



This magazine was launched a month ago, and by the end of May, the premiere issue had been viewed by thousands of cyclists across 57 countries and six continents.

I hope this second issue reaches such a large and widespread audience as May did, and that readers continue to send me such positive comments.

There's an almost limitless supply of cyclingrelated content to be discovered on the Web; I hope you enjoy reading what I've chosen as much as I did uncovering it.

Paul S. Kramer, publisher, editor, designer, and cyclist



Captured moments: Amsterdam





The two-wheeled city that's always in motion, here caught in time





captured moments





Time is like the wind—it lifts the light and leaves the heavy.

- Domenico Cieri Estrada

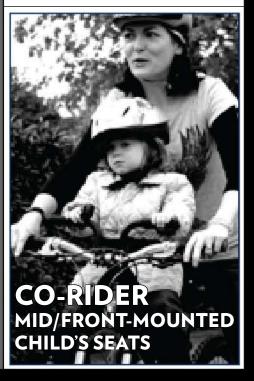


VIDEO TUTORIALS

My name is Alex Ramon.



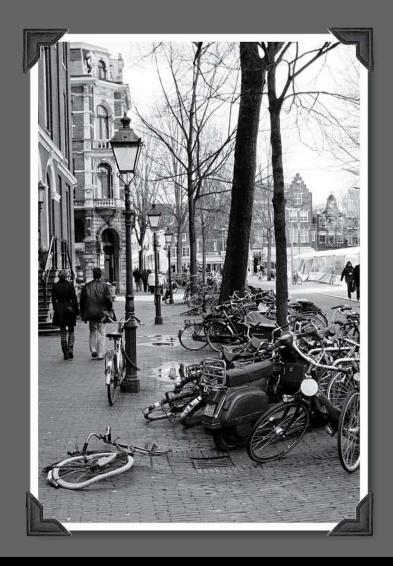
The purpose of this site is to help people learn how to fix their own bikes. While I don't work in a shop anymore, I still have all of my tools, so I might as well share what I know.



captured moments



Velo Transit Bicycle Packs, Bags & Accessories Velo Transit is an Active Outdoor Design Team, designing and building high quality specialty outdoor gear. We manufacture functional backpacks with the most comfortable fit available. Our goal is your satisfaction. www.velotransit.com Time is what prevents everything from happening at once. - Sohn Archibald Wheeler



riders collective

TCCIANCIC SOLITAIP For the coming millennium, the author attempted a solo ride in Iceland circling all the way around—10 Centuries in 10 days

the way around—10 Centuries in 10 days









THIS IS NOT THE STORY I PLANNED TO WRITE;

not the story I crafted over and over in my mind while I pedaled my bike on its trainer before dawn in the cold garage; or while I jogged on the treadmill during my lunch hour; or while I reclined in my seat, trying to sleep on the five-hour flight to the starting line of my adventure. No, this is not that hero's tale-the triumphant, self-congratulating boastings of a road warrior-because, simply, things did not turn out that way.



By Paul S. Kramer Previously published in Adventure Cyclist magazine

t all began over two years ago, during my annual physical. While standing goose-bumped on the doctor's scale, I faced the reality that the slow accumulation and drifting of my midsection would have to be held in check, or soon I would be forced to go out and purchase a new wardrobe.

So shortly after, I joined a health club, bought new sneakers, and a Walkman. But lacking motivation—a goal more worthy of such sacrifice—I found every excuse imaginable to avoid a trip to the club. I just couldn't drag myself to the gym without a payoff more interesting than simply the disappearance of my love handles; I needed to

suggested training for a century ride as a way to get in shape. I had a 23-year-old Raleigh Competition 10-speed that I hadn't ridden since my 10-yearold son was born, and the idea of a long bike ride appealed to me more out of nostalgia than anything else. But even given the dilapidated state of my physique, 10 months seemed like a long time to prepare for a single, 100-mile event. So, influenced by all the Y2K hoopla of the times, the century ride idea morphed into a "millennium ride": ten centuries, back to back; 1000 miles over 10 days.

Now having the why and the what, I just needed the where. I searched the atlas for someplace not too hot or too

Learning about its volcanoes and ice caps and geysers and hot springs, it seemed anything but ordinary

visualize something exotic and enticing while gasping for air with my heartbeat hammering in my ears.

Flipping through a fitness magazine for inspiration, I came across an article that

hilly, nor too dangerous or too ordinary. But while these were important considerations, I was most worried about pace: How could I cover each day's century in the most relaxed way possible? I

realized that the more daylight I had to ride in each day, the slower the speed I could

average in order to complete the day's 100 miles. Ideally, I fantasized, I would ride where the sun would never set; and studying

the

globe, I hit upon a place that met my requirements: Iceland. In June, Iceland averages a balmy 55°F, due to the warming effects of the Gulf Stream. While rugged and mountainous, its towns and main roads are all located along the less difficult coastal terrain. I read that its police did not carry guns, and took that as an indication of its safety; and learning about its

volcanoes and ice caps and geysers and hot springs, it seemed anything but ordinary. And best of all, in June,

I would be blessed with 24 hours of sunlight.

But what settled the matter was the discovery that Iceland's only "highway," a two-lane, mostly-paved road that circles the country around its perimeter, was almost exactly a 1,000-mile loop. It seemed to be a sign that I had picked the perfect route for my millennium ride. I chose a June 17th departure date so that

the northern-most leg of the ride, passing 20 miles from the Arctic Circle, would coincide with the summer solstice. When I discovered that June 17th was Iceland's Independence Day, I once again felt the hand of fate at work.

I determined to be as fit as possible by June, and having given myself this challenge made all the difference in my attitude toward exercise. In addition to the 30-minute **→**

rides before work, and the lunch hours spent at the gym, I swore off the elevator at the office, climbing the 319 steps to the 20th floor four or five times a day. I also gave up all sweets and desserts, ultimately losing 15 pounds of unnecessary baggage.

I spent many hours preparing for my trip in non-physical ways, as well. I learned about the country and its highway, exchanging emails with riders from France, Germany, and Ireland that I met on Icelandic Internet bulletin boards. I was tipped off to the steepest hills, most primitive stretches of unpaved road, and even the best places to grab lunch along the way. I researched the clothing and equipment I would need, buying all sorts of specialized

> paraphernalia, from Goretex socks to a waterproof camera.

