

No Problems, Baby

By Kenn Hartmann

Until now my only order of business was to stockpile plenty of whiskey and cigars for retirement or the Apocalypse, whichever comes first. My vodka supply dwindled one night when I mistook NATO for Armageddon and a surprise visit from a couple of thirsty zombies drank like no tomorrow, no hangover. Unfortunately, the earth kept turning into day. The zombies disintegrated in the sun. I stuck my head in a microwave for relief. Perhaps my head wasn't really about to explode but it sure the hell felt like it. But now I have another problem, just as dire.



the Stray Cats was jamming, and motorcycles from A to Z, from Aprilia to Zundapp filled the lot. I went next door to La Luce Italian Restaurant wearing my biker regalia, my head swimming in Blanton's and sat for an hour eating angel-headed hipster pasta with fresh warm bread soaked in olive oil. The waiter, Javier, didn't bat an eye at my outfit and was the consummate professional when I suddenly stood up and said, "Hey, let me sit by the window so I can watch my bike." No problems, baby, like Frank Sinatra.

-Kenn Hartmann
bikerbars@yahoo.com

Pat Woods >>



Genarro and Leah

My day began at Wildfire Harley in Villa Park where I sold a Super Glide to an appreciative new rider and as I hustled out the front door to get to my day job at Illinois Harley in Countryside, Gennaro Sepe grabbed my arm and said, "Whoa dude, you going to Mods and Rockers?" Oh yeah, sure, which I promptly forgot until closing time at the Harley Shop when Benny B tapped on the locked door and said, "Mister Kenn, are you headed to Mods and Rockers?" Oh yeah, and only then remembered the plan to hook up with Gennaro at Matchbox on Milwaukee and Ogden. Benny had plans to go to Delilah's on Lincoln. But Gennaro knows the Mods and Rockers guys, I explain to Benny, Gennaro's an f'n greaser, he's going to take us to the insider's party. Of course, I said this with ut most conviction although I had no idea what Gennaro had planned or if he even remembered we were to meet at Matchbox. Benny is eager and so's his brother Charlie, and a couple of the Marauders' crew kept revving their sickles even more eager for the night that beckoned. As we blasted down Old 66 to Highway 55 eastbound into the Windy City, the gusts off the Lake buffeting our bikes, the billowing thunderclouds stacked as high as the sky can go over Lake Michigan, this notion nagged at me that I'm taking Benny on a Wild Goose chase and he's going to miss out on the big party. We catch up to Fast Eddy on his Softail before we hit the Dan Ryan and cruise past him kicking doors and popping wheelies all the way downtown through Hubbard's Cave and exit on Ohio and slip through the city back streets to



Ben and Charlie

Matchbox. Who the hell is Fast Eddy and how did he get in this story you may wonder? It's too late I already wrote him in and like I said, we just passed him like a freight train kicks up an old hat in the desert dust.

At Matchbox we ordered a round of PBR's. The young guys are so keen on Pabst, hey why not Schlitz or Blatz? I tried the Blanton's Bourbon and Gennaro showed up and ordered a mixed vodka tonic something or other, and we sat outside facing Ogden and Gennaro took two sips and said, "Drink up fellows, we got to roll." And he downed his drink and we all followed. It was easy to follow Gennaro in his Dante-esque tiki-palm, hula-girl blazing red shirt, sort of like a bullfighter's flag flapping in the breeze. We hit the Bottom Lounge under the L on Lake. And that my friends is where the party was at, and I was relieved that Benny could pass out his Barnyard Boogie flyers for his Motor and Music Festival in Monee on July 14th. Benny was just looking for a crowd. Gennaro just wanted to hang with the Fear City crowd or see his special girl. Charlie just wanted to be discovered for a movie role. I just wanted to get spectacularly drunk and have close encounters with Ghosts of Chicago Club Concerts past. I should not have been too worried we'd end up at Greaser Fest, those fellows of my youth, the grim Frankenstein Mummy and Monster Club resurrected from the dead, like Chuckie Lawford who drove his car to school in the 7th grade or Ronnie Dice who bitch-slapped Mister Sparrow the English teacher much to the amusement of 8th grade giggly-wiggles, or all the Greasers who went to Nam and never returned. So there we were at Bottom Lounge, Sailor Jerry had his Airstream parked under the El Tracks, Lee Rocker from



Lee Rocker

leave your footprint in motorcycle history



join
ABATE of Wisconsin
"The Motorcycle Issue Experts..."

Call 800-386-4442 or go to www.abatewis.org

NORTHERN LIGHTS HARLEY-DAVIDSON®



Shop our garage for obsolete accessories and end of season clothing and helmets



There is always something happening at Northern Lights. Check our website for events.

From Sportster® to Ultra we have the new or used bike you need plus the gear to go with it. We have a complete Service Department and a huge selection of clothing and accessories. Rental bikes available from May - September. Located 4.5 miles north of Minocqua on 51.



STOP IN FOR A VISIT, KICK SOME TIRES, TAKE A DEMO RIDE, BUY A T-SHIRT, OR JUST TALK BIKES.

1700 Highway 51 N. Arbor Vitae 715-358-5054
WWW.NORTHERNLIGHTSHD.COM