

# Any time, Any place, Any where ... Pal!

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Ask anyone these days to define a streetfighter and they will, invariably, tell you that it's a blinged up sports bike with the fairing taken off. Those of you who weren't born in the 1990s, though, will remember when it meant something else ...



much armpit hair they look like they've got ZZ Top in a double headlock. Surprisingly given the restrictions that're put upon them by the dreaded TÜV, it's the Germans who build some of the most fugg-off choppers and 'fighters anywhere in the world. Maybe it's something to do with their harsh Teutonic nature that makes them build brutal-looking bikes but, whatever it is, can they bottle some of it and send it over 'ere, please? We could do with a few bikes that look like this in this country!

The basis for the bike is a plunger frame built by FiedlerMobil – a company run by a guy named Harmut Fiedler from the north of Germany who's been building chopper frames since about 1988. Recently he's diversified into building frames for H-Ds but, previously, he's been into Jap motors and has built chassis for motors as diverse as TR1s, XS650s, 750 Fours, CBX1000s, DR Big, GSs and GSX750s, as well as the odd Triumph twin too. He creates them exclusively out of chrome-moly, and they all get TÜV approval before he sends them out so they're obviously well designed and constructed otherwise they'd not make it through the strict TÜV testing procedures. While he normally builds rigids, this particular one is a plunger affair with a couple of inches (perhaps!) of suspension travel at the rear – it's still a hard ride, that's for sure, but the plunger does (allegedly) take out a little of the pounding that a rigid induces in one's derriere.

Taking care of suspension duties at the front is a Suzuki/No Limit Fighters/Braking/Billet ensemble – the wheel and upside-down forks are Suzuki; the yokes, front mudguard and the low and very mad 'bars (with their Kellerman 'bar-end indicators) are all No Limit's creations; the discs are Braking Wave items; and the six pot calipers are Billet 'uns with so much stopping power that this thing'll happily shriek its front tyre under full braking. The headlight's a dead 'ard-looking little aftermarket 'un, and the tops of the black-anodised forks have been given little conical covers that really suit 'em.

Moving backwards there's an off-the-shelf custom fuel tank that's been stretched and smoothed and fitted with one of those very cool pop-up filler caps. Below sits the re-

**B**ack when the term was first coined (by our Oddie, actually, if memory serves me correctly), a streetfighter was a performance chop – a rigid-framed drag strip refugee with devastating straight-line speed. The first bikes had big Jap engines, less ground clearance than a big booty limbo dancer and enough attitude to shrink the

dick of any, but any, boy racer who came up next to you at the lights. The term got diluted slightly over the years, firstly becoming synonymous with the kind of bikes that appeared on the back pages of Performance Bikes magazine towards the end of the 1980s and, later, with any late model Japanese sports bike that's been hit with the bling stick. These days, sadly, it seems to be a slightly derogatory term used by our plastic-clad brethren – any bike without a fairing is maliciously called

a streetfighter and even the seriously trick stuff that's had time, attention and enough money to feed a Third World country for three months spent on it gets tarred, quite wrongly, with the 'it's just a crashed sports bike' brush.

There are still folk out there, though, who remain true to the ideals of the original word and the bike you see here in front of you, ladies and gentlemen, is one such tool. Based around a 1992 GSX-R 750 motor it looks 'arder than a pit-bull in wrap-rounds with a

chainsaw and while, obviously, it wouldn't handle worth a shit due to its long wheelbase and bog-all ground clearance it would be, and is apparently, a hell of a lot of fun in the traffic light drag-racing series that takes place every day in any big city.

Built by a geezer by the name of Markus for another geezer called Markus, it's the work of No Limit Fighters in Bayern. Yes, it's from Germany – the home of men in brown lace-up leather jeans and women with so