Best of all. I treated myself to a new bike: a superbly hand-crafted. steel-framed. 27-speed touring machine from Independent Fabrication in Somerville.

Massachusetts. Outfitted with three bottle cages, fenders, front and rear racks, and knobby tires, I certainly would go off in style, no matter how I returned.

And wanting to pamper myself to compensate for the ambitious daily distances planned. I made hotel reservations for each of the nine nights-not an easy feat, since there are probably not more

pairs of gloves (for mild, cold, and wet conditions), a plastic visor for my helmet to keep the rain off my glasses, 24 Clif Bars, and dozens of other

I swore off the elevator at the office, climbing the 319 steps to the 20th floor four or five time a day...losing 15 pounds

than 20 hotels throughout the entire countryside outside of the capital. When June 17th finally came around. I was prepared both aerobically and materially, with hand-made. laminated daily-route maps (with useful phrases printed on the backs in English and Icelandic),

three different

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essentials. carefully arranged in panniers to balance the weight. I hung small waterproof tags from the zippers of each saddlebag,

listing its contents to I was sleep-deprived but filled with avoid energy and enthusiasm as I pointed the unnecesfront wheel north and pushed off. sary searching

on the road. Then, packing it all with the bike into a hardshell case that I rented for the occasion, I made my way by bus to the airport.

The flight left New York at 9:30 p.m. and landed five hours later at Keflavik International Airport, 6:30 a.m. local

Icelandic word, by the way). This schedule also results in the entire airport being deserted by 7 a.m., so by the time I pedaled from the parking lot onto the road leading north, I was quite alone.

The stretch of highway from the airport to Reykjavik is not

time. After spending an hour assembling my bike, I pushed the rolling pack-horse outside into the Icelandic morning. All arrivals into Iceland land in the early morning, and all flights depart in the afternoon. Using this ingenious schedule, coupled with low fares on one-stop flights from the U.S. to the Continent that pass through Keflavik, Iceland enjoys the economic benefits of tourists having half a day to kill between flights. Tour busses line up at the airport to take captive travelers on shopping excursions to Reykjavik, the capital, 30 miles to the north, or on sightseeing trips to the local hot springs, waterfalls, and geysers (an



Adventure Cycling Association

actually part of Iceland's single national highway, Route 1 (or as they call it, The Ring Road), that I would pick

up in the capital to officially start my clockwise circumnavigation back to Reykjavik. It is 30 forlorn miles, even

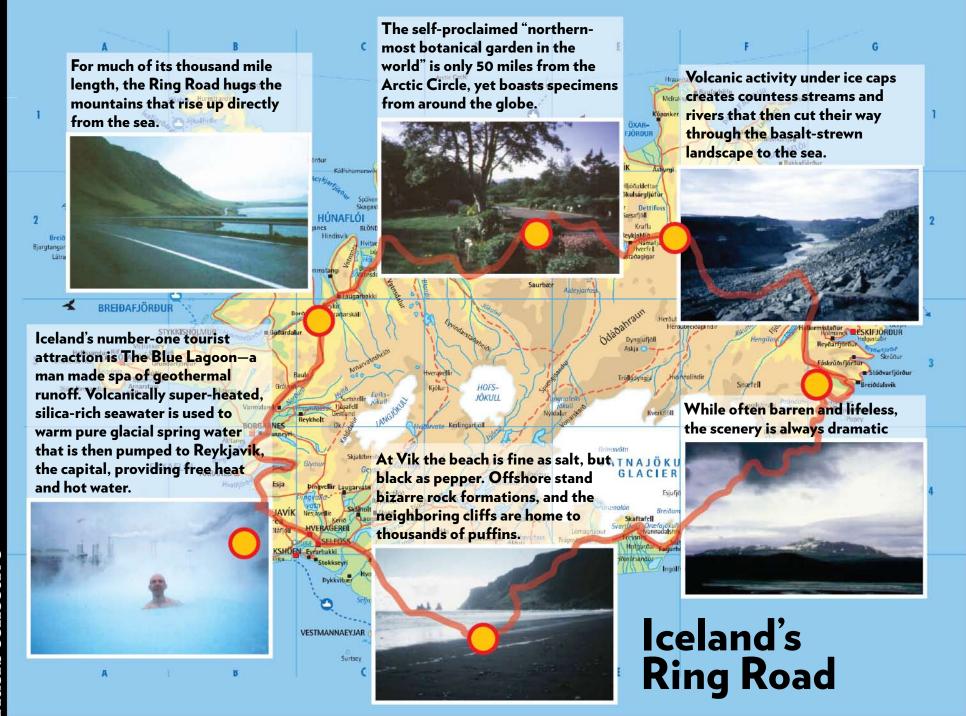
by Icelandic standards—flat, and lacking any drama in its scenery, with monotonous views to the west of the gray sea's horizon, and to the east, over ancient, moss-covered lava fields that vanish into a fog-obscured background.

I was sleep-deprived but filled

with energy and enthusiasm as I pointed the front wheel north and pushed off. The day I had







been imagining for so many miles on the treadmill and for countless steps up the fire stairs to my office was finally here.

It wasn't the 40° air and the driving rain that surprised me; I had anticipated both, and was armed with a polypropylene undershirt, a fleece balaclava. neoprene lobster mitts, waterproof pants and jacket, and rain covers for my helmet, shoes, and panniers. No. it was the wind that came as a shock. It seemed to come from all points of the compass at once, with the force of a titanic ocean wave. How could all of my research have failed to warn me of this local meteorological phenomenon?

There was nothing to do but hunch down and pedal on. But even this simple strategy proved almost impossible. When the wind came at me from any direction other than directly in front or behind, my loaded frame became a sail, and my bike would tack violently to port or starboard. And being on a two-lane road, with no shoul-

der, this meant either veering into the path of passing cars or sailing off the road, down a steep embankment,

and onto jagged volcanic debris. It took every fiber of strength to

keep the front tire on the wet white line that marked the edge of the pavement.

