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# URBAN VELO

Bicycle Culture on the Skids

Issue #9 • September 2008



## STREET SMARTS

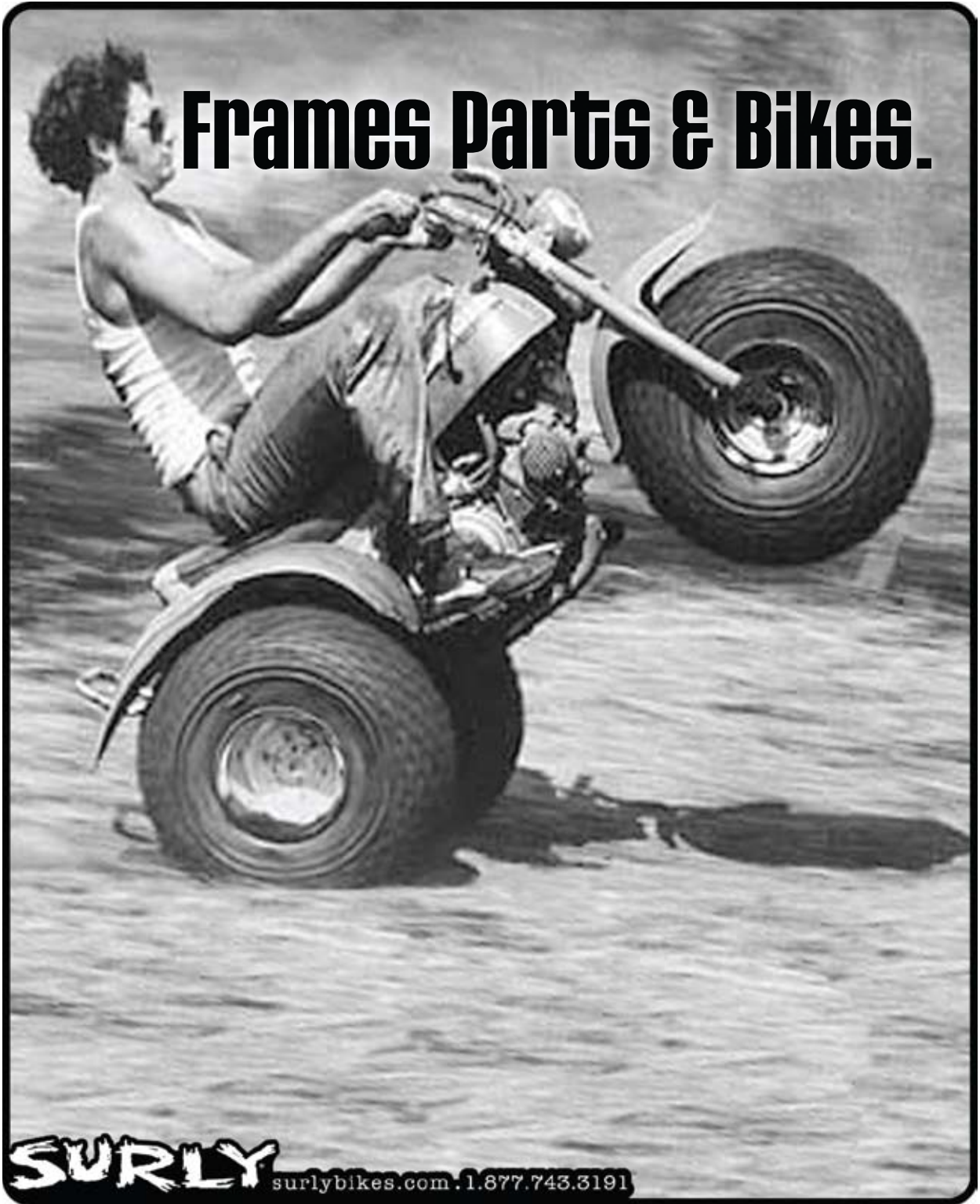
SURVIVAL SKILLS FROM A MESSENGER

José Martínez urban cycling photo gallery. See page 44

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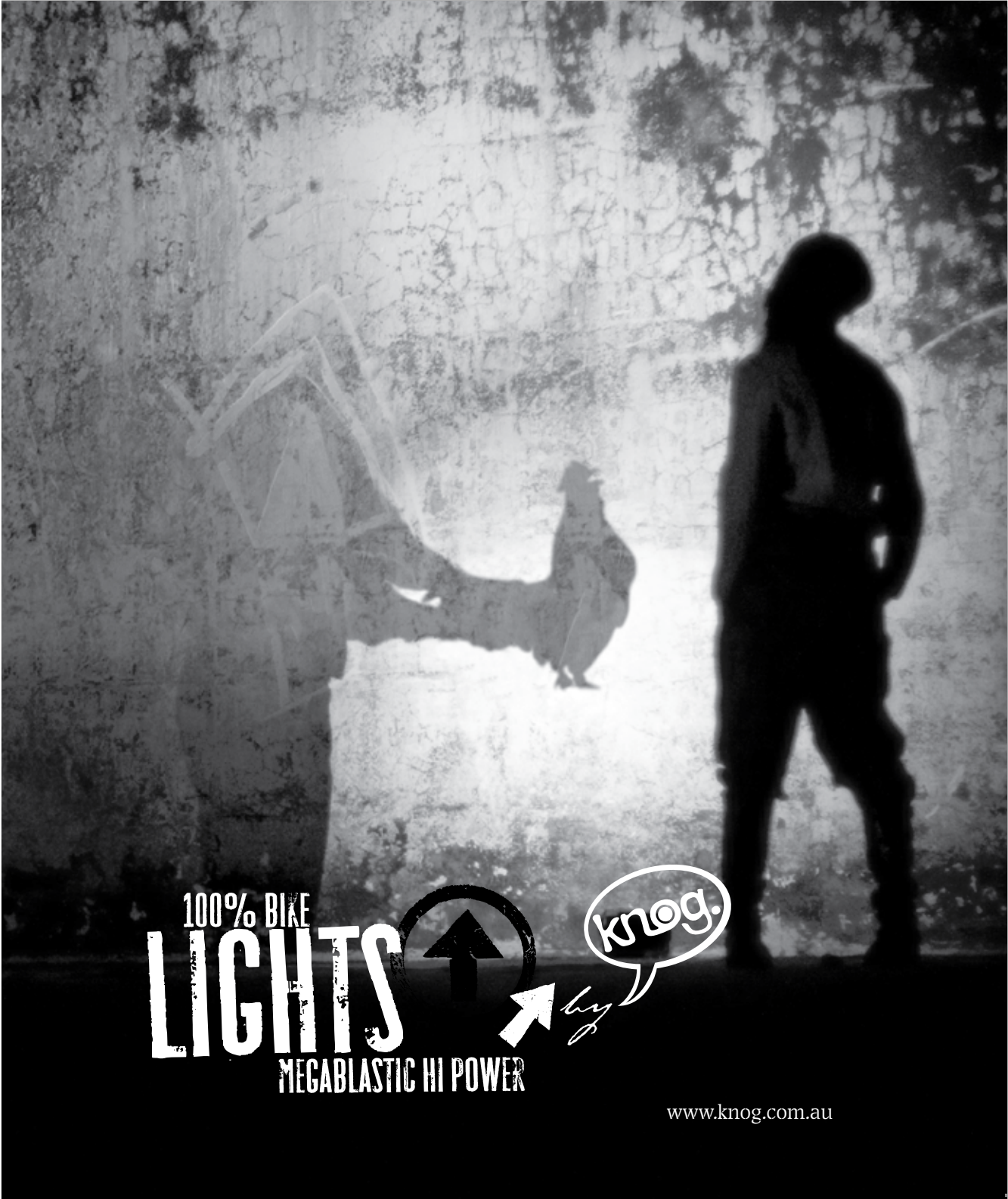
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Statistically speaking, it's dark for a long time. Just think of all that night-time you need to fill every single day! And if you're not into Fox-Holin' (looking for rabbits in fox holes) or Bunny-Burrowin' (hiding foxes in rabbit burrows) things can get pretty boring. That is unless you're the type who likes casting shadows on walls. We suggest particularly strong lights and particularly lewd imaginations - because as the saying goes: 'I've seen a cock crow but never a monkey spank'.

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On the cover: Bianchis in Reno. Photo by Tyler Neff, [www.flickr.com/photos/tylersansserif](http://www.flickr.com/photos/tylersansserif)

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# Editor's Statement

By Brad Quartuccio



**B**icycles can be a door to much greater knowledge and understanding. Personally, I can trace the development of my interest in all things mechanical back to countless hours in my parent's garage tearing apart my bicycle just to find out how it went back together. In particular, upon my dad's urging, I remember taking apart my first real bike and laying it all out on newspaper in the basement one winter. It may have taken me a week to put it back together, and I never did find out where the "extra" parts went, but ever since I've been empowered to turn my own wrenches.

Community cycling advocates around the country are opening such doors to those who may otherwise not have that opportunity. Featured on page 52, the MobookMobile delivers books and bike mechanics to urban communities that could use a bit of empowerment outside of the usual systems that all too often fail to serve our neighbors adequately. The ways that bicycles can help shape our communities go far beyond stripes on the road and reduced oil consumption and right to the heart of what makes a healthy neighborhood.

Get up, get into it and get involved.



We want your words. Send your editorial contributions to [brad@urbanvelo.org](mailto:brad@urbanvelo.org)





# RICKSHAW

## BAGWORKS



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# Publisher's Statement


By Jeff Guerrero



Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. We know this from Newton's third law of motion. And this principle applies not only to individual bicycles in a literal sense, but to the greater bicycle movement in a figurative sense.

For example, the City of Pittsburgh recently hired a bicycle/pedestrian coordinator. Stephen Patchan is an intelligent, approachable guy, and an Urban Velo subscriber to boot. Stephen's job is to improve the city's cycling infrastructure—a welcome course of action for sure—but as Newton would have predicted, there's an equal and opposite reaction. Along with the city's physical improvements and education initiatives come enforcement initiatives. If things go as planned, cyclists like myself who are used to blowing through stop signs and running red lights are going to have to start watching out for Johnny Law. Bike messengers are likely going to have to stop riding in the bus lanes, and according to my friend Jessie, the city's bike cops are issuing tickets for riding brakeless track bikes on the streets.

Another example is the bike rack recently installed outside of my day job. For years, employees who biked to work could stash their bikes indoors at the base of the main stairwell. With the sharp increase in gas prices this year, the number of bicycle commuters more than doubled. With so many teachers riding bikes, quite a few students were inspired to start riding their bikes to school, too. Before anyone realized it, the bicycles were creating a fire hazard. So now we have to lock our bikes up outside, exposed to the elements and beyond the watchful eye of Mr. Bennie, our trusted security guard.

But I'm willing to take the good with the bad. I'm not saying I agree with the cops that gave Jessie a ticket (after all, she was willing and able to stop when they asked her to) but I would rather see more bike lanes and pedestrian bridges than apathetic police officers. And as much as I miss the rock star bike parking at work, the new rack helps promote cycling as a legitimate form of transportation. In the end it all adds up to more bicycles on the streets. 

Urban Velo issue #9, September 2008. Dead tree print run: 2500 copies. Issue #8 online readership: 30,000+





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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** Jake Tong  
**LOCATION:** Manchester, NH  
**OCCUPATION:** Tattoo Artist

**Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

I currently reside in Manchester, NH. NH is mainly a mountain biking state. The city riding here is tolerable, when people in cars aren't yelling out "Get out of the road!" Potholes, tight shoulders, humidity and hills keep you on your toes and well conditioned.

**What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

I've mostly only ridden in NH and a little bit in Baltimore, so Manchester, by default.

**Why do you love riding in the city?**

It can have two effects for me. It can be really relaxing just to go on a mellow cruise and enjoy the surroundings. The other being really intense, kind of like skating—right before you approach the rail or gap, then rewarding—after you land and ride away from the trick. Just overall fun.

**Or just say whatever you want about riding in the city... Poetry anyone?**

Quite a few people have pulled over while I'm on my bike and been like "Hey, you need a ride?" or "What happened?" Funny how people here automatically assume that if you're riding your bike you have a DWI.

Spotted from my Schwinn.



They asked me to tag along.  
Once I decide which one I like, I'll call my buddy.  
Until then, I'm going in alone.



Willy



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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** Laila Ghambari  
**LOCATION:** Seattle, WA  
**OCCUPATION:** Barista

**Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

Riding in Seattle is usually a cold and rainy experience. Sunny days are few and far between but, I think because of that, we cherish them so much more. There are hills, lots and lots, but hills are good for you.

**What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

As soon as I understand the streets of Portland better (cause I get lost every time) it will be my favorite. I think the community is what draws me there. For now though, I will say Seattle because it's my home and I know the ins and outs of this city.

**Why do you love riding in the city?**

There is a beautiful freedom about being on a bike in the city. You feel connected with what's surrounding you and that allows you to appreciate it. You get to know it pretty intimately, in the sense of you come to know its flaws and its strengths. Plus, when 5 o'clock hits, what would you rather do: weave through traffic or sit in it?

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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** Holly Bass

**LOCATION:** Washington DC

**OCCUPATION:** Writer and Performer

## Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?

I live in Washington DC at the top of a hill. I love riding down and feeling the breeze on my legs and the sun on my face. That's good living. And riding up the hill back home always makes me feel like I've accomplished something, regardless of how the rest of my day went. The streets in DC are decent for riding on, but I'll get on the sidewalk when the traffic gets nutty. I'm not that dude on a brakeless track bike racing down center lane. My bike is a 1970 AMF Hercules with a Sturmey Archer hub. I've got a basket in front so I can carry my groceries and books. I've got a big padded seat and I never worry about someone stealing my front tire. I believe in riding in style and riding in comfort!

