

## In Darkness and Danger

by Kenn Hartmann

A few TV producers have tried to interest me in various reality biker shows, or should I say 'try to implicate me.' My one qualification seems to be I'm on the internet. They ask, 'What's your favorite bike?' The one that ain't locked when no one's around. "Favorite color?" Rust and chipped paint. 'Would Dennis Rodman be good in a biker show?' Uh, no chance for Jennifer Anniston, huh? They ask 'Do you ride alone or in a pack?' Well is there darkness or danger?

So the TV guy from Biker Idol asks, 'Describe your worst day on a bike.' Which triggers an involuntary dream state. Let's see, in the category of major breakdowns or minor meltdowns? Basic flat tires or sudden endos? Once fishtailed into a curb and a sidewalk slacker with skateboard uttered, 'duuude, nice fakie grind bro.' Rain's no big deal, snow sucks, hail hurts, but the tornado that knocked me off the road outside Union Grove was just a bad moment, not a bad day. Speeding tickets, crashes, brawls? Forgot to put my feet down at a stoplight? Threw a piston, blew a gasket? Pushed a busted bike two, three miles? Hitchhiked with a motorcycle – hell, hard enough to hitchhike with just a thumb. Two days ago my kickstand sank in soft ground and my bike spilled. My carb fell off yesterday and I ran out of gas. The producer babbles about a bad day on a bike is better than a good day at work, blah, blah, et cetera. F-him; I tell him nothing. But I'm going to tell you, dear FRP readers.

In the early 80's, on my first day of vacation, jumped on my Sporty and split Chicago. Shot up route 12, no baggage, nothing. My tweed sport jacket was actually brown suede stained ungodly oil patchwork. I hit a bar near the Dells; the owner's son, a high school chum, had recently been killed. Wrapped his drunk-ass around a tree. The owner, upon learning my identity said 'your money's no good here.' So until closing time, I pounded drafts and relived the glory days. Somebody suggested a house party in Portage. Followed the culprits east on 16. The night chill kept me alert. The specter of my old chum's final resting place amongst shadowy trees drifting past the periphery of my headlamp encouraged me to stay focused.

The feeble excuse for a party attracted a few rubes and pathetic hicks. They drank purple liquid out of a garbage can. 'It's whoppa tuya; one drink, you won't know what hit you.' Well, I remember at least three and I don't remember what hit me. Awoke in the predawn twilight clutching a slim-jim - a thin metal strip used to break into cars. Where I got the tool and whose backseat this was remains a mystery. Staggered to my bike parked near the front porch of a clapboard house and puked on the lawn. Stumbled into the hellacious shanty and grabbed my jacket and stash. Hit the road but didn't get far. I stopped to wretch, kneel and pray. I lay down in a gravel road ditch. Somebody ran out from a nearby house and yelled 'get the hell out of here.' I growled, moaned and passed out. The sun heated up like festering road kill.

I tried to drive through the Dells but a parade gridlocked the road. As cheerleaders waved pom-poms, I dry heaved while draped across my tank. North of town found a dead end pine grove and nestled into a shady patch of needles. I lay against an effigy mound in a cold sweat. It took all day gripped in exquisite agony to ride from Portage to reach Black River Falls after nightfall. I stopped above the dam in town and readied my rod and reel just as the local cop blinded me with his light and asked what's doing. 'Just fishing.' He eyeballed me up and down and said, 'Well son, a bad day fishing beats a good day at work.' Funny, but a bad day on a bike just sucks.

It's right about here, that one of my favorite FRP writers, Pastor Sam would intone some spiritual redemption into the mix. Inject salvation. Lord knows this story can use it. Some folks have watershed events, defining moments, for me it was just another day in the life. Last night, taking Quentin to Fairfield north, in the pervasive chill, I thought, yeah man, I left the electric city for this country road, this sublime rural wonder. My headlight went out and plunged into instantaneous black. 'Holy this and Holy that' I muttered, only with swears. Switched to high beam and kept going, burdened by what lurks unseen on the periphery. I thought about my smart-ass comment, 'in darkness or danger' and now could use another rider with a headlight.

