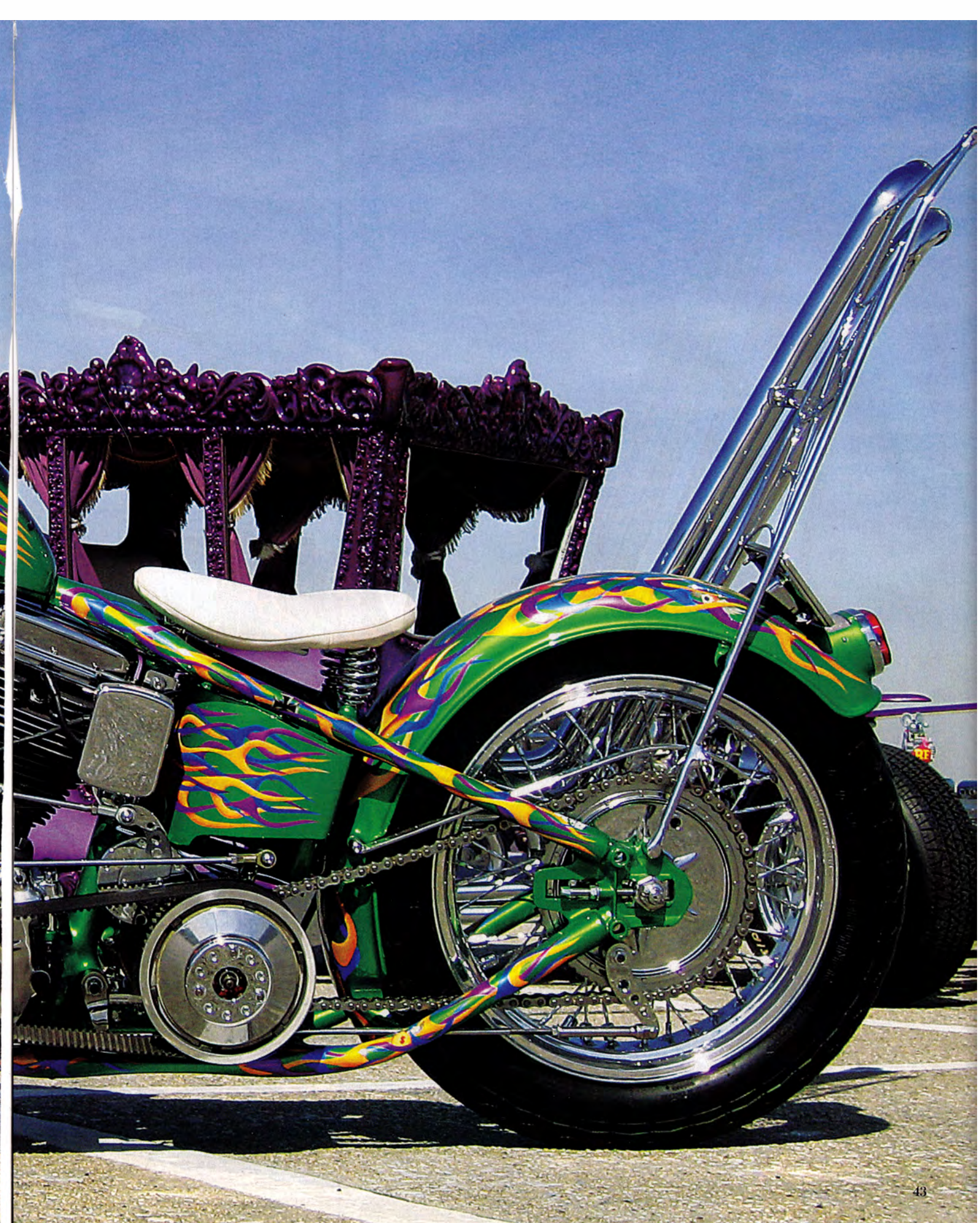
A custom chopper motorcycle with a rainbow flame paint job and chrome details. The bike features a high-rise handlebar, a large headlight, and a prominent front wheel with a chrome wire rim. The engine and exhaust pipes are highly polished and chrome-plated. The background is a clear blue sky and a paved area.