## What was your favorite city to ride in and why?

I can't really say what's my favorite city to ride in, but the craziest city I ever rode in was Milan, Italy. I lived there for a year. People drive like they just got their licenses and trolley cars and buses zigzag in all directions. Tons of streets are cobblestone and super uneven. And forget about a bike lane. I had an old three speed there too, but with really thin tires and sometimes the tires would get stuck in between the trolley car rails—scariness. And the smog. Some days they would have driving moratoriums and no cars would be allowed in the city as an anti-pollution measure. A lot of people wore little masks, but in case the photo doesn't give a full idea, I'm a bit of a fashion plate, i.e. biking in heels and a skirt. I could tell the air was bad, but I was just way too vain to ride around in a Michael Jackson surgical mask. In retrospect it was pretty dangerous. Also, in Italy women don't really go out at night by themselves—it's kind of like living in the 1950s that way. But I would ride my bike home at midnight after hanging out with my friends. I had a few incidents, but my attitude is, if I've got a bike, why shell out for a cab? Once, some guys on a Vespa came up and slapped me on the behind. Another time, someone tried to "solicit" me and I'm like, can't you see I'm on a bike?! As if there's such a thing as a bike hooker or something. You know, those girls who ride around the city until they find a customer, then they lock up their bikes and start servicing dudes. Wha, huh?

## Why do you like riding in the city?

I like not worrying about driving and parking, waiting for the bus, paying for taxis, or mucking up the environment. DC is great because everything is so close. I can get to most places in less than 15 minutes. I'm not much for the long trek, but there's Rock Creek Park and the Tidal Basin. Basically, I ride from home to work to the café or bar and back home. But I get to see the so much of the city. I run into friends all the time. And in DC, old guys are always asking if they can get a ride. "Hey girl, can I ride?" It's sweet. If you've got a bike, people give you a little respect.

## And since you asked for poetry, here's a haiku:

shimmering spokes  
asphalt meets the tire  
stillness

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# I Love Riding in the City



Photo by Brad Quartuccio

**NAME:** Matt Kelley

**LOCATION:** Baltimore, MD

**OCCUPATION:** Marketing, Bike Mechanic

## Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?

I live in Baltimore Maryland, more affectionately known as "Charm City." Bike riding in Baltimore I would have to say is a lot like canoeing down rapids. My journeys normally start 17 miles north of downtown and in that distance I see a world of change. It starts with SUV's, occasional tractors, McMansions, fear of hitting deer at night and an overall feeling of "I must be invisible." Then as you

get further south the houses become closer together, the speed limits become lower, and the distribution of what is and isn't dangerous shifts from soccer moms and landscaping trucks pulling trailers of loosely strapped down death, to traffic density and people literally running out into the middle of the street and trying to punch you off your bike in an attempt at theft.

## What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?

My favorite city to ride in would have to be DC. I feel like vehicles there are a little more acknowledging of cyclists, the lanes are wider, and there are less hills. Plus riding around DC feels like being behind enemy lines, or in the belly of the beast. I always feel like if some sort of uprising happened there, a bike would be the best thing to either charge into battle or get the fuck out of Dodge.

## Why do you love riding in the city?

I love riding in the city because you can actually compete with cars. When you are out on rural roads the speed difference is too great to be able to assert any dominance over the vehicles. But when you are in the city all you have to do is get up to speed and make moves while the four wheeled vehicles get caught at every obstruction.

## Poetry anyone?

riding thru these streets  
meeting crossroads of hope and  
some of loss

will I take the right road  
will I venture into the curves and  
bumps carved into the foundation  
formed from years of repetitive travel

I'd rather be a drunk biker than a  
designated driver



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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** Corinna West  
**LOCATION:** Kansas City, MO  
**OCCUPATION:** Mental health peer support specialist

## **Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

I live in Kansas City and the roads are not as friendly as in Colorado Springs where I went to college. For eight years I was afraid to ride in the streets. Then I got a job on the same side of the river as I worked and I started riding. Now I ride everywhere, including across the river, every day. People tell me they are afraid to ride, and I tell them it's just a matter of finding the right routes. My motorist friends are amazed that there are other routes than the freeways. Kansas City is very hilly and spread out, and it's the third largest city in the US by land mass. Since the density is so low, I can ride for two or three hours through relatively quiet streets and still be in the urban area.

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## **What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

Kansas City is my favorite because I have made so many friends here. Although motorists yell at me more here, there is nothing better than catching up to them at a red light and trying to make them see me as a human being instead of just an obstacle to get around. Peace begets peace, and telling them, "You scared me," goes a lot further than a "fuck you." Kansas City has a great wealth of historic buildings that weren't torn down and are now being redeveloped. We have a growing cycling scene with Bike to Work Week, alleycats, Critical Mass, lycra pay rides, national races and epic discussions with the Department of Transportation about bridge access.

## **Why do you love riding in the city?**

I love going out my front door and going wherever I need to go with my bike. I enjoy being able to stop along the way to look at things or talk to people and have adventures along with my transportation. I like arriving at work tired and relaxed and warm and in a good mood. Cycling is more effective than a lot of medicines people take, and I meet great people, see more of the world and eat a lot of food along the way.

## **Or just say whatever you want about riding in the city...**

By riding my bike to work I plan to change the world.

I declare freedom from the petroleum mongering machine.

There's no war in Iraq fought for my gas.

I live on a human scale, and I transport my own ass.

Photo by Sarah Gibson, [www.acmebicyclecompany.com](http://www.acmebicyclecompany.com)

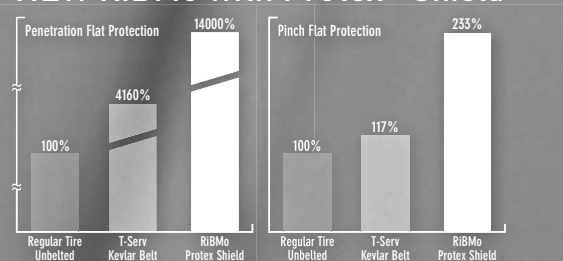
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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** Gabe Gonzalez

**LOCATION:** Carson City, NV

**OCCUPATION:** Customer Service Rep. for Veltec Sports, Inc

**Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

I live in Carson City, NV. It's a mixture of cowboys, crazy soccer moms and a ton of SUVs. We have beautiful mountains, great climbs and the beautiful Lake Tahoe not too far away. Riding isn't too bad, it's mostly long stretches of road with not too many lights inbetween. And it's sunny 300+ days a year. We also have a nice fixie community popping up in Carson and in Reno.

**What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

Well, I was born and raised in North Philly and worked there as a messenger for a year and a half with Rapid Delivery. To me nothing else compares to the diverse culture and

riding environment you find in Philly. Riding with the cars and busses of the city, cutting in and out of traffic, fending off drug dealers with my NY chain lock, seeing prostitutes walking out of alleyways, hanging out at "The Station" with my buddies and weekend rides on Kelly Dr.

**Why do you love riding in the city?**

Riding in the city is like riding with a wild untamed animal—you never know what it's going to do. It's alive and when I ride with that animal I feel alive to. It's an adventure every time I get on my bike. You can get to know it but you can never tame it!



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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** David O

**LOCATION:** Chicago, IL

**OCCUPATION:** Selling bikes

**Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

I live in the windy city, and riding here is great. The city is set up well, it has great architecture and a huge bike community. Chicago has great history and plenty of things to see, one of my favorite places is The Green Mill where Capone could be seen at in his time. There are cool bridges and underground streets downtown, and the city is on the lake so there is a trail right there too. I can stay out all day and cycle through these streets, and I'll do it again the next day...

**What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

LA was nice, but I was on a cruiser I got on Venice Beach...It would have to be the home town, I plan to travel more but I will always love Chicago the most. North Side

forever...but I really would like to go to Tokyo!

**Why do you love riding in the city?**

I used to love cars, until I found out how useless they are in the city. I love to just fly by and ride around traffic, instead of sitting in it. It is way faster to ride and it keeps me in better shape. And you don't have to look for parking... and gas prices suck! I can get a little workout while lookin' at girls, graffiti, funny people, stupid people, crazy things, bums, pigs...there is never a dull moment.

**Or just say whatever you want about riding in the city...**

ARRRRGGG to the Pirates crew! You don't know your city until you ride it, it's much more beautiful outside the metal box. And tight pants suck...



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# I Love Riding in the City



**NAME:** John Cline  
**LOCATION:** Chicago, IL  
**OCCUPATION:** Spy

**Where do you live and what's it like riding in your city?**

I live in Wicker Park, a hep a easy going place in Chicago. Riding in Chicago is a lot of fun and challenging. Lots of people yell at you, shake fists at you, try and run you down, all because of what? Because I don't like to stop and I guess they don't either. Not a lot of hills, but the wind...you are rarely down.

**What was your favorite city to ride in, and why?**

Portland, aside from having the highest concentration of strip clubs in the United States, the city is hilly and fun. The people are VERY receptive to bikers as well. Doing a track stand at an intersection all the cars waited for me to cross and were waving me through. I was shocked.

**Why do you love riding in the city?**

I look at it like a real life video game. Always alert for something jumping out at you while going fast through the streets and only having one life. Perfect.

**Or just say whatever you want about riding in the city...**

I like hitting a trail or a velodrome once in a while but I am never as comfortable as I am on the street of any urban area, it's like home. I have been dragging my Soma all over the country to different cities and man it has been a blast...

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# I Love Riding in the City



## I (Used to) Love Riding in the City

By Jason Mills

Sometimes I miss those \$5 alleycats, bombing hills brakeless and blowing lights, riding like a reckless idiot for bragging rights and the “grand” prize, a messenger bag, a growler from the East End Brewery, \$50 in crumpled cash. I miss those hung-over, yet happy-as-hell, summer messenger mornings outside PPG Plaza, Downtown, sipping coffee, anxiously waiting for that next “money-making,” east rush to the Cathedral or Iroquois. I was riding hard and hardly making \$200 a week. I loved every minute of it. Sometimes I miss those bitterly cold, late January nights when we stuffed Steve’s panniers full of whatever food we could scavenge from Strip District dumpsters. I miss those fast, sober rides to the bar and the drunk ones home I don’t really remember or don’t remember at all.

Everything that’s lead up to now, though, all that, has been worth it. I did that for four years; that city-living, urban-riding. I used to love riding in the city. Now it’s St.

Mary, Montana, population less than one hundred year-round; mountain-slash-country living, just outside Glacier National Park on the Blackfeet Native American Indian Reservation.

Today is June 12, 2008: six inches of snow fell yesterday. It melted today—it is June, after all, summer, even here in the mountains—and I took advantage: thirty miles, with gears, with brakes, into the park. My destination: Jackson Glacier, fifteen miles into the park, one of less than ten remaining glaciers in the Lower Forty-Eight. The first fifteen were uphill, into a twenty-mile-per-hour wind, a doesn’t-even-let-up-a-little gust. It’s like that all the time here. Past Jackson, the road goes on for forty more miles to the next town, West Glacier, but thirty-foot-tall snowdrifts still cover portions of the road. The Park Service dynamites, plows, and repaves every day to get it open; they’re hoping for the Fourth of July, as long as it doesn’t snow again. And it can.

There are no conventional destinations here, just lakes and peaks, X’s that mark spots. There is no bar with a half-off happy hour, no dumpster filled with just-expired cashews, no double-supers to Highmark, Fifth at Stanwix. The nearest year-round, fully-stocked grocery store is thirty miles away. Here, there are just countless miles to ride; really, there are only three places, there-and-back, in a hundred mile radius: thirty-one miles south on Highway 89 to Browning, the “capital” of the Reservation, by far the hardest thirty-one miles I’ve ever done; fifteen miles north on the same highway to the America-into-Canada border crossing; and Going-to-the-Sun Road, the mountainous, fifty-four-mile, government-certified “National Historic Landmark” that took fourteen years to complete, a testament to how hard it is to ride. I love riding in the country.

Sometimes I miss that city life: I put thousands of brakeless miles on my ‘92 Cannondale “Track” and never rode even one lap on a velodrome. Once I got hit by a car and three police cars, an ambulance, and two fire trucks showed up to the scene. All they would send here is a helicopter; the nearest hospital is more than two hours away. I like it better here, though, Nowhere, Montana, because it’s harder, it’s less convenient, its hills are infinite and knee-numbing, the air thin and unpolluted. This place wasn’t nicknamed “Big Sky Country” and “The Last Best Place” for nothing. No matter what, though, city or mountain-slash-country, grid-locked streets or an empty highway that stretches to the horizon and beyond, biking is still my everything. And now I don’t have to worry about being doored.



Photo by Brad Quartuccio





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# STREET SMARTS

SURVIVAL SKILLS FROM  
A BICYCLE MESSENGER

By Rich Katz



**T**he streets are the most dangerous place you'll ever be. The chances of getting killed in a traffic accident are greater than almost anything you'll experience in your entire lifetime. If you're in a car, the simplest precaution you can take to survive is to wear your seatbelt. But on a bicycle, you might as well be naked, helmet or not. The only things that will keep you alive in traffic are your skills, your awareness of your environment, and always having a tremendous respect for the danger involved. Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to scare you away from riding your bicycle on the streets, but knowledge is power, and the skills are what will keep you alive so that you can continue to have fun riding bikes. Don't think that wearing a helmet is all you need to stay alive; you want to avoid accidents, not just survive them.



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Always keep a finger on your brake levers.

The most important thing to remember is to never assume anything about where you're riding or the future movements of a car. Street riders can become complacent, assuming that the road is nice and flat, smooth and predictable, ignoring where they're actually riding. But this is so very far from the truth, as there are many obstacles that can slap you into the pavement like a wet fish. Things like potholes, from tiny to huge, or simple cracks in the road, either from damaged roads, or designed into the road itself for pavement expansion. Or the dreaded "rain grooves," cheese-grater looking ridges designed to keep a car's wide tires from hydroplaning, that to bicycles have about as much grip as ice. Then there are slippery fluids such as oil or water, gasoline or antifreeze, or simply sand or dirt, akin to riding on top of tiny ball bearings. Changing weather conditions, from rain to snow, sleet to ice, and benign looking frost that can make you fall faster than a drunk stumbling out at closing time. Of course, there's the most obvious danger, the motorized vehicles that you're sharing the roads with. A car weighs several tons, and it's moving at speed. Have an altercation with a car, and you're going to lose. It's best to avoid kissing anyone's fender. The world is full of idiots and assholes, and they tend to dominate the streets behind the wheel.

What follows are some basics that you should keep on your mind when riding on the street. It's not that they may save your life, it's that they will save your life...

