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PRESIDENT'S REPORT



WORDS BY HORACE HARTNETT

BEST WEATHER FOR A winter

since time began and we were all in lockdown. How messed up was that? I hope that everyone is ok and well rested after this crazy situation that we have all had to endure. I hope you didn't lose your job or that you don't need to re-chrome your bike because you polished the shine off your pride and joy. I picked up a new-to-me Moto Guzzi the week before lock down, so it has been a challenge not to get out too far on it. I did get to the supermarket a few times and to the city for essential work once. But resisted the urge to get into the hills. I sat down with Lisa, my wife, and we put together the ride calendar for this year. We have the dates set and will add more information as we get closer to the times.

RIDE CALENDAR 2020-21

- » May 2020 Rotorua Weekend Ride
- » 25th July 2020 Taupo Weekend Ride - De Bretts Spa Resort

- » 19th September 2020 Russell Weekend Ride - Top Ten Holiday Park
- » 23rd 26th October 2020 Guzzi Rally - Wai-Iti, Taranaki.
- » 21st November 2020 Napier Weekend Ride
- » 16th Jan 2021 New Plymouth Weekend Ride
- » 10th-14th Feb 2021 Burt Munro
- » 6th March 2021 AGM Waitomo Caves Hotel.

I planned a Coromandel loop for the 17th, but we had to change it due to the Level 2 rules being what they are. I am writing this on the 16th and I am looking forward to the ride and have some concerns. But that is the way I feel before every ride, so let's ride. There will be traffic there is always traffic. We are grown-ups; we can handle whatever is out there. As long as we take care and look out for one another we will be ok.

IN OTHER NEWS:

The AGM went really well and we had a good turnout considering the Covid-19 situation. We got it done and closed off the 2019 year of club business. Thanks to everyone who came along. The club officers were voted in and here they are for 2020:

President	Horace Hartnett
Vice President	Mario Brazza
Treasurer	Christiaan Liebenow
Secretary	Daryl West-Hill
Marketing	Gary Richards
Editor	Mike Spiers

It's is my honour to be IMOC President once again and I look forward to working with everyone in the club and those in the committee. I am back, baby. This year's Moto we be Let's Ride.

Chur, Horace.







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02-0110-0252241-00 BANK ACCOUNT

COVER Dillon Telford on his MV Agusta. See page 20 for the full story.



COMMITTEE REPORT



WORDS BY **DARYL WEST-HILL**

 $\textbf{DAMN THOSE 5G} \ cell \ phone \ towers$ for spreading Covid-19 and damn Bill Gates for funding it. Don't get me started on those chemtrails. It's clearly all a conspiracy to give us all autism through more vaccines. NASA and big business are behind it. If we're not careful, they'll be trying to convince us the earth's shape represents a globe. How do I know? I read it on the internet... it has to be true.

It's amazing how smart people fall for lies.

Building on the madness, I hope none of us bought into the lockdown hysteria and stockpiled loo paper. Carbon fibre motorcycle bits yes, but loo paper of all things... WTF! Admittedly, I did partake in a little panic buying. On the odd chance there was going to be a shortage of Californian Chardonnay and Barossa Shiraz, I hoarded a few dozen (though not quite in the impressive quantities of Richard Pykett).

I even read in Germany they hoarded sausages and cheese. You could say they were preparing for the "Wurst Kase" scenario.

ON TO BUSINESS...

Another AGM is done and dusted. We managed to squeeze it in just before the Level 4 lockdown. Thank you to those who threw a little caution into the wind to venture to Gisborne. The weather was mostly kind.

We unfortunately had one mishap

on the journey home. One of our members collided with a car. We suspect a collar bone was broken but thankfully no permanent injuries. Our thoughts remain with our fallen brother and we hope to see you riding again soon. Thanks must go to Neville McGrath, who rode back to Gisborne to provide support. Well done mate.

The bulk of our memberships have fallen due. We've issued around 90 new cards to date, with a further equivalent amount due. If your card is a little late in arriving, please be patient. This club is run by volunteers who have other responsibilities such as the odd job and family.

The good news is level 2 rules have been relaxed. We are now allowed to ride in groups greater than 10. Power to the people - grab your closest IMOC friends or perhaps those most desperate and go burn some rubber.

To finish as I started - Covid-19. The social media messages around "harden up, it's only a lockdown" have been numerous. Given our suicide rates in this country, one had hoped our understanding regarding mental health had matured beyond the "harden up" message. It does not work and only adds to the problem. To those of us who struggled... it is ok to fall apart sometimes. Remember, Italian bikes fall apart all the time, yet we love them anyway. I even heard a bunch of crazies formed a fan club because of them. Go well.



NEW MEMBERS

IMOC is delighted to welcome the following new members to the Club

Ivan Torstonson

Waikato

Grant Shaw

Auckland

George Davidson

Waikato

Andrew McPhee

South Island

Rick Jones

South Island

Maree Shortt

Waikato





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Advertisers are invited to submit advertorials to be published in our magazine. These need to be purely informational about a specific product or service. The written content should be no less than 500 words and must be accompanied by quality photographs or graphics.

Rates above are effective from January 2019 All artwork to be emailed to secretary@imoc.co.nz. If artwork is too large for email, go to www.wetransfer.com and upload the files to secretary@imoc.co.nz

Payment is due 20th of the month following invoice.





PROFILED

BRIDGET POLLOCK



Where were you Born: North Shore

Relationship to IMOC: Fully paid fledgling member, I've only been riding 18 months.....

