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grin, his pipes spark and shoot flames, his beehive bride skitches on roller skates, wears kneepads, a gossamer pareu wafts her behind. She clings to the trouser belt on Frankie's green monster ass that glistens in moonlight as he pulls her through a graveyard at midnight. Perversity courtesy of the sublime mind of Martin Cimek. Last year, I swiped a Martin Cimek poster from MCC in Villa Park. This year I pay ten bucks for the poster and Martin autographs it; I roll it tight to my handlebars. Officially, Delilah's features a werewolf astride a café racer snatching a Munchian Screamer in a negligee. Artistic license. Imagine rampaging connoisseurs of B-grade biker flicks.

At Five Star Bar on Chicago Ave, the Windy City Rollers skate in, authentic Roller Derby girls, Sweet Home style. Apparently, the league began fake, but quickly evolved into hardcore bona-fide bouts of full-contact flat-track crack-the-pack bam jam reality. The all-female teams compete for coveted championship. Naturally I cherish lusty demoiselles on old school skates. So when a Roller girl challenges me to arm wrestle, if she expects a fuddy-duddy out to fondle, forget it, she's going down. Hey, what the hell? All the girls pile on and twist my arm like a willow sapling in a tornado. I can't win. As I wrestle with my dignity, Larry 'Fletch' Fletcher and a few Ton-Up boys ride into the bar on motorcycles, raise glorious havoc and exit kitchen stage left. In the back room, two nearly naked female models pose and several artists sketch the scene. A camera crew tapes Roller Girls and interviews spectators. Fletch and the boys ride through again, rev respectably and laugh. The DJ pops 'Psychotic Reaction' and I say to a Roller girl, 'this song's from nineteen 65 and she replies, 'yeah, well it's on now.'

I get the point; forget nostalgic bullshit. Now is now. Enlightenment gnaws at the brain and devours the soul. Life unfolds, rolls and takes a drag or two. The faithful choice embraces an inspired instant, to see the light and feel the heat. Don't gamble on anything less than a chance at intuitive uniqueness and ultimate freedom to experience the very thing that happens.

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THE MOTORCYCLE ISSUE EXPERTS



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