Four hours later, I sighted the spires and towers of the

I was just in time to watch the sun set in the north at 1:00 a.m., dipping into the orange sea to rise again 10 minutes later

only city on an island the size of Kentucky, where 150,000 of Iceland's 250,000 inhabitants live. Having averaged around 7 miles an hour, I quickly calculated that at this pace I would reach my first night's hotel at about 10 p.m., assuming I didn't

> make a single stop. A tiny feeling of dread began to form at the bottom of my empty stomach.

According to my biological clock, it was time for breakfast, but local time said it was time for lunch; my stomach was ready for both,

and then some. I navigated the narrow downtown streets looking for a restaurant where a dripping cyclist would be welcome, finally settling on a dreary-looking candy store with a lunch counter at the back. Sliding my tray along with numb fingers, seeing that vegetarians had quite a limited selection, I settled on mashed potatoes and Gatorade. It was delicious

I then headed out of the city on the Ring Road towards Borgarnes, 70 miles to the north. Now I not only had to deal with the cold and the rain and the wind, but also, due to the long Icelandic Independence Day weekend, had to steer clear of the early departing city travelers heading north to the town of Akureyri, whose 15,000 residents made up Iceland's second largest settlement.

Fortunately, the traffic dropped to zero when the exit came for the tunnel under the nearby fjord. The newly opened shortcut avoids 30 miles of road that snake ---

along the edge of the fingerlike bay; every car headed for it, leaving me completely alone. The countryside opened up before me like a pop-up book: a clear, shallow fjord on my left, bald and rounded hills rising up suddenly on my right, and the blacktop under me the only evidence of humanity. To top it all off, I enjoyed a tailwind as I coasted down a moderate incline at 45 mph. But, after a few exhilarating seconds, the highway twisted around the mouth of the fjord, and the tailwind suddenly broadsided me as I fought to stay upright.

Despite the conditions, I was savoring the solitude, and was disappointed when the posttunnel traffic rejoined the Ring Road, continuing the journey northwards. Occasionally a truck driving south would approach at breakneck speed, and as it passed I would be helpless in its wake of wind and water. Literally blown off the road several times. I learned to dismount, huddle, and wait at the sight of any oversized, oncoming shape.

At one point, after pushing my bike against a headwind

for about 30 minutes and becoming somewhat addled with hypothermia, I stopped, turned around, and stuck out my thumb. I stood like this for about 10 minutes, during which time about five cars whooshed past, spraying me with water before disappearing into the fog. I reflected on the fact that I was a stranger in a strange land,



one: cars went too fast to stop; two: there was no shoulder to stop on in they could; and three: even if they could pull over, their subcompact size would force me to abandon my bicycle and leave my gear behind. I faced up to the fact that unless a group of pokey American tourists from some do-goody church, traveling in a rented passenger van, came along, I was out of luck. Facing my destination once again, I slogged on.

At a forlorn gas station's diner, truly in the middle of nowhere. I savored a dinner of chocolate cake and coffee,

town along the Ring Road I came to since leaving the Capital 11 hours earlier. Coming around a bend in the serpentine coastline, I made out the lights of the tiny fishing village, illuminated against the rain and fog. The bland collection of low buildings was huddled on a spit of land extending out into the concave mouth of a fjord. The highway reached it by a low

The wind seemed to come at me from all points of the compass at once with the force of a titanic ocean wave

sitting in a booth with my helmet on, my fingers being too numb to unclip its strap. I considered calling the hotel and begging them to come and fetch me, but the hot coffee pepped me up and gave me the strength to go on. I headed back into the teeth of the biting wind,

head down, pushing my bike along, trying to urge myself on by singing marches in a full, waterlogged shout, heard by no one.

In this way I slowly made my way to Borgarnes, the first causeway, where the headwinds nearly pinned me in place. In a climactic end to a 15-hour day, for 30 minutes I fought for each yard separating me from my bed.

I arrived at the small hotel to find the kitchen closed, and my visions of a hot dinner dashed. Parking my bike in the basement. I removed the rain covers from the panniers to discover about a quart of water trapped in the bottom of each. With what little strength I had left, I laughed at the memory of my maniacal obsession with •••

saving ounces as I prepared for this trip, only to unwittingly haul eight pounds of useless ballast through the day.

Then, finally reaching my room, I removed my helmet to discover an enormous welt

balance of the trip was undramatic by comparison—which isn't to say it was uneventful. The next morning, looking out the window and seeing the same foul weather as the day before, I knew that I

I savored a dinner of chocolate cake and coffee, sitting in a booth with my helmet on, my fingers too numb to unclip it.

under my chin. While its rain cover had kept the rain off of my head, it also had prevented the wind from escaping as it blew upwards from the ground. (Yes, the wind even blew in that direction.) So there had been a constant upwards pull on the helmet and, subsequently, on the strap. I looked like someone who had been decapitated and then had his head sewn back on. But at that point, I couldn't worry about it; I collapsed on the bed and, undisturbed by the midnight sun, obscured as it was by the thick clouds, I sank into a hard-earned sleep. One century down and nine to go.

After battling the Gods of Wind, Water, Cold, and Fog for 15 hours in order to complete that first day's century, the

couldn't keep up the pace. But I was too exhausted to feel disappointed with myself, and was satisfied to have made it that far. So studying the map, I revised my itinerary: I would split the two following 100mile days in half, covering 50 miles a day for four days, arriving in the city of Akurevri on the fifth day, instead of on the third as I had planned.

There, still 650 miles from the completion of my goal, and having only five days to cover them in, I would rent a car and continue around the country on four wheels instead of two. Fortunately, the balance of the trip went smoothly. The relaxed quota allowed me to be less anxious when the wind slowed my pace to a funereal plod. And

though the gusts kept up for the next four days, the rain stopped after the second day, and the two days following were crystal clear.

The third night, on the eve of the solstice, I hiked up a 2,000foot hill across from the boarding school, converted to a summer hotel, where I was staying. The small mountain was a perfect cone, completely composed of fist-sized chunks of volcanic rock. I scrambled up it for two hours in my hard-soled cycling shoes and, reaching the top—a pointed peak just broad enough to stand on—I was just in time to watch the sunset in the north at 1:00 a.m., dipping into the orange sea to rise again 10 minutes later in the same spot. It was a moment that gave all the misfortunes leading up to it a worthwhile purpose. Whatever else might happen from here on out, I thought, can't diminish the awesome feeling of gazing out across the Arctic Circle under a golden midnight sun.