## SKILLS FOR DEALING WITH ROAD CONDITIONS

**1 Look where you're going!** The most important skill to avoiding an accident is using your vision. And I don't just mean looking forward in a tunnel vision of doom, I mean using your vision to its maximum potential. Look at everything you're about to ride over, question everything, fear everything, never assume it's anything but your enemy. As soon as you assume it's fine, you'll find yourself on your ass, or worse, on your face.

**2 Scan the road surface constantly.** Even on roads that are well maintained it doesn't take much to knock a rider down. Road irregularities, iron drain grating, manhole covers, and all kinds of objects can easily take a rider out if hit the wrong way. If you can safely avoid them, ride around. Don't forget to look for traffic coming up from behind you. Otherwise ride straight through it—hold tight onto your handlebars but stay loose with your body to both absorb the obstacle and allow your body to quickly react to the irregularities of it. Stand up and think "light" as you go over the obstacle.

**3 Be subtle in the rain.** In rain, or any slippery conditions, loss of traction can be very pronounced. Be subtle, very subtle. Keep in mind that the streets have a lot of greasy pollution residue deposited on them that once wet, especially when it just starts raining, yields an oil-slick type of condition. When riding on a slippery surface, try to keep the bike as vertical as possible when making a turn. Don't lean the bike into a turn as aggressively as you normally do would when the roads are dry and grippy, rather gently turn and lean as little as possible, to avoid "washing out."

**4 Turn your "boat" into the "wave."** When crossing a raised crack or edge in the road that is somewhat parallel to your forward direction, cut across it as perpendicular as safely possible. In other words, think like a boat coming upon an intersecting wave. Turn into the wave at a right angle, not along with it. This will help prevent the front of your boat, or rather the front wheel of your bike, from deflecting away from its desired direction of motion, keeping you upright and not on your ass.

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**5 Always keep a finger on your brake levers.** Braking reaction is delayed if you have all of your fingers wrapped around your handlebar, far from your brakes. Most times you will have less than a second to brake to avoid an accident. With your fingers not on your brake levers, that second becomes two, already too late to brake. If your fingers are not able to comfortably reach the brakes, then change your brake levers to a different option that will fit your hand size correctly.

**6 Beware of the dark.** When riding at night, it is imperative that you have a bright white blinking headlight, and a bright red blinking taillight mounted on your bike, each with fresh batteries. If you thought you were invisible to cars in the daytime, at night you're nothing more than future roadkill. Popular LED "blinkie" lights increase the visible distance between you and a car tremendously, giving drivers a much longer time to react and avoid you. Make sure you have a headlight as well as a taillight to help prevent oncoming cars from turning directly in front of you, or others from pulling out of parking spaces into you.



Give yourself enough room to avoid cars.

## SKILLS FOR DEALING WITH OTHER VEHICLES

**1 Watch for a car's turn signals, but don't rely on them as fact.** Never assume a car is going to go straight because their turn signals are not on, or going to turn left just because their left signal is blinking. Always expect the unexpected. Turn signals can be a hint, but nothing more.

**2 When riding in traffic, do not always follow the law that dictates it is illegal to split a lane with another vehicle.** This, in my opinion, is far more dangerous than the increased possibility of getting sideswiped, as it places you wedged between cars in front and behind. If for any reason a car behind you is unable to stop, you will be crushed. A simple "fender bender" could prove fatal to an exposed bicyclist. Instead, where safely possible, stay to the far side of a lane, splitting the lane with the cars – especially when stopped at a light. Getting rear-ended is no fun. I cringe whenever I see a bicycling family on the streets waiting at a red light, standing out in the zone like ducks in a shooting gallery. The parent is thinking they're doing the right thing by following the letter of the law, but they're just ignoring common sense and good survival skills. Get your ass out of the line of fire as much as possible.

**3 Give yourself a safety cushion.** Make sure that you're not riding too close to the curb or edge of the road. Give yourself enough breathing room should a car get too close to pull farther off to the side to avoid being hit. Ride too close to the edge, and you'll have nowhere to go. If the road is that tight where you can't give yourself at least that much of a safety cushion, then you probably shouldn't be on that road at all unless you're able to keep up with traffic.

**4 Never assume a car will stop just because they have a red light.** In other words, never rely on traffic signals to determine whether or not it is safe to proceed. Traffic signals are there to attempt to control the traffic, but unfortunately they can do quite the opposite. It has been proven that at intersections where there are no traffic signals, there is a markedly lower rate of accidents, as people are forced to rely on their own common sense and visual determination of whether it is safe or not to proceed. When traffic signals control people, the same people get lazy and incorrectly assume that is safe. We all should know this is rarely true, as people blow through red lights all the time.



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**5 Never be a lemming.** Do not proceed into an intersection because everyone else does. If you see pedestrians beginning to cross the street because the light has turned green, or cars start rolling for the same reason, do not assume it's safe to go just because they thought so. They probably didn't look for oncoming traffic at all, they just assumed it was safe because the light turned green. People are idiots. Don't follow idiots. Don't be a suicidal lemming. Never proceed until you have verified with your own eyes that it is clear—trust no one!

**6 Look at the car's front wheels.** When coming up on the side of a car, take note of their front wheels. It takes a moment for the car to actually change direction once the wheels start to move. You can "read" the movements of cars pretty well through the wheels and suspension. If you see the wheels start to turn, brake and avoid.


**7 Be aggressive!** Be focused, almost competitive. You're at a huge disadvantage to cars, so make up for it by being more aggressive than them. It's like being the quiet shy person in a mosh pit - you won't be noticed, you'll just get flattened. Be noticeable by being aggressive. If you don't emotionally dominate the situation, you'll be taken advantage of more often.

**8 Keep your eyes wide open!** It's all about vision, and peripheral vision. When you're about to enter an intersection, look left, then look right, then left again, and right again. A lot can happen after your initial scan. Keep your eyes wide-open to use all of your peripheral vision to check for any cars that you may have not caught at first. Think like a high tech military vehicle... check, recheck, confirm, and only then proceed into the battlefield, because that's what the streets are.

**9 Never ride blind.** In other words, never ride into a blind corner or intersection assuming it's clear and safe. If you can't see if it's clear and safe, then it's not clear and safe. All it takes is one blind chance, and you could get killed. Unless you have a death wish, don't play Russian Roulette by riding blindly where you can't see.

**10 Don't get doored!** Getting doored, is when a person in a car (either stopped in traffic or parked), opens the door without looking first to see if anyone is coming up behind them, swinging it directly into a riders path. Hitting a door is one of the more painful accidents you can have, as car doors are

extremely strong, especially at the angle where you would impact them. They're also very hard to avoid if you're riding in that narrow path between the parked cars and bumper-to-bumper traffic. Sometimes you may notice people sitting in a parked car, or that a car has just parked, or even hear the lock click so you may have some warning but generally predicting a door opening is impossible. You may be able to swing around them, but likely not stop in time. The best way to avoid being doored is to stay three feet away from parked cars – out of the door zone.

**11 Never assume that a driver sees you.** Assume that you are completely and totally invisible. I don't care how many blinkie lights you have on, or if you're wearing obnoxiously bright reflective orange clothing, or have a big fruit basket on your head, they probably do not see you. This is not necessarily because they are unaware, bad drivers. It may simply be because the human brain only partially samples sensory input, putting certain input data higher or lower in a hierarchy of importance for a given situation. Since cars and trucks dominate the traffic on the streets, our brains are naturally responding quicker to the more common large box like objects (cars and trucks), not the less threatening vertical ones (bicycles, motorcycles, and pedestrians). They could be looking straight at you, and not actually "see" you. Always imagine yourself as invisible, and you'll have a lot better chance at survival. 

## About the Author



Rich Katz, aka Ratman, is originally from NYC. He supports his girl and beer habit by working as a bike messenger in Pittsburgh, PA. A motocrosser in his youth, turned mountain bike racer and observed trials competitor (and member of the once infamous Team No Sleep), he's spent the past 15 years smashing himself into smaller pieces riding BMX. His new job has put a temporary end to his BMX habit, due to the risk of getting injured (which would directly affect his ability to work) and just being too exhausted from sprinting all over the city nine hours a day. Though bicycles are one of his addictions, don't think he's anti-car... He also likes to build 800hp race cars from scratch. But since his Ratmobile only gets 5mpg, you'll usually just see him on his bike. If you do see him flying by you on the streets, just scream out "Ratty!" and he'll probably stop to say hi... That is, if you're a girl.

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# ★★VOTE DICK★★



By Richard Landon

Our team did not set out to make any profound political statement at the Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa, but we quickly found that Cheney '08 jerseys were an excellent Rorschach test for this election season.

Our team name was inspired, in part, by the political presence at last year's RAGBRAI, when riders were still gearing up for the Iowa Caucuses. Every candidate made his or her presence felt in 2007, so this year we decided to campaign for an unlikely contender for the presidency: the current Vice President. Though the presumptive nominees from both parties had already been established, we still encountered dumbfounded riders who merely replied, "I didn't know Cheney was even running."

Many riders wanted us to explain the inspiration and motivation for our jerseys in a simple and categorical man-

ner. Either we didn't like Dick Cheney and were therefore making fun of him, or we did like him and honestly wanted him to be the next President of the United States of America. Surprised by how undiscerning many of the riders were, and put-off by the often aggressive questioning with which we were assailed (always from angry liberals, not angry conservatives), we generally refused to give a straight answer to questions. After all, we thought the jerseys should speak for themselves.

Colored in bright pink and olive drab, our jerseys read "Cheney '08" front and back. The sides read "Vote Dick," and had a picture of Cheney's head on a cartoon body. The shoulders proclaimed "Small Dicks" and "Big Victory." And on the back of the jerseys, Cheney was celebrated as a "Freedom-shitting Death Eagle."

We rode down the Iowa highways declaring that "water-

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boarding isn't torture," "there is no insurgency," and "the constitution is for sissies." When other riders would ask us if we were joking, we responded with a question of our own: "Is freedom a joke?"

In general, the jerseys did receive responses from across the political spectrum. We had conservatives assume that we were Republicans voicing our displeasure with McCain, and therefore tried to engage us in serious conversation about the future direction of the Grand Old Party. Somehow, other riders actually thought our jerseys were offering support to McCain, though I'm not sure what evidence they based that on. We encountered many liberals who took our jerseys as a sign of the apocalypse, and felt the need to tell us that Cheney was a Nazi who ate kittens (and, by extension, so were we).

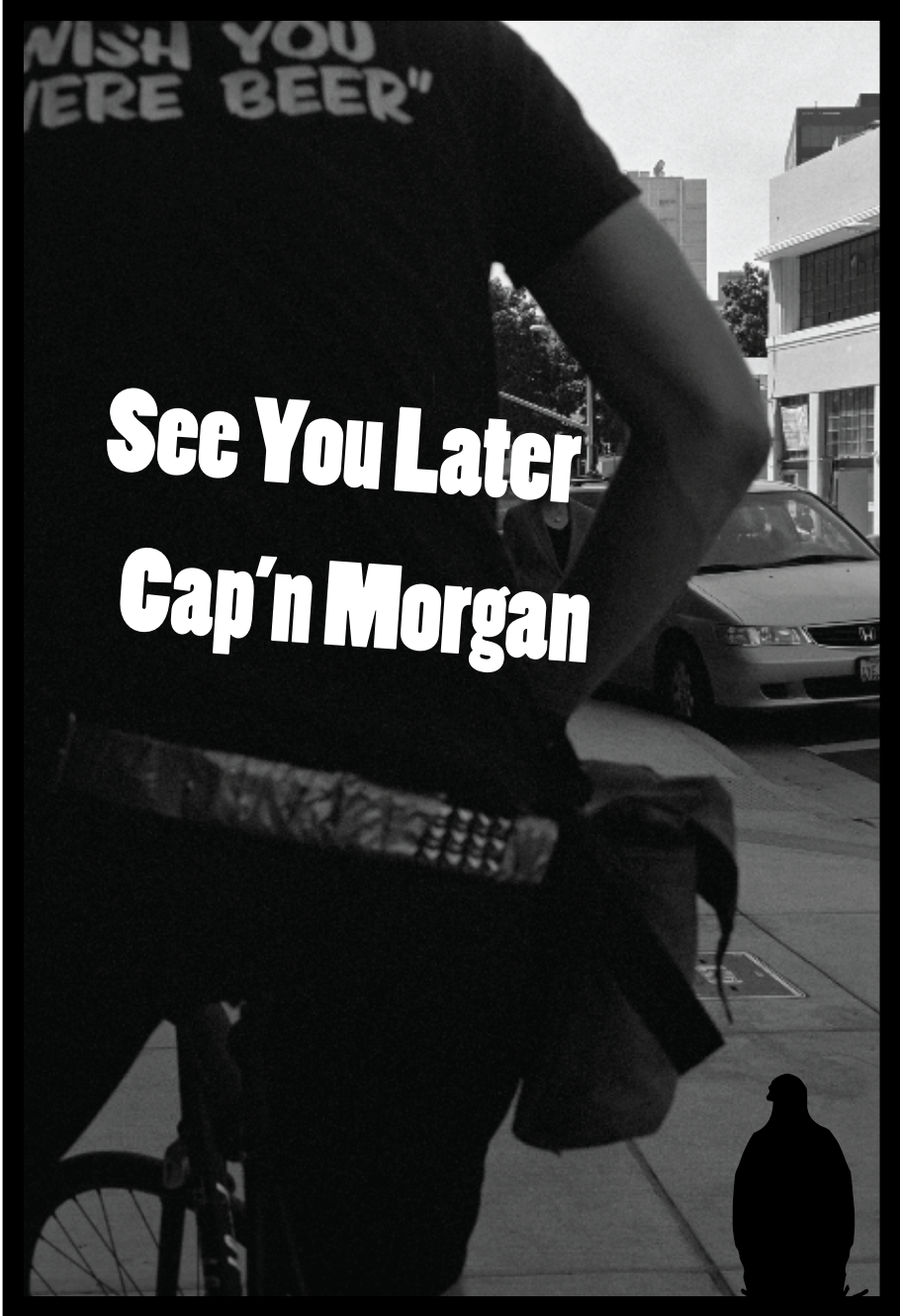
There were, though, many riders who asked for no explanation. Many people would pass by and tell us they liked our jerseys; others asked if they could take our pictures. We had to pose for cameras so often that as the week wore on we felt like celebrities. "Vote Dick" t-shirts that we could hardly give away at the beginning of the ride were almost sold out by the end.

