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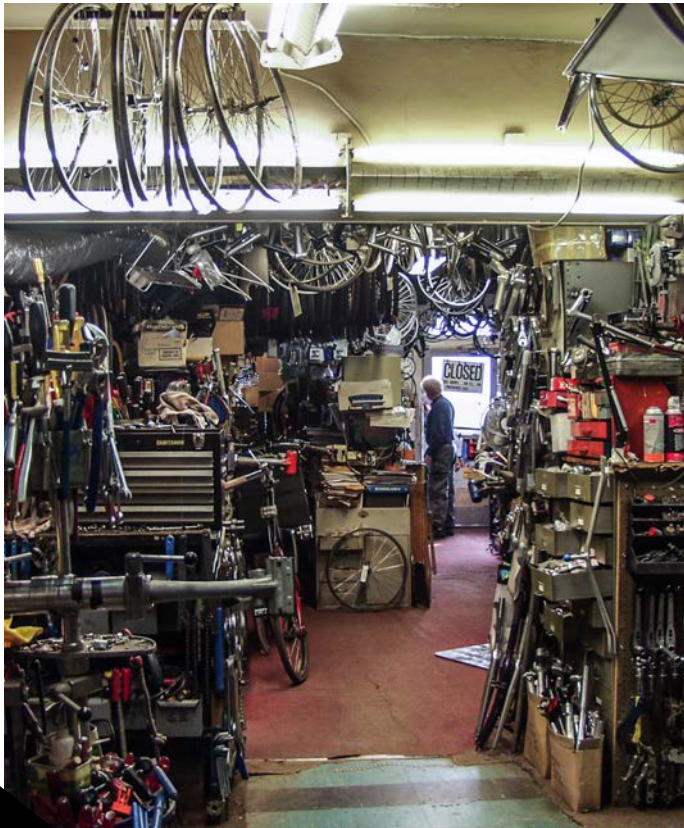
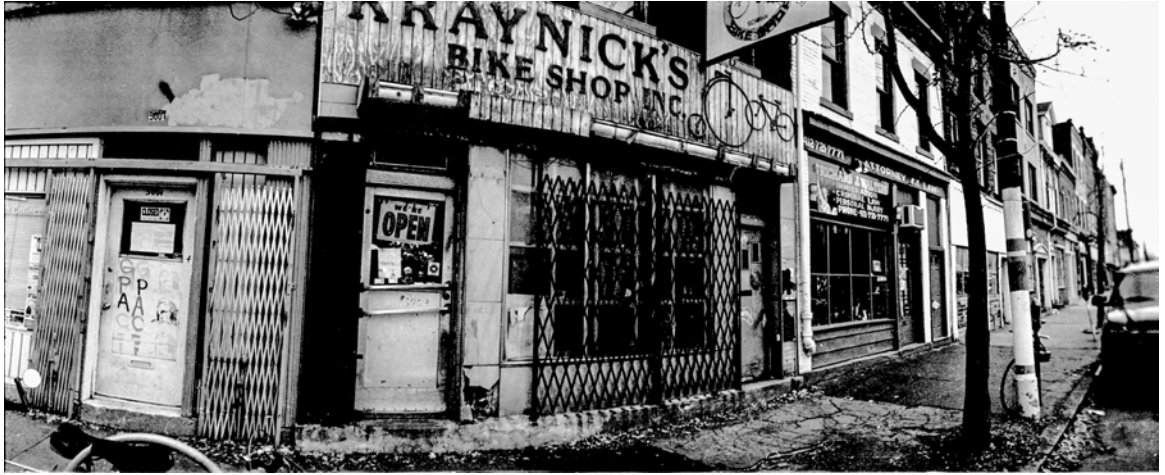
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Kraynick's Bike Shop has long served as Pittsburgh's bicycle oracle, a place where life wisdom is passed along to anyone who cares to listen, and a couple of generations of cyclists have found their way. The casual passerby may question if the shop with the faded Schwinn sign and event posters from a decade gone in the window is still open, but for those that cross the threshold of the buzzing door there are untold riches to be discovered. It's a cramped space stacked to the ceiling with parts from the last few decades of cycling, with half a dozen workstands in the back free for anyone that wants to take the plunge to learn how to fix a flat, adjust their derailleur or build the frankenbike of their dreams. Come Christmas-time volunteer wrenches line up at the stands to pump hundreds of donated children's bikes into the hands of kids that otherwise wouldn't have the opportunity to spin the wheels. Every rider in Pittsburgh has a story about sole proprietor Gerry Kraynick in their back pocket, everyone the world over would be a better person if they had the chance to spend some time across the counter from him.

Thank You



Urban Velo, PO Box 9040, Pittsburgh, PA 15224

Issue #45

December 2014

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On the cover: "It's like, how much more black could this be? And the answer is none. None more black." —Nigel Tufnel

Co-conspirators: Adam Wisnieski, Mike Lepetit, Ezra Caldwell, Brenton Salo, Ed Glazar, Bruce Carver, Jeremy J. Matthews, Stephen Murray, Graham Carnegie, and Andy Singer.

Urban Velo is a reflection of the cycling culture in current day cities. We thank our readers for contributing their words and art over the years.

Urban Velo published 45 issues between 2007 and 2014. This is the final regularly scheduled issue. Back issues are archived for free viewing online at www.urbanvelo.org

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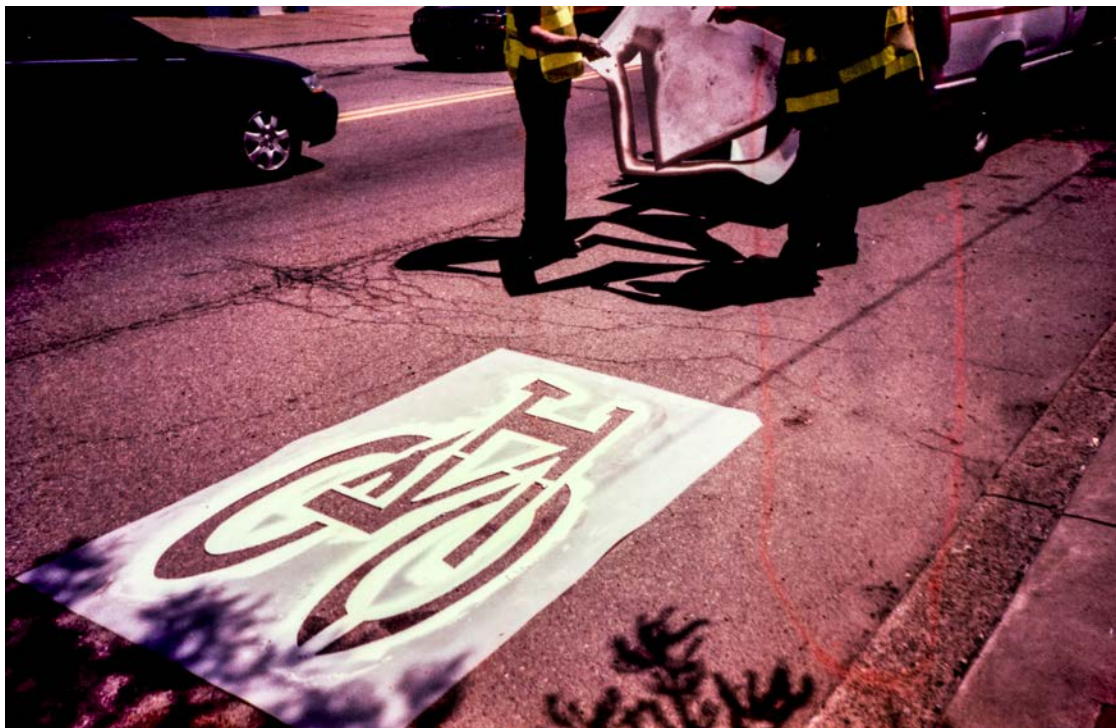
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EDITOR'S STATEMENT

By Brad Quartuccio



It has been a good run. From outlaw to mainstream, the final breaths of one era, the dawning of another.

Urban cycling has existed since the first bicycle was set into motion and has seen its share of ebbs and flows in popularity and influence since that time, with the late 2000s and early 2010s looking to be a pivotal point in the acceptance of bikes as both recreation and legitimate transportation, in the United States at least.

Change seems to move at a snail's pace, but taken in decade long chunks the progress can seem staggering. From seemingly knowing everyone that owned a bike in town and few pieces of infrastructure beyond purely recreational trails to what stands today spans a huge gap. Most every city has taken it up to some degree, with the best featuring a spiderweb of lanes and dedicated paths, ample bike parking, and a healthy and diverse bike culture. Large-scale bikeshare was unthinkable not long ago—today it's a staple sight on the National Mall and an ever expanding network of

street corners across America. In some places bicycle traffic jams are real.

