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THE RIVENDELL READER

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37

Jan 2006



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37

A QUARTERLY FOR BICYCLERS



When everybody knew *somebody* who brushed with Gleem

During the past ten years, steel frames have slowly but surely become the odd ducks on any ride, in any group, on any road or trail. If bikes could fly, they'd be the odd ones up there, too; which reminds me...

...you don't see as many frames that look spindly and delicate (but aren't), made with skinny, birdbone-like tubes formed into triangles. Birds and bikes have been compared before, and lots of bikes have been named for birds—Merlin, Sparrow, Kestrel, Heron, Flying Pigeon, Ibis, American Eagle, Peregrin, and I'll bet there's a Pheasant and Osprey out there, along with another ten I can't think of.

I'm not saying bikes *ought* to be like birds, just that they looked that way before, from stem to rear dropout, and I got used to it, and I'm not getting used to the current chunky look.

You can't say, "But they're more efficient, faster," because if you think a flared & trumpetlike monocoque frame of dark carbon

fiber is going to get you up the hill any faster, you are grossly overestimating any contribution it can make and fantastically underestimating the effect of eating less and riding more. Besides, when you ride for fun and thrills and fitness and the sights and getting around, you still want a light-enough bike, but also one that's tough and beautiful, with natural proportions and intriguing details. Steel alone doesn't guarantee any of that, but *not steel* guarantees you won't get even half. Steel is tough, strong, and beautifully proportioned. It's our favorite material by far for making bike frames, of course. It's just great stuff. I like the sound it makes, too.

One of the things I think about a lot is something that doesn't have an name, but I think of as "the softening." It's when a long-established company finds itself losing customers or not winning over a new generation of consumers. It worries about

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THE RIVENDELL READER

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the future, and so changes its ways to slow the decline, and in doing so goes swirling downward as its current customers get turned off at a rate higher than new customers get turned on.

It's hard to keep the old customers when you change enough to attract new ones. Abercrombie & Fitch's new owners know that, and made a clean break. I've said here before how the new Abercrombie & Fitch disgusts me, but all that aside, at least it didn't try to appeal to everybody.

About a year and a half ago Filson was bought by a former executive of Ralph Lauren and an investment group, and is now selling imported clothing that from a distance sort of has the look, but feels soft. Filson is trying to reach out to the plush-o-philes and trying to retain its plush-o-phobe customers, who for the most part want pants and jackets that take 6 months to break in and last 35 years. I don't think it's going to work.

I wonder what will happen with Harris tweed, which was originally woven to make clothing for hunters and fishermen. Later, when its market shifted indoors, the fabric was still woven by folks who live on the islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, and Barra "and their several purtenances" from the wool of the local Blackface sheep, who have evolved to suffer lousy weather and produce the hardy wool. I don't know what a purtenance is, either, but that's what they say.

To make Harris tweed more appealing to plush-o-philes, the governing body that sets the requirements for determining authenticity of Harris tweed recently enacted the Harris Tweed Act, which now allows Harris tweed to be made from wool shorn from sheep from anywhere in the world. The emphasis is shifting to lighter, softer Harris tweeds, in more fashionable colors and weaves.

The thought of that makes me want a Harris tweed jacket made from wool from Scottish sheep who live in the lousy climate in those Scottish islands with the neat names. I want the thickest, heaviest, tightest, stiffest, scratchiest wool they can weave. The thing is, I don't have many occasions to wear things like that. I'm going to buy one, anyway, and over the years I'll pull it out when I can, and not talk about it.

Do businesses have to change with the marketplace in order to stay alive? Smart companies are supposed to be all over market trends, even anticipating and creating them.

As I mentioned in a recent email Update, the family business in England that produced our Derby tweed sweaters has recently closed up because they couldn't sell enough wool sweaters even in England, where fleece is taking over just like it has everywhere else. Children who don't wear wool don't get into it later in life.

The next generation of non-woven fabrics will make whatever you're wearing now seem like a slab of hide & hair from a Woolly Mammoth. Seams and sewing will be a thing of the past. Your body measurements will be registered. You'll be able to say exactly how much room you want around your gut and under your armpits, and all of this information will be kept in a database, and you'll be able to order up non-woven garments out of the softest and most amazing fabrics you can't even imagine right now. You'll see it within 25 years. The future of fabrics is in non-knitted, non-wovens with magical properties and remarkable fits, customized just for you. They'll be cheap and disposable, and some won't

even require laundering with suds and agitation. You'll clean them with lasers or microwaves, or wipe them off with a sponge. They will be environmentally green. In 50 years you'll be able to order them in the tartans of your choice, or even copies of Harris tweeds from the past. That's where it's going. That's what the trade magazines and the textile scientists say. Well, they don't say that exactly, but I fancy myself fantastic at reading between the lines.

Often I think the *Rivendell Reader* should be renamed to sound like it's a bicycle publication. Four years ago when I thought the same, I was voted down, even though it wasn't up for vote. It's time to revisit that, because we need more readers, and maybe a name change would help.

We have 7,500 or so subscribers now, and I'd like it to be 10,000. *Bicycling's* circulation is about 500,000. We aren't after *Bicycling*, but I'd like our circulation to be more than 1.48 percent of its. Of course if our circulation grows to 10,000, I'll want 15,000, but it's not as though we're spreading evil. The *Reader* may not be your supremely perfect cup of tea precisely, but it's all about comfort and riding on your own terms, with your own sustainable standards, not comparing or competing, strapping bags on your bike and filling them with chow & wool & a camera, and just liking to ride. That's the message, and there could be worse ones out there.

If you have a renaming idea, send it in on a postcard. There are no prizes, so don't be too bummed out if you don't win; but we could use some help here.

As fond as we are of Latin—how can you not like Latin?—a Latin name won't win—that I can assure you. The winning name should make it clear that this is a bicycle publication. The newly named version will be indistinguishable from the one you're reading now, except for the name.

We'll handle the subtitle ourselves, or you can submit one. We could handle a Latin subtitle, but a Latin subtitle won't give you an edge, if you're looking for an edge. I don't mean to place too many restrictions. We do want help.

The title shouldn't be too: Cute, clever, cool, counterculture, or complicated. It should roll off the tongue and can't sound like any existing or previous publication, so no: *Cyclist*, *Bicycle Guide*, *Bicycle Rider*, *Bike*, *The Ride*, *Bicycle Paper*, *Cycle*, *VeloNews*, and so on.

Postcards only, and if there's a tie, the first one wins the Grand Prize. You may enter as many times as possible, even on the same postcard. You need not be a subscriber to win, but if you think we won't consider that in our selection, you need to be more of a student of human nature. Rivendell employees are eligible, but I can't see them entering. Ties go to the earliest. Deadline for entries: March 3.

As for the name change, don't debate it online. I mean, whatever you want to do, but basically, if you have a good name idea, let's hear it; and I guess if you think the name change is a terrible idea, let me know, but don't feel put out if it happens anyway.

I'm sorry this didn't get to you until 2006, and that it doesn't include a long interview. Sorry also that this editorial is so rambling. It's not always easy to organize one's thoughts and present them just the right way. —Grant

Mail

Hermits?

I think the general perspective that you guys have is great, but it gets a little weird in the recent catalogue, where I found serious attitude on helmets, and in RR35, in the story on what is correct-and-not on bikes, some ritualistic fork wrapping with suggestions to include bird feathers, and way too much on the evil fork pictorial. Yikes! You guys should take a reality break every so often. One cannot be a vital force in the cycling community if one is perceived as cycle-hermits.

—Regards regardless, Bob Y.

Dear Bob,

Around her, perception is reality. Our attitude on helmets is that any time a head-hit is inescapable, you're better off with a helmet on your head. I hope that clears the air. The correct/not correct style spread was intentionally titled "Not the Last Word About Bike Looks" and I said it was "rife with value judgments...and there's no right or wrong." I tried and failed to make it clear that there aren't any hard rules.

The wrapping, with twine and maybe a feather wasn't about rituals or anything like that. Sometimes twine and feathers is just twine and feathers. My bike doesn't have any feathers, but I've always liked feathers, and I always pick up the pretty ones I find on rides. But I know some folks are strongly anti-feather, and I should have kept them out of the story. Grant

Tricycles?

One slow day in the winter of 2003/2004, a gentleman stopped in the shop to talk about adult tricycles. He was a young 50-ish man who had suffered a stroke a couple years earlier. This required him to use a cane, loss of much motion on the right side, and some trouble finding the right words at times. After lots of discussion and hashing out price, we started the process to get him a 3-speed Workman Industrial trike for adults. He earned the money for it working in the kitchen at a retirement center. His wife was not greatly supportive of the idea and he was getting his Workman on the sly, \$40 at a time. Craig was tired of being a bit hostage to the local bus schedule and friends/relatives' free time to shuttle him about.

He picked it up in May of 04, and by October had put close to 4,000 miles on it and in all sorts of weather, and through all sorts of punishment. Of course, a

Workman trike can take a beating and is fully serviceable, but Craig's ability and fitness had surpassed the trike's potential.

So he traded it in and got a higher end Sun EZ tricycle recumbent with better wheels, fenders, basket, and a slightly better position and gearing for his needs. His old trike was re-habbed and given to a disabled kid at the Boy's Club.

We had to modify things some, to allow for shifting and braking with his good hand, and to allow his lousy foot to stay on the pedal, but the new trike is working out well. I now see Craig around town and in places quite far and many hills away from his home and new job at a local coffee house. He stops in the shop a couple times a month for adjustments, and has nearly 1,000 miles on the new trike, on top of 4,000 on the old Workman.

—Tim Rangitsch

The hidden dangers of the golfball-curiosity combo

Wow, that title from RR36 (The Poison in the Middle of a Golf Ball) gathered me up and put me straight into the wayback machine, riding straight back to 1961. There we were, four 5th grade boys circling the edge of the driving range, pawing our way through the border shrubs looking for stray golf balls. The rules were unwritten but understood by all. If we found 'em out there in the bushes they were ours, but anything leaning up against the fence belonged to the driving range and if you were caught reaching for one, Mike Divel's big brother would pound you.

We tucked our T-shirts into our pants and filled them up with golf balls, stuffing them through the neck until we looked like lumpy cellulitic Santas, jiggling off with our booty-a bohungus amount of golf balls. We dumped them on the edge of the cliff overlooking the ocean and retrieved our bats, hidden in the bushes. The next hour consisted of escalating claims of greatness as we blasted the balls into the surf.

"I'm Roger Maris"!

"Yeah, right"...

"Oh yeah, well watch Babe Ruth smack this one all the way to Catalina"!!

If you never used a bat on a golf ball you have no idea how fast and far they fly, and being a budding engineer I started wondering why that was...what's in those things anyway?? Flubber?

So later that afternoon I used my pocketknife to peel back the skin on a TITLEIST to find out what was in there. And once the skin was off.....Hey, it's a giant ball of rubber band string. Like a whole miles worth. Hanging on to the end of the string you could get a certain momentum going and the rubber bands would start to unwind on their own in short staccato bursts of speed. It made a cool sound too. The entire effect mesmerized us.