By the last day, I began to suspect that we may have actually won the hearts and minds of the state of Iowa. Until, that is, a middle-aged woman asked me "What is the story with Cheney '08?" "What is the story?" I responded. "It is the story of American Freedom. It is the story of a line of great American presidents, of which Dick Cheney is the next chapter." Her friend asked, "So you guys really like Dick?" "Lady, I love Dick," I said. "I can't get enough Dick." The first woman appeared convinced. "I knew it! I knew you guys supported Cheney." 

**RAGBRAI is an annual seven-day ride across Iowa the last full week of July. It began in 1973 when two members of The Des Moines Register decided to ride across the state and write about it for the newspaper, and invited the public to join them. The route averages just short of 500 miles, but starts somewhere along the Missouri River and ends along the Mississippi River every year, passing through dozens of small Iowa towns and countless Iowa cornfields. Now limited to 10,000 officially registered riders, RAGBRAI has established itself as the longest, largest and oldest bike tour in the country. For more information, visit: [www.ragbrai.com](http://www.ragbrai.com).**

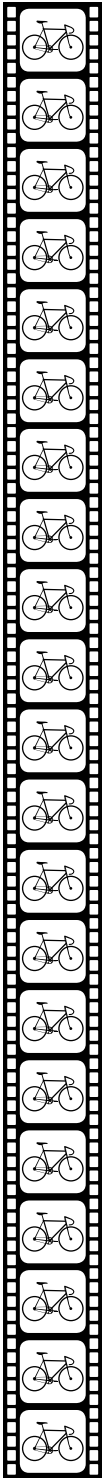


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# Bikes on Film

By Jeff Guerrero

## PEE-WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE




### Pee-Wee's Big Adventure

Pee-Wee's Big Adventure is perhaps the greatest bicycle movie ever made. Writer, actor and comedian, Paul Reubens co-wrote the 1985 action-comedy with legendary comedian Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol. The film stars the unforgettable Elizabeth Daily as Pee-Wee's love interest, Dotty, the bike mechanic. Milton Berle, Morgan Fairchild and Dee Snider of Twisted Sister also make appearances. Perhaps most notable of all, the film was director Tim Burton's first full-length movie, and featured a soundtrack by the one and only Danny Elfman (who wrote The Simpsons theme).

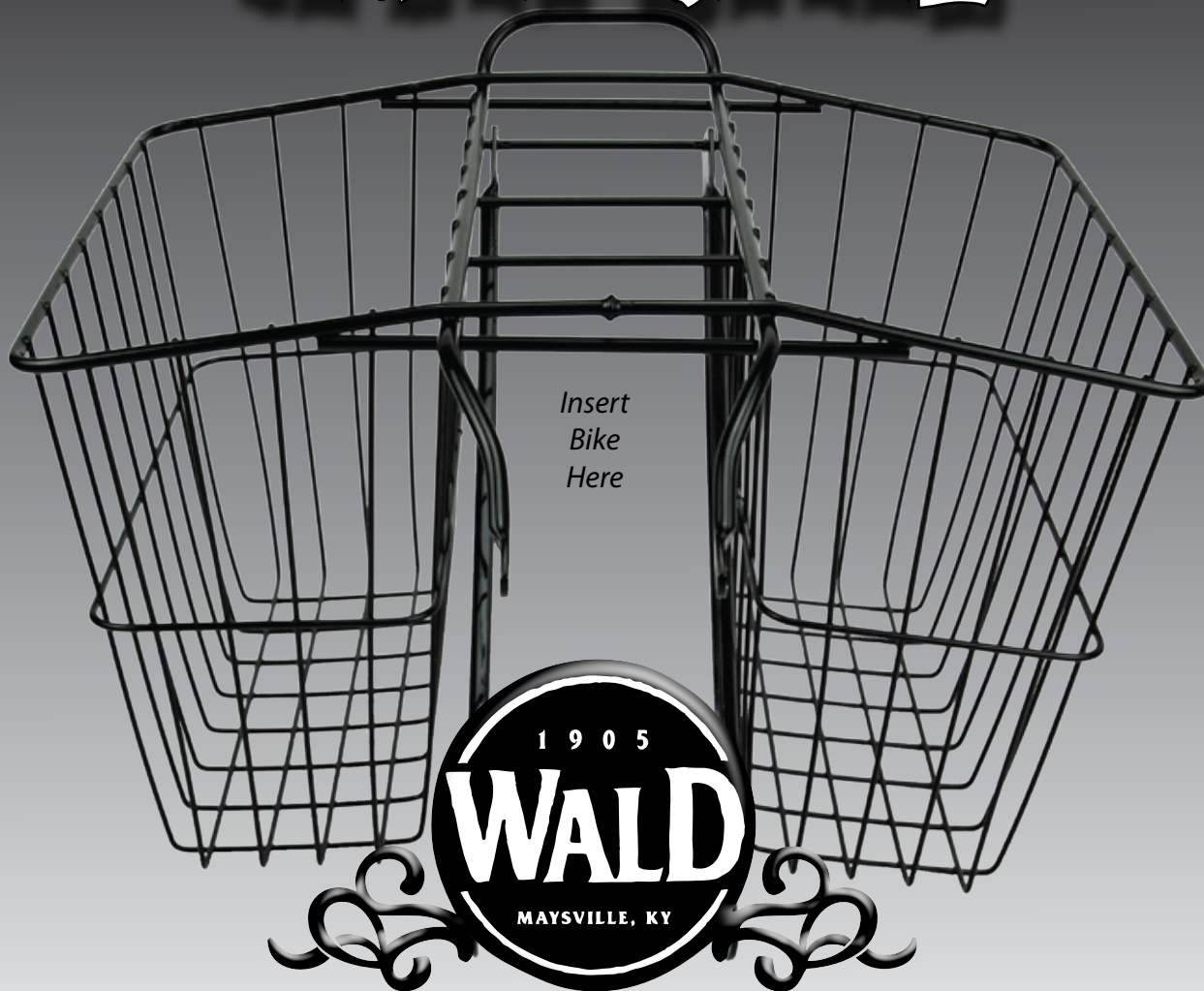
What makes Pee-Wee's Big Adventure such a relevant cycling classic is the age-old theme of a man's love for his bicycle. Of all his eccentric gadgets and eclectic belongings, Pee-Wee's most prized possession is a highly customized Schwinn DX. The film opens with a fantastic dream sequence in which Pee-Wee wins the Tour de France aboard "the best bike in the whole world."

Pee-Wee goes to great lengths to ensure his bike's security. His precious steed resides in a secret chamber hidden behind the hedges in his back yard. And his futuristic panniers hold enough chain to lock an army of bicycles. Unfortunately for Pee-Wee, U-locks weren't in vogue during the heyday of BMX, and his bike gets stolen during a routine trip to Chuck's Bike-O-Rama.

The theft sends Pee-Wee on a cross-country journey in search of his bike, and the adventure that ensues is the stuff of legend. In addition to a host of comedic escapades, the trip lets viewers travel vicariously to such famous locations as The Alamo and roadside attractions like The Cabazon Dinosaurs. Pee-Wee's search eventually lands him in Hollywood, where he gets caught reclaiming his stolen bike (a plot similarity that's often compared to the Italian classic *The Bicycle Thief*).

If you've never seen Pee-Wee's Big Adventure, you owe it to yourself to rent this cult classic. 

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*j.martinez*  
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San Francisco, CA

Everyday rider and Fatlace employee, Kenny, takes a quick stroll around Japantown in San Francisco to show off his skills and his Bridgestone track bike.



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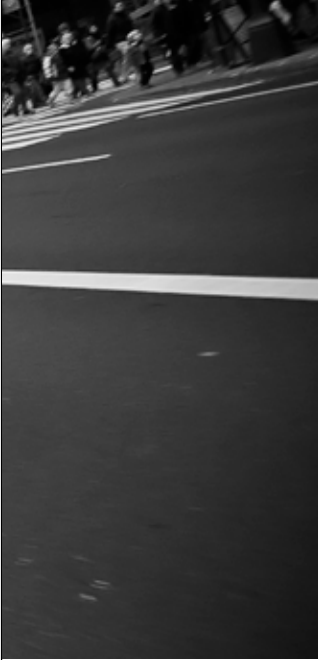
New York, NY

At the 2007 Toys for Tots Alleycat, Crihs dressed up like Santa for a good cause. Crihs and the other cyclists made a lot of kids happy that year!





presented by [oneonebike.com](http://oneonebike.com)



### Philadelphia, PA

During the filming of the first Bootleg Sessions, I was invited to hang out with the "Philly kids" and take some photos. We decided to make a stop in the middle of a bridge and take some track-stand photos with the Philadelphia skyline.



*j.martinez*  
gallery



Philadelphia, PA

Tom plays around with a tall bike before heading out to film the first Bootleg Session.

After a couple of tricks he breaks his bike chain and decides to show off his new bling.

presented by [oneonebike.com](http://oneonebike.com)



#### New York, NY

Before premiering the MASH SF DVD in NYC, Willis organized a trick contest so riders could show off their skills.



Residue  
ACTION  
COMICS

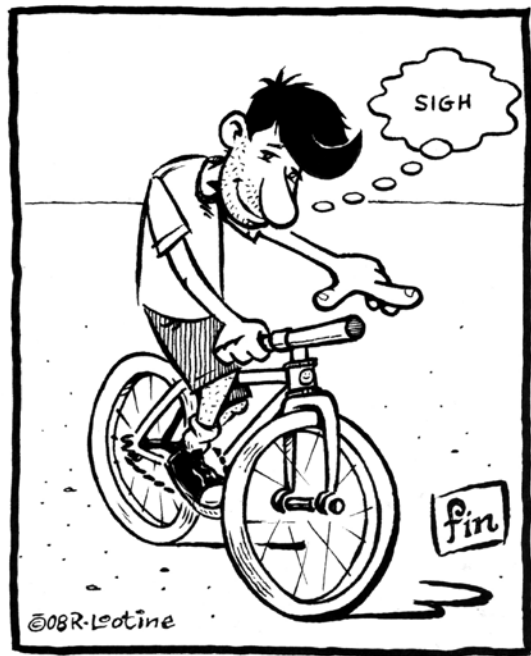
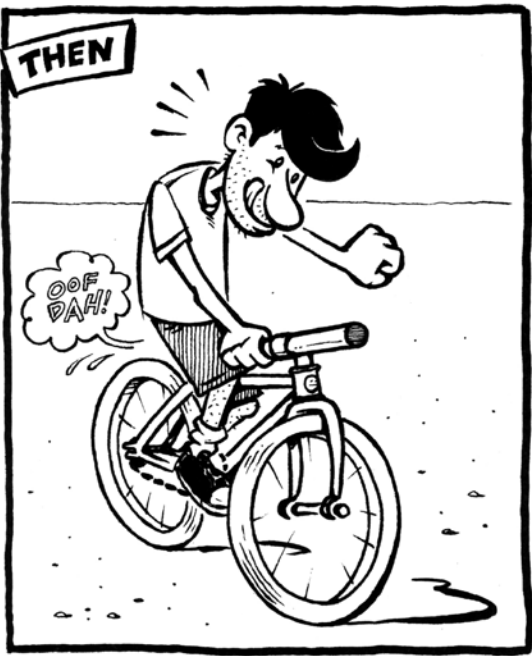
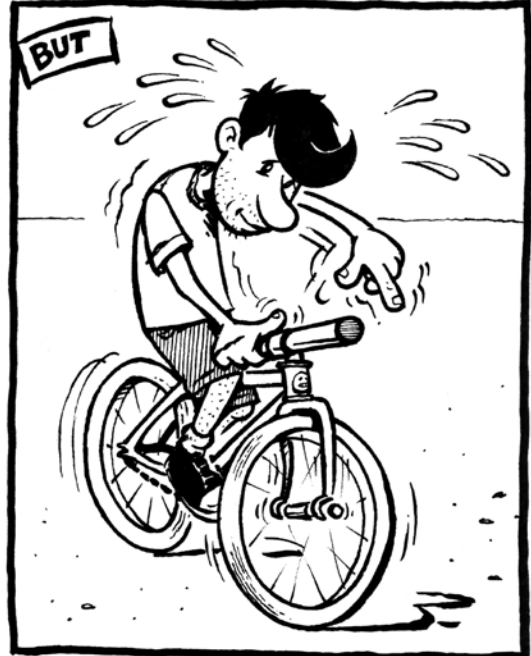
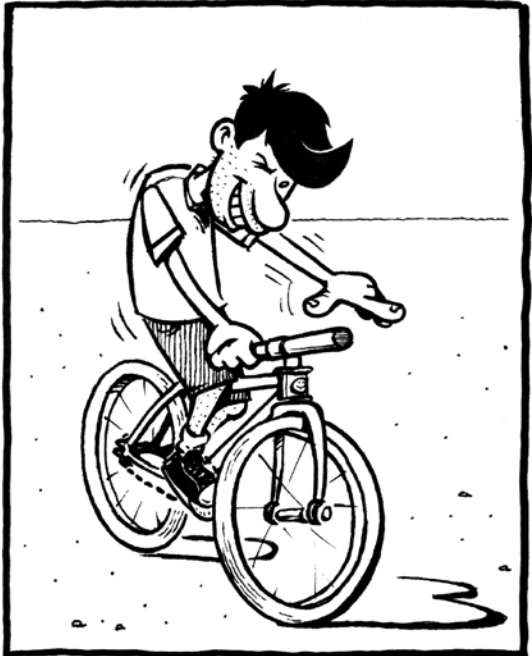
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# BOOKS ON WHEELS

## THE MOBOOKMOBIKEMOBILE

By Shelley Briggs

Photos by Steve Crandall, [www.fbmbmx.com](http://www.fbmbmx.com)

**P**romoting literacy and alternative transportation is the mission of Richmond, VA based Books on Wheels. At events in varying neighborhoods people are encouraged to take a book from the MobookMobikeMobile while their bicycle is fixed, all for no fee. What follows are some stories from a recent stint on the road in June, hitting Philadelphia PA, Baltimore MD and Harrisonburg VA over the course of a week as told by Shelley Briggs, one half of this organization.