Headed to rendezvous in the old railroad resort town of Round Lake on the alluvial plain of an Ice Age glacier. Global warming? What the hell? It's been warming for ten thousand years. The Fairfield Tap at 35480 N Fairfield and Lake Shore Drive is a rock and roll joint made famous by Tafoya's Lost Boyzz. The place swarms with bikers and babes. Some lovable loser wanders around whining about no karaoke. Somebody pats his head like a nice puppy. My brother Chuck is there with friends on one of his Friday night 'No Frills' motor runs. I explain my predicament and need company in case I lose illumination. I split with Chuck's crew.

Last week, on a night I turned right when I should have turned left, headed west when I should have headed east, I took myself down to the Tally Ho tavern to buy me a bottle of beer. While that last bit may be the line out of Kris Kristofferson's 'Silver Tongue Devil' song, the Tally Ho at 3000 E 138th Place is a kick-ass bar in the old cabaret town



## Are you ready for the Hummer?

ABATE of Wisconsin "Summer Hummer" June 17-19, 2005

Move over Indiana's Bean Blossom Boogie, Iowa's Freedom Rally, & Illinois Rendezvous – Abate of Wisconsin presents the Summer Hummer! This event has been happening for years, but most recently Abate of Wisconsin bought their own land and 2005 was the coming out party. No longer a family event held at a County Fair grounds, this is an Adults Only party that had it all; cheap beer prices, kick ass rock'n roll, nudity, & lots of brother & sister hood!

I left Milwaukee Saturday morning with 2 of my best bro's – Hubcap & Hooter. We rode about 150 miles up to Wisconsin Rapids to meet another bud, O's. With all the finest of camping gear (read: old tents & sleeping bags –booze in the saddle bag) us 4 bikes rode thru the north woods of Wisconsin looking for the Summer Hummer party. We stopped at the High Ground (a sacred memorial area) and then found the spot where County roads H, O, & G intersect, all very close to the Summer Hummer.

I think we got charged \$20 each at the gate for the 1 night, and as we rode in I could tell they had a good time the night before, but with Saturday night approaching the party mood was just beginning. We set up our tents amongst the hundreds of others, with-in stumbling distance of the Main Big Top Tent & bon-fire pit. We walked around checking out the vendors, eating, and drinking out of my bottle of Yukon Jack I carried with me.

As the sun began to set the Summer Hummer swung into high gear. The live music was ass kicking (sorry I don't remember the bands names) and the lovely ladies were out struttin their stuff. Girls with airbrushed boobies were everywhere. Abate of Wisconsin gave out trophies & presentations for many different things (none of which I remember –too drunk I guess). Later the t-shirt contest was a little different, as the Girl's that signed up were sent out into the crowd to collect dollars to find the winner. There were lap dances happening all over. The bon fire was huge and went well into the night. Someone was cooking hotdogs on long sticks for anyone that needed a late night bite. I know we'll be back next year, as this will become the premiere hard core biker party of Wisconsin. See ya in June of 2006!

- Tiger / Milwaukee

## Why is it that our children can't read a Bible in school, but they can in prison?

# MOSQUITO FEST



8th Annual Mosquito Fest  
June 23-24, 2006

### SCHEDULE:

#### Friday - 6/23

- o Gates Open - 3pm
- o Element 13 - 5-8pm
- o Insomniac Gypsy - 9-1am

#### Saturday - 6/24

- o Breakfast & Bloody Mary - 8-10am
- o Poker Run - 10-3pm
- o The Dealers - 1-5:30pm
- o Pig Roast Dinner - 5:30pm
- o Dave Rogers - 6-10pm
- o Wet T-shirt Contest - 10pm
- o Tuck Penoe - 10:30-77

### Location:

Boner's Again - W3730 3rd Street E.  
4 miles south of Rainbow Casino, take right/west  
on 3rd St. E. by Knutz Bar

-Campers welcome to set up Wed. 6/21-

Advance ticket sales: Boner's  
Again - Eagle II Saloon - Big A's + I



Must Be 21 to Enter

### Admission:

	Advance	Gate
Single	\$20	\$25
Couple	\$35	\$45

\*Includes - camping, beer & roof  
beer, pig roast, music & other  
activities

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