Occupation: Cinderella for Ronald McDonald House at Starship Hospital

What did you want to be when you grew up? A Flying Nurse working at orphanages in Africa

If you could invite three people to dinner, dead or alive, who would they be? Jesus, Donald Trump and Mother Theresa

What wouldn't you leave home without? A Smile

What is your favourite destination? Home

Who would play you in a movie? Sophie Lauren

What's the best ride you've been on? Mae Hon Song Loop, Thailand in October 2019

What's the worst ride you've been on? My very first ride was on my sons Yamaha 250 dirt bike around the garden, Instead of going to the beach as planned......a big mistake. I whiskey throttled, going straight through the hedge hit a big tree and briefly knocking myself out!!!!!!

Three words that best describe you? Loving (according to Mark), Caring, Gorgeous

If you were a bike, what would it be and why? Bonneville classically gorgeous (not Italian but that's what I grew up with as dad had several)

What is your secret vice? Not printable hahahahaha!

People would be surprised to know that: I have 5 children Between 26 - 15 and 2 grand children (4 and 2)

Favourite Quote: Charlie Brown "We only live once, Snoopy" Snoopy "Wrong! You only die once, we live every day!!"



GISBORNE AGM 2020

WORDS AND PICTURES BY **PAUL KEESING**

Disclaimer: I have the reading age of a 10-year-old, a 10-year-old Cocker Spaniel. My vocabulary is narrow, limited, slight, and I am prone to profanity.





CAST YOUR MINDS BACK Friday, 20 March 2020

For us Aucklanders the morning was, without a shadow of doubt, dubious in all the climatic conditions worthy of mention. My weather app gave its usual 30% chance of rain, with ZERO accuracy or even relevant data blended in; it was pissing it down. So, sufficiently caffeinated, wrapped up warm and damp we (me, Gary-the-Motard-Richards and some geezer on a V4 Duc) headed from Titirangi (Glen Eden Heights) south to the meeting point.

Three to four of (little-did-we-know-then) pre-apocalyptic lanes of slow Auckland cager traffic, rain, spray, slick seal bleed, misty visors and shitty vis. Then like a glittering star of salvation appeared the BP service area turn-off sign. The down-shift on that entry ramp is always the true mark of one's arrival; enter at speed, down to 4th, down to 3rd, to 2nd... and

a slight gas-tap twist, pop-crackle... bbbbrrrrrrmmmmmm, popity pop. We were there.

As we grew in numbers the weather lifted, and the mood did accordingly. I was pondering the weather endured by others at other far flung gas stations as they gather together to begin the same quest... actually I wasn't, but I want to make this at least a little inclusive.

A BUNCH OF CRACKING ROADS LATER

All dry and ready for the off, with our illustrious Pres. in the lead. The journey south was its usual mix of twists, turns, sheep shit and locals 'tut-tut-tutting' (verb) as many dollars' worth of Italian hardware zipped past (all riding within the posted speed limit, obviously).

South of Auckland you will find the throbbing metropolis of Matamata (a city so good, they had to name it twice).

Once fed up on pies for the most part, our steeds watered and fuelled, we pushed bravely on. A quick blast up over the hill to Tauranga, saw a mid-point detour and several U-turns as the lead bike (rider unknown) lost grip on reality and clearly "knew" the way. Like sheep on Italian bikes, bellies full of pies and soda, many of us followed.

Getting gas along the way is where the club gets to shine in the public eye. So, it's always a little saddening to see this sort of behaviour. Those legs, Mark, seem well suited to a Harley. Oh, and your girl-friend rides better lines than you also. There I said it, everyone knows it, and it's out in the open.

Round Lake Rotorua saw some sharp intakes of breath as the morning rain had managed to soak nicely into the green mossy covering on many corners. I am so glad we all took it easy through this stretch and the previous gorges from Tauranga. But as they say





in aviation, "A good day is when takeoffs = landings" and so far we were all having a good day. Except Mario. On Nick-for-fucks-sake's bike, the extra lightweight Safa-blaster-attachment was causing some consternation. Oh, that, and the fact it's coloured like a refrigerator.

MAXIMUM ATTACK

Opotiki is a gorgeous place, close to my heart. Well at the least the fat in the

steak and cheese pies is close to my heart. It's the jumping off point to the East Cape, jewel in the crown of the BOP. So that's why we bypassed it...

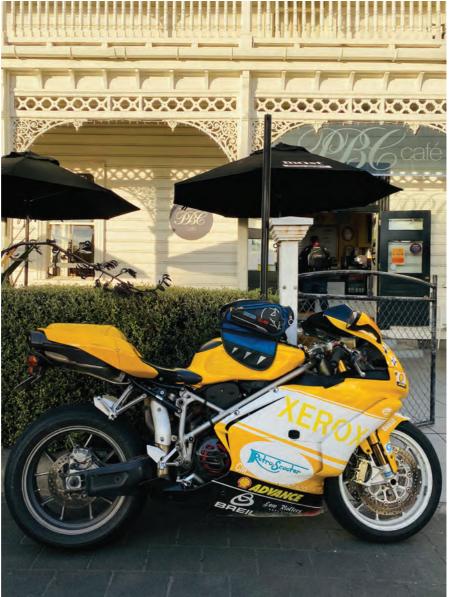
Into the Waioeka gorge! – That road is epic. And leading the way was H-man, on his new MG. After informing us it was a little floppy in the steering and the frame flex was proving "exciting", he set a fair old pace. Something nice about looking at trees and rivers, bends and cliffs

whilst tipped over pushing into corners (all riding within the posted speed limit, obviously). Popping out at Gisborne always seems somewhat of a relief and this time was no exception. A quick run down the main street and a left. Ahoy! – Our digs for the two nights.

Neville appears to be stalking a fellow Guzzi rider for his shirt. And later that same quadrangle would be the scene of much bullshit (not just







that shirt). Who knew take-away beers would have been so readily available and so easily consumed.

