

This was taken from the Wisconsin ABATE newsletter. [www.abatewis.org](http://www.abatewis.org)-Sent to me by Chubby

Brotherhood: n. the state of being a brother; a group or society of men united by a common interest; a fraternity. Every once and a while I like to see if Webster defines things the same as I do. Sometimes I think that one of us should just write a dictionary for bikers. In the biker dictionary this word alone could have a few pages dedicated to it. Now, I'm not saying that I disagree with the way Webster defined this word. I just think it means so much more. Take a little time out and think what it means to you. Brotherhood is what keeps us going. It is the essence of a bikers' soul. In a volunteer organization like ABATE of Wisconsin, it's the glue that binds us and the fuel that keeps us going. No matter what you ride, or what gender you are, brotherhood is always there for you. Bikers truly define brotherhood.

I spend a good amount of my free time attending meetings and events all over the state. When I'm not riding or spending time with my family, you'll most often find me reading something motorcycle related keeping up to speed with current legislation and public views about motorcyclists. Sometimes this can get pretty overwhelming because it seems all too often there's something to be pissed about. There is always somebody with a half-baked theory on how they can keep us all safe, happy and alive. Unfortunately, all of these theories seem to take away my freedoms. Thanks, but no thanks. So, just when I'm ready to go postal on everyone, I remember that I'm not alone. There are over six thousand like minded individuals that have the same fears as me. And that's just the ones that pony up the twenty five bucks a year to stay informed as bikers. Who knows how many bikers are out there unaware that there is an organization, a brotherhood, that is already fighting for these freedoms every day. I'm proud to be an ABATE of WI member. That is enough to keep my sanity. Just knowing that I'm not alone and that someone's got my back.

Never am I reminded of brotherhood more than at an ABATE event. Whether it's a chili cook-off, poker run, brat fry or just a good party, there is always a feeling of belonging. I've never felt unwelcome, and I always have a good time. The amount of effort members put into an event expecting nothing in return except a good time is amazing. Our state rally, the Summer Hummer, was no exception this year. The amount of effort and time it takes to run an event like that is substantial and it seemed to go off without a hitch. I'd like to commend everyone that worked so hard to make it a success. I met a lot of new people and caught up with a lot of old friends. It was nice to be able to relax and enjoy such great music and conversation. We can only hope that next year will be even better.

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## A Little Psychotic Reaction

By Kenn Hartmann

A stranger enters the saloon, sinister and aloof, eyes bleary, soul weary and the reflection in the mirror behind the bottles of booze is my own. Hard living and ordinary madness can be cured with a shot of jack. The sweet bartender mentions the latest study out of Great Britain warns marijuana may lead to psychosis. Sounds like an intriguing malady. The study concludes other drugs may be the root cause. Yeah, lysergic acid. Sweetie asks, 'What's psychosis anyway?' It isn't the fear of death, but the grim realization you're already dead. Sweetie raises an eyebrow. I explain my ex is a doctor of psychology and analyzed my every move. 'She's a doctor?' She's an insane bitch. Freaking shrinks and their bogus head games. To explore the wonder of disturbed minds, seek artists and poets experienced in Psychedelic Death and Vivisection of the Soul. Sweetie tends another patron and leaves me in the dream world.

So there I was, riding with a Navajo named Lester in the Land of Enchantment. Late night at a shitkickin' concertina joint on a lonesome stretch of Route 66. I parked in the shadows and emerged into the neon static, stiff legged digging underwear out of my ass. The sign above the entrance read, 'No Dogs or Indians Allowed.' Lester dressed cowboy but talked and walked Navajo. I was the dog that followed. Stepping inside, Lester took a grazing shot to the head from a looping right cross. He ducked and blocked instinctively and caught his assailant with a solid uppercut. We retreated while the hicks emptied out like a nest of hornets. I hopped onto my bike and fired it as one buckaroo stung me with pepper spray. I gunned it, eyes aflame; vengeance is mine! But he dodged and only caught a shower of gravel as I spun onto the highway. Lester roared alongside whooping like a psychotic freak. I hollered and throttled hard on the dark Mother Road.

At the edge of Grants, wary of cowboys and cops, we parked behind a line of semis and took advantage of a vacancy sign. To be safe, Lester put down Kenilworth as the vehicle make and then snuck each bike into the motel room. My back turn signal busted during the getaway and dangled by wires. I secured the light to the fender strut with shoestrings and said, 'No dogs or Indians? That's fucked up.' Lester replied, 'Welcome to Indigenous America.' My natural anger at injustice festered. Let's go back and beat 'em senseless. 'I'll let you go,' said Lester, 'I owe that cowboy money and he's pissed I'm humping his sister.' Hmm, paranoia seeps deep. I peeked through the dusty shade at idle trucks and single street lamp. The legendary Highway. Empty. Forlorn. No going back. That was thirty-five years ago. Nowadays, some cool bike rallies happen in Grants, New Mexico.

I wonder if Lester, the Navajo biker still haunts those roadhouses between Gallup and Albuquerque. Slugging down bottles of Twister and Thunderbird at every stop. Cruising with a cigarette glued to his lips. A madman, happily deranged and perpetually on a journey into the distant mountains. Many miles and years away, I look up from my beer, swirl it and apply the finishing gulp bringing myself reluctantly into the present. Not many hipsters in this gin mill on Western Avenue in Chicago. Sweetie brings another beer and I ask if she can put Count Five on the juke. 'Never heard them.' She just spent a 3-day weekend in Grant Park at Lollapalooza '07 and saw all 396 bands but didn't see Count Five. Well, I explain, they weren't there or anywhere else lately. They were a 60's garage band, a precursor to punk. Their big hit made number 5 on the charts in 1966. Bemused, she says her mom was born that year. What a coincidence. She asks, 'How'd the song go?' I recite, 'I can't get your love, not even a fraction. Uh-oh, little girl, psychotic reaction.' Of course, Count Five's beat is better than I can muster.

-Kenn Hartmann

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