A mile of rubber band later, there was the core—a purey! A crystal clear marble!! The cores were either glass marbles (cool) or little round soft rubber pouches with liquid latex inside (boring). The latex balls were no good for shooting marbles and didn't bounce for crap. So we chucked those and hoarded the marbles. I went home that night and unwound about 3 of them and brought the marbles to school the next day. "Cool, where'd you get those"?? Once the secret was out, the race was on...who could get the biggest pile of marbles??

Seizing the opportunity, I snuck over to the driving range at sunset and scanned the fence line for Divel's brother. I ran straight for the forbidden fence & 10 min later I was waddling home with a shirt full of golf balls for a project that would make me the absolute big kahoona at recess. King of kings! Marble master of the universe!

Entering the garage, I quickly set up a production line. No more peeling back the skin with my pocket knife and unwinding the rubber bands by hand. I chucked up the first ball in the vise and pulled out my dad's hacksaw. In 30 seconds I was through the skin and deep into the rubber bands. I pulled it out and started unwinding what was left of the rubber band wad to get at the core. 5 min later, I had my prize, a clear glass marble.

But five min was way too long for what I had in mind. I planned to bring about fifty or a hundred marbles to school and only had an hour before dinner. So I cut the next one right down close to the core and then unwound the last little bit. A time saver for sure. The last few strokes were cautious and I stopped between each one to make sure that I didn't scratch my prize. It was the 5th ball that changed everything. I was hunching down low trying to peek between the last few rubber windings to see the first tell-tale sign of a marble when I suddenly went blind. There was still light, but I couldn't see anything at all. Just white sky. My face was wet with thick stuff. I instantly realized

that I had nicked one of the rubber latex pouches and the liquid latex had sprayed out under the pressure of all those rubber bands, coating both eyes.

Somehow my 5th grade brain screamed 'fight or flight' & clicked into survival mode. I remembered that there was a faucet on the outside wall of the garage. I immediately dropped to the floor and crawled to the nearest wall and felt my way along to the garage door, then scrambled outside along the front wall and left around the corner where I had to paw my way through the bushes to the hose. I whipped on the faucet and flushed my left eye first. It took a few seconds, but the latex, which had already started to skin over, peeled off. I could see!! Man, I could see!!

Then I went for the right eye. A huge sheet of latex started to lift and peeled back a little, then stuck tight. I rubbed hard and eventually got enough off to run into the house. My mother got all but one small

chunk off with a washcloth. My eye looked like a boiled tomato. The doctor took off the last bit with a scalpel.....I had no idea how close I came to losing my eyesight that day until the doctor took me aside and scared the bejesuz out of me, burning into me the certain knowledge that if I ever messed with a golf ball again I would have a front row seat at the school for blind children where my grandmother taught.

I gave up dissecting golf balls until last year, when somehow the ancient thought leaked out of the past and into the front of my mind. A friend of mine is an "irrigationist" at a local golf course, which is a nice way of saying he gets to drive golf carts around in the dark, turns on sprinklers and smokes pot. But stopping by his golf course, I was walking out to the green when I spotted a dirty golf ball in the bushes. I pocketed it, looked over my shoulder for Divil's brother and headed for the garage. I chucked it up in the vice

pulled out the hacksaw and set to work on the skin. A minute later, I peeled it back, ready to hear the rubber bands popping and, and...hey, no rubber bands! It was solid. Solid something, I'm not sure what, but solid woody plastic stuff. Putting on my goggles (you get smarter when you're older) I got to work with a hacksaw thinking how surprised and happy my kid would be when I presented him with a purey. As I neared the center of the ball, my strokes slowed just in case. Carefully inching my way to the center, stroke by stroke by...hey, I passed the center and there was nothing! Another few strokes and it was obvious, there was never gonna be a purey. Huh? Later that afternoon I asked my buddy at the course if he knew anything about golf balls, rubber bands and marbles. His reply was short and disappointing "Oh, they haven't done that for years".....Dang.

—Bryant Bainbridge

Zen and the Art of Bicycle Riding

(reprinted with unwritten permission from RR-1, but we have reason to believe that an English fellow named Shawn Gosieski wrote it, and we didn't have his permission then or now, because we couldn't find him, even with leads. Don't go Googling him on our behalf. It's not that biggadeal. Shawn, good job. Don't sue.)

A zen teacher saw five of his students return from the market, riding their bicycles. When they had dismounted, the teacher asked the students, "Why are you riding your bicycles?"

The first student replied, "The bicycle is carrying this sack of potatoes. I am glad that I do not have to carry them on my back!" The teacher praised the student, saying, "You are a smart boy. When you grow old, you will not walk hunched over, as I do."

The second student replied, "I love to watch the trees and fields pass by as I roll down the path." The teacher commended the student, "Your eyes are open and you see the world."

The third student replied, "When I ride my bicycle, I am content to chant, *nam myoho renge kyo.*"

The teacher praised the third student, saying, "Your mind will roll with the ease of a newly trued wheel."

The fourth student answered, "Riding my bicycle, I live in harmony with all beings."

The teacher was pleased, and said, "You are riding on the golden path of non-harming."

The fifth student replied, "I ride my bicycle to ride my bicycle."

The teacher went and sat at the feet of the fifth student, and said, "I am your disciple."

Mazama: The bike formerly known as Buffalo, then Bison

Co-Motion, a great company in Oregon, actually made the Big Guy bike happen.



the bike, while saying it's for "regular guys like you." Maybe we should poke a little fun at skinny guys while we're at it, to make it easier for big guys to look directly at their Mazama without blushing.

To make the Mazama's heavy-duty frame, we use tubing that we originally designed for our tandems. The tubing is large, but it has a nice proportionate look. The frame characteristics make it appear aggressive, but its ride quality is surprisingly supple and user-friendly. The big guys we've had on it so far have been impressed at its solid nature and low weight.

We outfitted the Mazama with 26-inch (559) wheels built on DT Swiss tandem hubs, equipped with 203mm discs

and Avid BB & disc brake calipers. For the drivetrain we chose Shimano Deore XT derailleurs mated to the XT Rapidfire controls. We also offer a drop bar kit, and I've encouraged Grant to offer a 'Riv-kit' for the die-hard Rivendell fan. We'd love to see some Mazamas go out in any kind of configuration that serves this unique niche as best as possible.

—Dwan Shepard
Co-Motion

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The big-person's bike project, (originally called the Buffalo and finally renamed the Mazama) has been an interesting adventure for us here at Co-Motion Cycles. We make a lot of interesting bikes for small niches, but perhaps none so specific as this one.

We've noticed an interesting phenomenon here. When we discuss the Mazama with potential customers, they tend to feign interest in another, perhaps sexier bike model.

Perhaps we should be talking up the performance of

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While one should aspire to the fine form of the famed FTD florist, few in fact will achieve that. Fortunately, almost any form at all will get you up the hill.

Pedal & Hoof, Pedal & Hoof

Run your bike up hills, but check with your doctor, first, because holy cow, it's a jolt to your system.

Lately I've been getting off my bike and running it up steep hills. I started doing this when I couldn't pedal up (common when I'm on my Quickbeam), or when pedaling's just a real grunt, as slow as walking.

Now I do it even when I *can* pedal up. Sometimes pedaling is too efficient. You want the efficiency when you're commuting or riding with a group or going downtown for a shop, but odd as it sounds, when time's not an issue and burning a few more calories is, there are worse things you can do than get off your bike and run up the hill with it.

Running is harder and tires you out sooner, but it sizzles off more blubber in a given time than pedaling does—and that translates directly to an extra holiday helping of whatever's on the plate. At first you'll find that five seconds of running is all you can manage, and then you walk a bit until you start up running again. But over time that five seconds turns to a minute, then two, then three or four.

It's hard to get off your bike and run with it when other riders can see you. The thought could enter your mind that they'll think, "Hey, he's got a million-dollar bicycle and that looks like a triple up front, and I'll be a monkey's uncle if that cassette is a tooth less than 32t, so why in the name of Sam Hill is he not

pedaling up this measly old hill? My granny could pedal up it with those gears. He must be the weakest rider I've ever seen or will forever."

That's what the meanies think. The nice ones will offer you roadside assistance, figuring there's something wrong with your bike.

Uphill running is less jarring than flatland or downhill running, so even if you're not a smooth runner, you'll find it's hard on your heart and lungs, but easy on your joints. Your bicycle-rider's thighs will help a lot up the hills, and you won't feel as much out of your element as you would on a long flat run.

If there are no hills around you, you should seriously consider moving so you can do this.

Once you're ready to try it, here are 3 tips—

1. Don't shoulder the bike

Cyclo-cross racers shoulder their bikes over glop and bumps that would stop the bike if the wheels were on the ground. That's not an issue on a paved road or smooth dirt. You might have to lift the bike over trail bumps or whatever, but you won't have to put it onto your shoulder.

2. Let your pushing technique evolve naturally

I don't know whether it's better to run with one hand on the bar and one on the saddle, or two hands on the bar, or some other variation. I think it's wise to not lock in to just one way.

3. Wear shoes you can run and pedal in.

Almost any shoes short of road cycling shoes will do; and on the topic of shoes, the best pedals for those shoes are two-sided ones without clips or straps. Toe clips will ruin this for you. Road clipless shoes are too stiff and slippery; and off-road clipless shoes, with recessed cleats and all, *will* work, but are too stiff for lots of uphill running. Sneakers or sandals are best. On gradual inclines, you can rest part of your weight on the bike and glide between steps. Anyway, it's not as nutty as it sounds or looks, but it's really hard.



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My 40th Birthday/mid-life crisis ride

by Henry Kingman

Henry likes the kind of hard-ish, weathery, solo tours most of us avoid. He did this one last winter. It's short but meaty, and the photos are good. —Grant

I turned 40 last February, and took a sudden notion to ride a 40-day tour in winterbound Nevada. I found myself emailing a month's notice in to work, and calling Grant to see if he had a Quickbeam my size.

"A 62, right?" he replied. "I'll send it today."

Work, it turned out, had other notions, and bargained me down to a three-week vacation, coming back to a big raise. "So this is what it's like getting old," I thought, remembering how at 24, I'd thumbed my nose at a boring \$50K-per-year job to go work for a bike magazine.

My tour began with a shakedown jaunt, mostly on semi-dry gravel, past the isolated house in the desert where I grew up, then on to some hot springs near the ghost town of Paradise Valley. From there, I looped back to Winnemucca for a Valentine's Day Barn Dance with the Foghorn String Band, riding gravel through pristine Eden Valley and Golconda. Next, I headed out on gravel roads to the ghost town of Midas, staying with friends at a ranch the first night. Reached Midas after fighting mud and rain all day, rented a heated trailer for \$15, but

then played guitar all night in a bar with a couple of locals. Midas has maybe 15 fulltime residents, and two bars. Prettiest town anywhere, though.

