



# LIMITER<sup>TM</sup>

ISSUE #2

SPRING  
2011



**iron**<sup>®</sup>

[WWW.RIDEICON.COM/LIMITER](http://WWW.RIDEICON.COM/LIMITER)

# LIMITER ISSUE #2

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**Their arrival was heralded by unbaffled cans.**  
The concrete barriers lining the interstate provide the ideal enclosure. The sound, both magnified and channeled, is obnoxious. An acoustical assault unfit for the motorways of polite society.





**But we can't deny that we like it. An internal combustion speed-metal only the 'kids' understand. Some say loud pipes save lives. We say they give it. Ride Among Us.**



# OVERLORD PRIME HERO JACKET

We inhabit a world devoid of air fences or gravel traps. Our runoff zones consist of rusted girders and monolithic masonry. As unforgiving as it is expansive. The sprawl beckons - the Hero answers. With it's embroidered leather appliqué, injected plastic armor, woven patches and Attack Fit, the Overlord Prime Hero is the new patriarch of Icon street style.



## OVERLORD PRIME HERO JACKET

- » 1.2-1.4MM PREMIUM GRADE LEATHER CHASSIS
- » INJECTION MOLDED PLASTIC ARMOR PLATES
- » PRECURVED FIT W/ INTEGRATED FLEX ZONES
- » CRUSADER RED, FB YELLOW AND BLACK \$495



## OVERLORD PRIME JACKET

S-2XL \$450  
3XL \$480



## OVERLORD PRIME LEATHER PANT

\$310



## OVERLORD TEXTILE JACKET

S-2XL \$155  
3XL-4XL \$165



## OVERLORD TEXTILE PANT

\$115



## OVERLORD LONG GLOVE

\$145



## OVERLORD SHORT GLOVE

\$120



# RX7 vs. ZX10

## 'HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER'

But that's the life, or in this case the potential death, of a stunt rider. Of course Icon, being the company that set up this mechanical duel, felt some minor level of responsibility for Nick's safety. So we set up a dozen safety pylons in the middle of the track.

"Whatever you do, don't hit those cones" we told the car driver, Jim Guthrie. As long as Jim steered clear of the pylons, Nick would never be in harms way. Simple...

After our brief safety meeting - where we again discussed not running over Nick - we sent the two combatants off to wage asphalt war. Lap after lap rubber was sheared as the vehicles and their operators struggled against the narrow circuit. Shaving off precious tenths of a second from their times, both the ZX-10 and RX-7 pushed the boundaries of cross-platform competition.

The Kawi, running at the very limit of catastrophic highside, provided an inviting glimpse into the drifting capabilities of a stretched liter bike. The V-8 powered Mazda, in ever tighter pursuit, continued to bump off it's rev limiter as the driver concentrated on not killing Nick. Overall it made for a fantastic spectator experience.

"I'm probably gonna die." Nick said with rather serious face. He had never felt comfortable with the idea of drift racing against a car on the narrow New Mexico track. Especially after he learned that the opposing driver was still 'feeling out his new ride.'







ICON THANKS SANDRA MOTOR SPEEDWAY FOR HOSTING OUR HIGH PLANS DRIFTER BATTLE.



The Mazda RX-7 had undergone a few upgrades since it was originally purchased in the summer of 1993. Most notable was the removal of the stock steel hood and replacement with a carbon fiber unit. For those of you new to the import drifting scene, this is the secret of any proper drift car. Apparently the reduced hood weight gives any econobox import the ability to drift the rear end with little to no effort. Even the front wheel drive variety. Not being car guys ourselves this came as news to us, but who are we to question. Of course replacing the stock Wankel with a supercharged LS1 Corvette motor helps quite a bit.

The interior of the car resembled a truck bed. A truck bed with fancy seats. A truck bed with fancy seats and gauges. In fact everything thing that may have been considered 'nice' or 'comfortable' when the Mazda was originally purchased had been removed and replaced with a gauge. There are forty seven gauges in this RX-7. That is officially twelve more gauges than are in a 757. Ironically there is no radio in this car. Namely because there is also no muffler. The lack of one dictating the lack of the other.

