

## Questions to Vick Germany

1. How would you introduce yourself in three sentences? My name is Vick Germany and I'm a 51 year old stone butch, top, daddy, former titleholder (SF Dyke Daddy 2002), a member of Mama's Family, President of the San Francisco Dykes on Bikes™ Women's Motorcycle Contingent, Board Member of the San Francisco Inter-Club Fund, and I'm on the programming committee of the local organizing committee for Leather Leadership Conference 12, and although people don't believe it, I'm shy. I work in the environmental planning field, having graduated college with a BA in biology and a MA in geography. Either alone or with my girlfriend, I love to travel, camp, hike, bird watch, and ride my motorcycle.
2. What is your most daring story so far? In 2004, I went rafting down the Colorado River with several other women and an all woman crew. About half way through the two-week trip, we stopped to scout out Hermit Rapid, a class 8 rapid, perhaps the strongest hydraulics and biggest waves in the canyon. Our group watched a raft flip in the rapids and then it was our turn. The first raft skirted around the big rooster-tail wave, but our raft went straight for the wave. We hit it straight on and started to ride the wave up and the next thing I knew, I could feel the raft twist and then I was under the raft, in the river, my head and right knee were in pain, but I had to get out from under that raft. I put up my hands and pushed my way out from under the raft. Once out, I looked for something to hang onto and then found a rope to slip my hand under 'cause we were still in the rapid. The water was cold—about 50 something degrees. I could see the other passenger swimming in the middle of the river. I was yelling at my guide, who was making her way along the bottom of the raft towards me, to go help the woman who was swimming ('cause I knew that I had a hold of the raft), but another raft came over and pulled the woman out of the river. My guide then came and helped pull me onto the bottom of the raft and out of the river. I felt my head, and there was a bump the size of a goose egg(!), but no blood. The raft threw me against the opposite side when it flipped and I hit my head on the spare oar. I had also twisted my right knee (which I had surgery on four years earlier), when the wave tossed me.

Because the raft was upside down, some of the crew and passengers had to flip it over, so I crawled into one of the other rafts, and we made our way to shore along with a couple of other rafts. Since most of the crew was on the upside down raft trying to flip

it over, there was just one guide rowing the raft, which meant that when we got to shore, I had to get out to tie off the raft. I grabbed the rope and over the raft, I went and promptly went under the raft because there was no bank—it was a straight drop off! I popped back up (I was wearing a life jacket) and tried to grab hold of a limb—it broke off in my hand and back under the raft I went! The next time I came up, I grabbed onto another limb and this one held my weight. But, since I was in the water with no bank to step on, one hand holding the raft and the other the limb, I couldn't tie off the raft, so the guide had to crawl off the raft and over me to the bank and tie off the raft with the rope. Then, she helped me out of the water. The raft I had been riding in was eventually flipped right side up. We camped that night above Crystal Rapid, a class 9, which was described in the river book as having a “boat swallowing hole.” I listened to the sound of that rapid all night long, knowing that I would have to go through it the next day. However, I had to listen to that rapid for most of the morning the following day, while we waited for a Park Service helicopter to come and pick up the passenger who ended up swimming. We found out at the end of the trip that she had a couple of broken ribs. I stayed and finished out the trip, but two days later, I had the biggest, blackest, black eye (eventually it was both eyes) that anyone had seen. The blood from the bump on my head eventually drained into my eyes. And, people say that riding a bike is dangerous. <g>

3. What are you the most proud of? Hopefully, finally winning the trademark for our name: “Dykes on Bikes™.” There is just a few more days left in October for the opposer to file an appeal.
4. On what do you associate when you hear the word “dyke”? I associate that word with women who live their lives openly, fiercely and lovingly as lesbians in a heterosexual world.
5. Let's play a little! Please, finish the sentence
  - If dyke would be a color..... she would be blue (that's my favorite color).
  - If dyke would be an animal... she would have to be a cat or a dog because of our affinity for both of these animals.
  - If dyke would be a meal...she would be a thick juicy steak with a baked potato with sour cream and butter, and corn on the cob, dripping in butter, and rich chocolate pudding for dessert.
  - If dyke would be a drink...she would be a dark beer or a root beer float (for the non-alcoholic dyke).