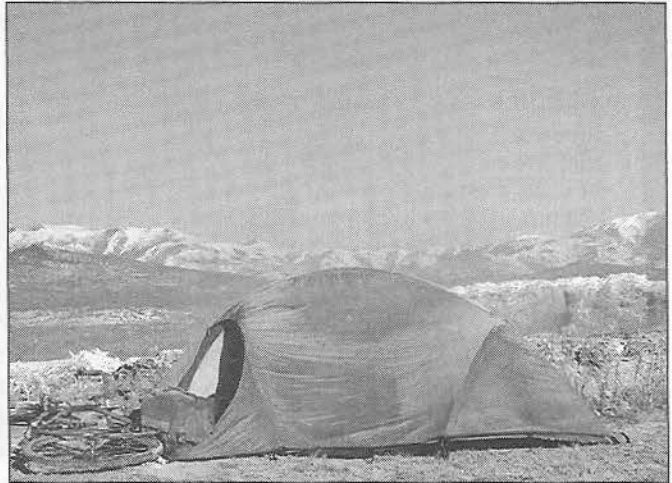
Next I headed for Tuscarora, formerly a cool ghost town, now a retreat for artists, pushing through 20 miles of snow in the Tuscarora Hills one night, because at 10 degrees, the snow wasn't frozen enough to ride. Saw a couple of snowshoe rabbits, and lots of cougar and coyote tracks. Had a Fusee road flare ready to strike in case of ambush. Made town by dawn, where word had reached the sheriff, who scolded me, noting they'd taken 13 cougar out of the Tuscarora's so far that winter.

Then I headed down to Elko, and moseyed around there for a bit before heading back home to Winnemucca, mostly on the main highway.

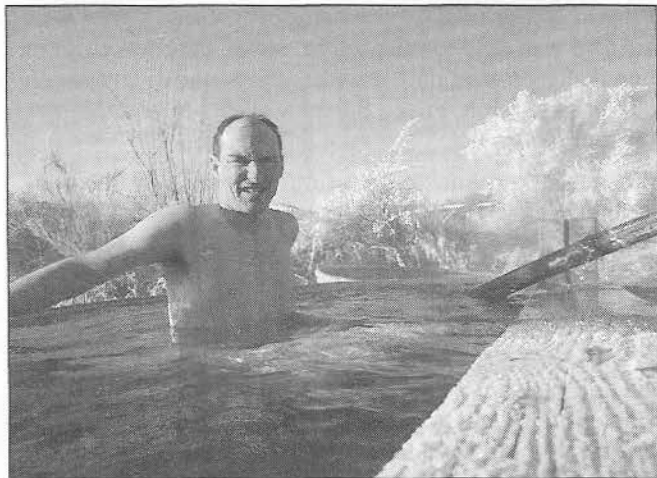
Not a very studly tour, but a relaxing, easy-paced vacation of maybe 400-500 miles, about half paved, with only a couple of nights camping out, and then, at hot springs. Somewhere along the way, I managed to read



Here's the gear.



This is one of my camps. It's at Chimney Hot Springs.



In one of the hot springs.



Here's another hot spring from a distance.

Sometimes a Great Notion, by Ken Kesey.

Why a fixed-gear bike in a Nevada winter?

I don't know if you've been to Nevada, but it's the most wonderfully hostile place. Too hot in the summer, too cold in the winter, too muddy in spring and dusty in fall... I could go on. But in short, just the right conditions to keep most everybody away most all the time.

Including cyclists. Ask someone who's been to Burning Man how their bike liked our brand of grit, an acronym for "Gets Right In There."

In winter, unless it's really cold, grit turns into an acronym for "you'd better have a high-tension chain and a good chain line, or plan on walking."

Why the Quickbeam?

Most fixies are fragile things, but the QB is tough, and takes big tires like the 38cm (rear) and 32cm (front) Schwalbe Marathons I used -- stout enough meats for hard riding on bad gravel with 30lbs. of winter gear.

Most fixies lock you into one or two gears, but I got four out of the QB, with an 18 on one side of the hub and a

15 on the other, and the stock 32- and 40-teeth chain-wheels. You flip the bike over to change gears, which takes about a minute.

Most fixies skimp on brakes, but the QB gives you two strong canti's when you need 'em. And, a clever design means you don't have to adjust the brakes each time you change gears (which moves the wheel fore-aft in the dropouts). You wouldn't get that luxury if you converted a normal mountain bike to fixed gear. Nevermind that normal mountain bikes generally have vertical dropouts, severely limiting gearing options.

Like any fixie, the QB lets you resist the pedals on descents, crucial for maintaining bodywarmth -- the most important of three key reasons fixies are ridden in winter. The second is control. When braking/resisting on ice, you get instant feedback through your feet if the back wheel starts to lock up, and you can let up a smidge to avoid a skid-out, while still braking strongly. Modulation, baby! I learned this from Dick Phillips, who led mountain bike tours in Iceland for several decades, and maybe still— always on a fixed gear touring bike not too different than the QB.



Early in the trip, before the mud, in front of Chuck's bike shop, in Winnemucca. I like this shop a lot.

The third applies to racers; coaches at one time, and maybe still, believed that while fixed gears demand periodic strength-building pushes, i.e., muscling a stout gear up a steep hill, they can't really drain a racer's deep reserves—which are supposed to be rebuilding in winter—because without gears, you can't really go all-out for hours on end.

Bottom line, if you're out to maintain or ease back into fitness, a fixie is your friend.

Packing for this tour

I planned to go light, with a change of woolens and food in my Camper Longflap, and a down bag and bivy lashed on the bars. Grant talked me into a Baggins Bag Hoss as well, so I relocated the Camper to the handle-



Few bikes would have been rideable like this. A good time not to have derailleurs.

bars and was able to take a tent, stove, candles, camera, huge fluffy ground pad, gazeteer, GPS, shortwave receiver, 800-page book, Fusee flares, and lots of other frivolous items.

An aside for anyone deliberating between Baggins Bag models: get the Hoss. It's special.

Seeing pictures of the bike, some have commented that it must have been a handful, with slow steering and a high center of gravity (COG). Yet, I never dropped it, in all those icy ruts. I think I can tell you why.

Bike agility requires adjusting the direction of the front wheel quickly and accurately. The further down from the bars you put the load, the more steerer tube and fork tube there is to wind up as a result of the load's inertia. To give an extreme comparison, riding with low-rider panniers is like trying to fence with the wrong end of the sword in your hand -- hard to control where the other end goes.

As for COG— Blackburn used to say low-riders IMPROVED handling by LOWERING the COG. Why the handling needed improving, they never said. People are so weak, aren't they? Always looking for an advantage!

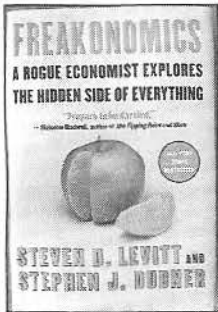
I say, add weight *at* the COG, and you'll MINIMIZE handling changes. The COG is about where the saddle and handlebars are, depending how hunched over you ride.

'Course, academic debates only get you so far down the road. When I turn 52, and take a notion to ride for 104 weeks, I'll get me the biggest ol' ground-scrapin'-est panniers I can find, at both ends!

Meanwhile, I'll run what I brung, like ever. And what I brung nowadays is almost always that QB.

Good Things Review—

two books, throat pills, a washing machine, and the straps from Velcro Products, Inc.



Freakonomics

This is an economics book written for people who never thought they'd read one. It's economics applied to dope dealing, education, baby names, game shows, real estate, sumo wrestlers, the Ku Klux Klan, crime, politics, and things of that nature. One author (Steven) is an economics genius/whiz kid; the other (Stephen) is a writer for the New York Times. One way to make economics understandable and exciting to normal people is to explain it

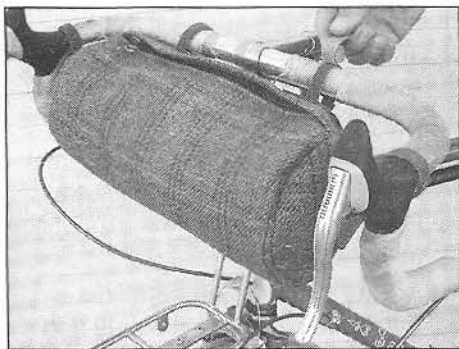
well, be controversial, and set up a mood where it's us (the authors and readers) against them (people and media who believe conventional wisdom). It pulls you right through it. You'll read it in 4 days, and read sections of it aloud to anybody who will listen. All bookstores have it, and it's anywhere from \$15 to \$22, in hardback.



Fisherman's Friend Throat Lozenges

This endorsement has nothing to do with my liking to fish. The fact-of-the-matter is, if you've got a tickly throat and it bugs you or keeps you up at night, these will put a stop to it instantly, on contact. I'm not a sickly and I'm not falling apart or anything,

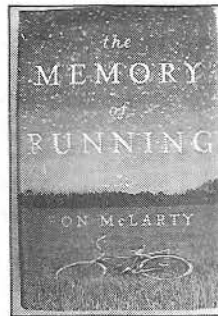
but for some reason I often get an itchy throat, way back there, and when the itchy part comes into contact with one of these, it stops itching instantly. No other cough drop or throat thing I've tried works at all. These are sold at Rite Aid and probably some other drugstores, and cost less than \$3 a package.



Velcro One-Wraps

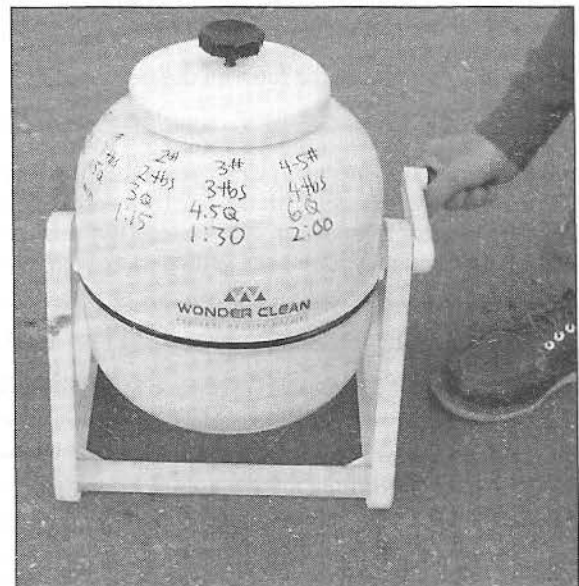
These straps are perfect for attaching bags to racks or seat posts or brake lever hoods, or baskets to racks, and up to fifty other bike-related uses that we haven't even discovered yet, but will. Member Pam Karlan sent us some, and they're so good and

useful that we may even stock them. They compete with the revered Zip-Tie in some applications, but within the calming & contemplative walls here at Rivendell Bicycle Works, the two peacefully coexist. Cost is about \$9 for a 10-pack. Hardware or variety stores may have them, but if you google Velcro one-wrap you'll find them a-plenty in so many lengths, widths, and colors, that you'll be paralyzed with indecision! 8 x 0.5 works well. Or 5 x 0.75. Or 6 x 0.5. Maybe we'll stock just one and make your life easier; but which one? That's the hard part. We may just include a short strip with your bag purchases, for a while. If they make it in, it's gravy. If they don't, you can't complain, because we aren't upping the price. Fair? We're still fans of leather and brass, but for some applications, these are the best.