### JUNE 24TH PHILADELPHIA, BEN'S HOUSE

We arrived in West Philadelphia around 9am and pulled up to our friend Chance's house where we would be staying for the next few days. Since it was early, I napped in the park across from the house while Books on Wheels partner Ward read and made sure no one bothered us. Chance appeared around 11, letting us in to unload, even though we planned on sleeping in the bus. When it was time to leave for our event, Chance decided to come with us and help out. We headed into West Philly to set up outside of our friend Ben's house.

URBANVELO.ORG 53



Ben works for Neighborhood Bike Works (NBW), an amazing bike project in Philly that helps kids and adults learn to work on their bikes, as well as offering programs giving kids opportunities to earn bikes and parts in exchange for working hours. The year before we had set up and had a very busy day, so we anticipated a number of kids coming out. We parked the bus out front, brought out our tools and stands, and immediately kids are rolling up, bikes in hand. The neighbors played the radio on their porch, and the setting was immediately energetic and welcoming. Ben's neighbor Mike brought out some bikes to work on and donated us some wheels from his basement, and seeing that we were quite busy, helped work on bikes as well. At one point, Mike spies a chain breaker in use, and he says excitedly, "They make a tool for that? Thank God!" Mike has been breaking chains and putting them back together with a hammer and a nail up until this moment of revelation.

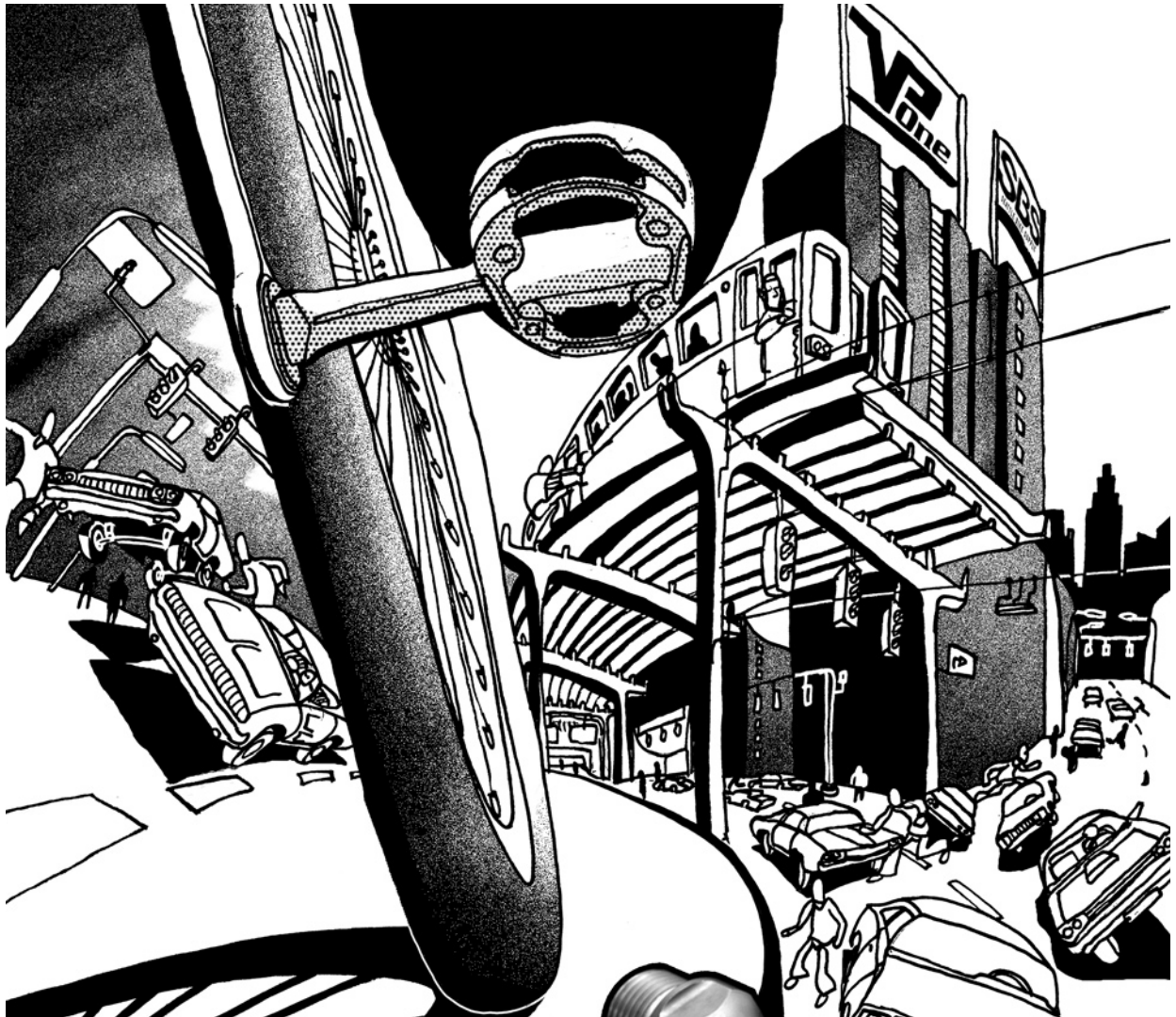
Other people were helping out a quite a bit, amongst them kids that had "graduated" from the NBW program. It is amazing how many people are willing to help out given

the means to do so like tools and parts, or new tubes. All afternoon there were kids in and out of the bus, gathering needed parts, or just checking out how we set up the bus for travel. After working for the better part of the day, we were pretty beat. We got rid of a ton of books, mostly through summer school teachers stopping by and taking boxes of books for their students. We packed up and headed back to the house to relax before our next event in the morning.

## **JUNE 25TH** PHILADELPHIA, HADDINGTON BIKE SHOP

On Wednesday morning we got up early and made our way over to the NBW Haddington Bike Shop where we would be setting up for the day. Before getting off the bus, I noticed that Ward had not taken off his sandals and expressed my concern for his toes, but he said he was much





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more comfortable and would accept the risk of dropping a tool or a bike on his foot in the heat. Within a few hours I found myself desperately jealous for some sandals myself, even trying to find a cheap pair at the convenience store in the neighborhood with no luck.

We had set up as usual, and had a small crowd throughout the morning, giving me an opportunity to strip some bikes for parts in the bus that we had been toting around while Ward worked on repairs. Ward spent most of the afternoon with DeShawn, or “DeDe,” who hung out the entire time, talked non-stop for hours, and had about 9 bikes that he needed fixed.

A guy came by for a tune-up on a really nice bike and gave us 30 bucks, a great donation to help with gas. Another guy in a car at the stop light at the intersection asked Ward, “Where did you find a girl that can work on bikes?” Later in the day a guy showed up in need of a new inner tube, and then told Ward aggressively that it was Ward’s problem that his bike was messed up, which just led to confusion. Ward tried to question, “How can it be my problem? I don’t have to ride this bike,” to which the man didn’t reply, just kept talking and talking. Then Ward asked him if he was related

to DeShawn, and the guy actually tuned in, “Why? ‘Cause he talks a lot?” It defused the weird situation, changing it from confrontational to humorous. We packed up shortly after this interaction and headed back to the house to enjoy the evening on the roof.

## JUNE 26TH PHILADELPHIA, DAVID’S HOUSE

On Thursday morning we had an early start to drop off books at a summer camp hosted by Heavenly Hall and then headed over to the Bike Church to restock on supplies for the afternoon. Neighborhood Bike Works runs the Bike Church, a bike project full of spare parts that they let us sort through, which is important since we have no means of restocking on the road besides other’s generosity. We arrived to our event at 2 o’clock outside of David’s house, another great guy with NBW that does summer programs teaching kids how to work on bikes. He anticipated a lot of kids showing up, since his house was located outside of a local rec center. Our friend Steve was along for the after-

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# MOBOOKMOBIKEMOBILE TRAVEL NECESSITIES

**BUNGY CORDS** Lots of them. We used to spend more time putting parts back on the shelves that actually fixing bikes, and more bungee cords give us more time to wrench.

**MEGAPHONE** (a.k.a. security system) If anyone tries to get in the bus, we just turn on the siren to scare them away. Luckily we've yet to use it.

**PORTABLE GRILL** It is not necessary for urban camping, but as vegetarians, being able to cook for ourselves at any point is helpful.

**ORANGE TRAFFIC VEST** Labeled "OFFICIALLY" across the back no one doubts that we do in fact have the authority to stop traffic anywhere we like.

**COUCH** Bus seats suck.

**COOLER** We don't use this for storing food often, but it makes for a great passenger seat. The engine of the bus is loud, so it's important for someone to perch next to the driver and keep them company.

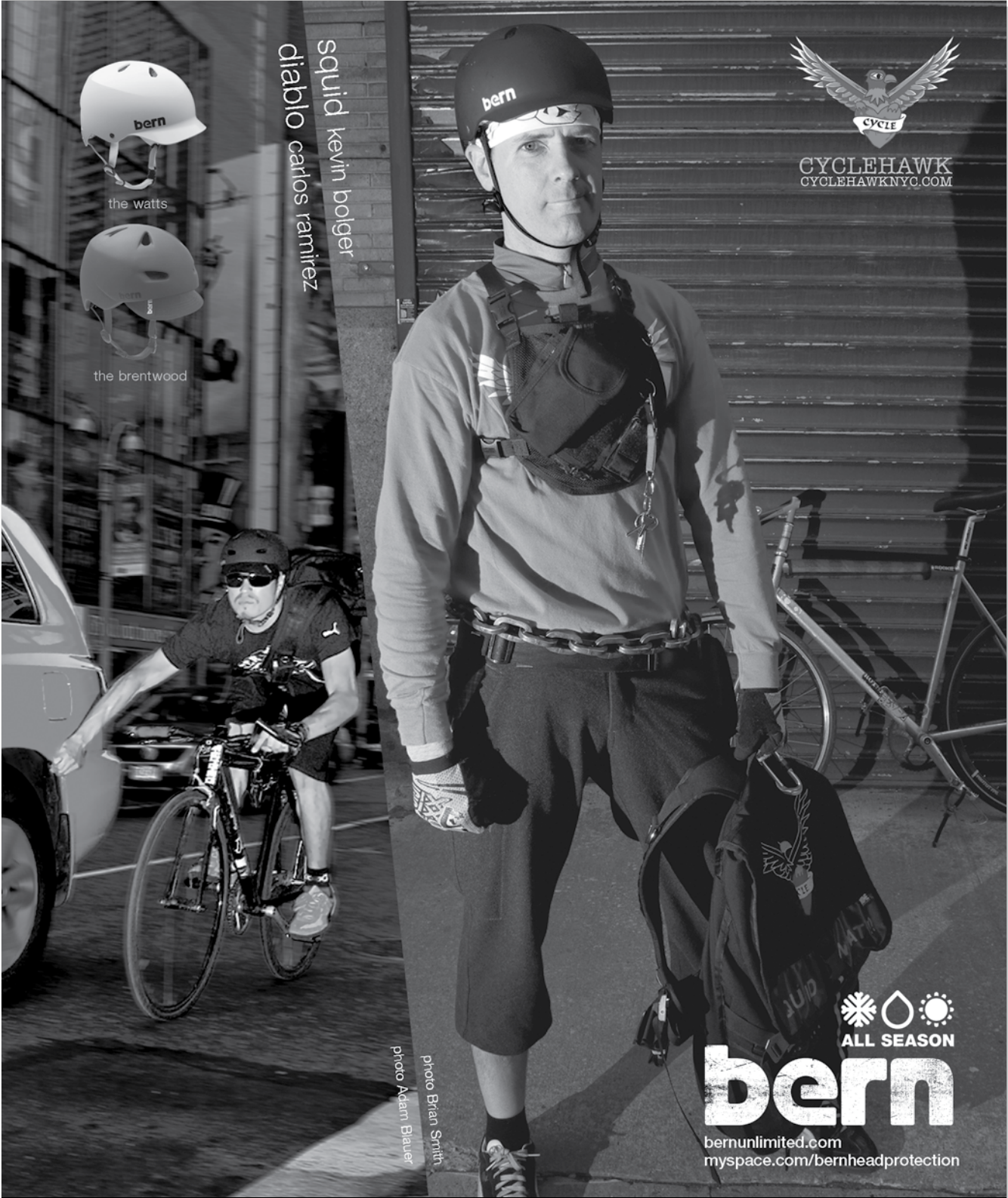
**LOFT SPACE** Not only as a secondary place to sleep, but we store all of our wheels and tires underneath it.

**PLASTIC BOTTLES & BINS** Without a bathroom on board, you can imagine what we use these for.



noon not only to offer up his cooking skills in preparing a platter of veggie burgers during the event, but to wrench on bikes as well. Chance showed up again to help out, as well as our buddy Mickey, who jumped right in when he noticed that the line for bike repair seemed endless with more and more people showing up. We had a few firsts this particular afternoon—we were not only donated a huge tray of food, but 32 cold beers for our efforts. After a woman asked if we drank beer and I responded, "Not right now," she came back with a bag of beers, with another neighbor handing over a case of bottles later, to which we greatly looked forward to enjoying after we were "off the clock." Another first was that we were learning quickly that we had to know how to say "No." Even with six mechanics working non-stop all afternoon we simply could not serve everyone. We cleaned up and closed the bus and headed to David's house to enjoy our donations as well as to see a amazing view of the entire city of Philadelphia from his rooftop. Another day complete.





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## JUNE 27TH BALTIMORE, CSAFE

We left Philly early on Friday morning to make it to Baltimore for a noon event. The minute Ward and I arrived and unloaded we were swamped with people waiting outside of CSAFE, the community organization which hosted our event. They had a free cookout for the neighborhood while we worked on bikes and people browsed the books. At one point, the line that had formed got a little tense when two people argued over who was next, but the situation was quickly resolved when we promised to at least get to everyone that was present at that time. By the last hour, we could tell it was going to be difficult to finish with everyone, so the president of CSAFE helped us out by asking the crowd if anyone knew how to fix their own bike. We would provide tools and parts if they would just start working and helping others. Local teens stepped up to the task taking off wheels and changing tubes, an awesome sight to see everyone working together given the means. We had to retire in the mid-afternoon, facing a five-hour drive ahead of us to Harrisonburg, VA.



