

**Good to the Max**

By Kenn Hartmann

A few grumblings from music fans & Harley riders complain about the Harley's band line-up for the 105th. Some Bruce fans call Springsteen a 'sell-out' to the Corporate biker crowd who won't like his new sound. Some bikers argue Springsteen should keep his politics to himself. Shut the f-up all you punk ass dimwits. Harley hired enough axe-slingers & ivory bone-bangers to satisfy even the most insatiable concert devotee – maybe shy of a full-blown head-bangers ball but you'll see headliners galore. No matter, nothing could match the colossal foul-up at the 100th. Before that show Elton John single-handedly consumed an entire backstage buffet reserved for five other acts. Horrified onlookers gasped when he swallowed in one gulp 43 pounds of Usinger's Famous Sausage reserved for the Milwaukee Philharmonic. One Journal Sentinel reporter, Tom Held described the frightening carnage as a 'gluttonous rampage.' No one's accused Elton of cannibalism, but a documentary film team from Luxembourg has not been seen since. Lumbering up a stage-ladder that fateful Sunday he farted & knocked over thirteen Softails, a Fatboy & a security guard. If you think I'm kidding, how come whenever Elton travels on a steamship and wanders portside the crew herds all other passengers starboard?

Listen, there's going to be thousands of fans that have nothing to do with motorcycles at this show. This really is a showcase for Harley-Davidson attracting new riders. The HOG private party features Aerosmith & Kid Rock. The Springsteen ticket is only available for those that buy the weekend ticket. But the weekend ticket is a music fan's jam fest celebrating the HOG lifestyle. The non-bikers who throng to see the likes of BRMC, Los Lonely Boys and Joan Jett will succumb to that cool biker vibe. And what about Dr. John?

In 1969 I heard Bob Rudnick's Kokain Karma, 'broadcast live & in Technicolor' on the FM. Rudnick dredged the swamp for New Orleans' music & the Gris-Gris mind of the Night Tripper. That year at the Esquire Theatre I saw Easy Rider with documentary-style 16mm footage of an authentic Second Line parade at Mardi Gras. That year, I sold copies of underground press Chicago Seed at war moratoriums at Circle Campus not protesting but making twenty-five cents a copy. That year, a good friend Danny Lynch got killed in Quang Nam. In his last letter home Danny requested dry socks. The newspaper said he died from a land mine explosion. Years later, his brother told me he got hit by a sniper. It was 1969, my senior year, I played football, scored a touchdown & made plans to party at the 3rd Avenue woods. Kid stuff perhaps. As I recollect it's now the street of sweet oblivion. But my father intercepted me & said, 'hop in the car, we're goin' fishin.' You're joking; I scoffed. He meant it. My big plan to get wasted that night faded fast. I had never been wasted but looked forward to it. 'Hey, dad, I don't want to hear your rap.' So I day dreamed a throttle blasted machine not on the road, but over fields above the corn, across rivers & ravines, run up gullies on one wheel & still pace highway traffic. Ridiculously tripped out long before ever tasting herb. My dad didn't want to hear my rap either. So he dropped me in a Mississippi River backwater near Cassville or Potosi in Southwestern Wisconsin. Then split like paramecium. I gathered firewood, arranged a stack & threw over a small tarp; I had felt a few drops. Unraveled my rod & started working shorelines, pools, channels. My teenage mantra, 'Move quick, cast ahead

