

The Anonymity That Is... NOT
Chair 10. Narrative.
Title: **Outlaw (A Way Of Life)**

Along with a pre-disposition for liking most things to a point of abuse, I was equally born into the tribe of “Motor-Head”.

In my tweens and early teens, I lived across the street of the first chopper shop in my home town. Those mean old outlaws were good to us neighbor kids. They’d let us eyeball the chrome candy in the front of the shop while we dreamed up ideas on how to build our bicycles to look like a chopped Harley. Cranky old men and mean old outlaws maybe, but they loved us punks, and we loved them.

Most all of us have, at some time, worked for, with or at least been fans of musicians, famous or not, that have passed on from the “Way of Life”. We grieve them to this day.

When I was a newcomer, I walked into rooms where the motorheads and rock stars saw me coming. We seem to gravitate to our “comrades”, eh?

Well, several of these same old outlaws, walked across the room to grab me by the shoulders, give me a big bear hug and proclaimed, “you never have to feel that way again”.

They are still living the LIFE, while still...LIVING.