Of course the RX-7 is equipped with numerous other drift specific devices and trickery that separate it from your mom's Scion. That doesn't mean you shouldn't try to drift your mom's Xb. It just means that when you wrap the said 'Toyoaster' around a lightpole you shouldn't feel disheartened, as it was most likely not equipped with a 1.5 OS-GIKEN 1.5 drift differential. Therefore, not your fault.





# SALVO

**2005 ZX10 SALVO** - She was the devil's seed. A neon green oxymoron that stretched across state lines. It's a good thing she was a Kawi instead of a kidnapping because the latter would have gotten you federal time. And time was something the Salvo did not have. Her clock had been ticking down since '05 and there wasn't much left. Unlike most other prostreet builds the Salvo had been constructed simply for flogging. Vicious flogging at the hands of men who neither understood nor cared.

The 12" over swingarm and 240 series rubber provided the ideal wheelbase and contact patch for her intended punishment. She would be matched in bloodsport competition against feral four wheeled imports. Drifting grudge matches that would assuredly end in the most massive of highsides.

The only real question is which would give first, the motor or the man. Do you want to know who won? Check out the video of the entire session at:

[www.rideicon.com/highplainsdrifter](http://www.rideicon.com/highplainsdrifter)





**VARIANT SALVO HI-VIZ HELMET**

**\$390**



**VARIANT SALVO HI-VIZ HELMET**

**\$390**



**ALLIANCE LUCKY LID HELMET**

**\$210**



**VARIANT SALVO REFLECTIVE HELMET**

**\$390**



**VARIANT SALVO HELMET**

**\$390**



**ALLIANCE RAT HELMET**

**\$200**



**ALLIANCE THRESHOLD HELMET**

**\$195**



**ALLIANCE THRESHOLD HELMET**

**\$195**



**ALLIANCE REFLECTIVE HELMET**

**\$210**

## 2011 SPRING HELMET COLLECTION

It's a matter of survival. In an unforgiving maze of gravel strewn corners and malevolent steel a rider needs protection, vision and comfort. The call to arms has been answered. We give you the 2011 Spring Icon Helmet Collection.

11 Spring is keystone by the newest detachment of Icon's exclusive high visibility line - the Variant Salvo Hi-Viz. Its fluorescent paint and reflective graphics provide the rider with an effective edge among the controlled chaos of the urban environment.

The newly revised Alliance shell with its improved venting and refined fit, features new graphic offerings that run the full graphic gamut. From the completely over-the-top Lucky Lid, the edgy Threshold to the understated Rat, there is an Icon graphic for all tastes.

All Icon helmets meet the All World Safety Standard (DOT / ECE / SAI / SG).



"A few hours ago I was standing in a dirty, dimly lit room in the basement of a Japanese nightclub, my chest heaving, sweat pouring down my face, certain I was about to die."

