Without Further Eloquence

By Kenn Hartmann

Preacher, you're not giving up on Wisconsin are you? No way, Preacher Man! A world without Free Riders Press ain't the world I want to live in, is that the world you want to live in? Is it money? Hey listen, I know I make you pay big for my services, but we can negotiate (don't let my literary agent hear this) but I'd write for Free Riders Press whether it pays big or not, I mean, I'd write for free that's how much I love it. I know there are some apathetic folks out there, but I never was writing for them anyway. I was reaching out to Germany, Switzerland and Austria, to London, Paris and Moscow. I was writing to Arkansas, California and

Arizona. Look at my stories. Those stories went to Bikeriders who lived in those places and I gave newspapers to. What's going to happen to the state of Wisconsin without FRP? If Preacher's moving to Iowa, what the hell, Gary Schemmel move over, I'll write like Vonnegut, fuck it. Iowa-wa-wa like a wailing harmonica Mississippi River Blues riff ala John Lee Hooker. I need FRP; it's like an addiction. I ain't even going to write in complete sentences

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suckers. I'm pissed. I need my FRP fix.

Man, I missed Preacher's party – some distracted driver tried to turn where there was no turn. I did all I could to avoid the incredible sadness of my body splattering against an SUV. What'd I do? I skidded and slid, wobbled and wiped out – sparks flew as the metal parts of my machine ground into the pavement, the pavement peeled off a bloody patch of skin from my arm. Everything's OK, I bought a little Sporty to tide me over until my bagger's fixed. But I missed Preacher's party. He left me a voice mail, I could hear in his voice he was having a good time, acting all formal by calling me "writer extraordinaire for Free Riders Press" except another voice loudly interrupts his eloquence "Buffalo's disappointed if you don't make it and he'll never again

read your stories with any kind of genuine enthusiasm." Damn dude; that stung. It's bad enough to be sitting in an ambulance forgetting my own address, but to let down what could be my one and only fan. Folks, I wanted to be that writer extraordinaire from FRP, basking in the glorious party my mind had conjured up in response to Preacher's invite. Then, to get this call and hear what sounded exactly like the reality of what my mind had conjured up, and what the hell was I doing staggering around this most dangerous stretch of the Kingery Highway, half dazed and not having the strength to pick up my sickle? Wait; did I hear that message right? Was there somebody named 'Buffalo' at the party? And why was Buffalo talking in the third person?

Preacher, I swear to god I won't charge you a lot of money for my stories. You know I don't try to syndicate my stories, since mostly they're about FRP. I've thought of writing for other magazines, but they don't pay as much as Preacher does. Top dollar! Or should I say a dollar? I can hear Pastor Sam and Sky Pilot, "what? He paid you a dollar?" Yes, I got a fiftycent raise, what of it? Preacher, let me know if next month is your last issue, god forbid. If it's to be the last, I want to write the most damn blessed article ever. I hope this makes it to print – I really love this paper.

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From the desk of Joe Weigel:

Beware: new helmet law push
Cycle - cops is a simple argument
which all understand

From the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel
June 24th, 2012

Wisconsin Should Toughen It's Motorcycle Helmet Law

The Statistics are clear: Helmets save lives- if motorcyclists wear them.

And they save money in insurance and health care costs.

Decision on helmets should be left to motorcyclists

I noted the article that seemed to favor motorcycle helmets (Lifesaving gear or Limit to Freedom?" June 15) The legislature took this issue up just a few years ago and reaffirmed the right to choose whether or not to wear a helmet. I testified before the legislature a few years ago, and this resulted in the law that prohibits courts from reducing damages for failure to wear a helmet. Why? Because there is much more to the equation than meets the eye. All over the United States, police and law enforcement officers ride motorcycles. They ride more than anyone else and are more safety conscious than the general public.



Yet you have never seen a police officer anywhere in the U.S. wear a full face motor-cycle helmet. Why not? Because they do not want their vision blocked, they do not want their hearing blocked and they want to be free to turn their heads. They wear the "eggshell" small helmets that cover the top of the head. Doesn't one think that if a full face or ear-covering helmet were the safest, the law enforcement people across the country would be wearing them?

I have been a motorcyclist for over 40 years and always wear a helmet. However, I am also familiar with many good reasons to not wear a helmet or to wear a "eggshell" type covering. Do not judge unless you've done your homework and unless you've ridden a motorcycle with and without various kinds of helmets. The choice should be made by those who ride and who balance the pros and cons. Joseph W. Weigel

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