!

The food on the ferry is good, and they have movies. You can check your bike at every stop as well as get

off. Several Harley riders from Texas got on the ferry at Haines and were going to Prince Rupert as well. It was great talking to them; they were coming from Anchorage! Once again gaining Tribal Knowledge! The weather for the most part of the two days was overcast.

We got to Prince Rupert around 1 p.m. and got off the ferry and proceeded to customs. It was raining upon our arrival, so we were able to put our rain gear on in the ferry, and this

made it easier.

Usually my trips through customs are a non-event. I would recommend that you always remove your helmet and have your passport ready. But this one was VERY DIFFERENT to say the least. Bob went through first and was a non-event. I went next. The initial customs border guard reviewed my passport and asked some questions and gave me a very strange look as he punched my name in his computer. He then placed a yellow slip in my passport and said that I was to proceed to further





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screening. Hmm! Anyway, I complied and waited in the staging area while I watched the customs guys go through a pickup truck with a dog and a fine-tooth comb! Bob had already left and had no idea that I was in the holding area, and, like I said, it was raining. While I was waiting my turn for the Gestapo to look at my papers, the Harley crew, who were great, had also entered the no-man's land of the unwashed as well! This was funny because this guy was a doctor and he was with his wife pulling a trailer! Anyway, back to me. I had my helmet off, and Bob came back. I told him to wait on the other side because I was waiting to be cleared. He left and did so. A customs agent that was a Native Indian approached me and said come inside.

While inside, she said that all is okay and that as soon as she saw me she knew it was not me. There was an individual that the Canadian officials were looking for that had my same exact name, but he was white! He was wanted for murder! First time I know of that being a man of color got you out of a bind with the authorities,



and I will take it big time! She added some data to the computer system saying it wasn't me, and I was out of there! Whew!

Bob and I continued our trip on to Smithers on Highway 16. It was a great run other than it was raining for most of it. The next day it was on to Prince George to get tires and a chain put on the bike and press as far south as we could that day—the weather was coming in again. We got our tires done and my chain on and pressed on to Jasper, which is a major tourist trap with very high hotel prices.

The next morning we woke up and saw the weather in the Banff Mountains and got our rain gear on and pressed south, this time on the Icefields Highway, and picked up Highway 93 into the good ole USA! Clearing customs was easy there, and we were on our way to Missoula Mountain for the night. It was on Highway 93 that Bob and I encountered the most gravel roads on the trip!

The next day it was on to Hot Springs, South Dakota—a nice town. We found a great road, Highway 385 out of Custer, and were in for the night. From here on out, we never had to put our rain gear on again.

We left Hot Springs, South Dakota, for Omaha (We



had to check on Craig's property!), and while in Omaha, I decided to get a new rear tire and a real chain this time. Ducati Omaha is a great stop to get your bike looked over on the way out or the way back. Kelly Naser had me in and out of there in two hours! Bob and I pressed south to spend the night in Bellville just outside of St. Louis.

The next morning, Bob and I split up for our trip home. I went right into Marietta (it was about 700 miles or so), and Bob did 910 miles to Gastonia. Overall, it was a great trip and a lot of fun.

A couple of final notes with regards to the trip. Unless you have the luxury of an on-board computer like the ST4 has, you need to know your maximum-endurance cruise speed/rpm with the fuel remaining, because you could easily come upon a gas station that was out of fuel, but the next one might be 50 miles down the road. Also, I would bring an extra chain and sprockets, along with the tools to complete the job. Install a stone guard for the radiator and oil cooler, which I did, along with a headlight shield as well. Bob had an electric tire pump, and I had a great tire-repair kit, along with an updated first-aid kit.

Bottom line, would I do it again? The answer is yes. It was well worth it, and I am looking forward to doing it again in the near future.

Take care, and see you on the road.



## BENCH RACING

Tall tales of fact and "friction"

### Monster Art Project

by Jim 'il Capo' Calandro, Member #00001

ogether with my two daughters, Jodi Calandro and Jaime Calandro-Kaseman, we designed our club entry for the project. Greg Pettigrew was kind enough to lend his expert hand at painting to complete our entry. The tricolor connection to Italy is easy to follow but the wolf design has a lot of history too.

According to legend Rome was founded on April 21,

raised by a she-wolf. During a family feud Romulus killed his brother and went on to establish the Roma Quadrata and become king of Rome, which bears his name. This became the center of Rome and was chosen because it was the easiest point to cross the Tiber River.

**WINTER 2009** 









### 1098 R Bayliss Limited Edition: Unleash the spirit of Troy

The 1098 R has led Troy and the Ducati Xerox Team to Ducati's 13<sup>th</sup> World Superbike Championship and 15<sup>th</sup> manufactuer's title. To mark the incredible career of Troy Bayliss, Ducati has built the 1098 R Bayliss Limited Edition. Only 500 units will be produced and each one comes with a numbered plaque on the top fork clamp, full racing exhaust system including 102dB carbon fiber mufflers by Termignoni, dedicated ECU, branded bike cover and rear paddock stand. Contact your local Ducati dealer for more information about Ducati's flagship model - the 1098 R.