SATURDAY: AN AGM, ALWAYS GOOD AFTER A RIDE

The morning dawned, and the dust was wiped from eyes and various cobwebs blown out through various pneumatic and non-pneumatic ways. Breakfast consumed, and Saturday's ride out was now ready to be commenced.

A quick zip over the hill to Wairoa (some call it the Helsinki of Poverty Bay), and the back roads to Tiniroto. The pub with the grub, and the great rural view. Some local hospitality was had and with bellies full again, the short leg back to Gissy.

Unfortunately, one of our members let the side down again. With his head stuffed firmly in a stag's arse, Gary suddenly realised that it was no way to tame livestock or game and certainly not how to win the locals over. After we apologised and paid extra because of this obvious transgression, we were on our merry way. The yellow sidestand-lacking-duc decided to use an extraordinary amount fuel for the second time! — and was pushed to the side of road to allow other mysteriously fully fuelled bikes ride on past, with pilots variously shaking their heads.





THE AGM

For the most part, went off without a hitch. Apart from interrupting my afternoon slightly still hung-over snooze... and apart from the footwear of one of the members, you know who you are...

The meeting was led well by Mario, Gary and the Pres. The discussion was lively with very few members falling asleep. Motions were raised, carried and noted. And other meeting-type things occurred also. The finances are healthy, the membership is growing, the local

and regional ride organisers are doing a grand job and the enthusiasm of people too young to be cynical was infectious (a poor choice of words looking back).

The newly groomed VP (Mario) looked dashing in his Hawaiian-born Nanna's curtains. Even Brian was able to use the meeting as a chance to show off his new haircut, with its full body, bounce and style. He certainly looked like he had just stepped out of a salon. It's really a shame we can't have more meetings like this during the weekend, said no one ever. But, no... in all honesty

I am usually asleep when they roll around, so to actually attend one was delightful.

The evening meal was taken along with some (all) of the libations close by, where the conversation ranged across all things bikes, bike related topics, which bike is good at what, etc. and advanced bike riding techniques for avoiding death and maximising fun (all whilst riding within the posted speed limit, obviously).

The evening boxed on for some. Small bottles of dodgy brown German





booze (Pish-Wvater) were unearthed and the many that partook wished the next day they had never heard the words "oh look, Davie Jones has drinks." Wine and beer was hoisted high to celebrate take-offs equalling landings that day and consumed in quantity to wash down the steaks. And like mythological Greek motorcycling Gods we feasted, laughed and talked utter nonsense.

SUNDAY

With old friendships rekindled, and some broken forever, with many riders puffed-out and emotional, breakfast was devoured and the motos fuelled once more. Gear was shoved carefully back into bags, and said bags strapped back on to backs and motos, loose number plates and side stands were wired into place. Directions were set and ignitions engaged. Home to better cooking, beds and pandemic inspired lockdowns.



TAKE-OFFS NOT QUITE EQUALLING LANDINGS

In a strange capability test of local emergency services, one bike with rider close behind came to rest ditch-side on the route back to Opotiki. After careful inspection Neville declared the newly parted out Guzzi would indeed yield a solid spare parts manifest. Only a couple of folk seemed to care.

All attention was on the valiant pilot. His injuries seemed moderate, but once loaded up with industrial strength pain killers he went "all limp in my arms" (as reported by Christiaan). After an intervention from the St John's team and the chopper boys, he was whisked to Gissy hospital (also known as Gisscago Hope). Neville, still on the hunt for parts and advice, followed too. And stayed with the fallen pilot until he was released – that's the commitment and compassion of a fellow IMOC rider and Guzzi parts hunter for you!

OPOTIKI (AT LAST)

We finally had the chance to visit the jewel of the BOP. It was all that this kid from Port Waikato had hoped for. The Caltex gas was rich and strong, fast flow pumps ensured rapid fills, and the pies were glorious (and gelatinous). With H-man back in front and leading the way, the ride north was motivated and efficient (all whilst riding within the posted speed limit, obviously).

THE HOME STRETCH

With a brief stop in Rotorua to sample some home cooking (M) and let

the rain close in a little more, the route wound home through the backroads of Morrinsville and Tahuna. The pace was smooth, and the roads were dry and warm. And looking back, I can't think of a more enjoyable way to finish a weekend than riding with mates, led by a leader we love, across our beautiful country on Italian moto machines.

To all the members who came from all points of the compass to share the weekend: Thank you!

To all the committee members and ride organisers that keep our club so vibrant: Thank you.

This was the weekend we all have come to know as the last decent ride before we all got C19ed. Your friendship, laughter, lack of fuel management, drinking prowess, complete lack of fashion sense warms my heart.

GLOBAL UPDATE

I think you will all agree so much has transpired globally and locally in the intervening period. Sadly, little of that 'activity' had anything to do with riding. And to add insult to dire injury, if like me, you looked out the window and saw some of the best autumn riding weather we have seen in a couple of years... well f**k it.

SINCE THEN (OR)

Lockdown has been less (<) shit that I had imagined

On a rather insignificant upside, my moto-commute to the local shops was a respite. A respite from the Zoom-hell $^{\text{TM}}$





of office politics and client dramas, the endless "this is the new normal" and "stay safe" platitudes. Amidst all this 'work' somehow my local bush-lined roads with their delightful corners and positively sweeping bends called to me....

I finally break away from "...you're on mute Jim, unmute Jim...!", get leathered up (like a tubby gimp) and wheel the trusty old PS into the West Auckland sun (Glen Eden Heights), and swing a leg over its shining silver tail section... and after a brief fuel pump whirrrr and a slight, 'holy-shit-has-the-battery-gone-flat?' moment, fire her into life.

