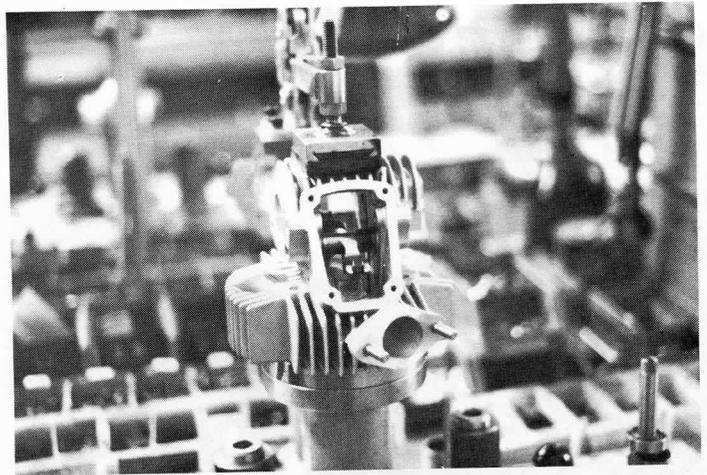


DUCATI TRAVELS



A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLE OF TORQUE

By: Tom and Kristin Lopez

It was a smudgy day in Bologna, Italy. The city below was barely visible from the Torre degli Asinelli. The leaning tower of Bologna seemed to sanction a precarious economy. San Petronio's basilica loomed over the Palazzo de Podesta with token omnipotence. The Pilgrims were stained with tomato sauce yet undaunted in their quest to meet the Maker.

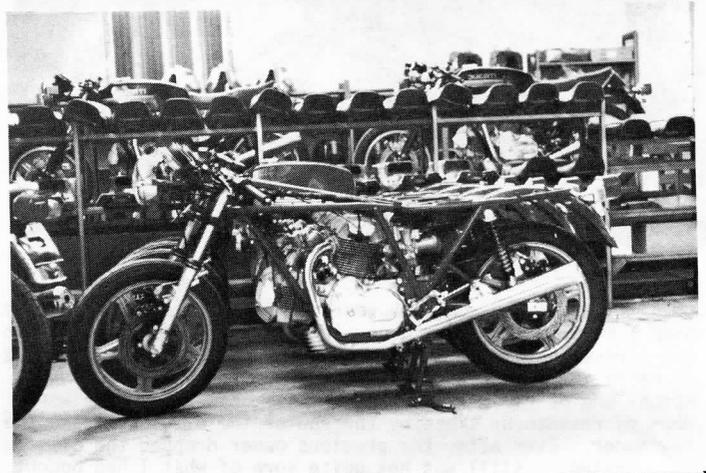
Signorina Valencia was summoned to direct our amblings through the errogenous zones of Ducati craft, fully prepared to quiet an occasional attack of spasmodic estacy with a Mona Lisa smile; to gently make us, if necessary, from the stupor induced by the mantra of slow-moving Pentahs on the assembly channels; to quietly assure us that when we wake, it won't disappear; to help us know that, although only 40 Dukes per day pass finals in their immaculate conception, it is as it should be.

The Creator was not in as he usually is. We was in the hospital with the flu and complications caused by a war injury. We had to satisfy our curiosity about this genius by watching his many "hands" as they cut, filed, tapped, spun, felt, balanced, bored, reamed, polished, and prayed as each machine moved slowly in its ascent toward mortality.

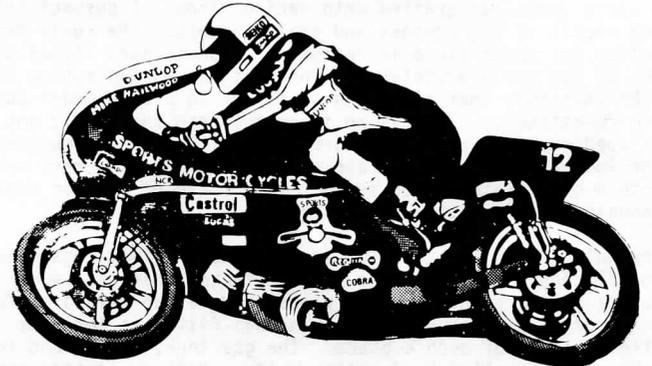
What was it like? It was like a quiet symphony of tinkers and temperers, a gracefully choreographed dance from the parts bin to the street, a reluctant tribute to the chosen few mortals who will ever share a few seconds of communication with the product at higher speeds than any legal system can ever condone; a loving, hovering, caring, and weeping, full knowing that the child is bred to corrupt all organized values of survival.

What was it like? It was like when you dismantle your own machine to examine its splendor-times a thousand. Seeing how those special desmo lifters were MADE! The timing and elegance of the machinery itself seemed to set a pattern for the work force. Everyone knew exactly what to do. Not in an intellectual way, or in a disciplined sort of way, but in a sweet, sad, musical sort of way. It was so QUIET. If a wrench had been dropped carelessly, I'm sure everyone would have known. It was as if everyone knew how to do everything, but was working at his favorite spot, deftly reenacting his favorite daydream.

Not being qualified to give an accurate account of the evolution of the current Ducati line, I can only see that the work of the great Master Taglioni is still at its best. Through his engineers, draftsmen, purchasers, machinists, assemblers, and others, the great Master is purveying his wonders to those who can relate. New models are still being developed, some to live on, others not so. Competing with the Saki Swizlers is Ducati's idea of nothing to do. But if it is to touch a passion shared by a few non-select wild-eye mortals, it is worthwhile.



DUCATI 900 WORLD CHAMPION



Isle of Man - 2 June 1978 Driver Mike Hailwood

ISLE OF MAN T-SHIRT

ALSO KNOWN AS THE MIKE HAILWOOD T-SHIRT. THIS SHIRT WILL KEEP ALIVE THE MEMORY OF THE EXCITING COME-BACK TO RACING OF "MIKE THE BIKE" IN THE SUMMER OF 1978 AT THE ISLE OF MAN IN ENGLAND, WHEN HE SOUNDLY TROUNCED THE ENTIRE FIELD OF ENTRIES FROM THE JAPANESE GIANTS. THE ONLY MIKE HAILWOOD T-SHIRT IN EXISTANCE TODAY. THE SHIRT IS A QUALITY HANES T-SHIRT IN WHITE WITH RED, BLACK, AND GREEN PRINT. THE DETAILED DRAWING APPEARS ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS SHIRT WHICH ALSO HAS BRIGHT RED RINGERS ON THE COLLAR AND SLEEVES. ONLY \$7.15 & 1.25 SHPG. OVERSEAS POSTAGE IS \$3.10 AIR MAIL. PRICE IS IN U.S.A. DOLLARS.