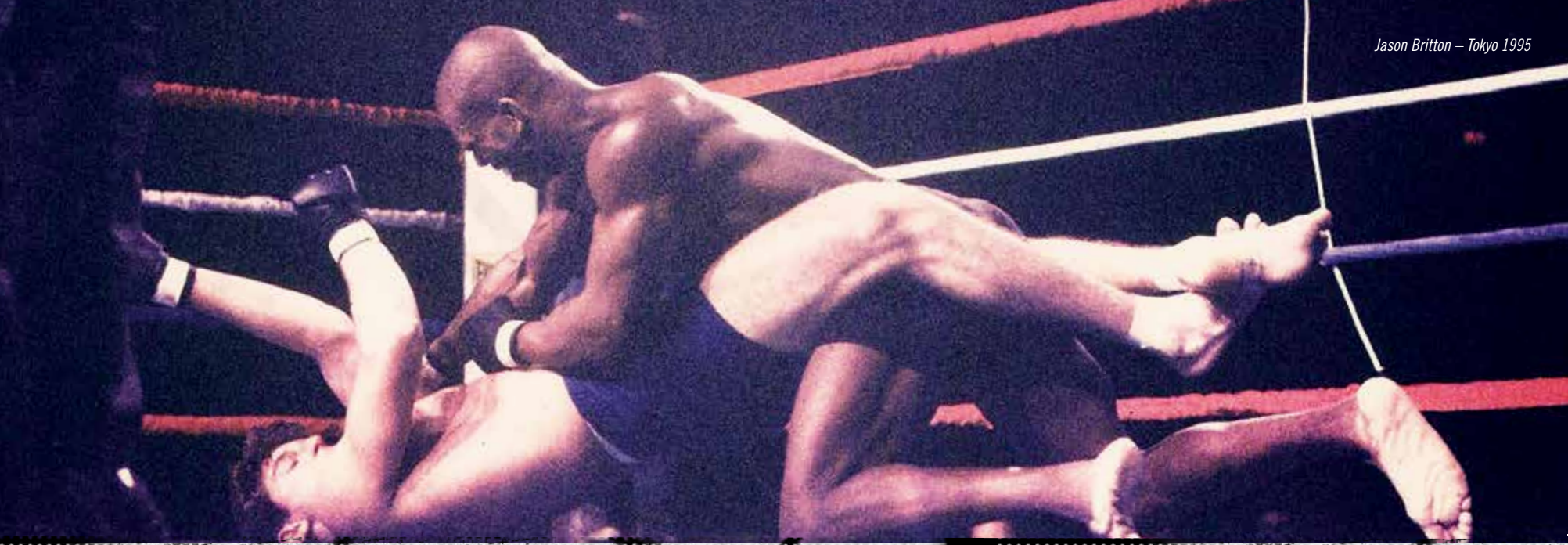


# BRITTON UNDERGROUND

Now I was blinking under the glare of the airport lights nervously scanning the departure board. A gym bag stuffed with a week's worth of clothes and a year's livelihood was in a death grip under my arm. My pulse settled as I found my flight – it was on time. It was almost over.

Earlier in the evening I fought five of the toughest guys in underground cage fighting. I made it through every fight, but the last was the worst. Not because he was tough, but because he was too broken to tap out. I had blown out his orbital, broken his jaw and popped the capsule on his left elbow. He lay on his side and lifted his good arm in a flimsy attempt to shield himself from my onslaught of ground and pound. Why didn't the ref call the fight? I felt sicker with every blow. I had won the fight. What more did they want?





The smell of sweat and blood and stale beer was overpowering as hundreds of Japanese men in suits pushed and crowded into our small arena. With every blow I landed I could hear them screaming. I didn't have to speak Japanese to feel their rage. I wasn't the favorite. I wasn't supposed to win. They were going to lose money and I was going to have to pay. I would deal with that later. Right now I had to end this fight one way or another.

The crowd roared as my opponent's corner threw in the towel. I leapt to my feet, threw my fists up in the air and let out a deep guttural bellow. I was ready for the next guy, itching for the next fight. It took a minute to register I had won the tournament. I was about to be awarded a large sum of cash.

Someone grabbed my shoulders and propelled me through the crowds. I struggled through a sea of small white faces with dark flashing eyes and mouths spitting what I imagined were the worst curses and obscenities. They shoved me into a storage room and slammed the door. I collapsed on the floor; the cold concrete was soothing against my burning skin. The rhythmic thump of the bass from the nightclub above almost lulled me to sleep.

The door slammed open; I was instantly awake and on my feet. Mr. [REDACTED] head of the [REDACTED] walked in with two of his biggest boys. One held a black duffel bag. The other held something behind his back. Then it hit me. They're not going to pay me. They're going to blow my brains out

and dispose of my body like a bag of garbage. I didn't say anything. I just waited.

The door opened quietly and I was surprised to see my friend [REDACTED]. The look on his face confirmed my worst suspicions. Mr. [REDACTED] spoke and my friend translated. "Thank you for coming to fight. Your strength and spirit is commendable. However your situation is not good. I have many angry customers. They did not expect you to win. Much money has been lost." No one in this city would miss me. How would anyone at home find me? My stomach plunged into my legs. "Take your prize and leave. Do not return or there will be consequences." They bowed and left. My friend smiled weakly. "A car is waiting for you." he gestured towards the door and was gone.

I fell on the black bag left in the middle of the floor and tore it open. For the first time in days I laughed. I grabbed the bag and darted out the door, through a dark corridor and outside to the waiting car. The sun was coming up when the announcement to board brought me back to the moment. I was never happier to see the sun rise. I was never happier to board a plane and go home.

That was over seventeen years ago and I am no longer the same person. It's not that I was any better or worse; I just led a different life. Time, good fortune and family have smoothed the harder edges. One thing remains unchanged. I still hate to lose, and I refuse to give up. It might be a blessing or a curse. Either way, it's me. Jason Britton.