[Assume a faint mythical-forest-like voice blended with a certain Guy Martin gibberish twang] "Paul, Paul, Paul... ride, ride, ride faster you must, chop down a gear and open the fookin' taps..." as I did, another thing became apparent to me. I forget what exactly. The first bends were taken gently, cold tyres and little moss thereabouts, the next few decidedly quicker. My feet wriggling

into place, buttocks pushed back into full-race-mode, as close as I could get to the tank (belly padding considered) and brrrraaaaarrrrpppp... 2nd gear roll on....

It was about then I trundled past three, yes, count them (1, 2, 3) of our nation's constabulary all parked in a row. In my excitement, and no doubt theirs too, that moment of dread welling in my stomach, running through the excuses I would attempt, I summoned all my smooth-talking forethought and lawyer-like guile, and I waved! Not just a 'gidday' type wave, but much to my lasting shame, one like your mum used to give you when she dropped you at the school gates... and, bless them all – they all waved back!

Afterwards I wished they had flagged me down, so I could say something along the lines of...

"Balls" [I said] "Never mind the track. The track is for punks. We are Road People. We are Cafe Racers." ~ Hunter S Thompson, Song of the

Sausage Creature, 1995







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HOW DO YOU PREP FOR A RACE SEASON?

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY **DILLON TELFORD** + **JO TAYLOR**

Let me tell you how our TR20 race team preps for a race season in the Suzuki Series and NZ Superbike National Championship.



BASICALLY, PREPARATIONS START

before the current season has ended, as we are leading into the final two rounds of the current Summer NZ National Championship (March/April), we are already planning on the next season (December-April); "what is going to happen with the bikes and engines?", "which classes are we planning to run in?", "racing in New Zealand, Australia, Italy, Germany, BSB?" Planning is the first step, working out brief budgets plus upgrades vs power improvements and how to use the knowledge gained from the season that's just been.

Striving to be the best and absolute perfection as a team, coach and bike builder is endless!

The race bike isn't just a 'set and forget' item with the occasional changes to suspension and tyre pressures, it's a continuous development to find tenths of a second at every corner, every direction change, every braking zone and every race start. There is no resting, it's a constant push, push, push from the rider in every inch of the track, and a huge job for the mechanics and coaches to not only be able to analyse what is in front of them, as we don't have a suspension potentiometer or data logging on the bikes (wish we could; it helps a lot), but needing to find where you're losing time and how to improve, whether the bike isn't performing 110% in that sector or the big question: is it the rider? As the rider puts in faster lap times, the bike's suspension, geometry, grip and power need small changes to match that of the rider and track conditions.

Unlike MotoGP or WSBK, our team isn't built up of 23 technicians; we have Dillon, Jo, Bruce (Dillon's father), Sophie (trainee race technician) and Dave, another rider. Now we have to do 100% of the 23 technicians' analysing and changes, let alone Dillon and Dave who have to ride to perfection every lap with no more than 1/500th of a sec between each lap, fighting with other top racers for points and podium finishes. It is especially hard mentally to do all this and not get overwhelmed, so planning and direction is critical.

Mid April and the race season has ended, the cold winter is looming and champions have been crowned. We usually have about a week off, time to tidy up the workshop and refocus for the next season's plans. Next on the agenda is to pull down the bikes,

strip off fairings, remove engines to begin a freshen-up or full rebuild etc., depending on their health and kilometres. We run two bikes and alternate them over a season so the engines wear out more evenly. We don't want to be rebuilding one half way through our championships, as our summer is a difficult time to get parts from Europe or even New Zealand for that matter, what with Christmas and New Year holidays. The last thing you want is a desperate need for parts that will take six weeks to arrive from Auckland (jokes), but six weeks if coming from Europe. Unfortunately we've been there, done that when parts were needed and timing was tight. It was stressful, with a bad start to the season when we were already pushed for time.

We keep our bikes, recondition their engines and add upgrades over the off-season; other teams sell that season's bike and buy a new one for the following season, saving on engine rebuilds, as it can cost a lot of money if you're having to get another technician to do it. Race engines are generally not a slap together item and not all parts are off-the-shelf. A lot needs machining or making from scratch, every 'mm' of it needs checking and made to apply to the class rules of what we can or cannot change inside the motor to get extra power. This process usually takes a few months as you don't know exactly what you need until you discover what's worn out or getting tired inside the engine. Engines always get new valves and valve springs, piston rings, main bearings plus other things like seals and gaskets every season. We also look into what class rule changes are potentially coming and plan for them if they come through or not.

Once the engines are out, the rest of our bikes get completely pulled apart; every bracket, bolt and washer is checked and cleaned, the engine components/chassis/wheels/forks all stripped and most items sent away to a 24 hr cryogenic treatment centre, a freezing metal treatment, to de-stress almost everything, a bit like an osteopath or physio, but a metal version.

A huge parts list is made and ordered seven months prior to the season beginning. And now we wait... for the parts.

So now the bikes are pulled down,



everything is clean and parts are ordered, what next? The team starts planning the next twelve months in a little more detail, what meetings we are focusing on, what will be our testing events, and looking over the past season financials, always trying to be more cost effective and/or more economical. It's always financially tight trying to live and race - there isn't much room for unexpected expenses in our team. The biggest thing on the budget is the running cost of the bike. On the cheap we can just manage our MV Agusta F3 675 on \$15,000 a season, but this is just race tyres, brake pads,

fuel, clutch plates, chains, oils/fluids and servicing items. We live every race seasons on the cheap because we have to, we risk good grip by running a rear tyre for two races and a front tyre the whole race weekend. Ideally it would be a new front tyre every day, and a new rear tyre every race, but sometimes, depending on lack of sponsorship or unexpected extra season costs, just can't personally afford it. It is disheartening knowing that the bike is losing grip, which in turn is losing drive out of every corner, which is losing time per lap, which could lose positions over a race distance. Next is budgeting

the rest of the costs, i.e. entry fees, travel costs, food costs, ferry crossings, accommodation, no income while away racing, as Dillon and Jo are fully self-employed. These costs can get scary to look at and can make you wonder how you even made it through the season you just had, especially when Jo has to keep track of every cent spent on the race season.