Simply riding a bicycle is hardly countercultural at this point, and there is no doubt that some of the closeness of the relatively under-the-radar city bike culture has gone to the wayside as the pool has gotten larger. The change isn't without growing pains and nostalgia for the way it was, but the way it is is shaping up to be the way we always wanted it to be. It is a good time to be a bicycle believer.

As urban cycling starts a new chapter, Urban Velo is closing one out. With this 45th issue since our start with a run of a thousand at the local copy shop in 2007, we're calling it and ceasing regular production. The conclusion was not easy to reach, but the time has come. Having a front row seat to this piece of the bicycle's storied history has been a remarkable ride. I hope we've done it justice. Ride on—I'll see you out there.





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To the tune of Fear's "I Love Livin' In The City"

**My house smells just like a zoo
Got bikes in the living room
Chainrings hung on the door
Sidi's lying on the floor
But my bike's cleaned up
Morning rides are always rough**

**I love riding in the city
I love riding in the city**

**Dreamed my whole life of a city
Where bikes are king and the air ain't shitty
People riding everywhere
Bike lanes with room to spare
But in reality
The roads are clogged with SUVs
Car or bus, it's all the same
You just gotta take your lane**

**I love riding in the city
I love riding in the city**



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Photo: Ben Hovland

i ♥ riding in the city



NAME: Joanna Jezierska

LOCATION: Warsaw, Poland

I hate crowds and I like to be independent. When I'm riding, I really can "feel" the city. I can see every part of it and I can go everywhere. I love it.

—Urban Velo #2



NAME: Sylvestre Calin

LOCATION: Montréal, QC

Your mind needs to be sharp, you have to anticipate all the moves of pedestrians, cars, taxis. From one minute to the next, you reach a new part of town.

—Urban Velo #6



NAME: John Perkins

LOCATION: Cairo, Egypt

Cairo is one of the craziest cities to cycle in. Cars never indicate, always honk, and frequently belch fumes that would choke a camel. And there are a lot of them. And potholes everywhere. Curbs are a foot high, and people meander on and off them at random.

—Urban Velo #3



NAME: Tuomo Kuivamaki

LOCATION: Helsinki, Finland

Riding conditions vary wildly depending on the season in Helsinki. From below freezing with heavy snow in the winter to a heat wave in peak summer. I like how my days are a mixture of routine with an element of surprise—every day there is something new and unexpected.

—Urban Velo #15



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NAME: Kritdi Tantrittisak

LOCATION: Bangkok, Thailand

In this city there is traffic all day and most drivers don't care about bicycles, but it's fun to ride here. If you can ride here I think you can ride anywhere on earth.

—Urban Velo #16



NAME: Josh Estey

LOCATION: Jakarta, Indonesia

The Big Durian, as it's affectionately known, is ranked as one of the worlds most polluted cities, with choking smog, unimaginable traffic jams, horrific poverty and obscene wealth.

—Urban Velo #19



NAME: Marcus Garcia

LOCATION: Denver, CO

I've been a messenger here for over 22 years. Riding in Denver is a beautiful mix of ever changing weather conditions that more than likely includes some sunshine.

—Urban Velo #18



NAME: Cristian Zuñiga

LOCATION: Santiago, Chile

Bicycling is the most fun way to move in the city without wasting time looking for or paying for parking. It is up to you if you want to go fast or cruise around town.

—Urban Velo #23

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NAME: Slavik Dyak

LOCATION: Lviv, Ukraine

In Ukraine we have a nice saying, unfortunately it can't be translated to rhyme, "Four wheels carry the body, and two wheels carry the soul."

—Urban Velo #24



NAME: Tran Thu Hang

LOCATION: Ha Noi, Vietnam

My country's capital is crowded and most people ride motorbikes, so our traffic is dangerous and there are a lot of accidents. However, some streets are very quiet, so I choose them.

—Urban Velo #26



NAME: Rie Sawada

LOCATION: Nagoya, Japan

I've made so many great friends who enjoy riding and drinking good beer and coffee. Bicycles unite people all over the world!

—Urban Velo #25



NAME: Clint Eastman

LOCATION: London, UK

Riding defensively is the only way to ride when you have to contend with pedestrians who can appear from nowhere, buses that are everywhere, and black cabs, who don't seem to want to see you.

—Urban Velo #39

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Classics

BRONX CLUB

By Adam Wisniewski

They meet on weekends during the warm months at a strip of parkland they don't know the name of. The park has more pavement than grass. The corner of East Tremont Avenue and Southern Boulevard. The bullseye of the Bronx.

About 25 members of the Classics Bronx Club, a group of more than 100 mostly Puerto Rican men who mostly live in the Bronx, stand around their bikes and talk about their other bikes. There's a 1950 Schwinn Black Phantom, a three-speed Schwinn Corvette, a Schwinn Panther II.

The clouds are clearing and it's one of those hot-in-the-sun, cold-in-the-shade sort of October Saturdays perfect for riding around and drinking a tall boy out of a paper bag. A guy on a crotch rocket—the motorcycles often seen and always heard around the Bronx—blasts down Southern Boulevard with that nasty deafening roar.

"See? We don't do none of that," says the Classics' leader Carlos Ramos, who everyone calls Tony.

They do make a lot of noise, though. Their vintage Schwinns have been modified to hoot and honk and sometimes even blast merengue or Barry White out of a carefully fashioned boombox. But it's a joyful noise.

"We like to make noise and let people know we are coming," says member Isaac Sanchez, who everyone calls Goya. "But everything with respect."

Some of these guys look like tough Puerto Ricans

from the Bronx because they are tough Puerto Ricans from the Bronx. But they are all kids on the inside who love to ride bikes. The club is not childish. It's not silly or trivial. But it is a way for grown men to relive the boys clubs of their youth: the He-Man Women Haters, Get-Rid-Of-Slimy-girls clubs. It keeps alive that feeling of freedom that every kid gets when he or she gets their first bike.

"You remember your first bike, right?" says one of the club's sergeants, 50-year-old Dalkiris Gil, who goes by Benny.

With age, some channel that freedom into speeding motorcycles and fast cars, but nothing replaces that first vehicle of freedom. That first bike takes you places. With just a little effort, that bike can take you fast and flying to wherever the hell you want to go. These men never abandoned that feeling and if they did, they returned to relive it years later in the Classics Bronx Club.

Founded in 1994 by Tony, the Classics Bronx Club is one of the many groups of Puerto Ricans in America who get together to ride vintage bicycles. The club started to get serious in 1999 when they got black leather vests with a logo on the back.

Together, the Classics ride to the Bronx Riviera, AKA Orchard Beach, or across the whole city for 25 miles or so to Coney Island. They ride the Bronx's annual 40-mile Tour de Bronx. They ride in parades,



especially the city's massive Puerto Rican Day Parade. They ride to bike meetups and festivals—sometimes as far as Connecticut—and line up next to motorcycle clubs to hang out and drink and have a good time.

From their matching black leather vests to their want of respect, they have more in common with a motorcycle club than a road biking spandex club. It's not about exercise, but it's also not about beating the crap out of people or initiations or hazing or acting tough.

There may still be outlaw motorcycle gangs who make few friends and many enemies, but the Classics—who don't like to be called a gang—are not outlaws. They have jobs to go to and rent to pay and children to take care of. In their free time, they ride.

"We ride to have fun and enjoy life," says Tony. "It's all about family."

House of Bikes

The Classics are well known in the Bronx and in New York City. They are one of an ever-changing number of Puerto Rican vintage bicycle clubs in the city and members say they are the largest, most respected, club in the city.

They aren't even the only club in the Bronx, but Speedy, a 48-year-old who lives on 163rd Street and asked not to use his real name, said if you put the other Bronx clubs together, "We still outnumber them."

What many people want to know about the Classics when they see them is, are they all Puerto Rican?

They have 109 members: 108 Puerto Rican and one Dominican, Benny. He is a sergeant and one of the most respected men in the club. They had some Cubans.

Are they all from the Bronx?

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No. But most are. There's a guy from Connecticut. One from Jersey. Brothers from Manhattan. Almost half the Puerto Ricans in America live in two states, New York and Florida, so of course there's also a small wing in Florida made up of ex-Bronxites.

While they look like boys with toys—old and very expensive toys—they take it very seriously.

When asked how many bikes he has, Benny, a superintendent of a bunch of buildings in the Bronx, laughs.

