

# What Ever Happened To Dakar Dag?

**R**umors abound. Some say he was

lost in the Sea of Cortez when his sailboat capsized in a storm. Other believe he perished in an experimental airplane while attempting to land on a dirt road next to a titty bar

somewhere between Phoenix and Tucson. One account has him New Zealand choking to death on a snoot full of Guinness when he found out what his name means in Australia.<sup>1</sup> Many people believe he came into some money as the result of a “bank job” and is holed up in a secret, very remote spot near the Mogollon Rim where he raises Guinea Pigs. And then it gets weird.



A popular notion is that he is a myth and has no basis in reality at all. Some Adventure Bike scholars believe his writings are actually those of a great grand nephew of Sir Francis Bacon. Who really knows?

But, I did hear one report that may have some substance. A friend of mine claims to have seen him in Dallas around the first of the year. My friend was attending some training for the airline he works for and was staying at the Wyndham. While there, my friend hooked up with some buds of his from South Africa who were attending the Safari Club International convention across the street. According to my friend, Dakar Dag overheard them talking of great adventures and safaris in Africa and invited himself over.

This particular sighting bears some credibility for several reasons:

- Busting into a private get together when the topic of discussion involves the word “Adventure” is just the kind of thing he is prone to do.
- He was reported to be pretty smashed. Makes sense.
- After hearing of the great exploits of Africa, he committed, on the spot, to a very expensive hunting trip he cannot possibly afford.
- There was a very attractive blonde sitting with them.
- He bought drinks and dinner for everyone at the table which he also really can’t afford to do, but always does when he’s tooted.

Yep, that was probably him. My friend, a motorcycle enthusiast himself, and having some

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<sup>1</sup>If you must know, “Dag” in Australian folklore refers to the little balls of shit around a sheep’s asshole.

knowledge of the Dagster, asked him why none of his writings have appeared recently. At this point, the person we are assuming was Dakar Dag, became despondent and withdrawn.

“Nobody cares. Everybody is so wound up trying to make more money than the next guy, they can’t stay off their goddam cell phones long enough to go riding. I’m wasting my time. Besides, I’m goin through this middle age crazy deal right now ...well, I guess it ain’t middle age unless the average life expectancy is 110 years old, ...but anyway it ain’t pretty. Sometimes Dakar Dag rides alone, most of the time in fact, so why write it down if nobody cares?”

My friend was so saddened by this reaction that he tried his best to cheer him up.

“Dagger, we care! You are an underground cult phenomena whether you realize it or not. Where would all the sub average riders get such mediocre information and pirated swim suite models if you were to stop adding routes to your guidebooks? You’re the champion of the less than good rider who, despite being a coward, went out there and did it anyway. You give people hope! Sure there are a lot of Jimmy Lewis wanna be’s out there, but what about the rest of us? You said it yourself, many times, “If I did it, anybody can do it.” What’s to become of us if you don’t go out there and show us where we can go without killing ourselves?”

It was a good speech. Total bullshit, but still, a good speech.

After a long silence, the person we are thinking was Dakar Dag said “That’s total bullshit, but a good speech.” But, it must have affected him a little. There seemed to be something in his eye and his voice changed ever so slightly. “Maybe I’ll think about it when I get back from Africa.”

Well, believe what you will. I know the cat, and it ain’t no big deal, but he does exist. I hope he writes another guide book. I’m getting a little bored sitting around here. If nothing else, some of his crap is funny.

*Elvis Presley*