The Memory of Running

The author wrote 30 books before getting this one published. It's about a bike ride across the country and the changes that happen during it. It's not exactly like any other book I've read, but I liked it a lot. Stephen King, the scary book writer, liked it, too (but it's not scary). It's a good book, an unusual story. It's a novel.



Wonder Clean non-electric washer

This is a big hollow plastic tub, about 18-inches tall and 14-inches across the midsection. It has a handle, so you can turn it around and around. You put clothes, detergent, and warm water in it, then turn for a few minutes, and the next thing you know, your dirty clothes are spic-n-span again. Rinsing is fairly easy, too. It claims to get clothes as clean as a hi-tech washing machine does, but in less than 6 minutes.

We've tried it and it works fine. I wouldn't say it's habit-forming, but it's nice to be able to do a quick small load now and then, all the while feeling quite Amish about the whole thing.

If this has any appeal whatsoever to you, and you don't have this catalogue, get it, or visit the site, which has lots of neat things nobody else does:

Lehman's • One Lehman Circle • Kidron, Oh
44636

lehmans.com • 888-438-5346

Lipomatic Contest/Challenge

IN RR6 WE HAD A CONTEST TO REWRITE the first verse of Edgar Allen Poe's *The Raven* without using the most famous letter in the land, e. We published several entries and the winner in RR7. I thought they were all good. I realize that as a thing to do with one's precious time, e-less writing is ridiculous, but it's kind of fun and challenging, so long as you don't mind sounding like a fool.

Our recent Holiday Flyer was e-free except for the item names and price lines. That's why it reads so incredibly hokey, sappy, terribly. You run into blocks and jog around them, and sometimes the only way around them is bizarre or really dumb and unnatural-sounding, and after a while with that you stop caring and let the "inner weirdo" take over the rest of it, just to get it finished. I hope none of you thought I was just having an off-day. I'm not saying I'm a suave writer, but I would never in million years write like that if I could use an E. Just to fill up space. I used e-less words and had to sort of force them in there. It's embarrassing, sure.

A short flyer is nothing, though. A French prisoner wrote an entire novel without using e (in French). And it was translated into English without the e. The name of the book is *A Void*, and it's out of print. I have a copy, and it's hard to read.

Anyway, here's your challenge: Write the second verse of *The Raven* without using an e.

You should really read the whole poem, because entries will be judged on tone as well, and you can't get that right unless you have a good feel for the real thing. If you don't have it in a book, no doubt you can find it online. Edgar Allen Poe's *The Raven*.

Even one e DQ's you. Use the form on the next page.

Entries by mail or fax by Dec. 31 to: RBW/NOE • Box 5289 • Walnut Creek, CA 94596

I didn't judge the last one, and I won't judge this one. I'll have somebody outside of Rivendell do it, so you can't get mad at us if you think your entry was better than the one that won. The winner gets a \$250 Gift certificate, and the next best nine will get Gift Certificates ranging from \$25 to 100. The top ten entries will be published in the next issue. Other than Lenore," any e's disqualifies you. Even one. You may have been getting away with murder up to now, in *your* world; but not here, and not now. No e's!

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Here's the first verse of *The Raven*, & three entries from December 1996, including the winner. Published in RR-7. I think they're equally good.—G

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."—Edgar Allen Poe

runner-up: Chris Lowe

Back upon a midnight foggy, whilst
mulling, frail and groggy
On many a quaint and curious
album of mythos past,—
Whilst bobbing, almost napping,
abruptly rang a tapping
As of a soft rapping, rapping at my
room's door
"Tis a visitor," I said, "tap tapping at
my room's door;
Only this, nothing additionally.

runner-up: Vic Figueiredo

Upon a midnight, damp and
dark, my thoughts a flint with-
out a spark
On journals quaint and odd,
forgot and poor
My noggin nods as Sandman
calls. A sound upon my sturdy
walls!
Sound of whom? as digits fall,
fall upon my dormitory door
"What folk?" say I, "call upon
my dormitory door?
"Tis naught but this: a visitor."

The Winner: Donna Langdon

Long ago upon a midnight dank
and gloomy, during which I was
frail and worn out but sort of
haphazardly thinking,
About many a quaint and curious
scrawling from outlandish and
fanciful, though archaic
albums,—
During which I hung out slump-
ing, almost dozing, abruptly and
almost instantly I was brought to
a start with a sound of tapping,
As of a human thing softly rap-
ping, tapping at my combination
library-parlor-TV room-workshop
door.
"Tis only a visitor," I found my
mind assuming in a complaining
kind of way, "tapping at my
multi-duty family room door.
Only this and nothing in addition.

Here's the second verse, Use this form. Fax it to (925) 933-7305 or mail it to RBW NOE/Box 5289/Walnut Creek, CA 94596

You CAN use "Lenore," since that is her name, after all. If you use this form, write your lines below the originals.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books, surcease of sorry,—sorrow for the lost Lenore

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore

Nameless here forevermore.

Name: _____ Member No. _____

Address/State/Zip: _____

What do you get if you win?

A smug sense of accomplishment, the thrill of participation, and...

...a \$250 Gift Certificate and a one-time 20 percent discount on any parts, accessories, or clothing order. OR no Gift Cert, but a 25 percent discount on a bike or frame order.

And for second place? A \$100 gift certificate. There are up to two second places.

Third place?: \$100 gift certificate. There are three third places.

Fourth? Five Certificates. Not gift certificates, just certificates of participation, downloadable as PDFs from our site, and suitable for framing. As Pooh would say, *that kind of certificate*.

Judging note

Nobody employed by Rivendell will judge this, because we don't want you mad at us if a lousier entry than yours wins and yours doesn't. We won't identify the judge, but it will be a real person (as opposed to a poetry loving robot), and he or she will be in some sense a "person of letters." Submit entries no later than February 28, 2006. If you pick up this issue at a bike event in March...sorry, but hang in there, though. *The Raven* has many verses, and if you think we're stopping here, you're wrong! Plan ahead if you want to win something. —Grant



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The Bleriot. Like the Saluki, but...

...made in Taiwan so it doesn't cost as much. It's still lugged. What did you *think*?

Early this year or late last, I approached Steve Flagg of Quality Bicycle Products, a large wholesaler, and asked if he'd be interested in a deal where I'd design a bike and arrange to get it made, then we'd sell it directly, and they'd sell it to dealers. A 650B bike—still interested? Yes. And lugged—still interested? Yes. So we went ahead with the plan, and this is all about that bike (the Bleriot). It's almost exactly like a Saluki. Here we talk about how they're alike and different.—Grant

The Bleriot is a lugged steel 650B bike, and does everything a Saluki does, and just as well, but is made in Taiwan where the manufacturing cost is lower

Design approach

The Saluki came out fine, and behaves just the way it's supposed to, and has all the right clearances, so I wanted to pretty much copy it. But odd sizes instead of even. It's impossible to tell the difference in ride. Based on what I know about the geometry, and my experience with this one sample, the Saluki and Bleriot ride alike.

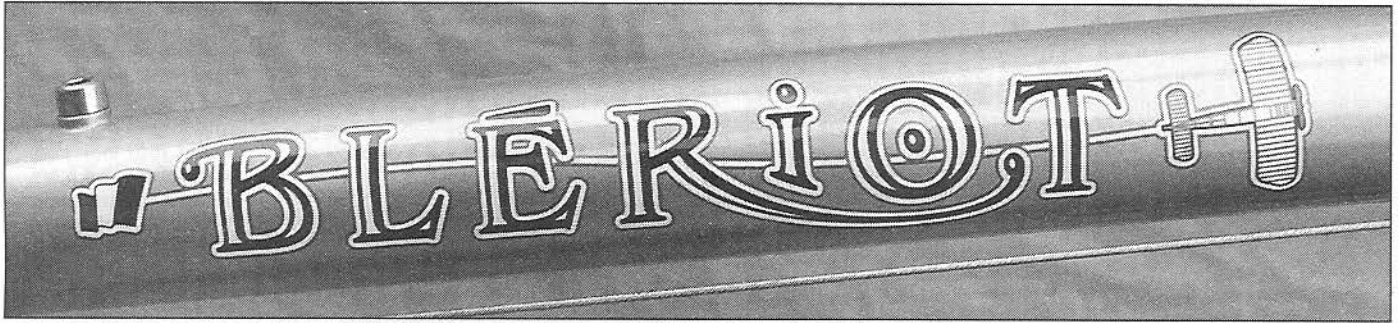
Tubing

The Saluki is made with Tohoku-Miyata Japanese tubing, which I suspect is as good as any in the world, even though nobody's heard of it. Many of the Saluki's tubes were made to our specifications—the seat tube, with the short 1.0mm butt and the 0.6mm top; the fork blades, which are an improvement on

the superfine and used-only-on custom Rivendells Reynolds EB705 fork blade. It has a slender, 12.5mm end, which bends nicely and looks good. The Saluki seat stays are double-tapered and come in three lengths, so the fat part can be optimized for each frame size.

These are small points that come about after near perfection is already achieved and you just keep pushing for the heck of it, because it's fun, and because you like bikes and are working with a cooperative builder and tubing maker who understands what's going on and is having a good time of it, too. But it costs more.

The Bleriot's Taiwanese CrMo tubes are metallurgically the same, and the wall thicknesses are appropriate for the Bleriot's intended all-around use, and they look and work great. But they aren't custom, and were purchased from a list of available tubes, which helped keep the cost down in a smart way.



Clearances

The Saluki and Bleriot have virtually the same clearances, within mm, at least. Both easily fit fenders with 42mm tires. There aren't any 42mm tires for them yet, but the Fatty Lumpkin, made for us by Panaracer, will be close to that, and we'll have it by March 29, I bet.

Graphics

Rivendell member Jon Grant did the graphics for both bikes. I'd say it's a tossup here—not that it's a contest, but the point is, the Bleriot's graphics look pretty good, I think. The airplane is a nice touch. In 1909 Louis Bleriot became the first guy to fly across the English Channel, and there he is on the head tube, looking suspiciously like Tom Ritchey.

The fork details

We're nuts for a good-looking fork, and have super snobby taste and keen eyes for details that the average guy who chomps down burgers and wolf-whistles at women doesn't even notice. Getting those details in place is as hard as building the whole rest of the frame.

In the Saluki's case, we went to Toyo with a perfect sample fork (made by Curt) and said "Can you duplicate the rake?" and they did. It took some re-rigging of their bender, and a different process, but they took a swing, and a home run did smack. They even custom-ordered for us a special fork blade with a skinnier-than-usual bottom, to draw attention to the curve, and to make the bend easier to achieve.