## FIELD ARMOR™ STRYKER SERIES

We once said that 'our crashes' were violent street episodes. And that is the God's honest truth. Vicious tumbling encounters across two-lanes of coarse asphalt. Icon knows the pain of the street crash first hand. That is the driving reason behind the creation of our Field Armor Stryker series.

The Stryker series contains elements of CE certified Personal Protective Equipment (PPE). The CE certified PPE conforms to defined European motorcycle safety standards against specified impact protection. While no PPE, no matter how extensive, can offer full protection against injury or death, the Field Armor Stryker PPE can help sway the outcome in your favor.

Accept that you will crash and then outfit yourself accordingly. 



**FIELD ARMOR STRYKER VEST**

\$110



**HI-VIZ STRYKER VEST**

\$140



**FIELD ARMOR STRYKER KNEE**

\$95



**FIELD ARMOR STRYKER ELBOW**

\$70



**WMNS FIELD ARMOR STRYKER VEST**

\$110



**FIELD ARMOR STRYKER SHORT**

\$70

# STRYKER

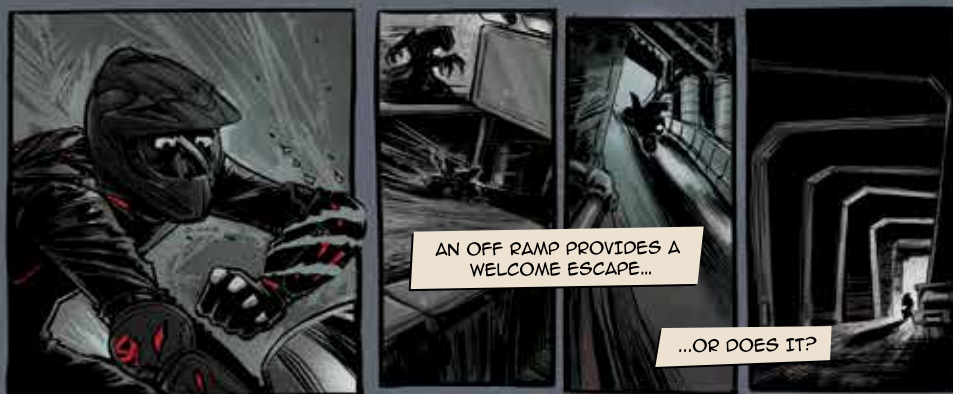
## SLABTOWN CHRONICLES II

IT IS AN EERILY QUIET NIGHT...

...AS I HEAD INTO *SLABTOWN*.







AN OFF RAMP PROVIDES A  
WELCOME ESCAPE...

...OR DOES IT?



FROM THE DRIPPED OIL RISES A NEW FORM!

IT REACHES OUT TO ME FROM BENEATH MY TIRES



I'M GONNA MAKE IT PAY!!!



I LAUNCH FROM THE UNDERGROUND  
AT TRIPLE DIGIT SPEEDS...



SHHH\*\*\*T!!



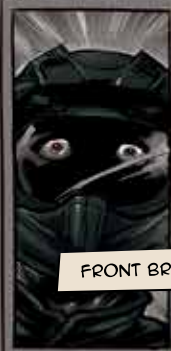


TOO HEAVY ON THE REAR BRAKE...

...THE TIRE LOCKS UP



**SMASH**



FRONT BRAKES!! TOO LATE!!!!



**UGHH**



IT ALL GOES BLACK...



...YET, SLOWLY I BEGIN TO REGAIN MY SENSES...



...MY MENTAL CHECKLIST ENGAGES  
AND BEGINS SELF PRESERVATION  
DIAGNOSTICS ROUTINE



I PICK UP MY BIKE FROM THE GROUND...

ROACHED... BUT RIDABLE



**BRAHPP**



IT WAS JUST ANOTHER  
UGLY NIGHT IN THE SLAB.

FIN



# TiFIGHTER

**Most bikes earn their numbers on the racetrack. The TiFighter earned hers in Federal lockup.**

Wanted by Interpol, she was a international element trader with a penchant for the exotic. It was unclear how she came by her means, suffice to say her means were mighty. While most in her profession lusted for Platinum and Gold, the TiFighter preferred the elemental darlings of performance - titanium, carbon, and magnesium.