The drive from Akureyri back to Reykjavik, while not the cycling adventure I had planned, was terrific, nonetheless. I stood

alone at the precipice of Europe's most powerful waterfall, not a tourist or concession stand or even a signpost in sight. I traversed the perimeter of a crater lake, ringed with snow and set within a Martian landscape of cracked sand and distorted boulders. (Nearby, NASA trained astronauts for the first moon mission.) I hiked through a landscape of smoking earth, pock-marked with pits of boiling, sulfurous mud; while later that same day, I stood on a river bank and watched iridescent blue, boat-sized icebergs calved from a glacier drifting out to sea. And on the southern coast I walked along a beach where the sand was fine as sugar and black as coal, and immersed my body in a manmade lagoon of steaming hot water as gale-force winds blew sleet in my exposed face.

Iceland may not be the touring cyclist's paradise I had hoped to discover. But go anyway; in this amazing island of water, fire, and ice, you're guaranteed to take home memories for a lifetime.

Paul Kramer is a cyclist and publisher of Riders' Collective. greater efficiency, better aerodynamics, reduced knee and back strain—

but if your motivation is comfort, this quide might be of help.



The most common type of recumbent is the chopper-like, "LONG WHEELBASE RECUMBENT". LWB's typically have relatively low bottom brackets that are placed behind the front wheel. Because the pedals do not have to be as high to clear the front wheel, the cyclist does not have to be laid back in an extreme riding position. LWB's are great for almost any type of cycling-recreation, commuting, and touring.

La-Z-Boy Dalton La-Z-Time



Restwell Rimini Cherry Swivel Recliner



The "COMPACT LONG WHEEL-BASE RECUMBENT" typically has a bottom bracket that is slightly higher than Long Wheelbase Recumbents because it is closer to the front wheel. This places the rider in a slightly more laid back, aerodynamic position.



Bicycle photos and descriptions courtesy of: bicycleapparel.com

iderscollectiv

SEPARAATIBIRT -

separated at birth



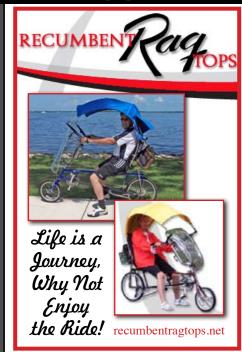
"SHORT WHEELBASE RECUMBENTS" have pedals positioned in front of the front wheel so the foot position is very high forcing the rider into a laid back more aerodynamic position. SWB's are more appealing to individuals that want greater performance. They are lighter and more compact. The front wheel is under, or just in front of the rider's knees, pedals are raised up to seat height or higher resulting in better weight distribution, and handling.







SHORT WHEELBASE LOW RACER were initially designed only for closed-course racing. They are so low that your palms can touch the ground. Your body is laid back and your feet are up high. For safety reasons, these bikes are not recommended for street riding. They are so low to the ground that it is difficult for motorists to see a low racer on the road.







Dave Trubridge's Floor Hammock Rocking Recliner

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SHORT WHEELBASE HIGH RACER have laid-back seats and high pedals putting the cyclist in an extreme riding position.



La-Z-Boy Vegas Chair

RECUMBENT TRIKES can either have two wheels in the front (referred to as a "Tadpole"), or two wheels in the back (referred to as a "Delta")



La-Z-Boy Riley Recliner





grease, or sprockets to injure or tangle up your child's feet and legs! The bike is propelled by the child pushing with their feet, and eventually running and gliding with their feet off of the ground.

The Strider bike has no pedals, cables, chain,

Janelle Scruggs, owner of Portland Strider Bikes, and her son at 20 months, when he became a strider rider.

portlandstriderbikes.com

Larson Upholstered Sofa with Center Console by La-Z-Boy





RECUMBENT TANDEMS are recumbent bicycles built for two people to ride on one bike together.

Everything I need to know about life I can learn from my bicycle.

Everything I need to know about life I can learn from my bicycle.

Dave Moulton, ex-framebuilder, writes on his blog, davesbikeblog. squarespace.com, that life is like a bike ride: it's not the destination but the journey that's important.

everything I need to know

Each morning I awake is like starting out on a fresh ride, I have a rough idea of what is in store for me on today's ride.

However, when I actually get out on the road. I know there will be variables. Weather. traffic, mechanical problems, maybe a flat tire.

I do not set out expecting the worst, but I should not be surprised when little

"Accidental." In reality it is all natural, all part of life's journey.

I may be riding in rush hour traffic, some are driving in an orderly manner, and others are in a hurry, driving erratically, cutting in front of people. Add to this, hoards of pedestrians on the sidewalk and crossing the street.

It all seems like chaos. when in fact everyone has a destination; they all have

The road I travel is the one I choose, although I may need to steer a course around a few obstacles. I have to remind myself, every moment is as it should be.

Attitude is like a bicycle. A good one will make the ride easier and more pleasurable.

crime, the economy, various mishaps and misfortunes.

There is no point in dwelling on the negative, because it will only spoil the enjoyment of my ride. It is best that I just ride my bike, observe what is happening, and deal with the problems as they occur.

Like a flat tire, it is not very pleasant at



setbacks occur. Life is a stream of surprises. The things we like we call "Natural," what we dislike we call

individual plans and know where they are going. Life too appears chaotic, but beneath the surface it is not.

my bike it is best that I simply to pay attention observe what is happening and react to situations as they happen. In life bad things happen, there is

the moment I am dealing with it, however, once fixed I am back enjoying the ride again. Expect the best, but deal with the less than perfect situation as it happens. ->

Running a business is like a bike race. Or for that matter dealing with a day to day household budget.

My level of fitness is the experience and knowledge I have accumulated over the vears. Mistakes I made in the past are like those hard training miles I put in.

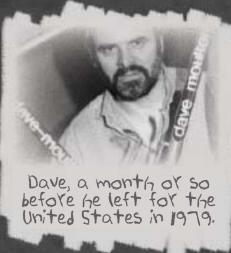
The amount of money I have in the bank, or as income, is like the amount of energy I have. Unless I use it wisely I will not last the distance. If I have no plan and I chase every breakaway that goes up the road my energy (Money.) will soon run out.

