

Trying to Make It Real Compared to What?

Hollywood cashes in on the current motorcycle craze with 'Ghost Rider' and 'Hog Wild' a couple of unoriginal flicks that hit the market at virtually the same time. It's the same movie only different. I laughed when the audience laughed and more significantly when they didn't. It sucks that movie trailers show the best scenes on TV before you even get to the theater. There's no surprise, no payoff other than a bucket of hot buttered popcorn. Both share Peter Fonda in cameo roles; I guess the creatively lame exec's research began and ended with Easy Rider. Why not regress to the 'Wild Ones' and dig up a dead Marlon Brando? Call it 'Ghost Wild' and create a stir. Where's Lee Marvin when you need him? Man, Lee Marvin, huh? Kids nowadays don't know what they're missing.



Lee freaking Marvin. My old man looked like Lee Marvin in 'The Dirty Dozen.' When he realized the resemblance, he started acting like Lee Marvin in 'Emperor of the North Iceman Cometh' fashion. The secret society called 'the Sons of Lee Marvin' should have seen my upbringing. My dad didn't want me to be a biker. He was like an ex-cigarette smoker who jealously mocks people who still smoke. My mom was the real biker. She had her own trike back in the forties. Right after WW2. I think my dad always feared she'd jump back on a bike. My mother made me a biker. Mommas, please let your babies grow up to be bikers, let em' ride Harleys and Triumphs and such. You can still let your sons and daughters become doctors, lawyers, cowboys and guitar pickers too. Just make sure they know how to crack a throttle like a whip and cruise into the glorious sunset.

Oddly, in both flicks 'Ghost Rider' and 'Hog Wild' the local biker bars get destroyed – apparently both screenwriters had bad experiences in real-life biker hangouts. In the first movie, an extremely dapper specter of Death sucks the life out of patrons. I remember that night; oh Lord, whew! In the second movie suburban weekend warriors blow up the bar and burn it down. I missed that night, but saw the smoldering ruins the next morning on my way to work. Actually drove through toxic smoke. Trashing the biker bar is a common theme in movies. Like when a naked Terminator walks into the juke joint and demands of a pool player, 'I need your boots, your clothes and your motorcycle.' Or when Pee Wee Herman knocks over a row of Satans Helpers' choppers outside a biker bar is dragged back in and forced to tiptoe the Tequila Dance in platform heels.

The one biker bar in 'Hog Wild' survives unscathed is run by Paul Senior from American Chopper. Hollywood never pays homage, just calculates ways to cash in. Why not bring in fix-it guy Ty Pennington too? But they don't mess with Senior. Listen, everybody is going to see these films more than once when it gets rerun. So let me quote my old biker buddy, Abnorm from Saint Joe, 'do laundry at every chance, don't ever turn down sex and never gamble with a man named Doc.' Abnorm was a Jack London devotee and rode a rickety knucklehead. He had a pet dog with no name, 'never name anything you may have to eat.' Nothing to do with the review, but Abnorm was for real.

The only suspense in either film hovers around Johnny Blaze's girlfriend's barely buttoned blouse; will that last clasp hold? In true comic book fashion it does, bummer. Just as sad is Marisa Tomei not dressed like she was in 'My Cousin Vinny.' I think she's wearing a pup tent with frills. Her biological clock barely ticks. Oh yeah, and her small town bar gets trashed too, despite the weekend warriors' vow to protect it.

Listen, I love movies and nobody relates to a flaming skull more than I. Nothing, not a thing, compares to really riding a bike, no movie, no X-box, I-pod video game, or virtual reality will suffice. When you're in fierce elements and life hangs in balance, when every fiber of your being kicks into gear and cylinders fire a free rider's feeling that nourishes your soul; that my friends is the living end.

Kenn Hartmann

www.chicagobikerbars.com

Big Bikes for Little Tikes

Big Bikes for Little Tikes has been around for over 10 years. The vision of it is to make a "wish" of a seriously ill child in the Coulee Region come true! The last few years we have been able to accomplish the "wish" for the child and give the family the extra money raised to help with medical expenses as well.

Last year was our biggest ride yet with over 700 riders/passangers participating making it the State of Wisconsin's 2nd Biggest Annual Ride! This year we are riding for Megan Kupka from Arcadia. Megan and MacKayla Fernholz's (last years child) were best friends. In January of this year, MacKayla lost her battle with cancer AND 8 year old Megan was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor.

The ride is 100 miles through the scenic Coulee Region with all of the proceeds going to help the Big Bikes for Little Tikes child and The Rock Foundation.

Registration forms and Megan's story will be available at www.957therock.com under the Rock Foundation/BBLT 07' page beginning Wed., April 18th. \$15 in advance of the ride to register, \$20 day of. All preregistered riders will receive a free t-shirt and brat at the post ride party. This years party will again be at the SouthSide Oktoberfest Grounds with live music provided by The Headbolts Band! Contact Jean Taylor at 95.7 The Rock for more information. jean@957therock.com or 608-796-2528

She NEEDS a theraputic playset for her physical and occupational therapy at home. The surgery to remove most of the tumor left her with extremely limited movement in her upper torso and even less in the bottom. She will require daily therapy for over 2 years to return to anything close to her previous condition.

She has a 3 year old and 5 year old sister who she can "play" with on the speciality designed system to make her therapy more fun. Last year was MacKayla Fernholz from Arcadia. Check the BBLT 06' page on the Rock Foundation link for more info. Over the past couple years we have rode for Keith Deaver from Westby (deceased) who wanted to go to Disney.

Bryce Sylla from Ettrick who wanted to swim with dolphins and Garrett Williamson from Galesville who wanted to go to a NASCAR race and meet Matt Kenseth.

All those wishes have come true!

Written by Fred Mathews





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