## JUNE 28TH HARRISONBURG, OUR COMMUNITY PLACE

We woke up on Saturday morning in Harrisonburg and drove over to Our Community Place (OCP), a space hosting a summer Lawn Jam. The whole day was filled with music, a free burrito bar, tea and lemonade, volleyball, a horseshoe tournament, slip and slide, a yard sale, as well as a whole lot of other wackiness. We fixed a few bikes, got a chance to talk to the people running the local bike project located in the yard of the OCP, which was this really nice shed where bikes were fixed, stored and sold for super cheap to get people riding who really needed bikes. After a few hours we loaded up, and I headed back to Richmond, leaving Ward to visit with some friends for another night. We had a long week, and it was sad that I was returning to Richmond alone, but as I drove through the mountains, I came to a point where I was barreling down this hill, coasting at 65 miles per hour with the clutch in and the gear in neutral, and for three minutes the engine wasn't roaring. It was a pretty perfect ending for a successful tour. 



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*The Most*  
**Beautiful**  
**Bicycle**  
*I Have Ever Seen*

By Terry Crock

It had been several months since my dad's injury. A motorist, enraged by traffic delays, rammed his way through construction barriers and drove his two-ton, luxury automobile into my dad, pushing him for dozens of yards across the highway until my dad was finally able to wrestle himself away from the still-moving car. The maniac screamed at the other construction workers that he would kill them if they did not get out of his way, and then he sped off through the construction zone, scattering equipment and workers alike.

My dad's legs were seriously injured. His doctor informed him that to continue working would only cause his legs more harm, and even if he quit his job immediately, he might still end up in a wheelchair. So my dad retired, several years earlier than he had planned. But he refused to accept the dire prognosis of life in a wheelchair, and thus he began a program of daily walking to strengthen his legs. To vary the routine, my dad decided to add bicycle riding to his self-imposed exercise regimen. He hoped the combination

of walking and biking would help in the rehabilitation of his legs. But, at that time, my dad did not own a bicycle, so he asked me to take him to a bike shop to buy one.

While I don't remember ever seeing my dad ride a bicycle while I was a child, I know he had a bike when he was a boy growing up back in the 1940's because of the stories he told. My brothers and I usually heard these stories while we stood and watched as my dad fixed yet another flat bicycle tire for us. When the inner tubes of one of his childhood bikes were holed beyond repair, my dad told us, he made do with large diameter ropes placed in the tires, as there was no money to buy new tubes. When I was older, I learned that keeping his bike in running order, in any manner possible, was a necessity. My dad lived on a southern Ohio farm so far "back in the sticks" that the mailbox was two miles away. Before he had a bike, or if it was not operable, he had to run the four-mile round trip to the mailbox and back. His father, my grandfather, was an alcoholic who imposed a time

limit on my dad's mail retrieval that did not allow for a walking pace. If not back in time with the mail, my dad would be whipped—he had no choice but to run. My dad needed his bicycle; it was not just a toy to be played with.

I have no recollection of my grandfather excepting a snippet of memory of his funeral when I was of early single-digit age. I remember those saddened by the loss of a man who my dad described as a decent, hard-working person when he was sober. I also remember those feeling a sense of relief for the loss of a man who, when drunk, not only beat his wife and children, but even shot at them with a rifle as they hid behind any cover they could find—my dad still recalls the sound of the bullets as they whizzed over his head as he hunkered down behind a stack of firewood. This abuse went on until my dad finally grew big enough and angry enough and bold enough to stand up to my grandfather. My dad stood with a baseball bat, face to face with his enraged, drunken father, protecting his mother from yet another beating, telling his father that he would never, ever, beat his mother, his sisters, or him again. And, after that, he never did.

As my dad used to fix his own bike when he was a child, he also repaired used bikes for my brother and myself. However, when I was eleven-years-old, my used-bike days came to an end when both my older brother and I received new Schwinn Varsity 10-speeds. Although my brother's new bike was for his birthday, I received mine at the same time for no special reason. My brother never did see the justice in that situation as I had received the same gift for his birthday as he had received. I kept my mouth shut hoping no one figured out what was going on, feeling that I was the beneficiary of some sort of scam that no one had yet seemed to notice. And apparently no one, other than my brother, ever did.

I clearly remember our trip to the bicycle shop—it was extraordinary. Posters of bicycle races in foreign lands hung in the floor-to-ceiling front windows of the shop. Grown men wearing short pants and sporting smooth legs walked about. Bikes of all sizes and colors sat in the windows, crowded the floor, and hung on the walls. Shiny parts with exorbitant prices glistened behind glass counter tops.

As my brother and I followed our dad through the shop, bike mechanics wearing greasy aprons and striped caps with turned-up brims glanced out at us from the back room—we could not meet their eyes.

I received a metallic green, ten-speed Schwinn Varsity;

my brother, a bright yellow one. Those two bicycles were the most beautiful things I had ever seen—a glorious combination of painted steel and chrome; dropped, curvy handlebars of the type seen only on true racing bikes; a bewildering system of levers, cables, and sprockets that, when properly mastered, would allow the rider to climb the steepest uphill slope and to streak across level ground at tremendous speeds. Chrome wheels, chrome chain ring guard, chrome handlebars sporting vinyl bar tape that matched the color of the frame. Skinny gumwall tires. White script on the frame shouting out “Schwinn.” These weren't just mere bikes we were receiving; these were bicycles—Schwinn bicycles—Schwinn, ten-speed bicycles—the types of bicycles ridden only by athletes and the wealthy. We could not imagine that it could possibly be any better. And as if the exquisite bicycles alone weren't enough, my dad then decided to spend extra money for chrome fenders.

With the gleaming fenders installed, the bicycles were even more beautiful than they had been before. It was sheer extravagance. My brother and I just stood there grinning, looking stupid, unable to speak. We were very nearly jealous of ourselves.

My dad was standing there grinning also—his eyes sparkling—seemingly as thrilled as we were with those new bikes, excepting he didn't look so stupid. It's interesting to me now to remember it was my mother who usually did the actual purchasing of gifts for my brothers and me—except for bicycles; my dad was always the one who purchased the bicycles.

The mechanics pushing our new bicycles away though the front door broke my brother and I out of our standing-around-looking-stupid mode. We followed the mechanics outside—we still looked stupid, but at least we were moving. After squeezing the brake levers a few times, the mechanics instructed us on the workings of the controls. We didn't have a clue as to what the mechanics were talking about, as we had never ridden anything other than single speed bikes with coaster brakes before, but we nodded our heads yes every time they asked us if we understood. It was if the mechanics were speaking to us from far away, and we were in dream. Then, interrupting the dream, I heard my dad say, “See you when you get home,” and then my dad, my mom, and my little brother drove away.

After many false shifts, as we repeatedly tired to change gears whilst not pedaling, and several pushes back on the pedals that produced no braking at all, my brother and I were finally able to bring the new-fangled shifting and brak-

*My dad needed  
his bicycle; it was  
not just a toy to be  
played with.*



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ing systems under control. It was then we remembered vaguely that these things must have been what the mechanics were trying to teach us in their far away voices. Upon returning home, my brother and I parked our new bikes on the back porch and sat there looking at them, impressed with ourselves for mastering the complicated control systems so quickly and thoroughly.

My brother and I rode those bicycles together for hours and hours at a time. We toured our home city. We found trails to ride. We built ramps to jump. We crashed into trees. We delivered newspapers. We chased down the jingle scoop, ice-cream man when we heard his music playing on nearby streets. And living in a mountainous area of Pennsylvania at the time, we would work hours climbing mountain slopes so as to experience the joy of only minutes of high speed coasting down—tears running from our eyes to our ears from the effects of wind screaming back across our faces—at speeds of which we had not the skill level to contend with. But having no more common sense than pre-teens typically have, we were not afraid—or at least we didn't admit to being afraid, which to boys of our age meant the same thing. Those bicycles gave us a bigger world to live in.

But those are memories of many years ago, and now the situation was reversed and it was I who was taking my dad to get a new bicycle.

Immediately upon entering the bicycle shop, my dad quickly morphed into a kid in a candy store, peppering the owner with questions concerning every bike in the shop and probably even some that weren't. I think he had totally forgotten he was looking for a tool to rehabilitate his legs—really, I believe, he was looking for a toy to play with.

My dad decided on a hybrid-type bike for himself that day at the bicycle shop, and after dickering with the owner to lower the price, my dad also stuck him for a free cycle computer. My dad has always viewed “sticker” prices as merely a recommendation—a maximum price only those lacking bargaining powers have to pay. The minimum price, he believed, was up to the customer to find—and my dad usually did.

My dad and I rolled his new bicycle out of the shop, put it in my truck, and headed home. My dad was excited. This was the first new bicycle he had ever owned in his sixty-plus years of life. It was a pretty, metallic blue bike with curvy aluminum frame tubes, wide pullback handlebars and a springy seat.

For years, my dad rode that bike everyday. And everyday he walked. And everyday his legs become stronger and hurt less. And finally, after many years, he discovered his legs had become good as new. And finally, after seventy years of life, he owns a bike that can be just a toy. No longer does his bike have to serve as a tool for escaping the anger of an abusive father, and no longer does the bike have to double as a tool of rehabilitation because of fear of a wheelchair. For the first time in his life, he can ride a bike just for the sheer pleasure of riding.

As my dad's legs grew stronger, my own son grew taller. When his tenth birthday approached, I thought again of the green Schwinn bicycle my dad had bought me, and I decided my son needed a new bicycle.

I took my son to the same bicycle shop where I had taken my dad for his bike. Upon entering this unfamiliar territory, my normally talkative son suddenly became quieter, speaking only in hushed tones. Passing by other customers who walked about the shop looking at the bikes hanging from the walls and bike parts displayed beneath glass countertops, my son and I made our way toward the back of the shop where bikes in his size were kept. High school age boys assembling bicycles in the back room looked up at us as we passed by.

After sorting through many bikes, I told my son to pick his favorite from amongst those in his size and my price range. It was a pretty mountain bike he selected—aluminum framed, two-tone black and silver, the two colors separated with thin red and white stripes. The black theme continued throughout the bike—black wheels and spokes, black handlebar, black crank arms, black triple chainring and black 7-speed cassette. It was my son's first multi-speed bicycle.

The owner of the shop explained the controls with my son, adjusted the seat and then disappeared with the bike into the back room to air up the tires, check all the nuts and bolts and make sure all controls were working properly. He soon returned with the bike; my son pushed it out to my truck, and I loaded it into the back.

As we drove home, my son, grinning a crooked grin and suddenly very talkative again, looked over at me and said, “I feel like I'm in a dream.”

Upon arriving home, I took the bike out of the back of the truck. I showed my son once more how to brake and how to shift. I had him put the bike in its lowest gear and aimed him up the hill beside our home.

*We toured our home city. We found trails to ride. We built ramps to jump.*



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"Wow, this is easy," he said as he shot up the hill, in a voice made squeaky by excitement. Now, he too could climb the steepest uphill slope and streak across level ground at tremendous speeds. I had plans for all the places my son and I was going to ride—distant cities, trails in the woods, hills to coast down at high speeds.

I allowed him to ride around for a few minutes, then I made him surrender the bicycle; and I put it in the garage. It was still several days until my son's birthday, so I told him he must wipe the memory of the new bicycle from his mind so he would be surprised when he received it as a gift for his birthday. He looked at me quizzically, the way children look at their parents when they say things that make no sense, but he quickly agreed, apparently thinking he was the beneficiary of some sort of scam—but one that no one had seemed to notice and hopefully would not until it was too late. He continued to grin. I grinned too, both on the inside and on the outside. I sent him into the house, and I covered his bicycle with a blanket.

As I walked toward the door and reached to turn off the garage lights, I noticed my own road bike, which hung on a wall by the door on a bike hanger. It is a lightweight aluminum bike with a carbon fiber fork. It's a very pretty bike—clear-coated, brushed aluminum finish, black forks, and black, aero-spoked wheels. It is a good bike that does everything well, but it has no character, no sense of permanence that it is something I need to keep, no emotional attachment. It is but a useful machine, nothing more.


I then turned my head and looked over to where my old, green, ten-speed Schwinn still resides in the garage. There in the shadows behind a lawnmower, a wheelbarrow, a stack of tires, and various other automobile parts sat the bicycle my dad gave me many years ago. I made my way through the obstacles back to the Schwinn, picked it up and brought it out. I took the silver and black, aluminum and carbon fiber wonder bike down from the bike hanger and leaned it against the wall. I put the old, green Schwinn up on the hanger. I sat down and thought about that old bike.

I realized that because it is one of the few items I have remaining from my childhood, the green Schwinn is not just merely a bicycle to me anymore, but it is has become a symbol of a relationship between my dad and myself. It is a symbol of all the sacrifices my dad made as a father so I could enjoy things he never had himself as a child. Even more, it is a symbol of how a man can rise up from a childhood of pov-

erty and abuse and choose to make a life for his own family far better than was his own.

I remembered how beautiful I thought the Schwinn was when, through a child's eyes, I stared and marveled at the shiny metallic green paint and sparkling chrome. But that was more than thirty-five years ago. Now that same paint is dulled by the patina of age, and the chrome is pitted with rust. Spider webs span the spaces between the spokes of the wheels. The seat is worn. The tires are cracked and flattened. The former bright, white lettering is yellowed. A thick layer of dust hazes the entire bike.

To an unknowing eye, the old green Schwinn would most likely be seen as nothing more than just an old junk bike hanging on the wall. But those unappreciative eyes do not see as do mine, and they do not know what the green Schwinn used to be and what it has become today. When I was a child the bike was a toy to play with; now it is a symbol of just one of the ways in which my dad taught me how to be a father. When I was a child, the beauty was in the shine of the paint and the sparkle of the chrome. But today, what I more vividly recall is the shine of my dad's smile and the sparkle in his eyes when he

gave me the bicycle. And now, I realize, one of the reasons I bought my son a new bike was because it was something my dad would have done for me. And I also realize that now more than ever—but for reasons differing today from what they were then—the old, green Schwinn is still the most beautiful bicycle I have ever seen. 