Riding along in the pack is like being financially comfortable, I am conserving my energy and I am not being wasteful. However, if I want to get ahead I will have expend some of my energy.

Waiting for the right break and seeing that there are other good riders there, is like waiting for the right business opportunity at the right moment.

I make a big effort; spend some of my energy. I may have team members who will help me. These are like valued employees or good friends. If I am successful I will come out ahead and will get my reward.

If I fail I may get caught by the pack and I am at least no worse off than I was before. On the other hand, I may



have expended so much energy that I get dropped by the pack and I am now playing catch up.

I am now in debt and the only way to catch up is to put in a super human effort. If I don't, out here riding alone I am spending more energy than when I was in the pack,

just to stay level and possibly falling further behind in spite of it.

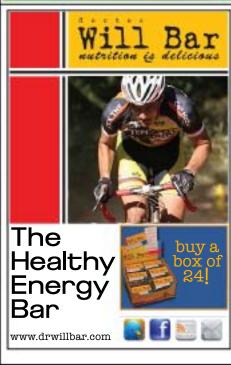
The speed, at which I catch up, depends on the effort I put in and whether I have people who drop back to help me catch up.

However, unlike a bike race life is ongoing and the effort I put in while I was "Off the back," was good training for the future.

I'm sure there are plenty more analogies of life and my bike; they will have to wait for another day as I think of them. In the mean time, perhaps you can expand on mine, or think of new ones.

Dave Moultan's an ex-bicycle framebuilder whose bikes have been ridden in the Tour de France, Olympics, and World Championships. Originally from England, he's lived in the US since 1979. He lives in South Carolina, where he's a freelance writer with a published novel called "Prodigal Child." Bicycles he built in the 1980s are still being used by enthusiasts in America and the UK.







and nobody at all sings for you. You're staring at the road, or at the sky, or at your reflection in a coffee in a place where you've sheltered from weather you'd swear you'd never be caught dead in at home.

wo months into my meander from the bottom of Britain to the top on a small folding bicycle, I rolled up to a phone box in Edinburgh. It was getting dark. I scanned my WWW list for promising comrades under 'Scotland'. WWW is a travel friendship organization of women in 70 countries. The idea is that you decide where you would like to visit, look up the list, and contact the woman asking if you would be welcome to visit. It works both ways.

It is a great organization to promote safe travelling for the threatened sex. You can pick a seemingly dangerous country and travel there knowing that welcoming arms await you. Armed with this list I had punctuated my masochistic cycling and camping regime with comfortable stays in members' houses. Now, I circled the name of a 25-year old girl who worked in marketing.

A young man answered the phone. I introduced myself in the same manner as I had always done: Australian, travelling through Britain on a small bicycle.

"She doesn't live here anymore, "he said, "she lives in London and I'm renting her house."

"No problem," I said, not wanting to intrude, "I'll go find a hostel."

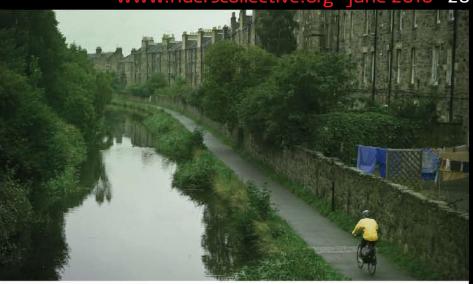
He protested. "Ah no, I'd hate to see you stuck. Come on 'round!"

When I got to the house, a young and hunky Scottish lad opened the door. In case you think you are about to hear a tale of lurid and kinky travel sex involving a sporran, a bagpipe and a tin of Scottish shortbread, I must disappoint you.

Anthony tossed me a bunch of keys. "Here," he said. "Sleep in my room. I'm going to spend a couple of days with my girlfriend." We chatted a little, I gave him my spiel in fast forward, then he left.

I unloaded my bicycle and took it back down the four flights of stairs for a spin around that majestic old city, bumping my way over the cobbles. I rode past cool bars full of well and warmly dressed Scottish yuppies, nibbling smoked salmon pizza and sipping beer. I rode up to Arthur's Seat,

LYNETTE CHIANG—aka <u>galfromdownunder</u>—spent nine years as the founding Chief Customer Evangelist for Bike Friday USA.



the peak of a chunk of wilderness complete with lochs and rocky outcrops, seemingly cut out from the far north with scissors and plonked in the centre of the city. On the top of the hill, I turned 35.

coasted down the mountain and got back to the empty flat. As I shook out my things I noticed something different. On the table was a small cake, a candle and a card. Inspired by the tale of my first little travel fling with a young Scottish shepherd who turned out to be not-so-sheepish after a not-so-wee dram, Anthony had cheekily gone out of his way to find a card with a... sheep on it. Happy birthday from all of us at #242 Prince, the card read.

Now, whenever we meet someone, most of us

do a little calculation in our heads, which goes something like this: I am going to know you for this long, so I will give you this much of energy. And no more. We all do it. How much did Anthony give?

He walked in the door. "Ach, I felt so sorry for you, alone on your birthday," he said, lighting the candle and cutting into the cake.

Up till that point I had forded streams, battled the wilds of the Dartmoor plain, ground my way up mountains and cowered in my tent in a dark field fearful of weirdos in distant camper vans. Meandering through a strange country on a bicycle can be cold, wet, lonely and full of unknowns.

In that moment I felt as warm and as well known as a pair of fluffy old tartan slippers.

layout design: <u>designstudiolb.com</u>

riders collective

Cycle Chic Manifesto



every opportunity, I will choose Style over Speed.

2. I embrace my responsibility to

contribute visually to a more aesthetically pleasing urban landscape.

