

The Way To DOGSTYLE DEATH

*One of America's favorite pastimes is cooking with gas, Pinchin' some ass, Drivin' too fast.
The Flying Burrito Brothers*

And a burrito that flies never lies. There are no two ways about it: Driving Too Fast is either one of our most genocidal social problems or an exhilarating heritage of American youth.

The problem is: What, exactly constitutes "Too Fast"? Well, Einstein might not have been a Flying Burrito, but he pretty much pegged the speed of light as being Too Fast. And he knew his onions. But there are other people who cling to the outmoded theory that Too Fast merely means "at a greater velocity than the officially posted speed limits". People from a demographic cross-section known as "Weenies".

Speed limits, once you strip them of their cultural significance and punch them up with a few well placed .357 sized holes, are essentially just laws. And laws are made...why? Exactly, to be broken: it's the American way. This country was founded by breaking, avoiding taxes, brandishing firearms and heading West in a hurry. If you have any doubts at all, ask yourself this leading question: If the speed limits really are The Limits, why do they sell radar detectors? And why do you have all those 3 digit numbers on your speedometer?

So should we consider safety as the border of Too Fast? That Driving Too Fast would be driving at speeds unsafe given the vehicle and road conditions? That seems like a good place to start. The act of taking your life and others' into your hands. Those are the table stakes, all right. If you're too stupid to know that stick to bumper cars and roller coasters, sport.

Which underscores the importance of selecting the proper vehicle to Drive Too Fast. It might seem, to the naive, that a fast car would be the way to go--but it ain't necessarily so. Doing two hundred is no big when you're low slung, sweet swung and expensively sprung in a Lambourghini or Mostachioli or some such On the other hand, I've owned cars in which doing fifty five was an exercise in flash-frozen terror. Just let fear be your speedometer, if not co-pilot. It's all relative, according to such diverse

thinkers as Einstein and Jerry Lee Lewis. I was scared stupid doing forty down the block in my first drive in my old man's hotwired '58 dodge. Note carefully that, since I wasn't allowed to drive at all, even one measly mph was Driving Too Fast. The ideal to strive for was put forth by (of all people) Ralph Nader, when he ranted the motto: "Unsafe at any speed." Which naturally brings us to the discussion of motorcycles.

What motorcycles offer is purity; everything simple and one-tracked. And a very clean definition of Too Fast--namely, when you have just killed yourself. They offer instant death, none of that lingering, "Love Story" crap...you just vaporize like in an arcade game, and find out how many lives you've got left. In that crouched over defecatory position favored by Cafe racers, meet death doggie style, humping like Pluto until the last thing that goes through your mind is Uranus. And all this without killing an unacceptable number of innocent bystanders.

From the Humongoose 1500, ideal for racing jets on the airstrip, to tiny, pipey dirtbikes like the Fastazz Sunbichi 125, perfect for wedding reception slaloms and indoor work, there is a size of bike just right for your personal aspirations. It's interesting to note that the Japanese, who make all these Kamakazis, Yomamas, SuziQ's and such, prohibit bikes over 500 ccs displacement in Japan. Which lets you know what's going on. It's like, "Enjoy your motorcycle, Lound Eye. Lemember Nagasaki."

Which brings geography in to the question. You have to pick your location. It's difficult to Drive Too Fast on an interstate highway. But extremely easy on a day care playground, for instance. Or perhaps a bar mitsvah in a place with a lot of big windows. The more people around, the easier it is to Drive Too Fast.

To be fari, we should mention a whole different slant on Driving Too Fast, which is that it is impossible. Just as Masters and Johnson said that the only unnatural would be the impossible act, it could be argued (and probably is by any sufficiently venal defense attorney) that there is no such thing as DTF--an interesting hypothesis that begs for experimentation. So let's experiment. Or rather, let's YOU experiment. Try this: mash your accelerator down as hard as you can for as long as you can. What did the car do? The limit right? You took it to the limit, like the Eagles. Not over the limit, right? Need I say more? Except to ask; did you survive this experience? In one piece, or a number of pieces that can be expressed by a single digit? I rest my case.

Here's an even more conclusive experiment. Find somebody who has never seen or driven a car in his life. Loan him a car (I won't patronise you by adding, "Somebody else's car...") and stand well back to watch what he does. Almost instantly he will be driving way Too Fast. It could be said that humans learn to Drive Too Fast before we even learn how to drive. It's probably hard-wired in like language and drinking until we puke.

Which reminds us that alcohol and drugs are generally cited as aids to Driving Too Fast. Especially amphetamines, also known as "speed" (fancy that). But then, depressants like beer and seconal seem to work equally well at producing the dramatic results we associate with Driving Too Fast. The only possible conclusion is that driving LESS than Too Fast is only possible within a fairly narrow window of the psychopharmaceutical spectrum, and could thus be considered an aberration of nature. Of course, drunk drivers are homicidal scrotes and all that. But then, who isn't, in this day of overpopulation, pollution, and mass extinction? And it's all between consenting adults, right. It's like, hey, You don't wanna get aids, then walk the line, don't pull the twine, right? Same way, you don't want to be a highway fatality, don't take the highway. Remember; cars don't kill people, uncontrolled deceleration kills people.

Aside from intoxicants, overpopulation areas, and faulty equipment, there is no better aid to Driving Too Fast than having a woman present in your vehicle. The aphrodisiac qualities of speed are justifiably legendary, of course. But the vice works versa, too. Not to mention that sex at high speeds is instructive in and of itself. There is just nothing to put a fine edge on careening around a corner on two wheels like having a curly little head bobbing around in your lap at the time.

If anything can heighten the danger of slamming a slalom through the trees on some idiot golf course, it's feeling teeth being whipped back and forth against your driveshaft by those sudden changes in direction. We're talking big stakes here, sport; fates worse than death. Somebody putting their mouth where your money is. You've got life, death, birth control and infinity all in one sweet package, baby driver. Yo, Thunder Road.

So is there a maximum speed for having sex while driving? If that figure can be determined (and I would volunteer to perform experiments in that direction if suitable volunteers and grants could be finagled) then one can

easily move it out another notch. Sex is another thing that is unsafe at any speed. You might actually be safer doing someone en passant, as it were, than home in bed. For one thing, at 100 mph, it is unlikely that anyone's significant other is suddenly going to walk in at a significant moment and blow you into insignificant rubble. On the other hand, one wrong spasm and you're history. But then that's the name of the game, isn't it? Snuffed in mid-orgasm. But what a way to go! And who, other than your graveside elegist, is going to say you went Too Fast?

Probably Bruce Springsteen put it best, in his immortal words:

Wrap your legs around my velvet rims And strap your arms cross my engine

Well that one might actually be too kinky to even visualize, but you can tell the Boss had his head in the right place. Or maybe you can't. Somewhere down around her turbocharger, sounds like. But that by the way. The important thing is, keep the gin in your generator, the "mo" in your motor, and the piss in your pistons and all will be well as long as you keep reading the Weekend Warrior. Preferably at excessively high speeds.