Once you've worked out the full next season's budget, the mission is to save, Save, SAVE, and the hunt for more sponsorship begins again! This next year is going to be the hardest, due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the previous





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season championship was cut short, with the last two rounds being cancelled and the 2020 NZSBK season winners called, pending bike checks. A longer period of not riding, and lack of work coming through the workshop will be tough for us, as it will for others, which is why we are personally planning to only race the Suzuki Series in December 2020 on the MV Agusta F3 675, and assist/coach/mechanic for our other riders in the 2021 NZSBK championship, to cut season costs down a lot.

Fitness is a hard thing to maintain, especially with running a business and no gym local to us in Tirau, but if you don't you will suffer. Even with all the gym exercises, this isn't enough as it's almost impossible to replicate bike racing with gym weight training, etc., but it all helps when you can't get out on the bike in the middle of winter and your bike is in a million pieces through the house and workshop.

So as you have gathered, preparation is months in the making.

Once engine parts arrive the bikes can be built to spec. This takes a lot of time specially when every hp counts! All the bikes need to be finished by October to be sure you can get enough pre-season testing in. Pre-season testing means... what? For us it's a must have, but it's not just testing at a local track and a she'll be right attitude, it's testing NZ wide.

Usually when the bikes are freshly rebuilt, they get run in again, which means putting them back into road trim and clocking up 1,000 kms or more if possible, gentle road kms are great on race motors, within reason, as they basically live at redline every other minute at the race track. Once back into race trim after a road run-in stint, we'll head to a local track for a little shake down. This is a good way to feel how strong the engines are in the bikes (without a potential cop chase) and how the team is feeling. We usually find we'll be lapping 1-2 seconds a lap off our national personal best times, which isn't a lot, but it's also a lot! But kind of understandable with no track riding for six months. After confirming the bikes are running at the best they can, we prepare for pre-season testing in the South Island!

We aim to test in November when the weather is starting to warm up, the days are longer and you have some time up your sleeve if anything goes wrong. The reason for this is to get as much data as possible and get track time prior to the

National Championship, as you never know what condition the tracks are in, if there are any new ruts or bumps, etc. This data helps with what spring rates and shim stacks to start with in the suspension for certain tracks, as well as gearing ratios and what cam timing to use if you want more torque or a more top end peaky hp engine. This information is generally gained from the previous year, but when on a fresh new bike or have a new team member or trying something different with the bike, it's great to get a head start before the Championship begins. Remembering that South Island riders are good at South Island tracks, and North Islanders at North Island tracks, unless you're a seasoned national rider or international rider then you are just fast everywhere. The more you can ride your non-favourite, or non-local tracks, the better chance you have at a championship, but this is a costly venture to be away from work. Both our bikes are set up completely differently, so we can make the most of this testing time and see what works best.

It's always hit and miss with the weather in November and it's a bit difficult to line up all the tracks in one week, but we have been lucky the last two years with both test days being wet but then drying out, so a lot of work but still valuable data for both conditions.

Once back home and back working, it's still very critical to test as much as possible, to get the comfort levels and pace up to scratch. For us this is usually at least 3-5 test day ordeals or a club race day before the Suzuki Series starts in December, which is three quick fire rounds ending on Boxing Day at the famous Wanganui Cemetery Street Circuit. I can't remember the last time we stayed home the whole day for Christmas, its usually a Christmas Eve travel down to reserve a pit lane spot to race, or a quick Christmas feast with the family and an after lunch five hour drive to Wanganui to assist team members with their bike set up and support them and friends racing.

You can prepare as much as possible, yet once the flag drops for the race, there is always more preparation or changes that could help; it's a never ending cycle of fun, stress, challenges, lows and huge rewards.

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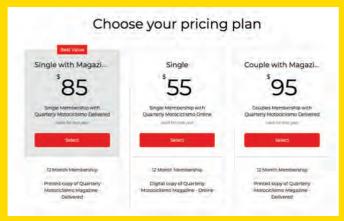
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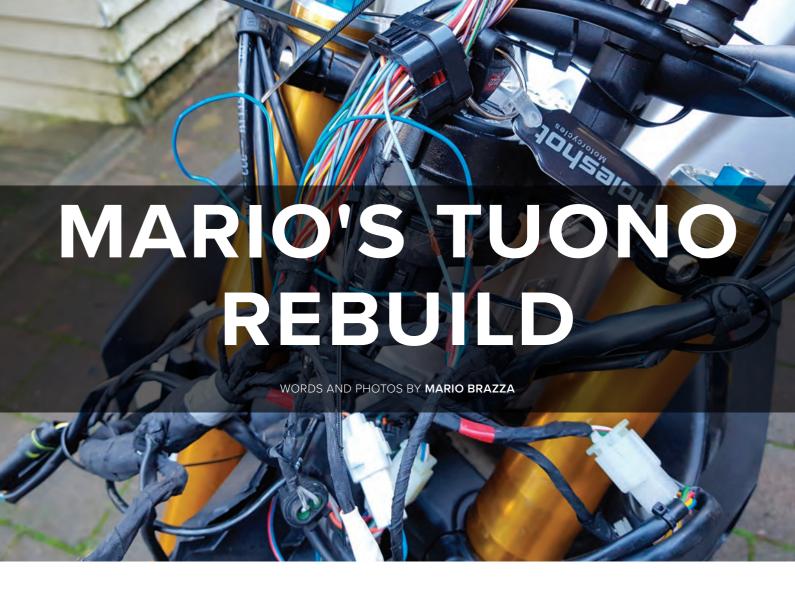
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ON JULY 6TH 2019 I became the proud owner of a 2018 Tuono with a twist. You might have seen from my Facebook post the bike had a bit of a run in with a horse and most of the front end had been ripped off. The report listed the forks, tank, frame, the wiring loom, headlights and all the fairings to go with it. A pretty daunting list....