*It's a very pretty  
bike—clear-coated,  
brushed aluminum  
finish, black forks,  
and black,  
aero-spoked wheels.*

## About the Author



*Terry is a 47 year old husband and father to three kids, the youngest of which is four. A mechanical engineer, machinist and weld shop supervisor by trade, he has a bunch of patents that other people use to make a lot of money with.*

*"I started out as a machinist and a TIG welder, and I am more proud of that," Terry says, "Because anyone can get a college degree and be an engineer, whilst it takes skill to be a good machinist or welder."*

*He also teaches various engineering subjects part-time at local college, high school and continuing education programs. He owns too many bicycles, but still wants more.*

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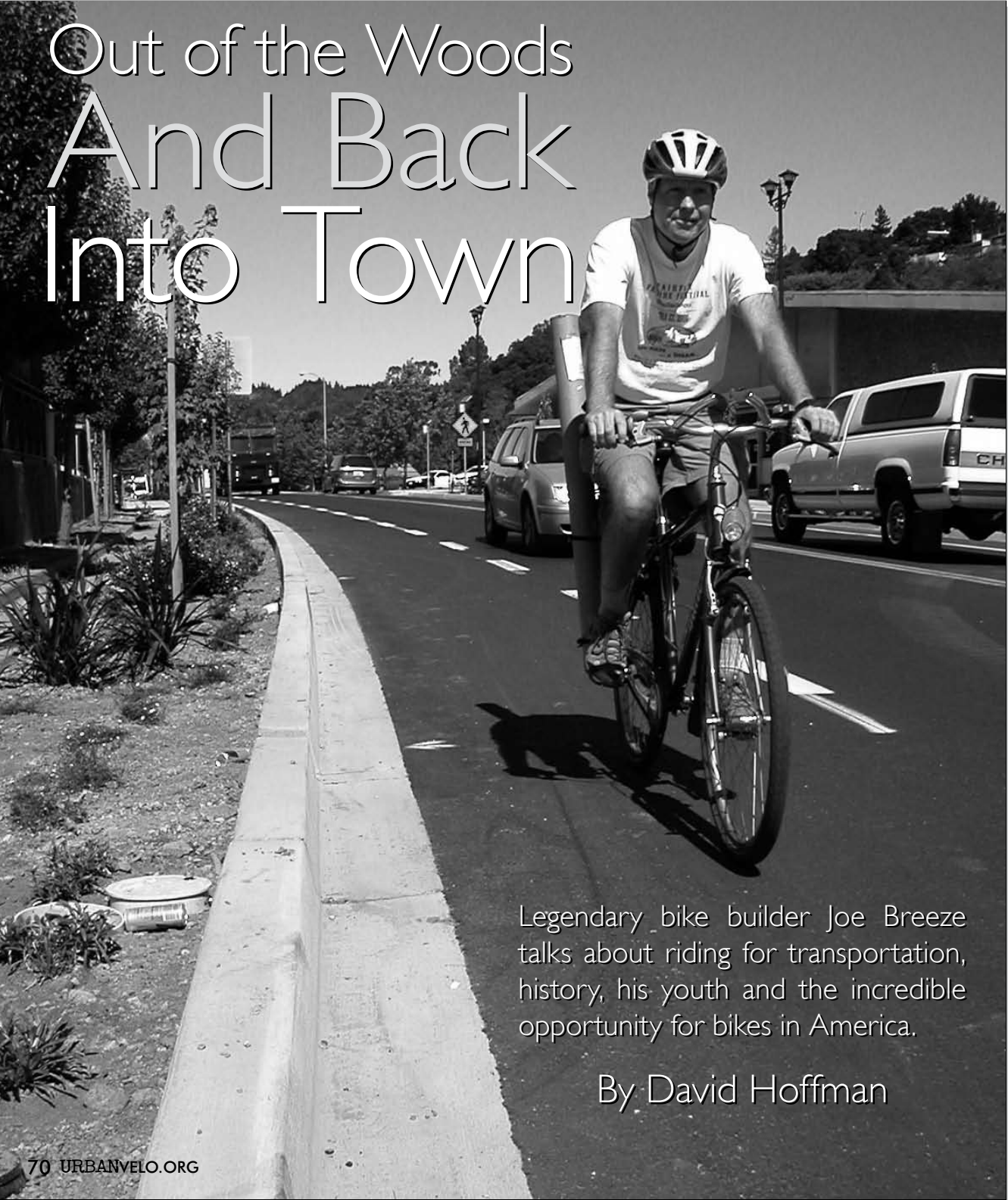
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# Out of the Woods And Back Into Town



Legendary bike builder Joe Breeze talks about riding for transportation, history, his youth and the incredible opportunity for bikes in America.

By David Hoffman



**M**uch has been written about Joe Breeze. He's probably best known for his pioneering work in the 1970's on mountain bikes, though there is much more to his past, present, and future than most people know or makes into print. Joe's list of accomplishments runs long, and includes entry into the Mountain Bike Hall of Fame, a long and storied frame building and mountain bike building history, accomplished road racer, and owner of Breezer Bikes, a company focused solely on producing bicycles geared for everyday transportation. But to think of Joe as an über-geek of bicycling is to view him too narrowly. Joe is all about changing the world, and he is incredibly frank and soft-spoken about it. No ego. Just naked ambition to take something as simple and beautiful as the bicycle, and use it to transform the way that Americans approach transportation. Actually, the way Joe sees it, re-transform the way that Americans approach transportation.

No story about Joe Breeze would be complete if it didn't contain at least some references to his unbreakable connection to the mountain bike. Joe sees his work with mountain bikes as a stepping stone—a natural progression if you will—towards the type of bicycles that people want to use for everyday transportation.

## A Youth with a Penchant for Speed

Joe's father regularly rode his bike to work in the 1950's. This was a bit of an oddity for most adults of the time unless you were a professor who lived on campus. But perhaps what makes this fact even stranger is that Joe's father built and raced cars for a living.

"From a very young age, I was used to getting everywhere I needed to go by bicycle," said Breeze. "It was just how we did things in our family. In fact, the two youngest of us — my brother and myself — weren't allowed to get our driver's licenses until we were eighteen. My father knew his genetic make-up, and the genetic make-up of his kids. He knew we all had a penchant for speed, and was concerned about us staying alive. I was actually 26 when I got my license, and only because a bunch of buddies wanted to ride at Crested Butte (Colorado). Somebody had to drive, so it turned out to be me.

That penchant for speed helped to drive Joe towards road racing. In the 1970's Joe was an outstanding Cat 1 racer. So how does one go from road racing to becoming one of the founding fathers of the mountain bike, to everyday transportation advocate?

"Before I was known for mountain biking and making mountain bikes, I was interested in bikes as day-to-day transportation. Like most kids, I used to use a bike to get

around, but unlike most kids, I continued to use a bike for transportation. I took a trip to Europe in 1971 with a bunch of friends and visited England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. While I was there I noticed how bikes were being used to get around — especially when I got to Holland. I thought, 'we need to do more of this here in America'. I was getting in to road racing, starting in 1970, and I saw how racing could open people's eyes to bicycles as more than just a sidewalk toy."

"I was thinking racing is a great way to get out the secret of cycling because you can have a race and maybe get a squib in the local newspaper that says, 'bicycles raced from here to here in this amount of time', and people will think, 'My gosh, bicycles went that far and that fast? I know that distance! Wow, they did it under their own power. That's amazing!'"

## Enter the Mountain Bike

"The bike boom in the early 1970's was pretty big. A lot of people point to the gas shortage, but that wasn't it. It really hit in 1972 in the Bay Area—perhaps the next year on the East Coast. I remember that there was a dock strike here in San Francisco, and soon the local bike shops were all out of bikes. Unfortunately, the bike of the day was a faux racing bike—you know, from Europe—a drop-handle bar 10-speed, skinny tire, racing bike—which wasn't the best bike to put under most people. So people bought bikes, rode them around for a while, eventually saying, 'Oh my back hurts, oh my butt hurts...'" and hung them up in the garage. So by 1975 it was over. Then the gas shortage hit and those bikes were taken out again, but it was more like an echo of the first boom. In addition to the bike boom of the 70's, a bunch of us we were beginning to do this fat tire thing. I first got involved in 1973, and it was still flying under the radar at the time."

"One day my friend Marc Vendetti and I were down in Santa Cruz and we couldn't find any old bikes. [Finding and restoring vintage bikes was a hobby of Joe's.] We had seen a number of 1930's and 1940's bikes but nothing that caught my eye. Mark encouraged me offer \$5 for one of these bikes at a local shop. It was an old relic, a 1941 B.F. Goodrich cruiser—an old paperboy bike essentially. So I took it back to Marc's place, put some air in the tires, oiled the chain, and took it for a ride down the street. As I was riding I saw Mount Tam in the distance, and I thought, 'I'm used to riding from here to the Russian River (Sonoma County); we could double our territory by riding around Mount Tam.' So I took it home, stripped it down, took it for a spin down Mount Tam, and got a little side tracked from the whole transportation thing."



#### JOE BREEZE ON THE HEYDAY OF THE BICYCLE

“In Washington, DC there were two patent offices—one for bicycle patents, the other for everything else. In Manhattan in a one-mile radius, there were 80 bicycle shops.”

“Mountain Bikes became the dominant bikes in America. Sales tripled every year from 1980 onwards in to the 1990’s—to the point by 1987 in America, road bike sales were eclipsed by mountain bike sales. It was huge. Mountain bikes actually helped to get more people on bicycles in America than the 1890s (the previous height of bicycle usage in America). Here was a bike that was upright, with a comfortable saddle; it lent itself much better to getting around than a road racing, or racing-style bike.

#### Out of the Woods and Back into Town

Joe began building road racing frames in 1974. In 1977, he built his first ten Breezer mountain bikes. Joe has a very well equipped shop in his house, and he’s fanatical in his attention to precision and detail.

“So I took the next step,” continues Breeze. “In 1995 Shimano came out with their Nexus 7 internal hub. This hub had a wider range and closer ratio than their old three-speed internal hub. I tried it, and I really liked it. I was just really floored by the performance. As a Cat 1 racer from the 1970’s, I really wanted performance in whatever bike I rode.”

“In 1996, I came out with the ‘Ignaz X’. This was my first foray into transportation bikes. ‘Ignaz’ came from ‘Ignaz Schwinn’, the founder of Schwinn, and the ‘X’ was from ‘Excelsior’, which was one of the better Schwinn balloon-tired bikes of the day. I put on the Shimano hub, and a few other concessions to modern-day life. It had a chain guard. You could use it to get around town and in your busy life. I actually wanted to build a line of bikes around that hub—it was that good.”

“It was my metaphor for ‘out of the woods, and back into town’”.

“Also about this time the whole cruiser bike thing was starting to happen; the Ignaz X was a sort of a poser bike. What I saw as the real deal was the European town bike – but that was too laid back with not enough performance. In 1997 I got a couple of Specialized Globes – they were just winding down production – they couldn’t sell them. I was generally getting around on a road racing bike, or a mountain bike – with a backpack and separate lights, and fenders – and it wasn’t until I had all of that stuff on the bike that it hit me how silly it was to grab all of these different things. It really hit me – having a bike that was fully equipped was the solution. It was liberating to not have to ride with a backpack – there was no sweaty back, etc. When you have a fully equipped bike engineered for the job, it’s so easy!”



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## A Fresh Breeze

"In 2001 I started really moving the direction of commuter bikes. The first model year was 2003. We showed up at Interbike in the fall of 2002. Prior to the show, we sent mass emails out to the bike coalitions—'The new Breezer—a bike fully focused on transportation,' and so on. When the doors opened on the first day we had groups of folks that came right to the booth, but for the most part, people would come by scratching their heads wondering, 'Breezer, have you lost it?' People didn't really understand it. This reminds me a lot of what people said when the mountain bike hit the scene. They just couldn't see it—for many years. Every year since then, I see more and more people getting it."

"There were a couple of other manufacturers at the 2002 Interbike that were selling similar bikes, but they have all but disappeared. In 2003, Trek and Specialized had pulled their European town bikes over from Europe to exhibit. Industry seems to really getting it these days—not just splitting up the pie differently, but growing the pie by reaching out to new riders—and that's always a good thing."

"One of the beautiful things about mountain bikes was that it got a whole lot of new people on to bikes. This is the same as the transportation movement. I think it will dwarf the mountain bike."

### JOE BREEZE ON THE NAME URBAN VELO

"It's perfect—it's even got love in it."

## How to Change the World According to Joe

Our conversation turns from his work in the bike industry to the future of bicycling in the United States.


"I have this notion that the number of people who are riding their bikes today in the United States represents only ten percent of the potential. Everyday use of bicycling is in the category of eating and breathing; we need to get places everyday in life just as we need to eat and breathe. And we need health, whether or not we subscribe to it. It is integral to a great life. That's where we all need to get to work or the store—and with the extraordinary mechanical efficiencies of bicycling, we're able to do it. And while that may not seem like a novel idea to many people in the world, it still is to many people here in America. There are affluent countries where people can afford to own cars, but still use bicycles for 30% of their trips—as in Holland and Denmark.

This is an important comparison to America."

"There are things that you can do to get around this problem of safe and convenient infrastructure. One thing is side streets, but another is safe riding habits. I think a whole lot of people try it out, and perhaps get injured, or have a bad experience, or a close call with an automobile. I think one of the biggest needs in cycling today is bicycle riding education, and how that can benefit them. You don't hear a lot about this in bicycle publications. But I think it is prudent and responsible for cycling publications to be proponents of safe cycling—because transportation riding is the largest area of growth right now."

"A life of getting around by bicycle or where you use a bicycle will be a longer life compared to one where you don't use a bicycle. That is, the health benefits that you get from riding a bicycle outweigh the risks that you face riding on the roadway. Cycling can give you both a statistically longer life, but also one with better quality."

"Cars are dangerous. Cars are very dangerous. Cars are very dangerous to society. It used to be that if you drove a car, you had to have someone in front of you with a red flag, and you couldn't go over five miles per hour! Times have really changed of course. Cars have been made safer for the occupants, but for those around cars, it is not as safe. It's a real problem. I liken driving a car to gambling. You always hear about the big stories; somebody dies, and you hear the news. You don't hear about all of the little losers who lose their health little by little driving around every day."