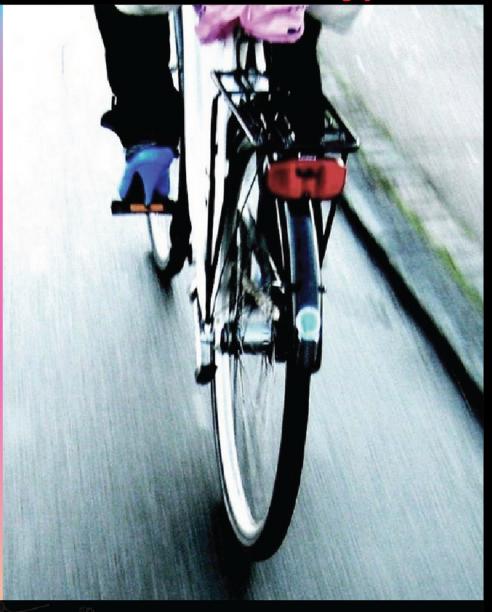
3. I am aware that my mere presence in said urban **landscape** will inspire others without

me being

labelled as a 'bicycle activist'.



5. I will choose a bicycle that reflects my personality and style.









Since 2006, the stylistas at copenhagencyclechic.com have been the arbiters of biking attire. Here, their 10 rules of the road



manifesto

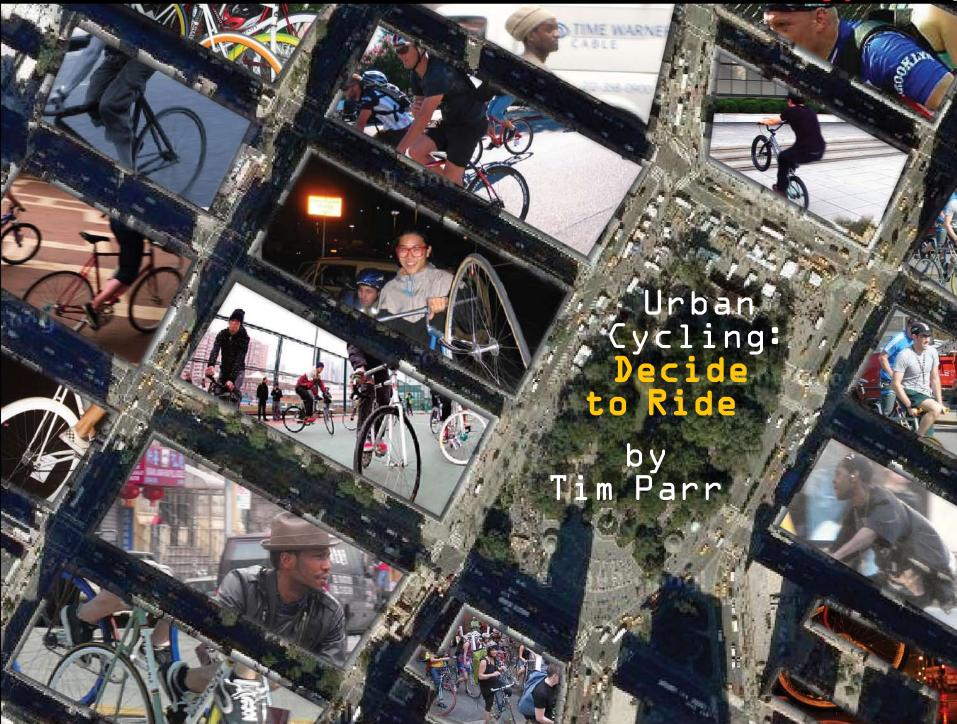


- 6. I will, however, regard my bicycle as transport and as a mere supplement to my own personal style. Allowing my bike to upstage me is unacceptable.
- 7. I will endeavour to ensure that the total value of my clothes always exceeds that of mv bicvcle.
- 8. I will accessorize in accor-dance with the standards of a bicycle culture and acquire, where possible, a chain guard, kickstand, skirt

guard, fenders, bell and basket.

- 9. I will respect the traffic laws.
- 10. I will refrain from wearing and owning any form of 'cycle wear'. The only exception being a bicycle helmet—if I choose to exercise my freedom of personal choice and wear one.





ders collectiv



some sort of anal aerobic league bowler looking like a neon stuffed sausage, saying that bikes are a good thing was progressive and, for the most part, a look into the future. I'm not necessarily referring to mountain bikes or anything else that has been mass marketed in the last 20 years. I'm just talking about the thing with two wheels that sits in everybody's hallways and has been underneath just about every ass across America. The bicycle, the one we all have ridden in all of its many shapes, a timeless piece of cool • It has endured. The one place in America where bikes can thrive and reach their full

potential is in urban -

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centers. If you look in the city streets you'll see the bicycle in its purest state. It's an act of personal expression, it's transportation, it's green and, above all else, it is so damn right. Cycling in the cities



has got more flavor than anything in sports that I've seen in the last several years. Not only is it the best thing to happen to the bicycle, but urban cycling also has a backbone of passion inspired from a true creative sense -- and individualism. To leave the car at home and cruise through the city streets is strength. And in today's over-hyped world of action sports that strength is more extreme that any freakin' bungee cord or mobile snowboard exhibition travelling through Pensacola.

Deciding to ride that two-wheeled piece of shit rusting in the garage to get downtown is the most prolific piece of performance art I can ever hope to witness or

experience. Take five years of higher education, 20 years of swimming upstream and 30 years of thinking how a person can leave their mark in the world: it all comes together and makes sense when you decide to ride.

And not only is urban cycling unique 1 it's

also diverse. Take, for example, the bike-messenger scene. Not known to many people, there is a global underground racing circuit called Alley Cat racing. They're illegal. They're aerobic punk rock. They happen right downtown with no street closures, no support vehicles, no fat endorsements and,







spokepunchers.com custom bike gear for beasts more importantly, no uptight self-proclaimed experts. When you take a look at what's going on, it's urban sport in one of its purest forms. It's a racing format that can be found in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Berlin. London and every other major metropolis around the world. It's a scene run by

bike messengers in places where most sanctioned bike racers wouldn't have the guts to show up. What's even more impressive is that these guys pull off events with the organizational finesse of

-bikecommuters.com

www.flashbakonline.com

Martha Stewart coupled with the passion of Ali. It's something to see.

Last 4th of July there was an Alley Cat race in NYC that drew riders from up and down the Eastern seaboard, and even as far away as San Francisco. The format runs like this: At the beginning of the race each messenger is handed a manifesto, which is a list of 10-15 check points. At each check point, each rider is required to get something or perform some act. After all the check points are met, it's a mad dash to the finish.