Looking distinctly like an abandoned cannery machine in profile, her visual girth belied her true nimbleness. Assembled from the finest components the world had to offer, she was a superbike on paper, but a rat fighter in the flesh. At just a tick over 300 pounds and armed with guile and cunning, she was the peoples champion of the western seaboard.

Unfortunately her free days, like her hubristic front plate, were numbered. Lack of DOT approved lighting and her questionable VIN, combined with an illadvised mid-town wheelie, would lead her into the treacherous arms of Interpol agents. Entangled in their massive web of paperwork and false promises, the TiFighter would remain confined to moto-gitmo until such time as she could justify her existence. And justification of a \$40,000 rat bike would be very difficult indeed.



ITALY BREMBO REAR CALIPER \$400  
JAPAN RK X1W-RING CHAIN \$150  
HONG KONG CFX CARBON FIBER BODYWORK \$500  
SWEDEN OHLINS REAR SHOCK \$750  
LUXEMBOURG GILLES REARSETS \$650  
ITALY STM CLUTCH SLAVE CYLINDER \$250  
AMERICA SPEEDMOTO CLUTCH ASSEMBLY \$500  
AMERICA ARC FABRICATION TITANIUM FRAME & EXHAUST \$3500  
ITALY DUCATI 1000DS MOTOR \$3000  
AMERICA ETI FUEL CEL CARBON/KEVLAR GAS TANK \$1500  
SWEDEN OHLINS STEERING DAMPER \$350  
AMERICA CRG ADJUSTABLE LEVERS \$230  
FRANCE NEMESIS PROGRAMMABLE ECU \$1000  
AMERICA K&N AIRFILTERS \$150  
ITALY BREMBO MASTER CYLINDERS \$750  
JAPAN YUASA CEL BATTERY \$150  
SWEDEN OHLINS SUPERBIKE FORKS \$9000  
FRANCE BERINGER FRONT CALIPERS & DUCTILE ROTORS \$2000  
JAPAN GALESPEED FORGED MAGNESIUM WHEELS \$3000  
NORWAY SH\*T SKATEBOARD WHEELS \$35  
ITALY PIRELLI SUPERCORSA TIRES \$600



# QUAD CAM BASTARDS

Q&A with Robert Taylor

**Quad Cam Bastards is recognized as the primary digital source for the custom hardcore Sportster community - when/how did QCB get started?**

Well thanks! The QCB got started back in '05 or so, primarily as a way for a handful of Sportster guys down here in the Southeast to keep in touch and share info on our respective projects. Since then, it's taken on a life of it's own and grown into a truly worldwide network of talented and passionate Sportster builders who freely share parts, knowledge, encouragement and advice.

**What was your first sportster? How many sportster build have you done?**

I started with a first-year rubbermount in late 2003 that went through several different (and often ill-fated) tear-downs, rebuilds and reincarnations over the years - ultimately ending up as a high-compression 90-incher with a weld-on hardtail before I sold it last fall to finance another sportster project. I also rode a Buell XB12S for a while which I left pretty much stock as a daily rider before I eventually sold it. Right now I'm working on a rigid with a '97 salvage motor and a running 2001 swingarm project.

**Sportster based customs have been gaining in popularity. To what do you attribute this?**

Lots of reasons, really. First of all, they are relatively cheap and very plentiful on the used and salvage markets. Also, they are simple and easy to work on and chop up because of the unitized motor / transmission design and power-to-weight ratio is still the best in the H-D lineup.

**Why not Big Twins? What is the draw to the Sportsters?**

Nothing wrong with the big twins - but for me, there is just something about a Sportster. It's how a motorcycle SHOULD look. They are kind of like the 'skinny girl with glasses' of V-Twin powered motorcycles. And you know how those 'skinny girls with glasses' always turn out to be.



[QuadCamBastards.blogspot.com](http://QuadCamBastards.blogspot.com)

## JOIN THE COMMUNITY LIMITER™ DIGITAL

GET YOUR DAILY DOSE OF THE ICON LIFESTYLE WITH LIMITER DIGITAL. IT'S UP TO THE MINUTE INFO DIRECT FROM THE ICON H.Q. PLUS YOU CAN UPLOAD YOUR PHOTOS TO THE COMMUNITY SECTION. IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN VIRTUAL BIKE LIFT WITHIN THE ICON GARAGE. SHARE YOUR BUILD STORY. SHARE PICS OF YOUR FAVORITE BIKES. SHOW PHOTOS OF YOUR SMOKING HOT GIRLFRIEND. WHATEVER YOU LIKE.