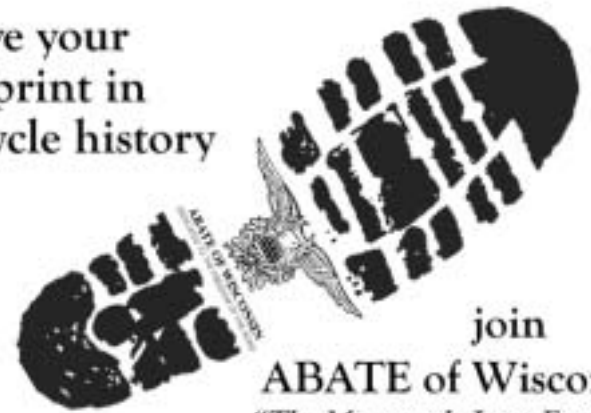


& retrieve from behind' walking trolls. My father had chastised ways I had learned from him. I leaned against a battered cottonwood to keep off the drizzle & after a while I could hear music emanating from a nearby barn shack. Sounded familiar. I stepped forward & a branch cracked in half above my head, a startled blue heron lifted off. Some guy said 'hey' & startled me. He had been pissing behind a bush & both me & the bird scared him. The very next thing I'm in the barn shack with two red-neck Nam Vet bikers who got Dr. John on a turntable powered by a car battery. Their bikes tucked beneath the eaves of the weathered edifice. They proudly displayed a couple potato sacks stuffed with ginseng root collected up north. One guy cooked catfish on a wood fueled stove. The other guy asked me, 'you don't smoke that marijuana shit?' The way he asked, even if I did I would have said no. 'Me neither,' he replied, 'mescaline's my thing. Beer just kills any other buzz.' He tossed an empty can onto the mound of old radiators & worn tires & a little kid crawled out gleefully proud of his hiding spot beneath the scavenger's booty. They regaled tale after astounding tale of living off the land. The rain stopped & I left. Made it to the CB & Q line as the Zypher split the gloom with a ghost-like spray. Started up the fire & tried to recall 'Walk on Gilded Splinters.' My dad eventually returned. I didn't ask him & he didn't ask me. Questions mean lies.

The JS Online story counters Bob Klein of Harley's claim this is the music event of 2008 with the mention of the Bonnaroo festival outside Bashville, Tennessee. Bonnaroo was coined by Dr John's album titled Desitively Bonnaroo, perhaps as a jazz homage to Dylan's Positively Fourth Street. Bonnaroo is a Cajun word meaning 'good to the max.' Bon like Bon Temp Roulet or KBON radio in Eunice. Roo like a tasty roux, or murder at Rue Morgue. Yeah, man, Harley's got a kick-ass lineup starting with Dr. John & going on.

A quick word of note: if you're in Chicago early March, go see actress Mary Scruggs in Missing Man at the Live Bait Theater 3914 N. Clark Street, 773-871-1212. After the show, check out the Ginger Man bar a block south, close to Wrigley Field. Kenn Hartmann -www.chicagobikerbars.com

leave your  
footprint in  
motorcycle history



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

Call 800-386-4442 or go to [www.abatewis.org](http://www.abatewis.org)

**Quality Wholesale Meats  
Rich's Distributorship**

- Supplying tavern bars, saloons, campgrounds, c-stores, individuals and fundraisers with:
- Lebbys Pizza • Romano's Pizza
  - Wild Bills Jerky • Buffalo Bills products
  - Zubers Meats • Klements meats
  - Fat Freddie's • Old Wisconsin Meat Products (Elk, Buffalo and Venison summers, landys, snack sticks)
  - IMGood nuts • Seafood • Candy • Amish Candy
  - Carr Valley cheese products
  - Delicious chips, popcorn, and primo specialty products
  - Neutron Industries cleaning products/ Royale vacumn cleaners
  - Himalayan Goji Juice • Pharmanex supplements/health products
  - Young living essential oils

Contact Rich Leistikow at:  
608-572-3571 or 608-339-7749  
email: [above@maqs.net](mailto:above@maqs.net)

**"WALNECK'S"  
MOTORCYCLE  
SWAP MEETS & SHOWS**

**March 30** - Springfield, OH  
Swap Meet & Show  
8am - 3pm

Clark County Fairgrounds, 170 & Hwy 41  
Admission: \$6.00

**April 20** - Woodstock, IL  
Swap Meet  
8am - 3pm

McHenry County Fairgrounds, RTE 47 - 1 mi. N. of RTE 14  
Admission: \$7.00

American • British • Japanese  
Bikes & Parts • Dirt Bikes • Leather  
Novelties • Toys and Much More!!



**Sell something old...  
Buy something new!**

Reserve your space  
early for indoors

**Walneck's Inc.**  
7923 Janes Ave., Woodridge, IL 60514  
**630-985-2097**  
[www.walneckswap.com](http://www.walneckswap.com)



**FIREHOUSE  
PERFORMANCE**

**Complete Cycle Service  
Motorcycle Parts  
Dyno Jet Tuning**

*Dyno Jet Trailer Available for Events*

**262-656-0773**

4502 22nd Ave.  
Kenosha, WI 53140

[www.firehouseperformance.com](http://www.firehouseperformance.com)