With a start in Manhattan, and the finish line in Brooklyn, riders found themselves in and out of porn shops, cemeteries, government buildings and touristridden hell holes. It's obvious that a certain level of street smarts is mandatory if you

have any intentions of finishing one of these. About an hour later, the first group came riffling over the finish line spewing stories of cabdriver angst, the rush of hooking the back of ---





trucks across the Manhattan Bridge and a hundred other near-death experiences. Clearly the beginnings of urban folklore.

After it was all said and done, the winner of the day got a plane ticket to the world championships and last place got a set of jumper cables (everybody in-between received some

signature of merit for just showing dirty teeth). So shines a good deed in a weary world. We're talking about a networked nationwide underground scene that rewards its participants for being in top physical shape, as well as shells out prizes to those with the biggest spirits. As I look at what our society awards our top athletes,

and how sports marketing plans are designed to feed on the weak self-esteem of sport participants, I can only hope that this holy grail of networked Olympiads somehow sheds some light.

Not only is the bike a great athletic piece of steel in the cities, but it's also a way to save your mind. Once my friend Woo and I were sitting on the corner of Market and 2nd Street in San Francisco watching a gridlock of cars aggravate one another as they inched their way through the intersection. We sat there slinked over our bikes and he says to me in a moment of unemphasized reality, "You know, the streets can't get any wider." It seemed to make

sense. Then his face

really tweaks, and he squeaks out, "And the buildings? They can't get any skinnier." And for being such a simple statement, it's something that I wonder if anybody has really thought about. Streets can't get wider.





Get the cobwebs off the

decide to ride

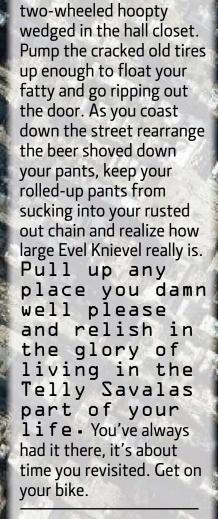
Buildings can't get skinnier. Which means that this shit is only going to get worse. But the beauty of riding bikes in any city is this: You don't care.

The overcrowding is inevitable, and you have a way to deal with it. It's that simple. No anti-car activism necessary here. To sit and preach about how bikes will radically resurrect our society is too hippity-dippity for me. When I see those bearded types who are convinced that bicycle transportation is on the horizon for everybody, I cringe · That doesn't work. Riding bikes is not for everybody. Change is a scary thing to the masses, and we are a car culture. And let's not forget that,

for the most part, we're also a bunch of lemmings. I don't expect the average Joe to put a .45 slug into the engine block of the family Chrysler.

The way I see it, after 30 years of questioning the establishment I don't find it alright to sit with the rest of the cattle in traffic. In fact, with alternative culture claiming the way it does these days, shlepping

along at a snails pace in traffic seems contradictory to youth culture in general. To sit on your ass in a car surrounded by crusty power suits who have surrendered themselves to traffic is hypocritical. I find it a warped sense of what is "normal." It surprises me that so many young people tolerate it. Get out.



Tim Parr is the founder of Swobo. He rides in Marin County. He ties his own flies. The End.













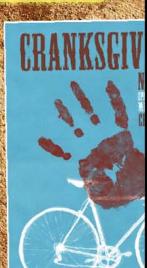
THE ART OF THE ALLEYCAT POSTER



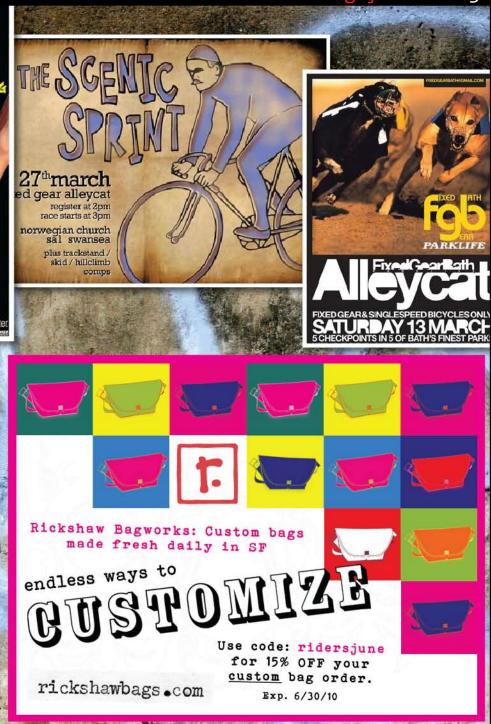














ROAD WARRIOR

the summer heat by reading one brave Canadian's tips on winter communting

by Peter Hickey

WHO CYCLES YEAR-ROUND. Winters here in Ottawa are relatively cold and snowy. Ottawa is the second coldest capital in the world. The following comments are the results my experiences. I am not recommending them, only telling you what works for me. You may find it useful, or you may find the stupid things that I do are humorous.

Since words like "very", "not too", etc. are very subjective, I will use the following definitions:

Cold:

Greater than 15°F Very cold:

O° through 15°F Extreme cold:

-15° through 0°F Insane cold: Below-15°F

Basic philosophy:

1) If its good, don't ruin it; if its junk, you needn't worry. 2) I use a brute force algorithm of cycling: Peddle long enough, and you'll get there. Bicycle riding in snow and ice is a probof the rolling type, and not enough of the sideways type.

Bicycle:

Although I have a better bicycle which I ride in nice weather, I buy my commuting bikes at garage sales for about \$25.00. They're disposable. Once they start dissolving, I remove any salvageable parts, then throw the rest away. Mountain bikes have better handling, but they're a tougher to ride through deep snow. Road bikes cut through the deep snow better, and when the snow gets too deep to ride, its easier to carry.

Fenders on the bike? Sounds like it might be a good idea, and someday I'll try it out. I think, however, that snow and ice will build up between the fender and the tire causing it to be real tough to pedal. I have a rack on the back with a piece of plywood to prevent too much junk being thrown on my back.