As the day wrapped up, Joe left with these thoughts, "From 1971 to 1991, the Federal government allocated \$40 million dollars total to bicycle and pedestrian improvements for those twenty years. Then things started to change when Oberstar (James Oberstar, D-MN) was ranking Democrat on the House Transportation Committee. Through his work, bicyclist and pedestrian projects received one billion dollars over next six years. All of a sudden there was a huge jump in money available where there was none before, and good infrastructure was being built. When the bill came up six year later in 1997, it passed with two billion dollars for bicyclists and pedestrian projects over six years, and then again in May of 2005 it had four billion dollars for biking and walking. And this money is still far less than it should be. The 1991 bill also required that each state have a bicycle and pedestrian coordinator in place. Finally, this huge influx of money for bicycle and pedestrian projects helped to get a lot of bicycle coalitions got started; it really jumpstarted the grassroots movement. As time goes on, it will become more and more apparent to the public. There will be safe and more convenient ways to get around as time goes on. And I've got the right tools for the job." 



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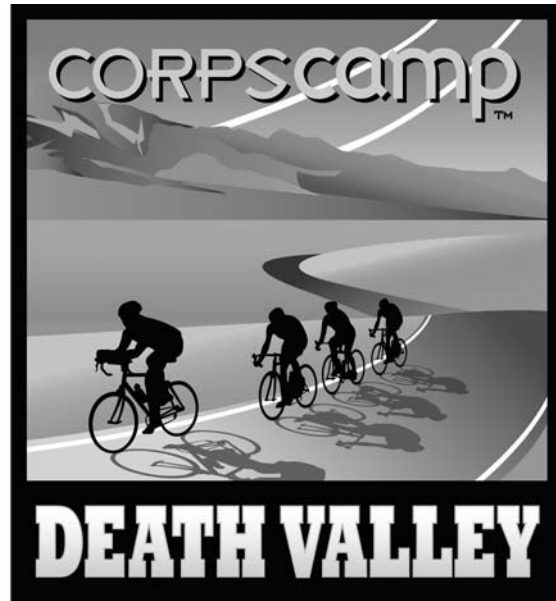
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# Headset Adjustments

By Brad Quartuccio



THREADED



THREADLESS

Of all the bearings on a bicycle, the headset is likely the least appreciated yet arguably has the most effect on actual ride quality. The headset refers to the bearing assembly that permits the fork to rotate within the frame, and is a fairly simple apparatus albeit one with a few variations to consider. Don't get me wrong, hub and bottom bracket bearings very much influence the ride, but few things can drive a rider as batty as a loose headset. Pull up a chair and adjust your headset.

## ANATOMY

No matter the specific variety, headsets share a common design principle of two bearings and the surfaces that they rotate upon. From the fork on up, there is the crown race, the bearing surface that is pressed on the fork, just atop the crown. The lower bearing is sandwiched between this and the lower head race with the upper head race, another bearing, and the adjustable race at the top of the headtube. This adjustable race is referred to as such because in one form or another it floats atop the top bearing and dictates the load placed on the bearing and how tight/loose the headset is. The bearings themselves may be either loose balls or sealed cartridges which have become more common in recent years.

The difference in exactly how the adjustable race adjusts and is secured is the difference between traditional threaded headsets and relatively newer threadless headsets that came about in the late nineties and have become the dominant design on bicycles since. It is easy to differentiate the two—threaded headsets have an adjustable cup with wrench flats along with a locknut of roughly the same size, while a threadless headset does not have any wrench surface on the adjustable cup. The former system uses a threaded steerer tube and requires a quill style stem. One can thus infer that a threadless system fits onto a smooth, unthreaded steerer.

Either variety is available in a few different sizes, with the overwhelming majority of bikes having either a 1" threaded or 1 1/8" threadless headset (measurement refers to outside diameter of steerer tube), with newer bikes tending towards the latter. Other sizes are out there, but as time goes on becoming harder to source parts for.



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Left to right: crown race, bearing, lower head race, upper head race, bearing, adjustable race.

Threadless headsets make good engineering sense. As compared to their threaded counterparts they are stronger and lighter, not to mention easier to manufacture. A threadless system allows the steerer tube to pass completely through the stem and eliminates the locknut, as the stem clamp is what ultimately holds the system together. Threaded headsets adjust independently of the stem via the threaded adjustable race and locknut and require a quill stem that inserts into the steerer, expanding to hold in place. The one advantage of a threaded system is the ease of handlebar height adjustment, which doesn't require any swapping of spacers or readjusting the headset as in a threadless system. In most cases the upper and lower head races are press fit into the frame using tools made for just that purpose, but in recent years certain threadless systems have come about with the races integrated into the headtube.

## DIAGNOSIS AND ADJUSTMENTS

Headsets are either too loose, too tight or just right with little room for error in between. Too tight is easy to diagnose—any resistance to turning is too much, it should be silky smooth side to side. Loose headsets are just as easy to diagnose either through knocking while riding or this simple test—grab the lower head race with one hand and the stem with the other and rock the bike fore and aft. Any movement is evident of a loose headset.

In a threaded system, rotate the adjustable cup up and down a quarter turn at a time to adjust the bearing load and keep it in place by tightening the lock nut against it once in adjustment. A threadless system requires you to loosen the stem clamp and adjust the bolt directly on top of the steerer tube which controls the bearing load before tightening the stem clamp once again to lock it in place.

Is the headset loose in some places and tight in others? This could mean one of a few possibilities. The steerer tube may be slightly bent from a front end impact, the frame headtube is warped or the races are installed incorrectly. In the event of the

races being the culprit, it may be that they have been pressed into the frame unevenly and/or that the headtube needs faced to ensure the upper and lower surfaces of the headtube are free from paint and absolutely parallel to each other. Each of these possibilities likely requires a trip to the local bike shop for absolute diagnosis and the appropriate medicine to fix the problem.

In headsets with loose balls it is fairly common for a neglected headset to feel indexed as each ball lines up with an indentation formed in the lower head race from lubricant breakdown. While this is usually the beginning of the end of a headset, one can sometimes stretch the service life simply by knocking the lower head race from the frame, rotating it 90° and pressing it back into the frame. This effectively moves the indexed part of the steering to 90° from center, a place that one never encounters while riding, leaving you with a new-ish feeling headset for a while at least.

## PREVENTATIVE MAINTENANCE

The best preventative maintenance for a headset is to keep it in adjustment and well greased. Riding around with a loose headset for any period of time is just asking to replace it as few things other than a crash can wreck the bearing surfaces sooner. Keeping it lubricated is easier said than done as the front wheel tends to spray a perfect storm of water and grit directly into the lower bearing. Using a high quality, marine grade grease is your best bet to keep water at bay. Clean and replace the grease as necessary depending on your riding climate—more often in wet climates than dry.

## CONCLUSION

There is much more to be said about the finer points of headsets than covered here. This primer is meant as just that, enough information to be dangerous but hardly a total guide to everything headset related. For further resources see the extensive entries on the subject at the late Sheldon Brown's website: [www.sheldonbrown.com](http://www.sheldonbrown.com).



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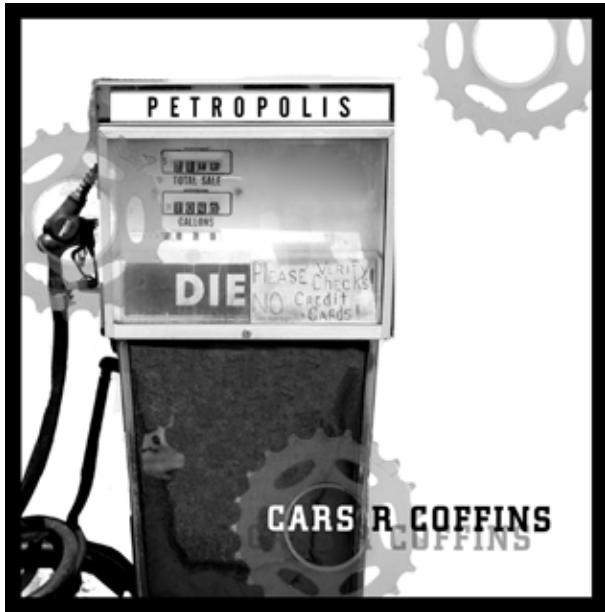
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# Fixed Gear Skid Marks

By Brad Quartuccio



Skid patch numbers are a concern unique to fixed gear bikes, where the horizontal position of the pedals lines up with a fixed number of tire/ground contact patches. The fun of leaving a skid mark comes with a price, namely increased tire wear. Logically, it makes sense to spread the skid wear across the surface of the entire tire for maximum tread lifespan. This is where skid patches come in.

The number of skid patches is determined by the given gear ratio and is easy to calculate. Assuming you skid with the same foot forward each time, it is the denominator of the reduced fraction of the gear ratio, starting with the number of chainring teeth as the numerator. In other words, a 48x18 ratio would be  $\frac{48}{18}$ , reduced to  $\frac{8}{3}$ , yielding 3 skid patches. 48x17 doesn't reduce further, and has 17 skid spots. The rare rider who skids equally often with either foot forward can double their skid patches with ratios that reduce to fractions with odd numbers in both slots.

Practically speaking, once the number of skid patches enters the double digits you're in the clear as far as tire wear is concerned. The single digit combinations shown in the chart below are the ones to avoid. It is a foul sentence handed down by the bicycle powers that be that a vast number of complete fixed gear bicycles come equipped with a 48x16 or 48x18 gear ratio, sending many tires to an early grave. Choose wisely, or forever rotate your tires. 

## NUMBER OF SKID PATCHES

		CHAINRING			
		44	46	48	49
COG	15	15	15	5	15
	16	4	8	1	16
	17	17	17	17	17
	18	9	9	3	18
	19	19	19	19	19
	20	5	10	5	20



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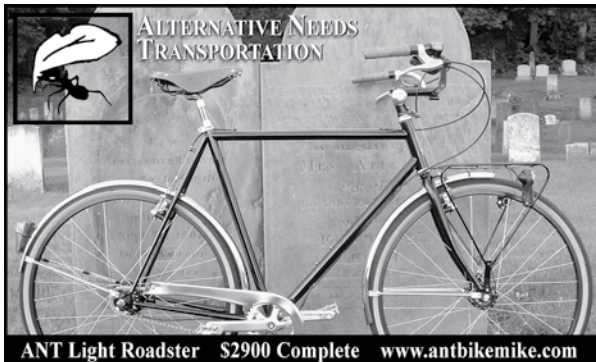


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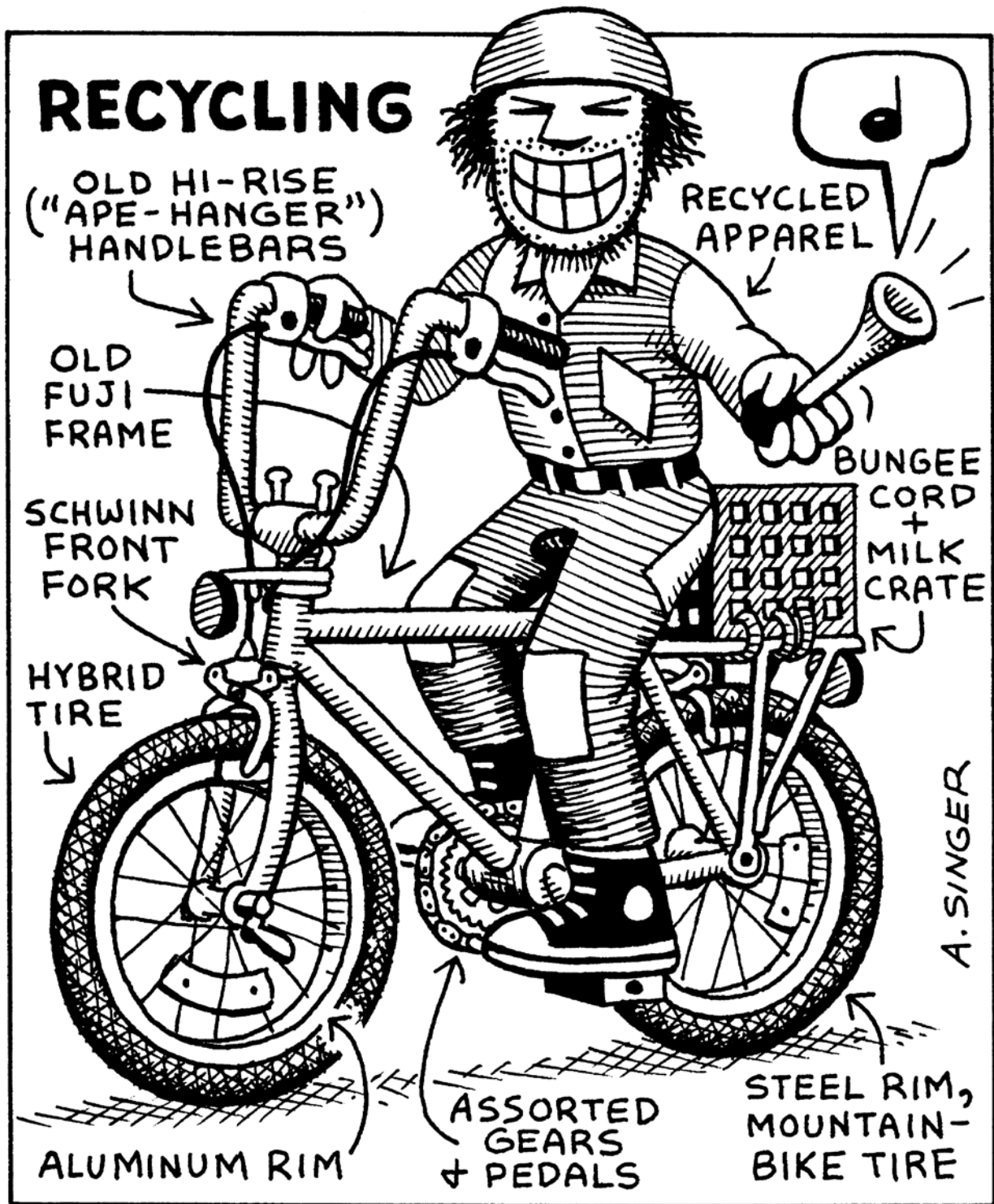
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