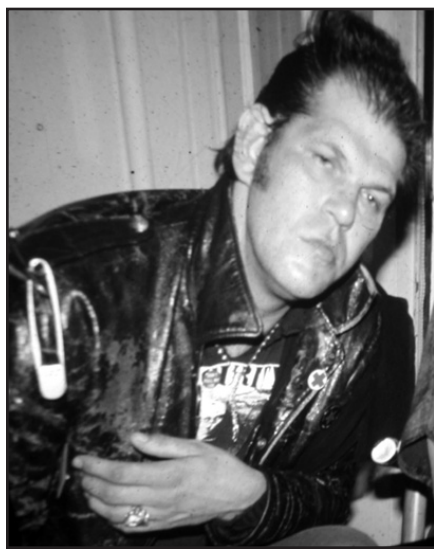


Homeland Security

By Kenn Hartmann

Leaning against front bar at Gingerman on Clark, I'm accosted. He sidles up babbling like he knows me. Who are you talking to? 'You man.' Why? Pray tell. He points to the crowd at the door, 'the girl.' Ah yes, I shrug, the girl, of course. 'She said you're a writer.' What of it? You? 'Well kinda not really but yes.' What the fuck? Why quibble? Why equivocate? Is you or is you ain't? 'I get your point; I'm trying to write a story – a script actually.' Find your voice that's all I can say. He tries to tell me the plot still believing I can relate. I wave him off, spare me, copyright issues, et cetera. He slumps bracing his drink. Meanwhile, the girl...

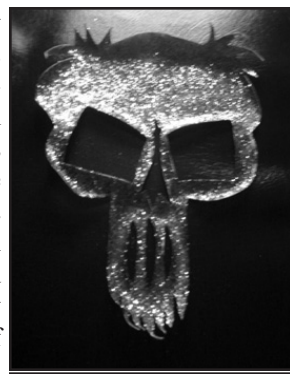


Patrick Day After Hours

Two legendary Chicago bouncers tend the door. Rob Zilla is working; Pat Day is hanging. Zilla lamented, 'some chump stole my custom cue but a friend found it at Fitzgerald's in Berwyn.' The chump was preparing his shot, careful aim, head cocked when Zilla's friend spotted him red-handed & clamped his own hand on cue & pinned it to the felt. 'Hey chump; where'd you get this stick? It belongs to Rob Zilla.' The chump let go & walked away. 'He picked the wrong venue to show off – my name's all over it, engraved, primo pinstriped. He must have thought it a brand name – a Rob Zilla cue stick.' Fitzgerald's is a hot music venue; a lot of those patrons frequent Gingerman located next to Metro & Smart Bar a block from Wrigley Field. My sickle's parked at Metro under the brilliant Marquee. I had walked through the subterranean Smart Bar but no action. I sat on my sickle & smoked a cigar. Then I met the girl. She wasn't a club waif - no ghostly skeletal creature of the night. She jiggled like cherubic pom-poms on a mound of jello. She wanted to go for a ride. We went to her place on Armitage; she introduced her husband who sat cross-legged on the floor tweaking guitars with his soundman. I nodded & walked past him to open the blind to see my bike on the street. Then followed her into the kitchen & caressed her while she leaned over sink. She took me into the bedroom. I felt no reason to inquire about her hubby. She wanted to go back to the bar. We went to Gingerman. Pat Day grabbed my arm. Pat's a big bouncer, wearing a Hawaiian shirt & combat fatigues. He worked security for the Stones, Michael Jackson, et al. Seen the Beatles. Went to Woodstock. He said, 'hey Kenny! What's up Cuz?' He looked past me to the girl. I introduced them. Pat 's my cousin; what's your name darling? A crowd gathered. Rob Zilla told cue stick story. I matriculated to the bar.

Pat bounced all the Chicago clubs from 60's through 90's rife musical scene. Pat tended bar at venues like the Earl of Old Town & Tuts. He could hear paper money

being pulled from a pocket even over din of Gamble Rogers wail about Great Turkey Farm Massacre. He could make a crowd sit or stand at his command at the Aragon Ballroom with Johnny Winter on stage. Shake a row of would be hard asses from a security barricade at the Amphitheater by upending it over his head. He could lift a lifeless corpse from the Mosh Pit at the Riv. He knew Ti Chi; a wave of his arm could topple an unruly asshole ten feet away. But he could put people at ease, like the hippest of the hip & know that when Pat's at the door 'this must be it!' When aroused, Pat could break into a tragically hip Lord Buckley-esque rap with a faux Cockney accent in a Joey Ramone voice & Jagger swagger. I took Pat to a playoff game during the Jordan years & he sat with Billy Corgan of Smashing Pumpkins at halftime. When Patrick Day died in Madison I couldn't write for Free Riders Press for three months. His brother Richie wanted to scatter Pat's ashes at Wrigley Field. I suggested he do it surreptitiously or get busted by Homeland Security. It's a strict no scattering ash zone. Not even for Cub zealots. He wasn't a burden when he was alive; don't make him a burden when he's dead. But that gives me an idea for my next patch 'Homeland Security' with 'homeland' on top rocker & 'security' on bottom rocker. A self-inflicted glitter soaked skull adorned with Native American weaponry at epicenter & pinstriped graffiti: badges? We don't need no stinking badges.



Skull at Epicenter

-Kenn Hartmann- www.chicagobikerbars.com

Helmet Bills Introduced in IL

On Tuesday, January 12th, Senator Donne Trotter introduced two bills in the Illinois Senate that would require motorcycle helmet use in Illinois. SB 2535 would require operators under the age of 18 and passengers under the age of 18 on motorcycles, motor driven cycles, and motorized pedalcycles to "wear a helmet, which meets the requirements of Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard No. 218 and is properly fastened under the person's chin with a chin strap."

SB 2536 would require every operator and every passenger of motorcycles, motor driven cycles, and motorized pedalcycles – regardless of age – to "wear a helmet, which meets the requirements of Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard No. 218 and is properly fastened under the person's chin with a chin strap."

And so it begins. Election years traditionally meant that the General Assembly would consider only emergency or financial legislation. Things are so confused at the Capitol that we may not be able to count on tradition. When and if these bills are assigned to committee, we have a better idea of whether they will be allowed to proceed.


Links to SB2535 & SB2536

<http://www.ilga.gov/legislation/BillStatus.asp?DocNum=2535&GAID=10&DocTypeID=SB&LegId=49214&SessionID=76&GA=96>

<http://www.ilga.gov/legislation/BillStatus.asp?DocNum=2536&GAID=10&DocTypeID=SB&LegId=49218&SessionID=76&GA=96>


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