However I've always been an eternal optimist and I took a chance and bought it. I got her home on Saturday (shout out to Nic for helping with that and also answering my endless questions without telling me to fuck off!) and set to work, insulated all wires where connectors had been torn off, connected the dash display and reconnected the battery.

Bit of a heart in mouth moment, but I turned the key and the dash fired up! Then the hopes sank, it was asking for the user code. I made some calls, googled what I could, tried all the standard codes: 00000, 11111, 99999, nothing..... Bugger. All evening and the next morning I tried with no luck, I had to give up as I was heading out. It

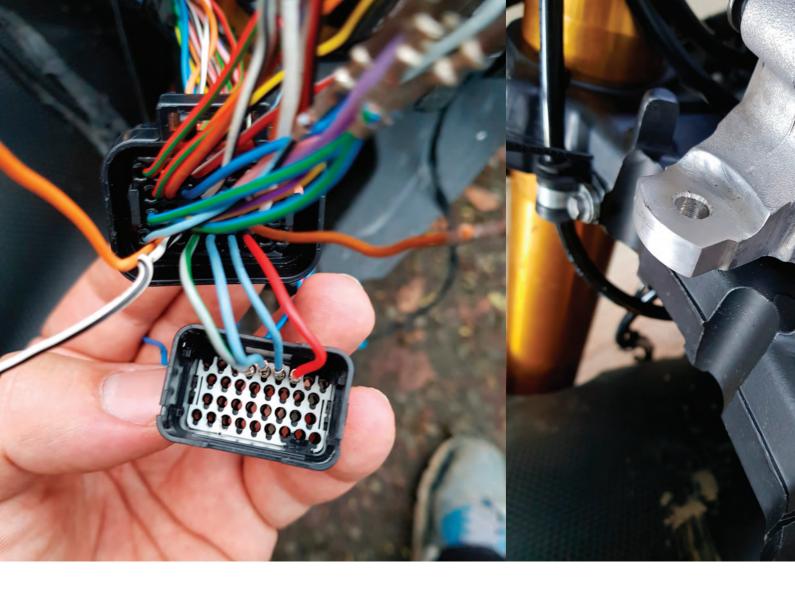
seemed Lady Luck was with me on that day as I ran into Xen in Albany (we both live in West Auckland so the chances of running in to each other there, I think, would have been pretty slim). We got talking and Xen mentioned that there is a coil around the ignition barrel that senses the key. So I got home as soon as I could and started tinkering, following the wires from the coil up to where they end in the loom that connects to the dash, I noticed that I could only just see the connectors, bingo! The pins had been pulled half way out of the main connector and weren't sending the dash a signal.

I put on my big boy pants, drank some liquid courage and took to disassembling the connector. Once I had got it open the problem was pretty obvious; the front end was ripped off and it had damaged the internal clamp of the connector.

I patched it all back together well enough to hold all the pins in place, reattached it to the dash and tried again. Dash fires up and the error has gone! Then there was the real test; would the bike start, and if it did, would it run well? All that was left to do was push that start button. The engine turns over and that V4 roars into life, what a glorious sound (it had an SC Projects on at the time, I doubt the neighbours appreciated that sound as much as I did). Revved it up a few times and everything was perfect. Switched it off, did a little dance and packed up for the evening

Next up was a trip to Steve at F1
Engineering in Ngaruawahia to give the bike a mechanical once over and to fix the frame. First the forks, it didn't take long for the first bit of good news - the forks were fine, just some superficial scratches – Win!

Now the frame, this wasn't as easy as there is a tab at the front which is where the bolt that holds the steering damper in place had been sheared off. Steve said 'Give me a week'. One week later I returned and I looked at the repair work and I flat out asked him 'Whose bike is now missing a frame?' The repair was immaculate; it was impossible to tell that any repair work



had been done, he'd even repaired one of the steering stops that I hadn't noticed was broken. Seriously, this man is a genius when it comes to fork and frame repairs, also he has one of the coolest workshops I've ever seen.

Items I could now cross off the list: forks, frame, tank (just scratched), the headlights and all the replacement fairings had been ordered. My poor wallet didn't know what had hit it. Now for the final item to remove from the list, the loom. This one I left till last as I thought it will be the most time consuming, since I had no idea how far back I would need to strip it or what the extent of the damage was, as I had half a dozen loose ends to reconnect.

I purchased the wiring diagram from AF1 and set off to work. This was where I was glad I spent ten years as an engineer for a company that manufactured wiring looms for tractors (if I owned a Guzzi it would have been a breeze). First off was the loose ends which were rather easy as they were for the indicators and horn. Made a new harness for the indicators and

re-crimped the horn wires, job done.

