

Definition of a Biker Chick

By Kenn Hartmann

Imus is an idiot. What the hell is a 'nappy-headed ho' anyway? One poll conjured up a weird cross between Don King, the boxing promoter and Heidi Fleiss, the Hollywood madam. I first heard the Imus story through co-worker, Lovell Doyle, a very articulate and well-read individual, an ex-professional basketball player. When he told me a radio fake-jock called real female college jocks a bunch of nappy headed-hoes, naturally intrigued, I did some conjuring of my own. I imagined tough young hot-tays in combat boots and tattered tank tops, with sinister jewels adorned delicately in spiked purple hair. Leather bandanas. Loaded bandoliers slung low on sweaty cleavage glistened with tattoos, motorcycle chains and handcuffs. Eloquent urban-cowgirls ready to slam a forearm shiver upside some wimpy sap's head. Dangerous priestess thug-sickles who recite trigonometry and Shakespeare as they execute a flawless fade away jumper. 'No man, you're tripping out Kenn, it's not that at all,' said Lovell. Bummer, man, it never is.

Imus is in the talk-shit school of radio. The worst consequence is lack of job security. Big deal. Back in the eighties, wannabe-biker Hobo Bill's dream weekend involved class-A narcotics and a couple sluts. Hobo Bill attempted armed robbery to pay for his habits but picked the wrong target. The intended victim snatched the pistol from his hand so violently that it severed his trigger finger. The high point of his life would be the low point of any other man's. Hobo Bill bragged of bagging whores like a grocery clerk bags produce. The working girls made jokes about his hygiene to patrons at the local gin mill. Soon the regulars called him B.O. Bill. This pissed him off and he threatened the hookers. But someone got him by the throat and ended his miserable existence. Just a reminder from the street: words have consequence. An old Jamaican reggae tune by the Melodians offered, 'may the words of your mouth reflect the meditations of your heart.' Fellow FRP writer Pastor Sam may recognize those words from the Book of Psalms.

Back in the chopper seventies, a popular decal 'No Butt, No Putt' was a lame rap but sincerely to the point. Of course, this was when bikers thanked God for 'frumpies.' Which loosely translates to 'friendly-plump' or 'fat-rump' or maybe 'fresh-plum-pies.' However, a whole lot of bikers would never have gotten laid without frumpies begging for rides at closing time. Rarely did you see women mounting their own hogs. Women were on the backs of bikes. Catch a guy back there and it was said he was riding 'bitch' which is an even lamer rap than 'no butt, no putt.' Do yourself a favor and don't use the clichés of yesteryear.



Back in the 60's, my first exposure to 'biker's chicks' came at Ken Knudson's karate class on Grand and Harlem. Notice the apostrophe to denote ownership, a biker's chick as opposed to a biker chick. Sorry to bring up grade school grammar but this chick had 'property of' tattooed across her ass. Being a testosterone drenched teenager during the Age of Aquarius, I appreciated the naked sight of a fine female derriere but not the concept of owning another human being. Or being owned. Equality and freedom were contemporary watchwords. Civil rights activists struggled. Doctor King marched on Washington. Lincoln had issued an Emancipation Proclamation a hundred years earlier. Hell, two centuries had already passed since the Declaration of Independence. It was about damn time to be free. Of course, an Old Town Piper's Alley hippy chick with beads on her bosom, flowers in her hair and no underwear captivated my imagination.

So I read the FRP column by Colleen Swartz with interest. Any guy would. And Colleen looks hot enough to be in front of the lens, not just the photographer. She's got a nice webpage too. But guys make mistakes classifying women. I'm too old and ornery to pigeonhole anybody. I took the backseat off long ago. Nobody rides on my bike but me. Don't even ask. It'd take an act of mutual desperation unparalleled in modern times. On my part and hers. It'd take a powerful incentive and a quick wit to convince me even to consider. She'd have to be hardcore, willing to ride on bare fender metal with boots tucked melting into exhaust mounts as we ride through a midnight shoot-out in a ghetto maelstrom at world's end. Maybe one of those eloquent urban-cowgirls or dangerous priestess thug-sickles whispering lines from Othello above the roar of the sawed-off kitchen sink legs that I use as straight pipes.

Simply put, there's only one definition of a biker chick. She owns a motorcycle and she's licensed to ride. Otherwise, she's just a character in someone else's fantasy. End of story.
-Kenn Hartmann
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