In the Bleriot's case, there were more restrictions, and our guys in Taiwan (the trading company) worked hard to hit the same mark. That meant farming the fork out to a specialty fork maker (not the frame maker), and again, using a more costly process, and one that also insured a more accurately aligned fork. The fork blades are stock Taiwan blades, nothing wrong with them, but they weren't the custom-made skinny-bottom blades, like on the Saluki, so we give them a double, smack-wise. On that same scale, most forks these days strike out on a wild pitch, so two bags is pretty good.

Seat stays differences

The Saluki's seat stays are double-tapered; the Bleriot's are single-tapered. There's no functional difference, no

strength difference, and no difference in ride quality, either. It's purely looks, and even then, it's so subtle that you'd have to have somebody point it out to you with an index finger to tell the difference.

Braze-on differences

The Saluki has braze-ons for Mark's racks (that small rack we have that so neatly fits the Smythe Little Loafer bag). The Bleriot doesn't, but you can clamp the legs on, and that's what we call a "far from lousy solution." The Bleriot is not a Saluki, but it'll do everything the Saluki does, and it rides as well. The differences in details are small, and the price difference is not.

What's the Bleriot good for?

It's an all-around bike. It's for road riding, centuries, brevets, commuting, and touring. Fire trails, too. You can ride it on smooth asphalt or rutted fire trails, on gravel roads or rocky roads, so long as the rocks aren't pumpkin-sized.

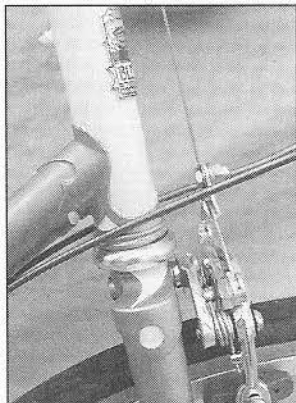
As with any bike, so much of "what it's good for" depends on what tires you have on it. The Bleriot will accept a tire up to 46mm wide; and if you travel to Europe and find the Golden Boy tire (which is that size), you'll have yourself a 650B mountain bike.

But our intention wasn't to make a mountain bike, but an all-around bike that would ideally carry tires between 32mm and 42mm wide, with tire pressures between 25psi and 75psi. and be good for everything between (and not including) road racing and off-road racing or stunt riding. The Bleriot is all that.

And now, we'd like to thank...

...Quality Bicycle Products. It's easy for us to design and contract out for a bike; and when we do that, we know we can sell them. It's another thing for a mainstream distributor to stick its neck out on a freaky 650B bike like the Bleriot. But that they did, and we're grateful for it. More info follows on the next two pages, and the Bleriot will be available through us or any of QBP's dealers. Starting, best guess, in late May. The color is sort of a minty metallic blue. It looks good, and you can see it at rivbike.com.

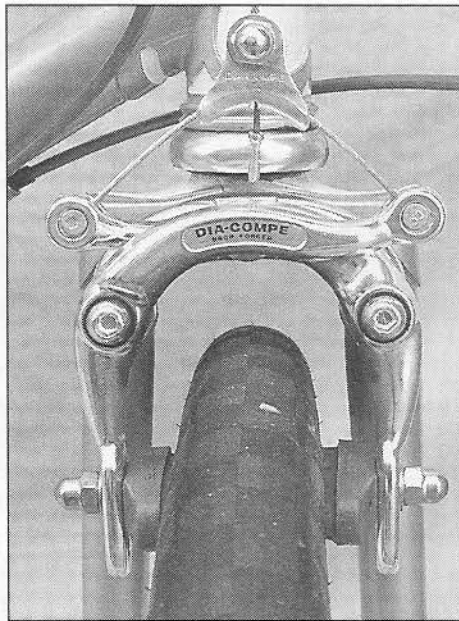
More on the next few pages.



I don't care what anybody says, this is a good looking fork, lug, and head tube. Shown with a Mod. 750 Dia-Compe centerpull brake and a Nifty Swifty tire, which is 650B x 33.5mm, or so.



I don't care what anybody says about this, it's a great-looking head badge. It's Bleriot flying o'er the English Channel, which, I don't care what anybody says, was not a walk in the park in 1909. Artwork by Jon Grant, and I don't care what anybody says, he's a good artist.



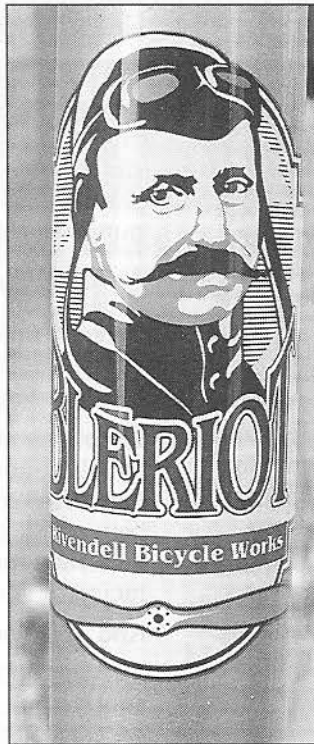
I don't care what anybody says about centerpulls being old-fashioned, obsolete, funky, and outdated—these cold-forged Dia-Compe Model 750s look and work great, and have fantastic clearance for fenders and bigger tires than this one shown.

If they aren't fancy or expensive enough for you, you can get Paul's new centerpulls, which are super-ultra. And if you're more of a "sidepulls only" kind, we're happy to say that sometime next year there will be a Bleriot-compatible sidepull for you. So, brakewise, you're covered.

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This is the prototype's fork, and I don't care what anybody says, it scores a strong B+ in our book. The final one will be even better—we're counting on an A-minus, at least. It's all in the blade dimensions, clearances, and the radius and location of the bend.



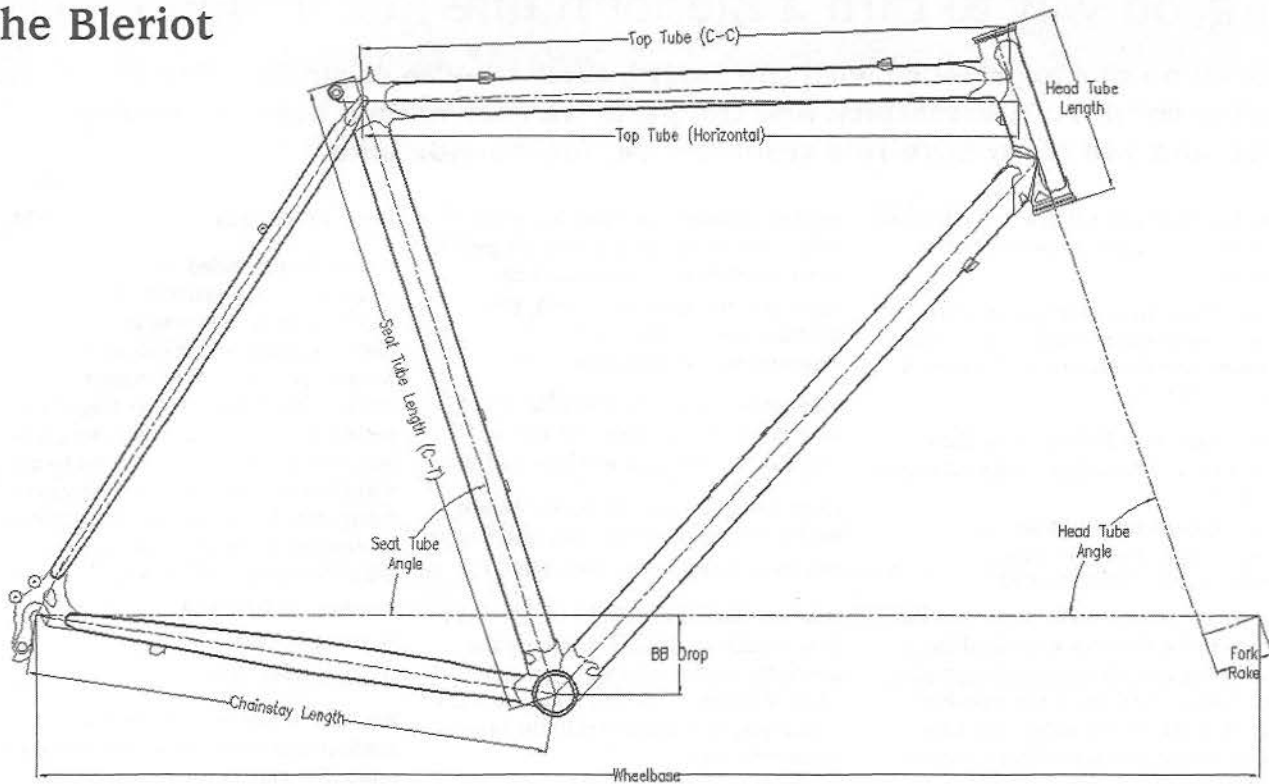
I don't care what anybody says, this seat tube decal of Louis Bleriot makes him look a lot like Tom Ritchey. In fact, if you can look at this while knowing what Tom Ritchey looks like, and also knowing that Tom Ritchey's latest passion is flying airplanes... and not think that this looks like Tom, then I gotta ask: How?



Graphics, geometry, parts, and even ride quality don't mean big beans unless the frame first has proper clearances. This ant's eye view of the Nifty Swifty 650B x 33.4mm (or so) tire shows that the Bleriot does. You can easily fit a fender and a much fatter tire in there. In the Spring, about the time that the Bleriot launches, we're also going to have a 650B x 41mm (or so) tire called the Fatty Lumpkin. It will be our high-volume softy for rough ground, and will let you ride your Bleriot (or Saluki) on lousy ground, in complete comfort.

Notes

The Bleriot



Size	Seat tube angle	Head tube angle	Fork Rake	Top tube	Chainstay	BB drop	Stand-over*	Rear Spacing	Wheelbase	Max tire	Max tire w/fenders
49	71	71	50	525	445	67	751	135	995	45mm	40mm
51	71	71	50	535	445	67	760	135	1015	45mm	40mm
53	72	71	50	545	445	67	775	135	1025	45mm	40mm
55	72	71	50	555	445	67	795	135	1035	45mm	40mm
57	72	71	50	565	445	67	811	135	1045	45mm	40mm
59	72	71	50	575	445	67	831	135	1055	45mm	40mm
61	72	71	50	590	445	67	851	135	1071	45mm	40mm

* approx. with a 650B x 38mm Panaracer Col de la Vie, which has a 332mm radius

Other

All frame fittings are investment-cast. Tubing is butted CrMo in classic road gauges (8x5x8 49-57cm, 9x6x9 for 59, 61cm. That's dt and tt dimensions. Headset requirements: 1-inch threaded, 26.4mm x 30.2mm (ISO standard). Front derailleur style: Clamp-on, 28.6mm (1 1/8th in.). Rear dropouts: Vertical, two eyes. One eye on the front. Water bottle bosses? Two sets. Color is a minty metallic blue, with cream lug and head tube details. If you nick it and want touch-up, go to a hobby shop and find a Testors match, or use clear nail polish. Head badge is a badge, not a decal. Seat post: 27.2mm. Brake style: Any bolt-on style with 65mm reach capacity. As of Spring '06, the best options are Paul or Dia-Compe centerpulls. By mid-to-late 2006 there will be more options, but you need one set of brakes, not more brake options than you can shake a stick at, and good brakes are readily available right now, pal.

