

MOTO MAGIC

when i bought my seca 650 i
really wanted a vertical twin but
memories of an ariel square four
in the fifties its smooth sound
similar to that of an offenhauser

convinced me that i should try a
modern inline four but inline
fours sound nothing like square
fours in the fifties the sound of
an ariel square four would set me

to dreaming of a quarter midget
built around that engine it would
sound like an offie and go like
snot my virago 500 sometimes
sounds like a small harley i

wonder if a special 650 would
sound anything like a triumph in
my youth all indy cars except for
those from europe and one or two
specials had offenhauser engines

the engines were in front the
drivers all wore goggles some the
sexy split goggles that i'd wear
today except for my glasses i
won't wear my WWII flier's helmet

either or my leather butcher cap
i don't want to crush my skull
when i fall down again maurie
rose did he die in flames against
the wall at indy or was that 18

other guys you may be waiting for
the first woman to be president
of the united states i'm waiting
for the first woman to drink
champagne in the winners circle

at indy i get a thrill when i see
a woman fly down the front
straight on a harley at the san
jose mile wish i'd made it to
catalina on my mustang when they

were still road racing on the
city streets catalina was trying
to be this country's isle of man

my buddy tommy smith made it to
catalina on his gold star almost

lost it against a curb when he
looked back never look back he
went down on the salt flats at
130 MPH in a helmet swim trunks
and nothing else i wonder if

tommy's still alive if tommy still
dreams of speed still remembers
catalina i never raced after a
few dirt track races in high
school riding in the 125 class at

lincoln park after the real tt
races kids out for fun giving the
spectators something to do
between races besides drink beer
i never raced again got married

instead now i dream of triumphs
excelsiors with villiers two
stroke engines bsa's nortons my
old matchless my honda dream my
bonneville the old harley 45 that

mustang with no front brakes that
would hit 85 flat out on the san
bernardino freeway me on the tank
at 3am with larry pulling away
steadily his mustang having been

bored out it was 25 cubic inches
now i dream of old bikes and ride
around on my nostalgia design vee
twin with the japanese slant

— Jim Gove

Felton CA

ESSAY QUESTION

In England, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a particular male child was trained in the visual arts and ultimately achieved a proficiency approximately equivalent to that of young ladies who do water colors and sketches, or needlepoint, as part of their preparation for a suitable marriage. He was educated privately, and both pampered and ruled by a