"Forget about it. You don't wanna know. I could buy a house with the bikes I have," he says.

He says he probably owns about 40 bikes and he stores them all over his building and at a place in Florida. He says he mostly buys them on eBay or through vintage bike forums online. He buys parts and builds bikes himself. Sometimes he finds them in the trash or for sale on the street because he says, "People don't know what they have!"

The Code

In a year where the NYPD has been aggressively cracking down on bike rules in New York City and handing out tickets to cyclists for breaking a number of vague and, at least from the biker's point of view, ridiculous laws, the Classics haven't really been affected. Maybe it's because they usually ride the Bronx and not Lower Manhattan or Williamsburg but it's more that they have a good relationship with cops. They communicate with cops on the street through the sirens and chrome bullhorns attached to their bikes. The cops whistle back.

They do get tickets, though. Just not from cops. They ticket themselves.

Like any motorcycle club, the Classics have a code. They have rules.

To join, members must pay \$80 annual dues and purchase a black leather



Neil Bezdek Red Hook Crit **BROOKLYN**

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vest. Each vest must have the club logo on the back, a Puerto Rican flag patch on one side of the front and an American flag on the other.

The one exception is Benny, the only Dominican in the group.

“They gave me permission to have my flag,” he says.

Vests can't have anything else sewn into them—except for rank patches. Tony has “President” and his wife, Margie Tosado, has “Secretary.” The three sergeants have black and blue Army Sergeant patches.

The jackets can have as many pins that fit. Some have dozens of pins and medals attached: eagles, roosters, tourist pins of the Statue of Liberty, Superman, crosses, Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, bullets, skulls, I heart Jesus.

“They don't earn any of them, but they put ‘em on,” says Tony.

Bikes don't have to be Schwinn—though most are—but they must be vintage.

“As long as they're classics with balloon tires. You can't have no thin tires. See? They all got balloon tires. It's gotta be an old bike. It can't be no modern bike, like a mountain bike,” says Tony.

Parade bikes, which are their special bikes they show off at parades, must be clean. And just like the vests, American flags must fly next to Puerto Rican flags.

“Before we go to a parade we check every white-wall, we want bikes that are clean. I don't want no dirty bikes in no parade,” Tony says.

Anyone can join, but there is a trial period. For a few weeks, new recruits ride with the club.

“We don't pass no red lights. We ride in single lanes. We respect the rules of the road. We're not a wilding crew,” Tony says. “I'm strict. Ride with me for a couple of weeks, we see how you act and we see if you respect the club... We check your attitude.”

Sergeants have jobs. During parades or long journeys to festivals or bike meetups, Juan stays in the back and keeps them all in line. Speedy is the mechanic and fixes flats or chains or popped spokes. Benny and Tony circle around the pack, keeping order.

While the rules of appearance and rules of the road are important—and broken often—the most important part of the Classics code is respect. The leaders of the club will do anything to maintain the reputation of the club. A big part of doing that is the rule that you can only wear the club vest with the others around.

“You only wear your colors with the group,” Benny says.

Members caught drinking or smoking or fighting or yelling at cops or committing any other acts of malfeasance or villainy—while wearing their Classics Bronx Club vest—will be fined heavily or even kicked out of the club. Anything that makes the club look bad, especially fighting, is not tolerated.

“That's a big no-no,” Benny says.

Tony hands out \$10 fines to the rulebreakers. Not wearing your vest to a meeting: \$10. Driving the wrong way down a one-way street: \$10. The cash—along with the dues—pays for parade fees, transportation to parades out of state, food, drink. If someone is kicked out of the group, they buy the vest back from him and send him on his way.

There aren't any rules for what can be added to the bikes. While some Schwinn bike clubs across the country require unmodified and original parts in all their bikes, Classics Bronx Club doesn't. Sure, they track down rare and obscure parts online and in local bike shops, looking for that original chrome gas tank or “Schwinn Approved” Speedometer, but it's the weirder other modifications that get the most attention. They attach old school chrome side view mirrors from cars, enormous banana seats, exhaust pipes, police sirens, air horns, fox tails, bells, spotlights, metal bulldogs or skulls built for motorcycles with eyes that blink and glow red.

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Evolution

The bikes evolve, especially their parade bikes. Those bikes are usually so full of extra skulls and exhausts and horns that they are too heavy to use on a 30- or 40-mile ride, but perfect for the slow cruise of a parade.

Juan Vargas is a 58-year-old Bronxite who recently had his right hip replaced so he walks with a slight limp. He's a hulk of a man who from far away looks like he's not a man to be messed with. Up close, he never stops smiling. He's one of the most respected men in the group and Benny says he's like "the father of the club."

Juan's parade bike is a vintage Rollfast that he constantly modifies, adding another horn or another skull when he comes across something he likes. He's got a Jaguar hood ornament on the front below two

chrome airhorns.

While showing off some of his modifications, he occasionally unscrews the cap of the chrome canister he keeps in his water bottle holder to take a swig of Coors Light.

"This is my wife, my wheelchair, and my bed," he says. "I love my bike."

He hugs and kisses the Rollfast and then blasts the airhorn so it echoes down Southern Boulevard.

His nickname?

"Roba Camera, which means camera stealer," says Benny.

Between Juan's bike and his chest of medals and pins, whenever local news outlets or newspapers take pictures of the club, he ends up on TV or in print.

The club attracts attention, but they love it. Half

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Tony

THE PRESIDENT

Tony was born on the Day of the Dead. Día de los Muertos in Quebradillas, Puerto Rico, in 1944.

He moved to the Bronx when he was 9 years old.

"When the Schwinn's came out, I couldn't afford one," he says.

He didn't start getting into Schwinn's until late in his life and didn't start the Classics Bronx Club until he was 50. Of his many bikes, his favorite is his 1950 Black Phantom.

"This is the Cadillac of the Schwinn company," he says at the Classics home base, a small park at Southern Boulevard and Tremont Avenue.

the fun seems to be talking about their bikes and showing off their upgrades and accessories to each other and passerby. They try to one-up each other, especially making noise.

"They call us derelicts, they call us noisemakers, you know when Classic is comin'," says Benny.

Some have learned to put their horns low to the ground and pointed toward the pavement so the sound bounces and can be heard a block or two further.

They tell stories about a guy who used to be in the club who played "ridiculous music" out of eight speakers attached to his bike. It was so heavy he couldn't keep up with the rest of the club during the Tour de Bronx.

"His bike weighed about 200 pounds. We told him, don't take that bike," Speedy says. "He got mad. His bike broke down."

Goya says the noise helps him in traffic.

"This horn is a life saver. If we go into Manhattan, there's a lot of yellow cab drivers, they drive crazy, so I hit the horn, they think its a truck coming so they stop," he says.

The only time they don't make any noise is if they are going to a funeral.

"You know when Classic is going to a funeral because we don't make a sound. Not even a bell. Not a peep," says Benny.

Puerto Rican Schwinn

By 1950, one in every four bicycles sold in the United States was a Schwinn, according to Schwinn Cruisers, a website devoted to vintage Schwinn's. (www.schwinncruisers.com)

There are vintage Schwinn's in the Smithsonian. As American as apple pie says The New York Times. But also as Puerto Rican as cuchifritos.

While most Schwinn histories are primarily about its impact on American culture, that influence extends to the Caribbean, where Puerto Rican children fell in love with Schwinn's as much as Americans.

"The Schwinn was made famous by the Puerto Rican. It's their preferred bike," says Benny.

There are dozens of motorcycle clubs in Puerto Rico, but also vintage bike clubs. And clubs have started wherever there's a large population of Puerto Ricans in the United States: Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, Brooklyn.

Who knows if the motorcycle clubs in those other places get along with the Schwinn clubs, but in the Bronx the respect the bikers have for the Classics is remarkable. As the bike population has grown in New York City over the last decade—and its last mayor painted new bike lanes all over town—the war between bicyclists and cars has gotten ugly. But the bikers—motorized and pedaling—seem to get along.

Every Saturday and especially every Sunday, Bronx Puerto Ricans party in the street under the Bruckner Expressway on 139th Street, eating fried pork and fried chicken and drinking \$2 Coors Lights served out of the sides of vans. Or sipping little bottles of homemade coquito (Puerto Rican moonshine) sold out of a plastic bag slung around a guy's shoulder. People dance to a weird mix of recorded and real-life music: drummers and trombonists play along to a DJ.

The Classics line their bikes up on the sidewalk, not far from the Harleys and Hondas.

"Those old timers got a lot of stamina," says a member of the United Road Runner Motorcycle Club who looks fierce and doesn't say much between sips from his styrofoam beer cup.