I use some kind of



grease made for farm equipment that is supposed to be more resistant to the elements. When I put a bike together, I grease the threads, then cover the nuts, screws, whatever with a layer of grease. This prevents them from rusting solidly in place making it impossible to remove. Protection against corrosion is the primary purpose of the grease. Lubrication is secondary. Remember to put a drop of oil on the threads of each spoke, otherwise, the spokes rust

solidly, and its impossible to do any truing. I keep a plastic ketchup squirter which I fill with automotive oil. Every two or three days, I use it to re-oil my chain and derailleur, and brakes. It drips all over the snow beneath me when I do it, and gets onto my pants. I probably end up dumping an ounce of heavy oil into the snow run-off each year.

Clothing:

Starting at the bottom, on my feet I wear Sorell Caribou boots. These are

keep my feet warm. I have found that in extreme to insane cold, my toes get cold otherwise. These boots do not make it easy to ride, but they do keep me warm (see Rule 2, Brute Force). I save my good clothes for x-country skiing.

I have no idea of what to recommend to women in this section: An important clothing item in extreme to insane cold, is a third sock. You put it in your pants. No, not to increase the bulge to impress the girls, but for insulation. Although several months after it happens it may be funny, when it does happens, frostbite on the penis is not funny. I speak from experience! Twice, no less!

Next in line. I wear a polypro shirt, covered by a wool sweater, covered by a 'ski-jacket' (a real ugly one with a stripe up the back). The ski jacket protects the rest of my clothes, and I can regulate my temperature with the zipper in front. I usually take a scarf with me. For years I have had a fear that the scarf would get caught in the spokes, and

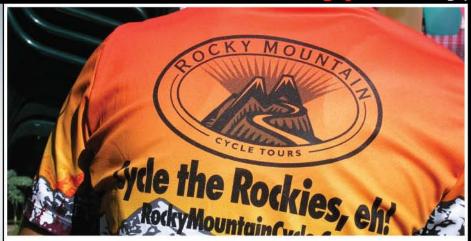
middle of the street, but it has not yet happened.

On my hands, I wear wool mittens when its not too cold, and when it gets really cold, I wear my cross-country skiing gloves with wool mittens covering them. Hands sweat in certain areas (at least mine do), and I like watching the frost form on the outside of the mittens. By looking at the frost, I can tell which muscles are working. I am amused bythings like this.

On my head, I wear a ski hat covered by a bicycle helmet. I don't wear one of those full face masks because I haven't yet been able to find one that fits well with eve glasses. In extreme to insane cold, my forehead will often get quite cold, and I have to keep pulling my hat down. The bottoms of my ears sometimes stick out from my hat, and they're always getting frostbitten.

Roads:

In the winter, the road is narrower. There are snow



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banks on either side. Cars do not expect to see bicycles. There are less hours of daylight, and the its harder to maintain control of the bicvcle. Be careful. I don't worry about what legal rights I have on the road, I simply worry about my life. I'd rather crash into a snow bank for sure rather than take a chance of crashing into a car. I've intentionally driven into many snow banks. Sometimes, during a storm, I get into places where I just can't ride. It is sometimes necessary to carry the bicycle across open fields.

The wind seems to be always worse in winter. It's not uncommon to have to pedal to go down hills. Be careful on slushy days. Imagine an 8 inch snowfall followed by rain. This produces heavy slush. If a car rides quickly through deep slush, it may send a wave of the slush at you. This stuff is heavy. When it hits you, it really throws you off balance. Its roughly like getting a 10 lb. sack of rotten potatoes thrown at your back.

Beware of bridges that have metal grating. This stuff gets real slippery ---

time, I slid, hit an expansion joint, went over the handle bars, over the railing of the bridge. I don't know how, but one arm reached out and grabbed the railing.

Stopping:

There are several ways of stopping. The first one is to use the brakes. This does not always work. Brakes can ice up, a bit of water gets between the cable and its sheathing when the warm afternoon sun shines on the bike. It freezes solid after. Or the salt causes brake cables to break. I have had brakes work on one corner, but stop working by the time I get to the next.

I have several other means of stopping: For a stop when you have plenty of time, rest the ball of your foot on top of the front derailleur, and gradually work your heel between the tire and the frame. By varying the pressure, you can control vour speed. Be sure that you don't let your foot get wedged in there!

pedals in the 6-12 o'clock position. Stand up. The 6 o'clock foot remains on the pedal, while you place the other foot on the ground in front of the pedal. By varying your balance, you can apply more or less pressure to your foot. The pedal, wedged against the back of your calf, forces your foot down more, providing more friction.

Really fast: Start with the fast method, but then dismount while sliding the bicycle in front of you. You will end up sliding on your two feet, holding onto the bike in front for balance. If it gets really critical, throw the bike ahead of you, and sit down and roll. Do not do this on dry pavement-your feet need to be able to slide. In some conditions, running into a snow bank on the side will stop you quickly, easily, and safely. If you're going too fast, you might want to dive off of the bicycle over the side. Only do this when the snow bank is soft. Make sure that there



isn't a car hidden under that soft snow. Don't jump into fire hydrants either.

Eating Popsicles:

Something I like doing in the winter is to buy a popsicle before I leave, and put it in my pocket. It won't melt! I take it out and start eating it just as I arrive at work. Its fun to watch people's expressions when they see me, riding in the snow, eating a popsicle.

But you have to be careful with Popsicles in the winter. You know how when you

were a kid, your parents told you never to put your tongue onto a metal pole? In very cold weather, a popsicle acts the same way. If you are not careful, your lips and tongue become cemented to the popsicle. Although this sounds funny when I write about it, it was definitely not funny when it happened.

Pete Hickey has been involved with computer networks since 1978, and has continued to this day. He is currently the Information Systems Security Officer at the University of Ottawa.

at the end, a look back

WITH lifted feet, hands still, I am poised, and down the hill dart, with heedful mind; the air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift, till the heart with a mighty lift makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry: "O bird, see; see, bird, I fly."

"Is this, is this your joy? O bird, then I, though a boy for a golden moment share your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this in a world that is full of bliss? 'Tis more than skating, bound steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float awhile in my airy boat; till, when the wheels scarce crawl, my feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill must end in a vale; but still, who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er, shall find wings waiting there.