Now the big one, the main connector to the dash. The damage was to the internal clamp, so the connector had to be replaced. A quick google on the model number and there it was; \$18 next day delivery from RS Components. Old connector off and re-wired the new one. I must have checked each wire was in the right hole half a dozen times. Once it was done and reconnected I just had to take the bike for a cheeky ride up the road. Fired her up, set off and the 'URGENT service' alarm flashes up on the screen.... Bollocks! Bike off, back on, error gone, and go to set off and again the error pops up. So after a head scratch I think to myself, all is good on start up so why does the error pop up on take-off? So I list out what would be a take-off process. First, start the bike - no error, second, pull the clutch in - error. Seeing that my first and previous bike was a '91 Honda, it took me a minute to realise the bike had a clutch position sensor. Again, Lady Luck was with me and the break in the wire was 50mm from the switch on the

lever. Soldering iron out and the repair was done. Finally I could go for a ride. No front end, but this is West Auckland – I would fit right in. My road is quite straight, so a quick twist of the wrist and holy shit..... Now, for me coming from a 400cc Honda with 33bhp when it was new to a 180+bhp (race-map) I was like a kid in a candy shop. The acceleration was intoxicating, it was probably a good thing the rain came.

After what felt like an eternity the parts from Italy arrived, the service manual was, well, useless for the fairing assembly as the images are from the 2015 model. Luckily I had what was left from the original fairings and managed to work it out from there.

When I first got the bike I thought this would be a year-long rebuild project or worst case, a breaker bike. No way did I think I'd have it fixed and back on the road in less than four months, I lucked out hard, man. The Tuono was my dream bike and I didn't think I'd own one for a long time. Now I do and I will own it for a long time.

THE JOURNEY TO OWNERSHIP

I first saw an 1199R in the showroom of Ducati City in Melbourne. At that time I didn't know much about Ducatis. I spent about half an hour looking at Panigales, having been initially drawn into the bike shop when a Diavel Carbon caught my eye. It was weird. I just couldn't take my eyes off these bikes, there was an attraction which I had never felt before for a physical object. I wanted one, but it looked expensive.

I turned the price tag over on the flashest looking one and, on seeing the price, I casually turned it back and walked over to the not so flash one. It was about half the price but still outside of my means.

On return to NZ I soon found myself drooling once again over one of these machines. I justified in my mind that cost factor was the reason I would never have one, but in the back of the mind there was also that little voice going "you would kill yourself, you're not up to it".

I sauntered away and eventually ended up buying a second hand Buell XB12R

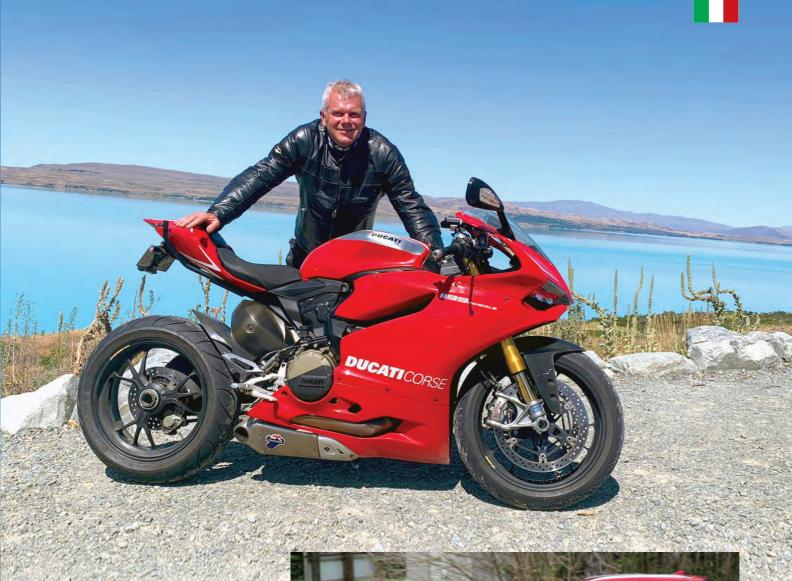
Three years later I was on my daily commute on the Buell, lane splitting from Auckland City out to Karaka. I was thinking life was good as the wing mirrors of thousands of cars whipped past me, it was winter, it was cold, it was wet but I still loved this daily ride. Suddenly the blissfulness was shattered as the exhaust snapped off at the headers, the sound of scraping steel, sparks and the roar of a V twin with no exhaust. I was lucky the muffler didn't dig in, but as it was I was able to get to the side of the road safely. I got off, kicked the bike and said "You have to go". It wasn't the first time it had done this to me. Buells are just not made for commuting; the metal fatigue from all the shaking required constant maintenance, welding and fixing. I was over it. I managed to get home by sacrificing my work belt and tying the muffler up with it. As I pulled into

home, my wife looked at me and said "Get a new bike, you are always fixing that one". I said "There is only really one type of bike I want", and she said "Get it".

So the hunt for a new bike began and I had Ducati on the brain. I only knew one person who had a Ducati, he rode a 1299 Panigale. I quickly intercepted him at work and dragged as much information out of him as I could. The advice I got was: they are great bikes, but not for commuting. Get a 959 if you want to commute. I followed his advice and took a 959 for a ride, but for some reason it just didn't click with me and I was left disappointed, so I stuck with the Buell.

A couple of months went by as I searched for something else that I liked, but nothing resonated. Then somehow I ended up in Motomagnet one Saturday morning. They had an 1199S within my price range and I thought I needed to ride the big one before I turned my back on Ducati. I arranged a test ride and





was 500m down the road as this huge smile came across my face. For some reason the bike just resonated with me. The more I rode the bigger the smile. On return I started talking to the team there about the bike and it was then that I learnt it was a damaged, repaired bike, which I was not so keen on.

Within an hour I had searched every 1199 for sale in NZ and learnt that there was an R for sale within my price range. I liked the look of the R as it had silver on the tank, but other than that I really didn't appreciate or know the difference between the models, other than it had more bling. Three hours later I was in Whangamata looking at what I thought was the most beautiful bike I had ever seen - it was just like the one I had seen in Melbourne all those years earlier. During the test ride I had a moment where the acceleration was so intense the G-force rolled my hand on the throttle and I struggled to throttle off as the front wheel lifted. It scared me, and the words of the seller "Take it easy, it has a lot of power" resonated



in my ears. My test ride consisted of a blast along the Whangamata Waihi Road, which I must say was perfect for the task.