# THE MARGARITA CHIQUITA

**INSTANT KARMA—  
10 Years In The Making**

WORDS & PIX BY SNOW





It's doubtful that the legions of goggle-eyed showgoers who've marveled at the wacky excess of the Margarita Chiquita have the slightest inkling of the deep, dark depths plumbed by both bike and owner/builder, Fritz "Pimp Daddy" Schenck. The crazy, skyscraping pipes and sis-sybar reach for the heavens in broad stretches of chrome, and hint at nothing of the nighted abyss. The dazzling flame paint, liberally sprinkled throughout with mystic totems and kustom icons keeps folks grinning and pointing, oblivious to the satanic scent of sulphur and brimstone. Hypnotized by the eyeball shifter which completes the overall impression of a Roth cartoon come to life, it's safe to say that few show fans, if any, pause to contemplate the inescapable, all-seeing eye of justice. Some call it karma. Fritz is gonna hate me for writing this, but I cannot view the sleek, shiny Chiquita without recalling a time when she was a grimy, broken-down bag lady and Fritz was her co-dependant partner in the dumpster of despair. Yes, it's possible to enjoy the superficial aspects of Fritz's chopper as just another sharp trophy winner, but to fully appreciate the Chiquita's profound makeover it's necessary to know just how far she's come. The "before" picture isn't a pretty one.

It was over a decade ago. A smoking, beat-up Country Squire wagon limped into a Brooklyn neighborhood, the driver exhausted by his recent ordeal. It's no exaggeration to state that he'd barely escaped with his life. His recent history read like the corniest, most cliched piece of biker fiction. The less said the better, but the bottom line is that he was down to nothing. All he that owned was crammed into the Country Squire—wads of dirty laundry, a few issues of Iron Horse and a 1960 Harley-Davidson Panhead disassembled in milk crates. This was the same bike that was featured in Iron Horse #103, and made the cover of #117, now rusted, ridden into the ground and reduced to its constituent elements. I asked him if he ever considered selling the bike as a grubstake, but it was never an option. It was all he had, and there was the feeling that to lose the Pan would be to lose everything. A restoration was in order.

Fritz began the long rebound, working alongside Indian Larry and Paul Cox at Psycho Cycles on Manhattan's Lower East Side. At a time when choppers were considered a joke, these guys were serious as a collective heart attack about their bikes. The Pan's rebuild was chronicled as "Pick Up the Pieces" in Iron Horse at the same time that Larry was building

the bike that became known as Voodoo Chili. Larry and Fritz cobbled a frame together for the Pan, then discarded it in favor of a modified '54 factory wishbone. That frame was deracked back to stock and the neck windowed. That's a factory springer and 21"/18" Akront aluminum rims front and back, while the handlebars are the very ones that climbed out of the abyss. The tank and rear fender were handmade by Fritz, as were the pipes, spiderwebbed sissybar and heat shield. TP Engineering rebuilt the mill—STD Panheads and aftermarket barrels replaced the stockers, while the lower end is all Harley. Naturally, Fritz painted the bike and sends out special thanks to his mentors Gary the Local Brush and Alex in Wonderland.

Like the fabled picture of Dorian Gray, only in reverse, as the Pan improved and flourished so did Fritz's life. He married his longtime sweetie, Carol (that's her in IH #103), bought a home, built and sold the East Coast's First Bubbletop—the Roswell Rod, and was selected to restore the legendary Roth showcar, the Druid Princess. I don't think it gets any better than that, but the lessons are obvious—what goes around comes around and ya gotta be true to your chopper. The Margarita Chiquita is living proof. ●