A good way to turn a Bleriot frame into a Bleriot bike.

Based on our experience with the Saluki, since they're so similar. Our biases are value, comfort, & versatility, and the parts we recommend here are known entities, and will contribute to a trouble-free, fun-to-ride bike.

Headset: Shimano Ultegra. Why: It looks fine, is sealed, light, no problems ever. 30-014, \$65

Alternatives: Tange-Sekei makes several nice 1-inch threaded headsets. If Shimano stops making the Ultegra, we'll replace it with one of these.

Stem: Nitto Tech Deluxe. Why: Easy height adjustments, great looks. All sizes are \$42.

7cm: 16-044 8cm: 16-045
9cm: 16-046 10cm: 16-040
11cm: 16-041, 12cm: 16-042

Handlebar: Nitto Noodle. Why: The flat ramp! It's the flattish area behind the brake lever, and it's a comfy spot to rest your hands. There are other drop-bar shapes out there, but unless you have special needs, you won't beat a Noodle for a drop bar.

41cm: 16-111 44cm: 16-112, \$42
46cm: 16-113 48cm: 16-128, \$52

Alternatives: Moustache or Albatross. If you get an Albatross, get a long stem

Moustache H'bar: 16-028, \$52
Albatross 54cm Al: 16-127, \$52
Albatross 56cm CrMo: 16-122, \$32

Brake lever: Shimano Tiagra. Why: It fits hands perfectly, looks and works fine.

Shimano Brake lever: 15-091, \$48

Alternatives: If you have big hands or like the feeling of bulk, get Cane Creek levers. They're available with black or gum hoods, and have a built-in quick-release. The shorts are for short-finger folks.

Cane Creek std gum: 15-129, \$38
Cane Creek short gum: 15-128, \$38
Cane Creek std black: 15-123, \$38
Cane Creek short black: 15-122, \$38

Brakes: Dia-Compe Mod. 750 Centerpull
Why: Great function, good looking, and only \$45/pair.

Dia-Compe Mod. 750: 15-111, \$45

Alternatives: Paul's centerpulls. Classier, nicer adjustment, more expensive, but they're really good, too.

Paul's centerpulls, 17-126, \$245

Shifters: Shimano or Silver bar-ends

Why: They're easy and they work great & don't interfere with handlebar bags.

Silver bar-end shifters: 17-089, \$75
Shimano 8sp: 17-098, \$60
Shimano 9sp: 17-049, \$68

Alternatives: None yet. If you like STI or downtubes or Ergo, great, but our top choice is bar-ends, and we're not budging.

Front der: Shimano 105 triple. Why: It works fine, no problem, looks fine, too.
105 triple front der: 17-082, \$35

Rear der: Shimano Rapid Rise LX or XT.
Why: Rapid Rise means you move the levers the same direction for the same effect. It makes sense and is easy to learn even if you've learned to shift the normal backwards way.

LX long cage: 17-119, \$65
XT medium cage: 17-117, \$80

Alternatives: Non-RR derailleurs, if you have deeply-ingrained bar-con habits and don't want to change.

Crank: Sugino XD-2 Why: Nothing comes close to it in value. Looks great, works great, light, and cheap as sin for a crank (\$110). With 46x36x24 rings.
165mm: 12-231 170mm: 12-167
175mm: 12-190 \$110

BB: Shimano 110mm or Tange 107mm.
Why: They're good and cheap and last. By Tange (107) or Shimano (110)
107: 12-191, \$40; 110: 12-192, \$40

Wheels: Synergy rims, LX hubs, butted spokes, brass nips, 32H. Why: Fantastic, versatile wheels. Rich here builds them, and his wheels last.

Front : 18-188, \$115
Rear: 18-189, \$175

Alternatives: There are lots of good hubs. Get Phils, if you've the money. Rich builds lots of those, too.

Tires: Panaracer Col de la Vie or Mitsuboshi Trimline 650B x 38. Why: Cushy, grippy, good. Collect all sizes over time, but start with these.

Pana: 10-063, \$28 Mitsui: 10-061, \$30

Pedals: Double-sided. Why: Double-sided pedals you can pedal with the shoes you're wearing right now are the most liberating gadgets in bikedom. The Sneaker Pedals are the cheapest good ones out there. The MKS Touring or Fancy pedals, do the same but cost more, look less BMX-y, if that's an issue. But bear in mind that you can't see them as you're riding, and if they give others a superiority complex when your bike is parked at the coffee shop, well, so what.

Sneaker: 14-047, \$20
Touring: 14-020, \$36
Fancy: 14-048, \$45

Bar tape: Cloth or cork. The bike is medium light blue, so we like these the most. The grey is good plain or shellacked. But color is just color, so make it look good to you. All in packs of two.
Natural cork: 16-130, \$12
Dark blue cork: 16-138, \$12
Grey cloth: 16-124 \$10
Dark blue cloth: 16-141, \$10

Interrupter brake levers?: If you don't use bar bags a lot, interruptors are really handy. They're good and cheap.

Tektro interruptors: 15-109, \$35

Cassette: Whatever range you need. All of our cassettes are good and not ridiculously costly. We ride them daily.

8sp 11x28: 13-059, \$45
8sp 11x32: 13-041, \$30
8sp 12x32: 13-073, \$40
9sp 11x32: 13-066, \$35

Chains. Most are boring and greasy. Ours are fascinating, clean enough to eat off of, and stay that way forever. Made by Various Famous Chain Firms.

Fascinating, eternally-sterile chains:
7/8-speed: 13-047, \$15
9sp: 13-051, \$21

Pick your Bleriot parts here

Of course you can put any suitable parts on a Bleriot frame, but the ones we espouse, we are thoroughly familiar with, and we know they work great. Choose any, all, or none of them.

Name: _____

Address: _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tele: _____ Email: _____ Other? _____

Height: _____ ft _____ inches Pubic bone height (PBH): _____ cm Current saddle height: _____ cm

Which frame size? PBH (pubic bone height) minus 25 to 27mm is the frame size we recommend. Start with an accurate PBH. Page 75 of the Fall-Winter '05 catalogue shows how to measure, or see it on www.rivbike.com.

Parts

(assuming you want to buy from our selection. This can be a working page, or an order form. Whatever you like.

Item	Part No.	Brief Desc	Price
Headset:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Stem:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Handlebar:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Brake lever:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Interruptors?	_____	_____	\$ _____
Brakes:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Shifters:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Front Der:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Rear Der:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Cassette:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Chain	_____	_____	\$ _____
Crank, length:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Bottom Bracket:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Wheels:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Tires:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Tubes:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Pedals:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Bar tape:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Saddle:	_____	_____	\$ _____
What else?:	_____	_____	\$ _____
Total			\$ _____

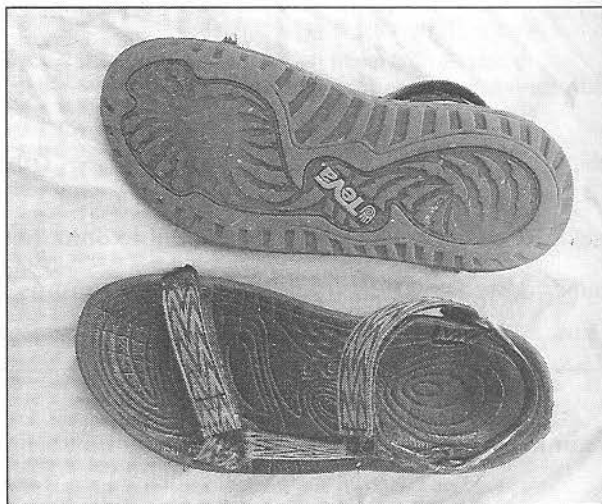
By late this coming Spring you'll be able to get a Bleriot at almost any bike shop, although the parts selection may vary. Your local shop may not know about the Bleriot, but they can find out. Tell them QBP is distributing them. Everybody's heard of QBP. You can order from us, too. That's always good for us.

Three shoes for pedaling

In our continuing, if pathetic quest to get you to try pedaling free just once, we hereby show you three options; two of which are actually do-able.

TEVA SANDALS: \$39

Easily ninety nine percent of my riding is in Teva Hurricanes. They're light, they let me feel the pedal so I know where it is under my foot, but never, ever, ever does my foot hurt. They have enough flex to curve around the pedal for good grip on the backstroke. They adjust to accommodate bare feet or two layers of thick wool socks—which is a hard rig to beat for 30°F to 40°F weather. If I have to get off and hike up steep dirt hills, I can do that easily. Now and then a tiny rock finds its way between my foot and the sandal, but it comes out easily enough. For resting at stop lights, or getting off the bike to shop or something, they're quiet, grippy, and don't make you feel funny. They cost \$39 everywhere on earth. The only baggage they come with is that some people feel threatened by them, or think you're trying to be ultra-contrary. The fact is, you wear them, you pedal in them, you'll like them. For bare pedals.

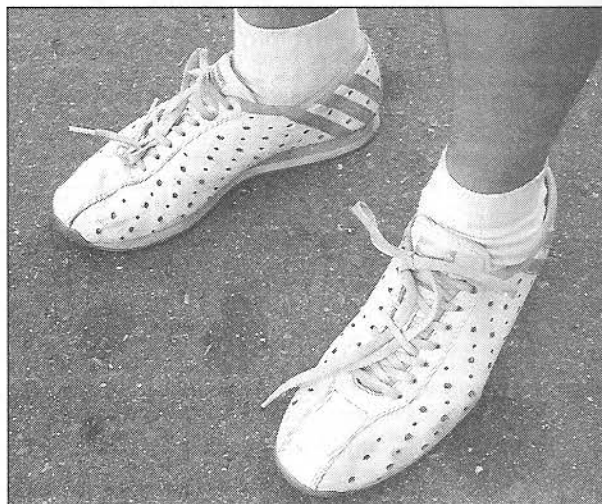


20

Mystery 'didas \$?

A few years ago Adidas, 'iger, and I think also 'uma came out with some slick, disco-style cycling-themed shoes. I saw them in the windows of several stores in Japan that seemed to cater to trendy fashions. I noticed the displays because the shoes looked like cycling shoes—walkable copies of the old Eddy Merckx Adidas shoes, and then Tiger and Puma versions of the same. I never saw them out of Japan until member Jack showed up at Rivendell Weekend II with a pair, which he found somewhere on closeout and bought two of (one black, one white). He's been riding in them for a couple of years now and says they're fine, and I believe him.

I contacted Adidas USA to find out about them, even supplying them with an SKU number for the shoes, but no response; and they aren't on the Adidas site, either.



