



## BLACK & WHITE BLUES I

SPEED. Everybody wants it. Everybody needs it. And everybody's gotta have it. Right—

*we want the world  
and we want it...*

THE DOORS

now. In a society where the attention span compresses exponentially by the nanosecond and MTV styled sound-bites and 30-second commercials consistently placate the A.D.D. Ritalin-obsessed short circuits, we are propelled unrelentingly on a Quest to have everything now, not then; yesterday, not today. Goods, Services, Emotions, Sex—et cetera, et cetera... ad nauseam.

Who Breathes? Deeply.  
Once more. With feeling.

I remember seeing a Beetle Bailey comic strip where Miss Buxley exclaims, “Everyone should take time to stop and smell the roses.” And Beetle replies, “Not me, I like to stop and feel the grass grow.”

Who stops? For a moment.  
To feel the wind blowin.

I had been riding in LA for over two years on a non-registered bike with expired tags, out of state plate and no insurance. I reckoned it was about time for the balance to start swingin in the other direction. Figured I was due.

Like the first time I got popped for doing a 100 mph. Took it in stride, though. Bound to happen, I told myself. Fortunately, I wasn't on my bike. That definitely would've made matters worse. But not this time. Four wheels beneath me and legal reg in the glove box. No sweat.

When I first got to LA, Bobby got me a gig driving cars for this rental agency. All over the City of Angels. Got to learn it real fast, too. The City—and the Angels. And everyday I raced myself thru traffic to get to that next car just to race thru traffic again to get to the next. And everyday I had to hit a hundred. Just for a stretch. One car—one stretch. So, sooner or later, I knew the hammer would drop.

Had been going on eight months when I saw the cherries light up behind me. Drag. Was making my way thru the Grapevine on up to San Fran. BAM. A hundred miles an hour. Yeah. I was due.

You think that woulda slowed me up a tad. Smell the Roses. Feel the Grass grow. Ha. Not a chance. Without insurance to worry about premiums and a 'Get Out of Jail Free' card, I wasn't about to blow my streak. Principles, baby.

Paid the ticket, did my time (in traffic court) and hit the road, Jack. Did you know, though, if you double the speed limit in any particular zone (or hit triple digits), Officer Friendly is supposed to take you in? Course, then he'd have to do all that paperwork *and* lose his collar. And we can't have that, now can we? Johnny Law doing his job...

But, hey, I wasn't complaining. County's no place I wanna be spending the afternoon. Thank you, no. And that's not where I was headed that day. No Sir. He wrote me up for 80 and I was outta there. Got a job to do, and I do it well. So, excuse me y'all—I'm off to Hell.