The Classics first earned the respect of the Latin American Riders motorcycle club, who invited them to their blessing of the bikes years ago. Now the Classics lead that annual procession of motorcycle clubs, which begins at a McDonald's on Bruckner Boulevard.

Benny says at Orchard Beach a while back at a converging of motorcycle clubs, a biker made fun of the Classics and wanted to start a fight. But the motorcycle clubs stopped him and told him that wasn't cool.

"Now the guy's a loner. No club wants him," says Benny.

At one point Benny says the Classics are a club made up of loners. But they put their vests on and come together to ride, as one big family.

And that family has a lot of Josés.

"We've got a lot of Josés, did he tell you? There's so many Josés so we've nicknamed them all. We've got José bigote, which means José mustache. And José bigota which is José really bad mustache. We've got muscle José," Benny says.

"José dark-skin," adds Tony.

"José bumper," Benny says.

"Because every time he rides, he's always gotta hit somebody in the back!" says Speedy.



While talking about his bikes, he points to a garage nearby. Then he points to the roof of the garage.

"I've got about a thousand pigeons up there, that's my pigeon coop," he says.

Schwinn's aren't Tony's only passion. He loves pigeons, too.

He puts yellow bands with "Old Man Tony" on his birds.

He's the youngest old guy in the club.

"The guy's amazing. He goes to work every day, from work he comes straight over here, feeds his birds, stays here til 8 at night, taking care of all his birds, plus he runs the bicycle club. I think he's almost 71 years old. I'm 50 and I'm already all done," says Benny, who met Tony when he joined the club 13 years ago.

He's so close to Tony now that his daughters call Tony grandpa and Tony's wife, Margie Tosado, grandma. To get to the spot he stores his bikes, he has to lug his bikes up a two-story ramp and up a staircase.

One of his sayings: "The day I can't put it up here myself, I stop riding."

In the garage, he shows off some of his bikes and talks about each one.

"This is a '43," he says.

"Yea, but the parts aren't from '43!" Benny jabs.

"Oh shut the hell up," Tony fires back.

Along with his thousand or so pigeons, he has a bolo, a rooster with no tail that he says was raised to fight, but he doesn't fight it.

He doesn't fight anymore either, but he says he had to growing up.

"When I got to the Bronx it was all white, Italian, German, Jews, Irish. We had to fight. My family, we were fighters," he says.

Nobody in the Classics messes with Tony. If they do, he gives 'em a \$10 fine.

"Some people say I'm too strict, but you gotta be," he says.

city biking in
TOKYO
JAPAN Page 50

URBAN VELO

Bicycle Culture on the Skids Issue #5 • January 2008

Dirty Dozen

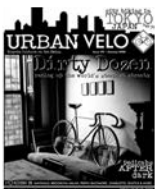
racing up the world's steepest streets

pedicabs
AFTER
dark

I ♥ RIDING IN SANTIAGO, BROOKLYN, MILAN, PERTH, BALTIMORE, CHARLOTTE, SEATTLE & MORE...

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On the cover: Photo by Ezra Caldwell, www.teachingcancertocry.com



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Bicycle Culture on the Skids

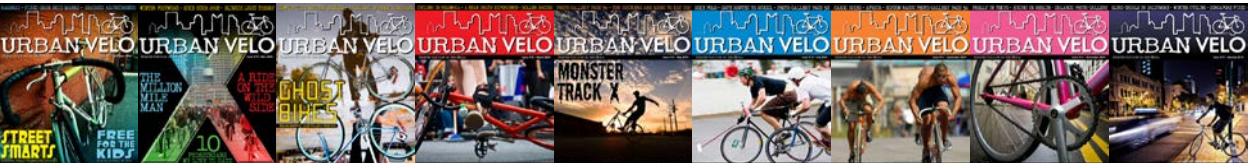
Issue #11 • January 2009

GHOST BIKES

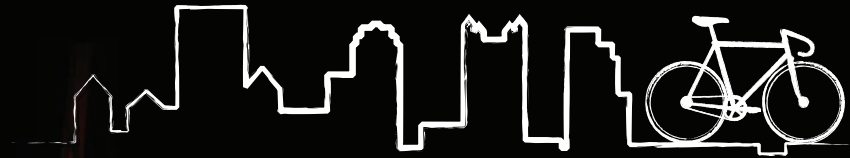
REMEMBERING OUR FALLEN FRIENDS

Fyxomatosis Photo Gallery p48 • To the Black Sea by Bicycle • Download this issue free online URBANVELO.ORG

On the cover: Portland, OR. Photo by Brenton Salo, www.brentonsalo.com



BICYCLING ACROSS LOS ANGELES • DO IT BY BIKE IN DENVER



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Bicycle Culture on the Skids

Issue #21 • September 2010



FIXED FREESTYLE EVOLUTION OR REVOLUTION?

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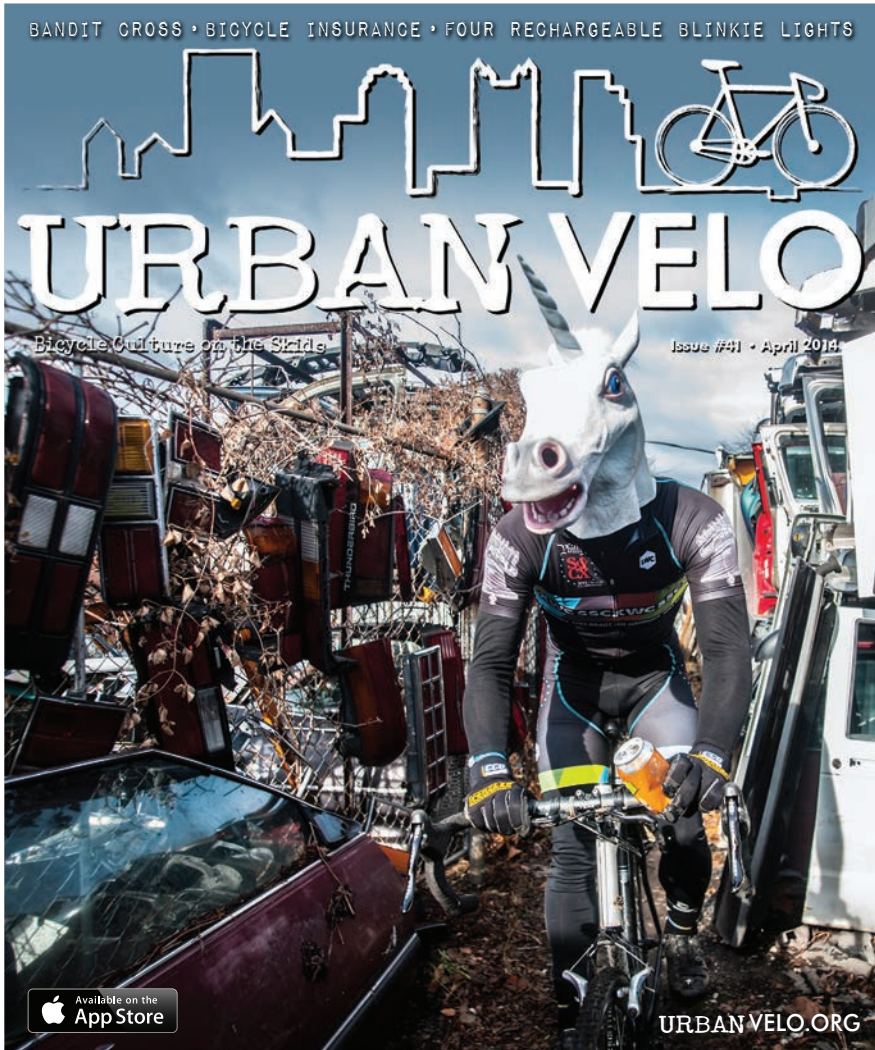
On the cover: Fixed freestyle rider Mike Schmidt doing a wallride in Queens. Photo by Ed Glazar, www.tedwardglazarphotography.com



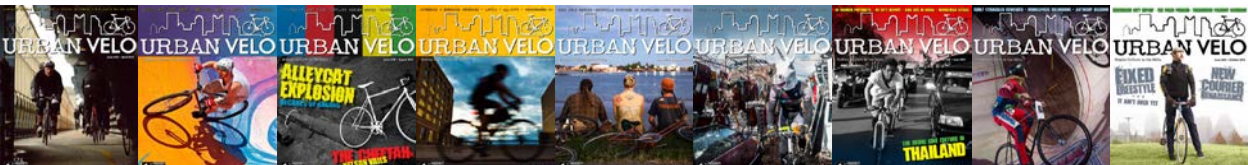


On the cover: Bloomington, Indiana's annual bike race, The Little 500. Photo by Bruce Carver, www.brucecarverphoto.com





On the cover: David Joachim has authored more than 40 cookbooks and regularly rides his bicycle wearing a unicorn mask. Photo by Brad Quartuccio





Raleigh Willard 2

Gravel grinder, pro-commuter, real-world road bike. Whatever you may call the Raleigh Willard 2, it is part of a growing genre of bikes well suited to how most people actually ride. While explicitly built for the epic gravel rides that are currently all the rage, the large tires, disc brakes, and slightly more relaxed geometry as compared to a racing road bike of the Willard make a compelling argument for a solid all around platform. Add skinny tires and it's a capable road bike, mount fenders for the commute, run it out of the box and keep riding past where the pavement ends.