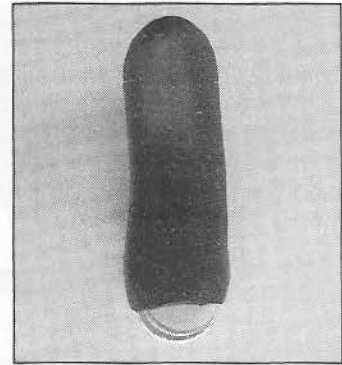
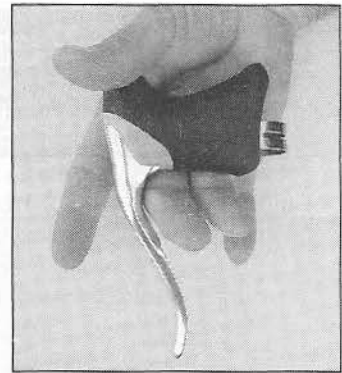
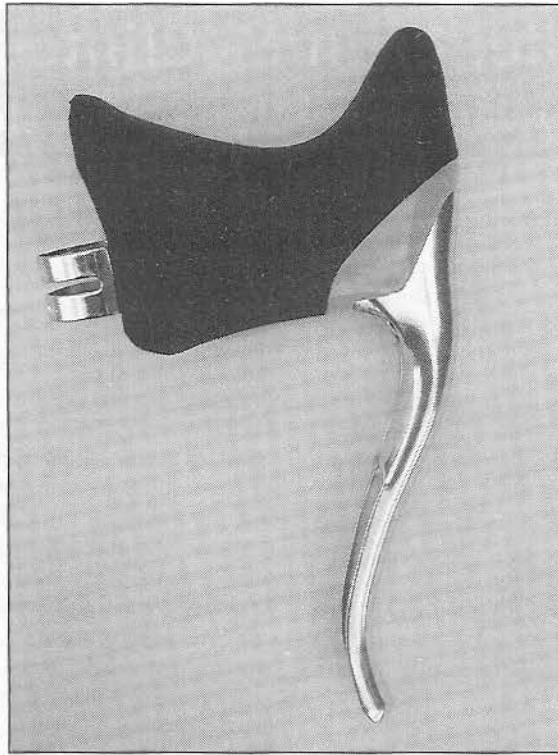
Adidas Samba Millenium: \$60

This shoe is nearly perfect, and may BE perfect for cycling. An earlier version (Samba/NON-Millenium) has been a favorite among cyclers for a few years, and this one is better, because its tongue is shorter.

Friend Steve, who up till now wore mtn shoes without the cleat, got these and says this:

Ummm, I got them a half size too small, and that's what I don't like about them. I like the grip—they have a flat and soft rubber sole that grips a wet pedal. I'd recommend getting your correct size. That's the only thing wrong with them. They're easy to clean, too. I stepped in mud up to my ankle that one time, but when I got home—presto! I wiped them right off. You can hardly even tell I did it.





Modern Classic: The unlikely Shimano BL-400 brake lever

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In 1963 at the Newport Folk Festival, folksinger Sam Hinton, singing about the atom bomb, sang that even Einstein was scared of it, and "when *Einstein's* scared, brother...I'm scared." Well, Sheldon Brown has said, and Told Me Personally, that this is his favorite road brake lever, and that he thinks it's the best value out there; and when Sheldon says that, brother...I listen.

It is a remarkable brake lever, and a real combination of contradictions. The rubber hoods aren't anatomically shaped, like the old Modolo hoods, and yet it's even more comfortable than they are. It's inexpensive, but I'd put it on my bike even if I were Howard Hughes. Shimano itself makes a higher grade lever, at the Ultegra/Dura-Ace level, but the observable differences are superficial and the feelable ones are not feelable, but Mister Fancy costs twice as much. It's not a huge dollar difference—maybe \$80/pair instead of \$40 to \$45—but that just makes this lever an even more remarkable value at \$40 to \$45. We sell it for \$48, and it's good for that price, too.

If you strip off the hood and look at its inner parts, it's no Campagnolo Record brake lever from the '70s. But no lever made before or since is. That lever (which we covered in an earlier *Reader*) was made with a manufacturing ethic that does not exist anymore in the bicycle parts industry, because if it did, only Bill Gates, Oprah, and the aforementioned Howard Hughes would be able to afford them.

But this BL-400 lever beats the pants off that Campy lever in comfort and function. When you're gripping the hoods and honking up a hill, or resting on them and pedaling your way along the flats, this is the shape you want under your hands. I suppose if you have big hands or hand issues, the fattish Cane Creek/Tektro model we sell (and is on the Bianchi tested in this issue) would be better. But if your hands are normal and you don't have issues, this is as good as it gets.

I fear for this lever's future. If you think about it for a minute, how many can Shimano sell? Hardly any mainstream manufacturer specs them as original equipment (where Shimano gets most of its sales), because they're not STI levers. It may go on single-speeds, but there's no volume there; and it's not the lever you generally upgrade to. From what? STI guys aren't going to switch, and people with ultra-cheap bikes aren't going to buy new brake levers. We at Rivendell have a good market for them, our customers aren't typical bike riders.

I'll bet fifty thousand dollars this lever won't be around in 2010, and ten thousand it won't last through 2008. I like this lever so much that it falls into the rare category, like drugstore reading glasses of things I'd pay ten times the going rate for, if I had to. Since I don't have to, I'm just going to stock up a little. I'm not saying you should, I'm just saying that I'm going to.

Profile: Lynn McClintock— The guy who came home in a shoebox



Lynn with his favorite bike, a lugged Waterford.

1. RR: How old are you?

Lynn: I just turned 87. I was born November 29, 1918 in Pacific Beach, California. I was born at seven months, about two months early, and since I weighed just 2 1/2 pounds, my mother took me home in a shoebox.

2. How did your parents take care of you? And when could you walk?

My dad was in the Navy, and I don't remember how my mom took care of me, but she must have. They say I was always active. I became interested in gymnastics when I was fourteen. I put up a horizontal bar in the backyard and learned to do kippis, free circles, and the giant swing & fly-away. About then I also started to walk on my hands. I used to walk up & down the steps at Rainbow Pier in Long Beach.

3. Were you always athletic, as an adult?

I guess I have been, all my life. When I was in high school I played handball, badminton, tennis, basketball, and some track, but I was too light for football. Then later, as an adult, I took up golf and tennis. Oh—I had a paper route in high school, too. I delivered papers on my bicycle, and I enjoyed that.

4. How much of your health is due to good genetics, and how much is due to a healthy lifestyle?

I'm not sure about genetics, but maybe some on my mother's side. I guess most of my health is from a healthy lifestyle and a good mental outlook. My eating habits have stayed about the same for the past 35 years or so.

5. What do you eat?

When? All day?

6. Yes. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks.

Okay. For breakfast I typically have two eggs, sometimes with ham or sausage if I'm going on a longer ride; and a bowl of thick rolled oats cooked with sunflower seeds and chopped

walnuts. Then I add applesauce and yogurt without sugar, and two pieces of multigrain toast with peanut butter and maybe some jam, and tea.

7. It's a good thing you ride a lot, because you could get fat on all that food. What about lunch and dinner?

I'm not much on lunch, but that big breakfast carries me through to my early dinner. Well, sometimes I have an apple with cheese for lunch, or some other fruit, but usually not. For dinner we have a mixture, but typically soup, fish, chicken, steamed vegetables, potatoes, rice, cooked greens. Not much red meat, but sometimes a roast or some-lambchops, or porkchops. For snacks, I like turkey jerky, dark chocolate, mixed nuts, and celery with peanut butter.

8. When did you start to ride a bike?

In June of 1969. I was returning from Imperial Valley one Friday, and saw a group of five riders in the country, and

thought, "Hey, that looks like something I should do to keep in shape and enjoy the countryside." So I talked to my wife about it, and she said sure, go get a bike.

So I got a Raleigh Competition 10-speed, which was a big change from my old paper route bike. I was motivated to get into shape, since I enjoyed mountains and wanted to ride up Mount Wilson, Mount Baldy, San Gabriel Canyon, and so on down there. After about three months of training, my first long ride was from my home in Arcadia to Vista, which is about 120 miles south of it. I was hooked, and I've been on the bike since.

9. Do you ride with a group or alone?

Mostly alone these days. But back when I started riding, in '69, I met a guy in Arcadia, and we rode together, all over southern California, until I moved to Santa Rosa, in 1981. Now he lives in Reno, and my wife and I go up there once a year, and I ride with him there, around Virginia City, and they come here to Santa Rosa, and we ride the Sonoma County backroads. But between 1981 and 1992 I rode mostly alone. My wife and I started riding with a group of seven to twelve others, about three times a week, but she had to quit when she broke her back, and I gave up the group rides then, too. For the last several years it's been mostly alone, although maybe two days a week I'll ride with a friend.

10. How long have you been married, and what does your wife think of you doing this?

We were married September 7, 1941, so it's going on 65 years. She likes that I ride and that it keeps me healthy.

11. Are there any signs of slowing down? What does your doctor say? Do you have any medical problems now that might interfere with riding later?

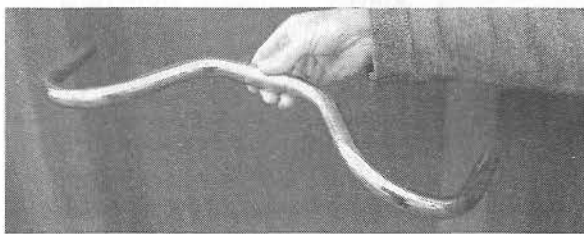
So far, the only thing that slows me down in my wife's condition, and her health; although I still usually get in 130 to 150 miles per week. It looks like I'll ride just over 5 thousand miles this year. My doctor says to keep riding, and so far I haven't had any medical problems.

I have slowed down some, though. Back in the '70s I was doing double centuries, and maybe three to four regular centuries a year. Now I do only one (The Wine Country Century), but I'd like to do another one, somewhere.

If you enjoy exercise, I don't think you can do better than ride a bike. It uses all your muscles, from fingers to toes, with no twisting or jarring to the knees. It takes you out into the country flatland and hills, to see the beauty of mother nature, and wildlife—it's the greatest exercise you can do, and I love it.

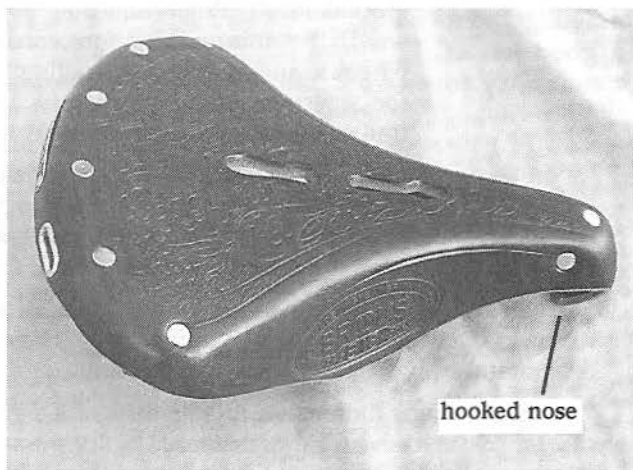
I have five bikes, all steel: A 1971 Schwinn Paramount touring bike; a 1975 Masi racing bike; a 1980 Medici Touring, a 1990 KHS mountain bike; and my daily bike, a 1994 Waterford. I also have an old Schwinn stationary bike and a trainer, which I sometimes ride if it's raining.