[WWW.RIDEICON.COM/LIMITER](http://WWW.RIDEICON.COM/LIMITER)





# DOUBLE DITCH

## The Forgotten Sons



Many consider the high-speed race day dismount to be the only honorable means of motorcycle destruction. A flamboyant ball of tumbling fury as aluminum and plastic cartwheel themselves into a pretzel of debris.

But there is another way to go. A way less traveled. It is a lingering mechanized death that starts from the moment of inception.

As ugly as a  
Rancor's ringpiece...

Clutch over hand brake setup  
- mandatory dress code.

Increased backpressure courtesy of Home Depot's fencing aisle.

The other half is still stuck in Ernie's foot.

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING



A form as singularly purposeful as it is hideous. Slowly, piece by piece, drop by drop, the physical body is stripped down. The unnecessary bits broken and discarded. Factory components recycled and repurposed. And from beneath the once proud bodywork there emerges a new being.

Flung and jumped and brutalized in every fashion. These are the bikes of urban competition. These are stunt rats. They represent a new form of riding. They are the new beauty.



**The Hardest Working Triumph in Show Business.**



Lashed down gascap prevents unintentional vasectomy during tank sitting tricks.



Abused for too many years, the Triumph had developed a rather raspy english accent.



It's not a problem until the 'Alarm Bell' lights up.





**HOOOLIGAN 2 THRESHOLD JACKET**

\$185



**HOOOLIGAN 2 MESH PANT**

\$115



**HOOOLIGAN 2 HI-VIZ JACKET**

\$195



**WMNS HOOOLIGAN 2 STEALTH JACKET**

\$165



**WMNS HOOOLIGAN 2 THRESHOLD JACKET**

\$175

# HOOOLIGAN<sup>2</sup> MESH COLLECTION



Lightweight, protective, comfortable - the Mesh Jacket that redefined warm weather riding gear returns. The Hooligan 2 incorporates improved materials, patterns and construction. Padded Ballistic Nylon elbow overlays provide improved abrasion protection while integrated Spandex flex panels allow increased mobility. Beneath the Fighter Mesh chassis lies the newest generation of Icon's CE approved Field Armor elbow and shoulder Impact Protectors. The Hooligan 2 Mesh Jacket - your ideal choice when the mercury rises.



**WOMENS HOOOLIGAN 2 GLAM JACKET**

- » DURABLE FIGHTER MESH CHASSIS
- » RELAXED FIT
- » REMOVABLE ICON CE FIELD ARMOR™ IMPACT PROTECTORS
- » PINK, BLACK \$185





ICON THANKS THE PORTLAND ROSE CITY ROLLERS FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE IN OUR WELCOME TO VIOLENCE PHOTOSHOOT

# Welcome to Violence!

*This wasn't Thunderdome - this was much worse...*

Two teams entered - veins coursing with anger and adrenaline - it was hard to tell what would drive generally demure women to compete in such a bloodsport. Perhaps it was a vicarous need for physical 'expression': a violent performance that only those who partake in can truly understand. Perhaps it was the sanctioned brutality - the ability to inflict, and subsequently be inflicted upon, a melee of elbows, fists, and knees. Or perhaps it was the velocity, the metallic taste of fear that only mechanically enhanced speed can provide.







Whatever the reason - the emotional payout rarely covered the painful reality. Towed up to speed by twin Brammos, they surged around the track with unkind intent. A strange medley of motor and muscle jostling for lead position. Most would never define these oval matches as glamorous. And therein lies the irony.



Plastic kneepads over fishnets. Ballistic nylon over cinched bustiers. The odd partnering of beauty and armor serving only to enhance the wheeled combat.





It ended, as it always did, in a rancorous brawl. Hand to hand combat spread across the linoleum tiled circuit. The crowd feigned disapproval but secretly relished the display of feminine aggression. Flesh and fists and guttural screams as the fairer sex descended upon each other in unfettered rage. In the end, nothing was settled. Violence begot more violence. And somehow, the term glamorous, seemed more appropriate than ever.