The \$1750 Willard 2 has a 6061 aluminum alloy frame with a tapered steerer, disc tabs, rack/fender mounts and an English thread bottom bracket with an alloy steerer carbon fork with a post mount disc. The underside of the toptube is sculpted for comfortable portage, the seatstays flattened to take a bit of the edge off of harsh roads, and with generous clearance all around even with the stock 40 mm tires. The 58 cm Willard has 440 mm chainstays, 71.5°/72.5° head/seat angles, and 72.5 mm bottom bracket drop for a more comfortable and stable all-day ride as compared to a racier 'cross

bike with similar tire clearances. A full 11-speed Shimano 105 drivetrain is a solid choice, with most of the feel of top-end groups and a reputation of lasting for years of use. 50/34 rings and an 11-28 cassette are a good match for commuting, pieces of uphill dirt, and all-day rides. TRP Sprye mechanical disc brakes do the stopping and have a particularly good lever feel due to the dual pad actuation. The complete bike as shipped without pedals weighs 22.8 lbs.

The Willard 2 is a versatile bike, capable of everyday road rides and epic mixed surface adventures alike. The gearing and geometry err towards long rides and rolling hills—I can see many hours spent exploring suburban roads and abandoned railways. I like the downtube cable routing, though I wish there was a barrel adjuster on the front derailleur run. Competitive riders, or people overly concerned with the scale, may find themselves lacing up racier wheels down the road, but the Novatec hubs and Weinmann rims, while unremarkable, are serviceable and match the purpose of the bike. Check out the lower priced \$1300 Willard 1 with the same frame and fork and Sora-level component spec. www.raleighusa.com



Chrome Warm Work Shirt

Price: \$180

Size: S, M, L, XL

Colors: Reversible Black/Orange

Features: Water-resistant ripstop nylon construction, reversible, fully insulated, reflective details, ventilated yoke, bike specific fit.

Better viewed as a jacket than a shirt, the Chrome Warm Work Shirt is a surprisingly versatile piece of outerwear. Bright orange for when on the bike, black for when visibility isn't paramount, this is the first truly reversible piece of clothing I've had. Worn orange side out the jacket has reflective details and a zippered rear pocket, turn it around for a black quilted look more fit for casual wear with a zippered chest phone pouch and hand pockets. For those on the move, the jacket packs into its own rear pocket to form a decent camp pillow. The jacket fends off light precipitation just fine, but I'd want a true rain jacket for extended time in steady rain. And the poly fill insulation is remarkably warm—I've paired this jacket with a hooded sweatshirt down into the 20's F. The snap closure is reversible without compromise, but I'd prefer a zipper. So far so good on the ripstop nylon construction, not a snap or tear after six weeks of use, but I'd think twice before mountain biking or jamming it into a seatbag full of tools. It has otherwise quickly become an oft turned to jacket as the weather has turned cold. Slim/athletic fit, made in China. www.chromeindustries.com





Blackburn Outpost Handlebar Roll

Bikepacking with a handlebar roll and framebags rather than traditional touring racks and panniers has a certain appeal, part of which hasn't always been affordability. Even without the cost and complexity of racks, bikepacking gear has been in the boutique realm of cost and availability until just recently. The Blackburn Outpost Handlebar Roll brings the advantages of a rackless stuff bag and bar harness setup down to a \$75 retail cost, bringing mixed surface touring gear to the weekend adventurer and budget conscious transnational tourer alike.

The Outpost Handlebar Roll has three components—a plastic bar mount, a harness that clicks into the mount, and a double-ended stuff sack. The harness is sturdy without being heavy, and securely holds the included stuff sack or a 2-3 person tent. Long straps give you the ability to easily load it and cinch everything down tight, with additional tie downs for lashing a jacket or other gear to the front of the harness. The red compression webbing prevents the harness from rocking, and works as a shoulder strap for the stuff sack off the bike. The stuff sack isn't touted as a true drybag, but in the unscientific test of stuffing it full of clothing and holding it under the faucet for a few minutes everything came out dry, same as my real

world experience riding through on and off rain for a couple of days. The bag is large enough to carry most all the clothing you really want to carry on a bike, and the double ended openings allow easy access to an extra layer without having to unpack if you plan accordingly. While having the entire harness easily removable from the quick-release bar clamp is helpful the moment you roll into camp, the clamp itself is the weak point in my opinion. Proprietary plastic bits are bound to give out at the worst moment, and the clamp itself seems overly complicated and never held as tight as I would wish. At one point the locking mechanism that keeps the harness cleat engaged slipped out of place requiring tabletop surgery—luckily an easy fix with no harm done, but something I'd rather avoid on the road. Blackburn has a lifetime warranty on most of their products, so in the event of a problem a new piece is but a phone call away. The entire Outpost Handlebar Roll setup weighs just under 2 lbs for a significant savings over most rack/pannier combos, and is rated for up to 8 lbs of cargo, though the lighter the better on the bars. I don't foresee returning to traditional racks and panniers for anything but the most heavily loaded touring, this piece is in my kit to stay. www.blackburndesign.com

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Light and Motion Urban 800

Commuter and trail lights have more or less converged, with the top end commuter lights like the Light and Motion Urban 800 well surpassing the mountain bike light output of just a few years ago, and providing more than enough light to navigate the darkest streets and singletrack. The 800 lumen peak output is impressively bright given the small 120 g total package, with high/medium/low settings yielding 800/350/175 lumen outputs and 1.5/3/6 hr runtimes respectively. The Light and Motion Urban line of lights all share the same body design and excellent mounting system—even after years of use, my older Urban series lights hold strong and I’ve yet to break a strap. The latest models such as this Urban 800 are now fully waterproof, never to short or succumb to endless rainy commutes. The Urban 800 charges in about 6 hours via micro-USB.

Through in-town commutes, backwoods adventure and singletrack mountain bike rides the Urban 800 has proven enough light for most any sort of riding. Light enough for helmet use with the included hook-and-loop mount, sturdy enough for everyday commutes. The Light and Motion Urban form factor is one of my favorites, easily stashed in a pocket and robust, but I wish the battery indicator was on top and visible when riding with it mounted on the bar, a minor gripe for an otherwise great light. The Light and Motion Urban 800 is built in California and retails for \$150, with similar \$130 Urban 650, \$100 Urban 500, and \$70 Urban 350 models available. www.lightandmotion.com



Photo by Jeremy J. Matthews

Upright Cyclist Riding Denim

You could say that denim was the original technical fabric, and while it’s seldom seen in the athletic apparel world anymore, it’s still a pretty good choice for people who spend time in the saddle.

Upright Cyclist’s 12.5 oz Riding Denim are 100% American-made. Sewn in Los Angeles from Cone Denim woven in North Carolina, these classically styled jeans have a few bike-specific touches that set them apart from the pack. Most notably, they have a reflective stripe integrated into the inside of the lower leg. When cuffed, the reflective panel can be seen. Every time I would wear these to work, a handful of people would stop me and ask about my pants. They would usually also comment that they’re good-looking jeans.

They also feature a high rear waist to avoid that plumber’s crack look. All of the sizes come pre-hemmed for a 34” inseam. Although they’re tapered to the cuff, cutting and hemming them all the way down to a 30” inseam did not seem to have an adverse effect on the fit.

Speaking of fit, I have to say this might be the first pair of casual cycling pants that I’ve had that really seem to fit. Most are too tight, obviously designed with hipsters in mind, and a few are just too roomy, which doesn’t really work well on the bike. \$119 might be a little more than you paid for your last pair of pants, but quality and American craftsmanship don’t come cheap. www.uprightcyclist.com



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THE COMEDOWN

By Brad Quartuccio

Images courtesy of Stephen Murray

“Scary the first time,” reported builder Stephen Murray after the initial few laps on the freshly constructed track. The artist, sculptor and cyclist was the driving force behind The Comedown, a figure-eight track that existed for a fleeting few weeks this fall in Glasgow, Scotland.

