



PHOTOGRAPHY: CHEH NAM LOW

*Resplendent in red, white and blue, both the Sport with fairing and the unfaired Sport share classic Italian soft curving lines. The faired Sport has the headlamp built directly into the nose of the fairing. The unfaired Sport is a better looking machine, because the engine—easily the best part of the bike—is left on display.*



# Cycle

SEPTEMBER 1973/ 60 CENTS

**MAGIC OF THE  
750 MV AGUSTA**  
**GIANT NINE-PAGE  
ISDT PREVIEW**  
**IS HONDA'S NEW  
250 A WINNER?**



18281





# MV AGUSTA

A reminder that at base motorcycles belong not to the kingdom of numbers but to the realm of the spirit.



Somewhere there's a small deserted valley, sunk between low rolling hills and painted in late summer greens. Into this valley runs a narrow tarmac road that weaves like a drunken sprinter into high grass, between thatches of trees, around stubborn knobs, and across the valley floor. You could stand on high ground and still not see more than a hundred yards of road, which—almost with a laugh—darts over a rise and hooks left into a tunnel of green. Your eyes could sweep the valley, and only here and there pick up a snatch of road, a stretch of pavement. Ears, far better than eyes, can penetrate such solitude.

Somewhere in the valley a faint hum floats up. Maybe a weak huzz. No, a growl and a shriek. Two bikes. Wrong again. The growl quick-changes into a shrieking warble. One bike then.

The sounds that only 30 seconds ago seeped through the foliage pour out clearly from below. There's not a discordant note: no piercing little pops or hard little splats. It's the mellow fury of a four-cylinder growling to 6,000 rpm, and then a fire-engine wail beyond.

The air goes electric with sound. A hundred yards away the bike hurtles out a green-lined tunnel. In a three-second





*Funky looking GT isn't a real touring bike. It lacks air filters, the seat is too hard, and the footpegs are placed too far forward for comfort.*

flash of red, white and blue, it flies past and rushes into the next valley. Distance closes down the shriek to a hum, and then to silence.

So you have seen an MV Agusta 750 Sport. Its rider, though he never saw you, knew you were there. The scene you witnessed also existed in his mind. Dream-like, the MV rider saw both the road before him, and himself on the road.

This motorcycle is an ego-pump guaranteed to convert the most circumspect motorcyclist into a flaming exhibitionist. The MV Agusta Sport never lets you forget, that after all the measurements have been taken, all the data collected, all the

figures tabulated, motorcycles are an emotional experience.

You need not be certified by your local psychiatrist to buy an MV Agusta. You will, however, need money. And you'll need to know and care that MV manufactures helicopters for profit and races grand prix motorcycles for sport, that their double overhead camshaft 750 street engine is based on the 500 GP unit of the Fifties and early Sixties, that MV builds very few 750s and those just for fun, and that the real beauty of the MV lies in the engine. For he who doesn't know or doesn't care, the 750 MV is a cast-aluminum joke which should be de-

CYCLE