LEARNING TO RIDE AGAIN

So, I thought I was a fairly competent rider coming off the Buell, but this lady quickly shows you that she has spunk, a lot of power and will whip your butt if you don't respect her. There is more power available than you can put on the road, so even turning the throttle too fast can get you into trouble very quickly. It also has a power band that kicks in at about 7,500 rpm, which is when it goes to the next level and you needed to be in a position that ensured you were not hanging off the grips, as that throttle had a mind of its own otherwise.

The first real ride I had was the



pick-up journey. By the time I got to Whangamata, did the deal and hit the road it was dark, it was raining and I was on a bike that I had ridden for 20 minutes previously and I didn't

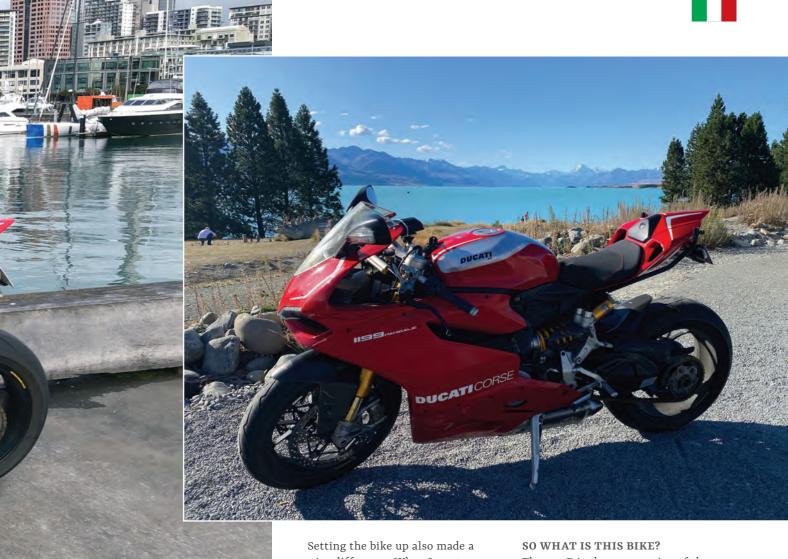
know the road. As I headed out of Whangamata I realised I didn't even know how to turn on the high beam, let alone change the riding modes, so I pulled over, figured out how to use



the lights and started riding home. To say that was a pleasurable experience would be a lie, as I pretty much crapped myself all the way to the Kopu Hikuwai Road. Once I got there I felt better as I knew the roads, but honestly it was probably one of the worst rides I have ever had, other than the fact I was sitting on my dream bike. My mind was like, have you made a mistake?

I quickly realised on that trip that I had a lot to learn; this bike had more power than I could handle, would lift the front wheel if you turned the throttle too quickly in any gear, had acceleration that I had never experienced before and it needed a lot of respect. The other issue was it was running Supercorsas, which are not exactly the best wet road tyre out there, in fact I would go so far to say that they are crap in the rain. If I gave it a little tweak on the throttle, it would break traction and step sideways before the traction control would kick in. So I took it easy, very easy.

Once I got home I did some further



research, put it into wet mode, with it staying in that mode for the next three months whilst I learnt to handle the power and got to know the bike. I then progressively stepped it up through the modes, and eventually started customising them a year later. I would say that it took me about six months of riding every day before I would say I was riding this bike competently. Even to this very day, two years and 35,000 km later, I am still learning.

Essentially it was a journey of discovery with this bike. I found I had to adapt and improve every part of my riding style. My approach was to study and learn from content on the web and by watching other riders, which is where IMOC rides have assisted me, especially long away rides such as the Burt Munro. I introduced new techniques one at a time and found that my riding improved each time I did this. This included throttle control, counter steering, peg steering, trail braking, tank gripping, seat position, leg position, etc.

Setting the bike up also made a massive difference. When I went on my first Burt Munro trip, Horace encouraged me to let Dave Moss set up my suspension. The difference that made to the way the bike felt and handled was amazing. Corner speed picked up and the bike became really smooth, like it was on rails. It was a good lesson.

IS IT A COMMUTER?

Most purists would say no, you can't commute on an 1199R. Others would say you're mad; a popular Ducati mechanic in Auckland said, "You realise it's like driving a Ferrari to work, they are just not made for it". Well in a lot of ways they are right, but for me it worked and I have no regrets.

Commuting on a Panigale is fun. They lane split well, they are narrow, they are nimble and the power comes in really handy to get you out of trouble. As I live in the country, I have the pleasure of opening her up every day, twice a day - you leave and arrive with a smile. The downside though, the servicing is expensive, you run kilometres up very quickly and you devalue the bike just as fast.

The 1199R is the race version of the 1199, it has a liquid cooled V Twin, it has higher horsepower and torque than the standard models, it is lighter in weight than the others (except Superleggera), titanium conrods, fully adjustable electronic suspension and all the Brembo and Ohlins gear that you could wish for. Book horsepower is 195 hp, with the large Termi race exhaust fitted, about 210 hp. Dry weight is about 164 kg. I won't go on and on and on about the specs, as Google is your friend. All I will say is that it has everything and more power than I could wish for, with the exception of wheelie control.

I have been told there were only four of these bikes ever sold in NZ (not sure how accurate that is), so in NZ they are fairly rare, but worldwide thousands were produced.

What are the downsides of this bike? There is only one thing I don't like about it; the fuel tank size. It is a petrol station magnet. I fill up every 150 km.

So in closing, this my journey to finding my dream bike. If I respect her she is kind to me, but either way she is always the creator of so many special memories and moments.

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