The Comedown is reminiscent of the 1990s Human Powered Rollercoaster that made a number of appearances in Toronto and Vancouver under the Dunhill Cigarettes sponsorship banner. Where the earlier HPR was large enough for two-up racing and funded by sweet '90s tobacco money, The Comedown was a single-file affair built to fit a limited indoor space and budget.

The idea for The Comedown came from the building of the Sir Chris Hoy Velodrome for the recent Commonwealth Games.

“We started riding on the velodrome once it was built and chatting about how it was made etc. Then the Red Bull Mini Velodrome came to Glasgow and my mate John Silvera who is a joiner and cyclist and all round good man raced on it (and folded his wheel and went flying off the side),” Murray said.

The Sir Chris Hoy Velodrome wouldn't be available to the public for the length of the games, and funding was announced from Creative Scotland to fund 20, £14,000 commissions for art projects related to the Games. One thing led to another and a quick proposal to make a minidrome for the public during the games was submitted. Murray continued, “A week later I was in the pub with John and Brian from Rig Bike Shop which is where all the couriers work from in Glasgow. Anyway Brian told me it was a shit idea to build a minidrome as the Red Bull one already exists



etc. But he had ridden the Dunhill one in Canada back in the day and what I should do is make an eight. Which I had never heard of.”

“We were all pretty pissed but I totally latched on to it.”

The funding ended up being approved, and the project kept under the radar until a suitable venue was found. It was originally slated for a warehouse during the Games in June but it fell through last minute, and then The Briggait Wasps Studios location was secured

for a narrow window in October. It was scaled to fit the space and budget, and production began. Materials alone accounted for £7000 of the budget, the rest paying contractors and friends along the way for help with design and onsite assembly. “In my workshop I manufactured all the structural elements as a giant kit, then me and four good mates, John, Rob, Jason and Dom moved it all onsite,” Murray continued. After a week of assembly and testing, and the addition of some safety rails at the particularly dangerous sections, the

track was complete, ready to ride.

The Comedown was installed for not even a full month before having to make way for the next project in the space. Installed as a sculpture first, the “Long-termism / Shorttermism” text works tied into Scotland’s referendum for independence. Stephen Murray explained, “The text and motion of riding it acted as a device to simply suggest positive and negative. Acceleration, deceleration, longterm thinking and short term thinking. I didn’t know the outcome when making the work, and it can be taken either way.”

For most of the installation The Comedown was open to the public for viewing only, with friends and friends of friends the only ones able to get a special appointment for a chance to ride it. The final week marked a bit of compromise—as long as people understood there was no insurance and they had the £10 for cab fare to the hospital they could give it a try. The near-45° banks and 2 m drop to concrete make it an imposing track to actually tackle, and require total commitment to ride. No horrific injuries reported, even if the local Halloween alleycat ended up with a final session of eight riders on The Comedown at once.

On the possibility of scaling up to a full-sized, figure-eight track Murray sounds hopeful for the future, “Basically we’re at a point now if someone wanted to step in and back us financially we could go rework the design and build a demountable, raceable, transportable, figure-eight velodrome. We’ve got the whole thing down. We would adjust a lot of things as this has been a massive learning curve and the difference between working in CAD and physically having the opportunity to make a 30 m x 12 m x 3.6 m sculptural velodrome is massive. But we’ve fucking done it.”



See more from sculptor Stephen Murray at www.stephenhodsdennmurray.com



PRODUCT SPOTLIGHT

GREATEST HITS EDITION

Pake Track

When it comes to the actual ride of the bike I have zero complaints, the steep geometry is the main selling point of the bike and is where you come to love or hate the frame. I love it, I just find steep and tight geometry so much fun to ride I've been hooked since I first gave it a go.

While some will find it tiresome on long road rides or even overly twitchy overall, if it's what you're looking for the Pake has it. The bike rides surprisingly nice, and the frame has proven durable in my experience with nary a dent or serious ding through tons of spills and lock-ups.

—Urban Velo #24



CETMA 5-Rail Cargo Rack



[Six] years ago I first started using this CETMA 5-Rail rack, with countless cargo loads carried around town since. ...In terms of weight capacity, 45 lb boxes of magazines are handled regularly with ease, a pair of them is certainly possible but not the most comfortable situation to be in as the steering gets decidedly weird after that one box limit. There are a

number of people in this world who have ridden on the front of a CETMA rack, but I'm not one of them.

—Urban Velo #25

Chrome Soma Laptop Bag



The Chrome Soma is a pretty interesting little laptop bag. It's the size and shape of a small backpack but it's got a single sling-style strap like a messenger bag. It's more of a general use backpack than a cycling bag, but it definitely works well for bike commuters as well as college students, airline travelers or anyone who

needs to travel with their laptop in tow. I've literally taken this bag around the world.

—Urban Velo #28



White Industries ENO Freewheel

As you might expect from a \$120 American-made freewheel, I've had absolutely zero problems with it. And when I pedal, the bike jumps forward with zero hesitation. Of course the price is significant, but if you consider that the freewheel is completely serviceable, it should outlast several less expensive models.

—Urban Velo #29



Bianchi San Jose Frameset

Ultimately, the great thing about the San Jose frameset is that it can be built up to suit a variety of riders with different needs and riding styles... Less-than-racy cyclocross bikes tend to make great city bikes, and that's exactly the route I went down with my San Jose.

—Urban Velo #35

Planet Bike Borealis Winter Gloves

For cold temperature riding I've always been a fan of "lobster claw" style gloves that combine fingers for warmth and have been using the Planet Bike Borealis gloves for a few seasons now...The separate middle and index finger give me enough dexterity to operate my shift and brake levers without issues, and the combined pinky and ring fingers help to keep my entire hand warm without sacrificing bar grip.



—Urban Velo #35



Avid BB7S

Like its predecessor, the BB7S features tool-free inboard and outboard pad adjustment, organic compound brake pads and Avid's "tri caliper positioning system." This system primarily consists of a series of concave and convex washers that allow for precise alignment of the caliper. I'm sure there may be a few people who disagree, but in my opinion the BB7 makes for the easiest brake setup on the market.

—Urban Velo #39

Mission Workshop Sanction



Subtly angled and curved backpack straps with dense padding throughout makes this the most comfortable bag I've ever worn—it just sits right, and doesn't interfere with checking for traffic over my shoulder. Laptop, camera, a change of clothes and a small toolkit is about all I need most days, and that's about what the Sanction holds.

—Urban Velo #39

GRAVE CONSEQUENCES



By Graham Carnegie

Indulge me a hypothetical: A middle-aged man jumps into traffic at a busy intersection. He waves a gun at the nearest car as it screeches to a halt. He levels his weapon at the driver: “Don’t test me, asshole; I’ll blow your head off!” Then he takes off down the block.

Bystanders call 911. The police respond in force and arrest the man a few blocks away. They bring the perpetrator back to the intersection where witnesses identify him. Off to jail he goes. He’s charged with aggravated assault, exposing him to as many as 20 years of incarceration.

Grave consequences, to be sure, but it sounds about right, doesn’t it? Brandish a gun on a bustling city street and bully your way through traffic threatening to shoot someone—the consequences should be severe. If you’re as unfortunate as NFL receiver Plaxico

Burruss, shooting yourself with a legally owned firearm will land you in prison. That’s because guns are dangerous, very dangerous, and they present a lethal risk to anyone within their range; the law reflects that fact.

But let’s set aside the hypothetical and talk about something I actually saw: In the same setting, someone piloting \$60,000 of German engineering jumps a moment before the light turns green to make a left turn ahead of an oncoming bus, blaring his horn to freeze pedestrian traffic, and cuts through a narrow gap between several startled pedestrians at dangerous speed.

No one (including me) called 911. If we had, would the police have come? Would they have arrested the driver for aggravated assault? Or would they have cited him for a motor vehicle violation, something he



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PROFILE #1: **CRAIG**
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There's reason to believe that a jury won't convict a driver for making the sort of mistake they can imagine themselves making.

could pay off without ever answering for his conduct in court?

A review of cases around the country suggests even that much is unlikely, including when someone is injured. Perhaps for that reason, when it comes to bullied and even injured pedestrians and cyclists, all too often we don't call. The police don't come, and they look the other way when violations happen in front of them. When they do get involved, they often issue a citation that amounts to a slap on the wrist for assaultive behavior.

So what does it take to be charged for negligent or reckless conduct behind the wheel? It's hard to say. My research has disclosed many drivers who killed or maimed cyclists and pedestrians who had the right of way, under circumstances that plainly involved negligence and suggested recklessness, who walked away with a moving violation or less.