- If dyke would be a vehicle...she would be a motorcycle or a truck.
  - If dyke would be a musical instrument...she would be a drum because she marches to a different beat.
  - If dyke would be a number...she would be number 1.
  - If dyke would be a fairytale character...she would be a warrior.
6. In what do you see your dyke identity manifest itself? I see it in the way I dress, how I walk, how I relate to and move through life.
  7. If there was three items you could take on a desert island what would those be? A flint stone ('cause matches get wet), water and food. What can I say, I'm a practical person and want to survive. <g>
  8. How would you introduce Dykes on Bikes™ to a layman? Dykes on Bikes™ is an evolving volunteer organization of women of various gender expressions who, for the past 31 years have lead the San Francisco Gay Pride Parade in a loud, colorful, visible, and energetic demonstration of gay pride and dyke visibility.
  9. What does Dykes on Bikes™ mean in your life? At its best, it means laughter, friends, a sense of community, and a shared sense of pleasure in riding, and sometime it means a LOT of hard work!
  10. How did you become the president and what are your tasks? I raised my hand at a meeting back in 2003 because, for tax purposes, the organization needs a minimum of three officers, and here I am four years later! See what happens when you volunteer! <LOL> My duties are to supervise and control the affairs of the organization and the activities of the other officers. I also conduct all meetings; generally guide, direct and control the business of the other officers; write a monthly President's message for the website; and, serve as official spokesperson for the organization. Those are my official duties. I also emcee our fundraising events, co-chair parade line-up, lead rides to other gay pride parades (e.g., Santa Cruz, San Jose, Chico), organize other rides, draft bylaws and policies and procedures, recruit riders into joining the organization, network with other motorcycle groups (men's and women's), work the motorcycle parking and helmet booth at Folsom Street Fair, and whatever else needs to be done. <g>
  11. What is a Wednesday meeting like? It's like the Beatles 'Hard Day's Night' movie 'cause there is a lot going on and it's crazy sometimes; everybody wants to go a different way, but underneath it all there is a classic tune that brings us all together

(the love of women and riding). And, there are the throngs of screaming groupies...we wish! We could always use more groupies, apply at <http://dykesonbikes.org/> <vbg>

12. What would be the 10 commandments of the Dykes on Bikes™?

1. Honor all, whatever bike they ride and even if they don't.
2. Thou shall point out with your feet, the potholes in the road of life to those who follow in your tracks.
3. Thou shall not stir up more dust than thou canst eat in a day.
4. Keep thy shiney side up - both on the road and in life in general.
5. Thou shall work diligently to earn (and keep) the colors of our club and wear them with pride and dignity.
6. Thou shall attend all of our club fundraisers and give till it hurts.
7. Thou shall wash thine bike at least once a year, preferably before the parade, so we look our shiny best.
8. Thou shall covet thy neighbor's bike (and boots, helmet jacket, gear, do-dads) and tell them you do because it makes your buddies feel good when someone admires their ride.
9. Thou shall invite thy neighbor's wife, girlfriend, sister, daughter, granddaughter, niece, Aunt, mom, grandmother to ride 'Betty' whenever possible.
10. Remember Sundays are for riding.

13. If you would write a book about yourself, what would be the title? What, Me Worry? <LOL>

14. What would the title be if your girlfriend/spouse would write this book? I asked her and she agreed with my title. She knows me well. <g>

15. What is good in motorcycling? The exhilaration of feeling the power of the bike underneath you; the feeling of moving with the bike through the air, leaning into curves, and pulling back on the throttle as you come out of the curve; the smells of the road (bikers know why dogs like to stick their heads out of car windows! <LOL>); the sun; the colors; the speed; the motion; the sound; lane splitting while people sit in their cars; the feeling of putting on my leathers (boots, chaps, jacket), the feeling of being with your thoughts and in control of your journey, wherever that journey may take you.

16. What would you ask yourself and what would the answer be? Why do I do what I do?  
Sometimes I have a good answer or at least I think it is a good answer to that question and other times I seriously question why do I do what I do. While I am on this planet, I want to try to make it a better place, even if that is only for a few hours on a ride that I've organized.
17. How do you usually say goodbye to each other? To my friends, I say goodbye to them as I say 'hello'—with a hug.