Amelie Le Moullac, to cite merely one of too many illustrative tragedies, was killed in 2013 when a tractor-trailer made an illegal right turn across her path in a bike lane in San Francisco. The law required a driver to merge safely into the bike lane in advance of the turn, but the driver simply cut across from the vehicle lane without warning; Le Moullac was run over. At a leafletting event near the site of the accident a week later, a police officer showed up, parked his squad car in the bike lane, and, in so many words, blamed Le Moullac and two others who had been killed recently in similar accidents for their own deaths.

Investigators claimed they could find no video of the accident, and concluded that the driver was not at fault. However, bike advocates quickly located a nearby surveillance camera that had recorded footage proving that the rig had turned illegally across Le Moullac's

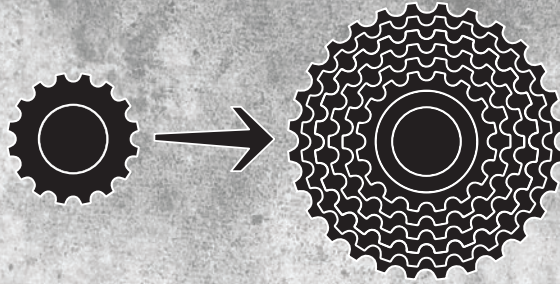
path, and the police acknowledged as much. Still, the driver was not charged, as though their initial assumption had been vindicated rather than confounded.

Compare that with cyclist Chris Bucchere, who ran a red light and fatally struck an elderly pedestrian in a San Francisco crosswalk at approximately 30 miles per hour. He pleaded guilty to vehicular manslaughter, believed to be the first time a U.S. cyclist had been convicted of that charge. He was sentenced to three years' probation and community service. Conversely, no charges were filed against a cyclist who at similarly high speed struck and killed Irving Schachter in the pedestrian lane on Central Park's East Drive Loop. But if either cyclist had been a man firing a gun on a city street, would he have received probation, community service, no sanction at all?

Cases of all permutations—cyclist-pedestrian, no charges; driver-pedestrian, severe charges—are not hard to find. And law enforcement decision-making largely is hidden from view and has many moving parts. Given massive caseloads, prosecutors can't be expected to take cases to trial that they have reason to believe they will lose. Their calculus is not as simple as comparing the facts to the law: There's reason to believe that a jury won't convict a driver for making the sort of mistake they can imagine themselves making. It doesn't matter if the case for conviction is strong in the abstract if experience teaches that no jury will vote unanimously to convict. With the prospect of jury recalcitrance reducing the incentives for the defense to accept a plea bargain, prosecutors are faced with a Hobson's choice between charging a driver and losing or not charging the driver at all.

Sometimes the law, itself, is the problem. New York's "rule of two," for example, provides that a driver may be charged for the death of a pedestrian only if he was guilty, at the time, of at least two misdemeanor charges. But if the vehicle code contains few misdemeanors, and police are reluctant to apply the crimes code to drivers for unintentional conduct, the rule is self-defeating.

If it seems as though these few cases and those that follow below have been selected at random, and risk misrepresenting contrary patterns that might emerge with a broader analysis, that's understandable. But it's simply impossible to provide a comprehensive review. Data regarding such accidents, especially serious acci-



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dents that by some miracle did not severely injure anyone, are notoriously unreliable thanks to shoddy record-keeping, police indifference, and inconsistencies across jurisdictions. But even a thorough, well-coded record probably would find little rhyme or reason to whether a given case results in charges.

It's fair to say that the vast majority of participants in the criminal justice system aim to apply the law consistently, and they do quite well in many contexts. But that breaks down when it comes to motor vehicle collisions that seriously injure pedestrians and cyclists; there is no reliable way to predict whether and how the law will be brought to bear in a given case.

In my admittedly unscientific research, I have discerned only one clear pattern: In nearly every case in which a driver was charged with assault with a deadly weapon or its equivalent against a cyclist, the driver was suspected of deliberately striking cyclists or knowingly forcing them into harm's way. However, every case I could find of a cyclist charged with assault with a deadly weapon undeniably involved recklessness, but no malice or intent to injure. This is hardly surprising. The risk to the cyclist in a high-speed collision with a pedestrian is nearly as great to the cyclist as it is to the pedestrian, a powerful deterrent. If only the same were true for drivers, the roads surely would be safer for everyone.

But that is not to say no drivers are prosecuted for killing cyclists inadvertently: For example, a New Orleans driver was charged with negligent homicide, negligent injury, and reckless operation of a motor vehicle for running down three cyclists accidentally, killing one and critically injuring another. But it is perhaps notable that the dead cyclist was a firefighter, rather than a delivery man or a commuter, like so many other victims to whom justice is denied.

Contrast that with the death of Milton Olin Jr., who died when he was struck from behind by an on-duty Los Angeles County Sheriff's deputy. At the time of the collision, Deputy Andrew Wood was returning from a fire call, typing a report into his car's computer. Wood claimed that the cyclist had veered in front of his car, but the district attorney concluded that Wood crossed into the bike lane before striking Olin.

California law exempts law enforcement officials from its ban on the use of wireless devices when driving. The prosecutor explained that, to sustain a

charge of manslaughter, it would have been necessary to establish that Wood acted negligently. But regardless of the importance of Wood's communique, nothing suggested that Wood couldn't have transmitted it before leaving the scene or stopped his car to do so. It is hard to imagine how striking a cyclist in a bike lane in broad daylight is ever not negligent; as we say in the law, *res ipsa loquitur*—the thing speaks for itself. But Olin is dead. And Wood is off the hook.

Notably, the prosecutor implicitly acknowledged that negligence or recklessness alone might support charges under the crimes code. But I found only one instance of a driver who was charged for striking a cyclist recklessly but without the clear intent to injure; I found a number of such charges imposed against cyclists who injured pedestrians. Such charges also appear to be rare when a car strikes the pedestrian, as in New York, where the rule of two appears to have shielded many dangerous drivers from fully answering for their heedless conduct.

It's important to remember, though, that generally it's not the law that differs—it's the prosecutors and the judges, the witnesses and the jurors. Cyclist and pedestrian cases bring the human component of the criminal justice system to the fore like no other. Drivers, it seems, get the benefit of the doubt, and then some. And even when they are charged for negligence or recklessness, the charges rarely expose the driver to consequences on par with analogous crimes committed with a gun or a knife. Drivers can act just like the hypothetical gun-wielding pedestrian, but absent actual malice, investigators will treat the event as an "accident," with all the inclination to forgiveness and leniency that word invokes.

In 2012 more than 33,000 motorists were killed on American roads, along with nearly 5,000 pedestrians, only a handful of whom, we can assume, died from collisions with cyclists. Meanwhile, firearms, which are (and should be) policed vigorously, were responsible for 32,000 deaths in 2012, approximately 60% of them suicides. But motor vehicles are the one lethal instrumentality as to which the rules are entirely different, as the infrequency of serious charges in fatal accidents makes painfully clear.

I once was hit by a car at a busy Pittsburgh intersection while in a crosswalk with the signal, not to mention a police officer managing traffic nearby. Out

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urban security designed by messengers

of the corner of my eye, I saw the car veering toward me from behind, and was able to anticipate and, to some extent, protect myself against serious injury as my body crushed the hood and I tumbled to the pavement.

I was banged up but OK. Rather than end my evening early by accepting an unnecessary ambulance ride, I declined medical attention. After the EMTs left, I asked the responding officer to prepare a report and take the driver's statement. He resisted, explaining that reports typically aren't filed without injury, and that, by declining care, I had self-classified the accident as one not involving injury, despite the fact that one obviously can be injured but opt not to take on the hassle and expense of an ambulance ride. If they weren't taking a report, then they weren't pressing charges. Indeed, only when I made what could fairly be called a stink about the policy did the officer relent. To my knowledge, though, the perfunctory report was nothing more than a bone they threw me; no consequence befell the driver except a dented hood.

The disparity in the treatment of misconduct involving lethal weapons based upon the nature of the weapon—with cars unintuitively falling even lower on the scale than bicycles—is the most extreme I can think of in a legal system that aspires to consistency and fairness. It embodies a strong, nearly uniform cultural bias, conscious for some, subconscious for others, favoring leniency for unintentional injuries caused by us and our automobiles; referring to such events as “accidents,” we decide how they will be treated under the law long before we know how apt that word really is. But “accidents” involving other deadly implements routinely are punished more severely.

Is this surprising? Not to me. Traffic is the water Americans swim in; our parents drove everywhere, and most cyclists, too, drive regularly. Driving is a rite of passage for adolescents. Driving is freedom of movement. Driving is as American as apple pie. Everyone else get out of the way.

So how can we not identify with people like us—people who take their eyes off the road to fish below their seat for dropped cigarettes or mobile phones or candy; people who can't ignore their phone's braying until they reach a stopping point; people whose

minds are on work, on a recent fight with a spouse, a forgotten birthday, an interesting story on the radio? We all suffer at times from inattention, and we don't do a very good job of determining when it will happen. Hence “accidents,” rather than crimes.

Ours is a democratic system of our collective devising and, as such, it reflects who we are: We are cyclists and pedestrians, yes, but we are drivers, too, and we are police officers, judges, and jurors. We are reporters who parrot the word “accident” when it's offered by officialdom, and we are credulous when a driver insists that the pedestrian darted out into traffic without any warning. And whatever passes for justice is, at least in some ways, the justice we have accepted, or at least tolerated, for a very long time.

In a democracy we end up with precisely the government we deserve. Is it possible, too, that we have the streets that we deserve? It's easy to think not when we're on our bikes or afoot in traffic's heedless chaos, conditioned to expect that drivers will fecklessly threaten our safety and treat us more as obstacles than people. But is it really so hard for us as drivers to imagine striking a cyclist or pedestrian out of the sort of good-faith error that deserves to be called an “accident”? Haven't we had close calls that we might have avoided had we slowed down, or taken more care? When we are in the jury room confronted with conflicting evidence in equipoise and a human being in the dock, will our empathy for the accused not make us reluctant to convict the driver of a serious crime, exposing someone who might be us, someone with children and a mortgage, to years of incarceration for a momentary lapse?

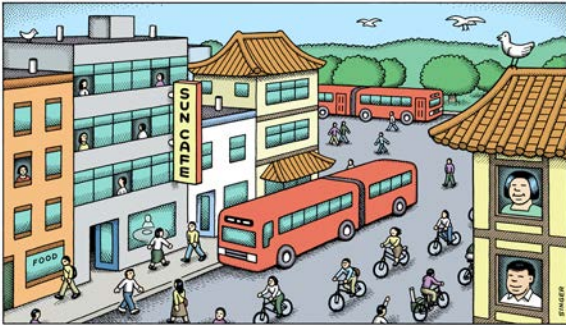
This commentary does not end with a pat answer or a proposal for concrete change, because the law itself is not the problem. Instead, we can only hope for the emergence of a broader empathy and the objective, scrupulously even-handed application of the law. The responsibility lies from one end of the spectrum to the other—pedestrians, cyclists, drivers, law enforcement, judges and jurors. And despite my sense that the law, itself, mostly is not the problem, that doesn't mean such empathy cannot be embodied in and enhanced by enlightened legislation that seeks more effectively to balance the realities that attend motor vehicle traffic with the safety of the road's softer targets (if you'll pardon my flippancy).

In the meantime, let's all be careful out there.



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Technical Gubbins

HOW TO PATCH A TUBE

Words & Photos by Brad Quartuccio

A typical patch kit includes a swatch of sandpaper, a tube of vulcanizing fluid and a few patches. Here's how to use them on a simple puncture.



1 Find the hole. Put some air in the tube, listen and look for the leak. You may have to give it a bath to spot the bubbles. Let it dry.



2 Scuff the area around the hole to clean and roughen the surface. It may help to flatten out seams, but don't stress too much.



3 Evenly spread vulcanizing fluid around the hole. You must wait for the glue to dry and turn cloudy before moving along to the next step. It must dry completely.



4 Take the foil backing off the patch, and without touching the surface of the patch, firmly place it over the hole. One shot, no sliding. Burnish the patch with a coin or the edge of your patch kit and gently peel off the plastic backing.



Flat Diagnosis: If the hole was on the outside of the tube it was caused by something puncturing the tire. Be sure to remove the flat-causing shrapnel from tire before reinflation. If the hole was on the inside of the tube it was caused by the rim; either the rimstrip moved or there is a burr somewhere. Fix the problem. Or it was a pinch-flat, caused by the rim pinching the tube against the ground due to underinflation or an unexpected pothole. Sometimes these come in pairs, sometimes not. Typically you know when they strike. Put more air in it next time.



Technical Gubbins

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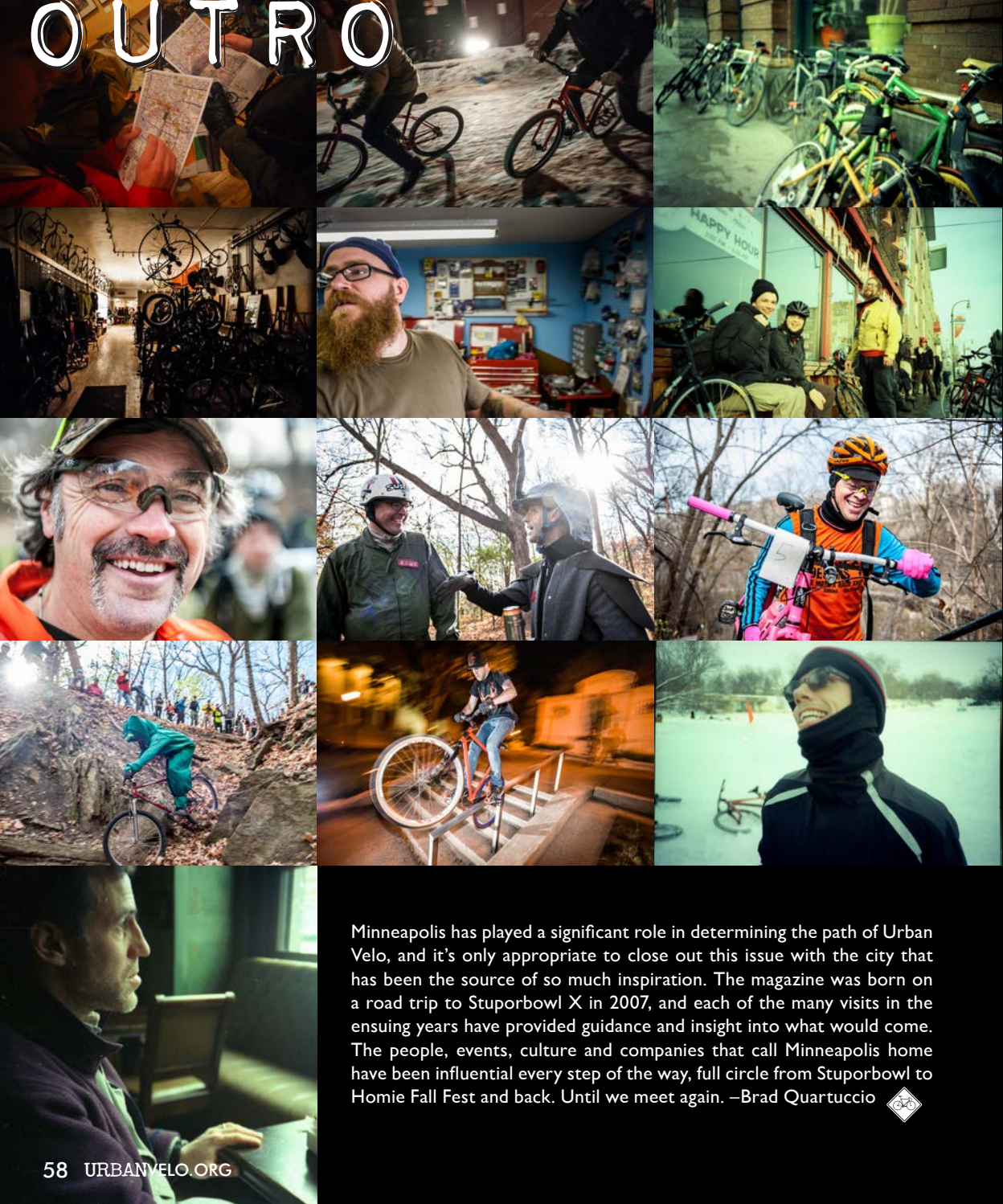
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OUTRO



Minneapolis has played a significant role in determining the path of Urban Velo, and it's only appropriate to close out this issue with the city that has been the source of so much inspiration. The magazine was born on a road trip to Stuporbowl X in 2007, and each of the many visits in the ensuing years have provided guidance and insight into what would come. The people, events, culture and companies that call Minneapolis home have been influential every step of the way, full circle from Stuporbowl to Homie Fall Fest and back. Until we meet again. —Brad Quartuccio



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