A bar we might not stock & a saddle we will in March



Titanium Moustache Handlebar

They're not some Nashbar knockoff, but real, genuine, Nitto-made Moustache Handlebars in Fancy Metal. We can get them, and they'd cost about \$100. If I may be frank with you for just one fraction of a second, I'm not sure that's worth it. A hundred dollars might not kill you, but it'll save you only 40g, or about 1.25oz. Still, that's not bad. We might do it. Don't know yet.



hooked nose

Brooks Lady's B.18 Fancy Saddle

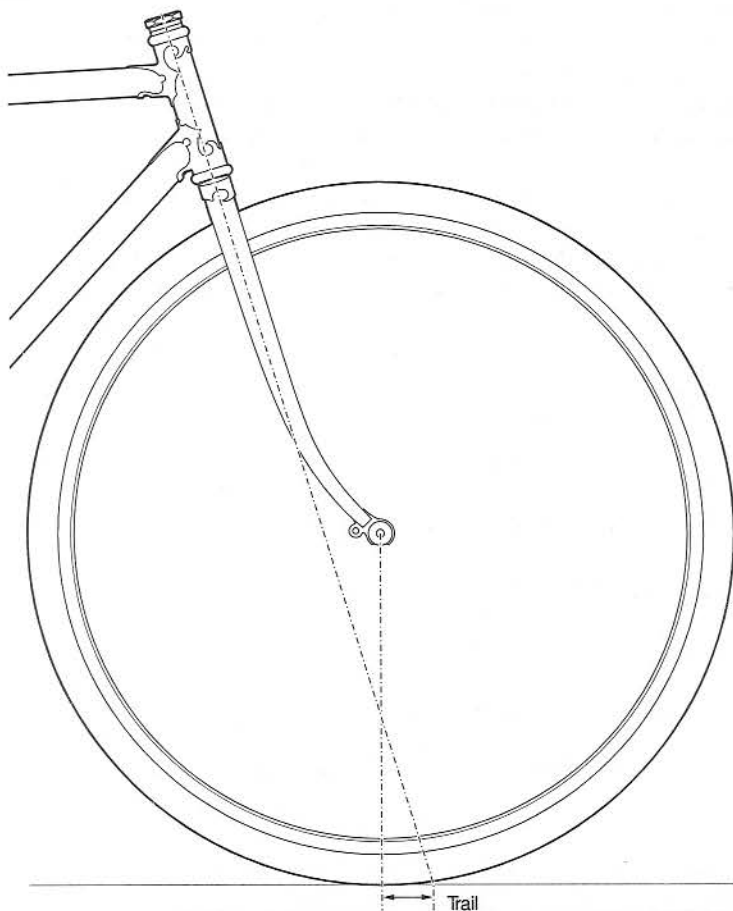
Scores and scores ago Brooks offered dozens and dozens of different models, some of which were extra fancy or special in some frivolous yet feminine way. This B.18 is one of them, and Brooks is making it again—with designs in the top, the hooked nose, and everything. The hooked nose lets a dress or skirt hang off the nose with less chance of it getting caught. We're stocking a few of these, and it's so cheap (relative to what you'd expect to pay for a hand-made hunk of leather with lots of fanciness in it) that we had to octuple check with Brooks to see if they priced it correctly.

It has a wonderful shape, so it ought to be supremely comfortable. It's flat and wide enough, and lightly springy. It comes in dark brown only, and it's a double-rail saddle, so you have to use a straight seat post (the saddle comes with a clamp), or a normal seat post with a Seat Sandwich. We have those, too.

Brooks B.18 Part No. 11-060 \$130

Breeze Seat Sandwich Part No. 11-042 \$15

Straight seat post, 27.2mm only Part No. 11-021 \$6



illustrated by Jon Grant

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Trail—or how head tube angle, fork rake, and wheel radius combine to affect steering.

by John Schubert

Most people, when they find out about trail, say “aha!” and get stuck on it. Trail matters, but if bike control is the goal, skill and judgement outrank trail by a factor of infinity. John here does a good job of explaining it—the best I’ve read, ever; but it’s still not that easy to grasp. Dive in, and don’t get stuck. —Grant

Ever wonder why a seven-year-old who’s too klutzy to make his own bed can ride a bike no-hands?

There is a simple and elegant reason: he can steer—and, therefore, balance—with his butt. So can you.

For that to happen, the bike has to be built so that it naturally steers in the direction it’s leaned in. You move your butt sideways, the bike steers that way. You move your butt the other way, and the bike steers that other way.

(A quick recap here: you balance a bike with minute steering corrections. As the bike starts to go out from

underneath you, to your left, you steer slightly to the left. As it starts to go to the right, you steer slightly to the right. As we grow more skilled on our bikes, these balancing corrections become tiny.)

The factor that makes the bike steer in the direction that you lean it is built into the steering geometry of the bike. It can be isolated and measured. It’s called trail.

Trail is your friend, in the same way that oxygen is your friend. If you have too much or too little, you’re in deep trouble.

So this month, we’re going to look at this dimension: what it is, how it interacts with other frame dimensions, and how they all come together to make your bike easy to balance and steer.

At first glance, you might suppose that this steers-as-it-leans property would be strictly a function of gravity—i.e., that when you lean the bike sideways, the steering would seek the lowest position by turning slightly in that direction.

But that’s not how it works. In fact, the effect of gravity is the other way around: a bike that isn’t leaning at all lowers its center of gravity the most when the steering is rotated 60 degrees. As you lean the bike sideways, the steering angle which produces the lowest center of gravity decreases from this 60-degree point. (We know this thanks to the three-dimensional trigonometry prowess of chemist David E. H. Jones, duly noted in the references below.)

Here’s how it does work:

Because you have a tilted steering axis, the contact patch is behind the axis (at ground level). When the bike rolls forward, the forward motion causes the wheel to move into line, trailing behind the steering axis. Lean slightly, and the trail steers—slightly—into the lean.

One cool part of this is that it makes the bike self-correcting over bumps. If a bump knocks the front wheel slightly to one side, the force acting on the contact patch brings the wheel back into line.

You can see trail in the accompanying illustration: it’s the distance by which the contact patch trails the steering axis (at ground level).

Trail is the magic dimension in bike design. It’s also one of the least talked about, because it doesn’t change much. Different frame designers use different rules of thumb, but for road bikes, trail almost always hovers

between 2 and 2 1/2 inches. Bikes within this narrow range all have benign characteristics.

Note also that fork rake and trail are in opposition to one another. If you take a bicycle and increase the fork rake, you'll decrease the trail. Looking at the drawing makes the reason why obvious: fork rake moves the front wheel forward, towards the steering axis. Reducing moves the fork rake moves the wheel backwards, to where it trails the steering axis by a greater distance. (Wireheads can see this in the accompanying equation: trail is reduced by a trig function of fork rake. Since that particular trig equation normally comes out to about 0.95, we who round off to the nearest inch or two can just say "Trail is reduced by fork rake. Approximately.")

Are there reasons to go outside this narrow range of trail, and have less than two or more than 2 1/2 inches? Yes, in certain instances. These reasons are tied into some of the other factors that influence frame design.

When you turn the handlebars from side to side, the front wheel does more than just change direction. It actually moves to the side some, because of the angle at which it is attached to the frame, and also because of the fork rake. And the wheel will sometimes flop to one side of its own accord, to seek a lower center of gravity. This property has an inelegant name: wheel flop. At slow speeds, wheel flop is a stronger force than the self-centering force of trail. (That's why it's harder to balance a bike at walking speed than at higher speeds.)

On a mountain bike climbing trails at slow speed, wheel flop can be a big problem. Some mountain bike steering geometries are difficult to control at slow speeds. Today's mountain bikes have reduced that problem by moving away from the exceptionally slack head angles (68 to 69 degrees) of early mountain bikes. Those head angles, combined with prodigious amounts of fork rake, produced way too much wheel flop.

Even on today's mountain bikes, though, the rules for trail are a bit different from the rules for road bike trail. A typical rigid fork mountain bike has closer to three inches of trail. Why? It needs a slack head angle (70.5 to 71 degrees). It needs minimal fork rake (less than two inches), to keep wheel flop from being a slow-speed headache.

So if you designed a road bike with three inches of trail, you probably wouldn't like it. But on a mountain bike, it's part of a package of frame dimensions that, overall, produce good handling.

Trail may also be modified in frame designs for tall or short riders.

If you're much taller than average and you buy your bike from a high-end builder, you may find that it has a steeper head tube angle than bikes for mere six-footers. This steeper head angle generates less trail. The fork rake may be reduced some to partially make up for this, but in general you can expect less trail. Once again, this becomes a package which produces the best possible handling. Such a bike will typically have a long top tube to accommodate the rider's long body. The steep head angle and lessened fork rake help keep the wheelbase from getting too long. (If the builder puts a not-so-steep head tube angle and normal rake on a bike that already has a long top tube, the wheelbase gets longer—too long, in many people's opinion—and the weight distribution is biased too much to the rear.)

Fork rake and trail are in opposition to one another. If you increase the fork rake, you'll decrease the trail.

For a short rider, whose small frame will have a short top tube, shallow head angles are often used, in part to reduce or eliminate front wheel/toe clip overlap. These shallow head angles may lead the builder to favor mountain bike-style steering geometry.

Twice in my 18 years of writing road tests, I've come across road bikes that had too little trail, presumably because the product managers didn't understand trail. Since bikes with slacker head

angles have more fork rake, and since the head angle is difficult to observe or measure accurately, the fork rake might be construed as the only relevant dimension. ("Make that bike look more like a touring bike. Add another inch of fork rake.")

These two bikes, each with maybe 1 1/2 inches of trail, were certainly rideable bikes, and most people wouldn't notice the difference. But if you go around a nice high-speed bend in the road on a normal bike, and then try again with the trail-deprived bike, you'd sure notice. The normal bike makes it easy for you to pick a line and hold it around the corner. The trail-challenged bike never picks a line. It feels somehow aimless, and you find yourself making minute steering corrections all through the corner.

However, in this world where nothing is absolutely true all the time, the same trail dimension that makes me scorn those ill-designed single bikes is absolutely perfect on a tandem. Why? Trail makes the bike steer in the direction that it's leaned in, and on a tandem, you have an independent leaning being in the back seat. I've ridden tandems mistakenly built with single-bike steering geometry, and the captain is always fighting the handlebars to steer the bike. But I have nothing but praise for a tandem with an inch more rake—hence an inch less trail—than a single bike. Once again, it's the geometry that adds up to the best-handling package, given all the factors that have to come into play. Besides, I don't ride my tandems no-hands anyway.

Suppose you had so much fork rake that you reduced the trail to zero, or less than zero? Thousands of kids manage that trick by jumping their bikes. ("Wow -- did you see me come off that four-foot-high loading dock? I landed hard!") Land hard, and the front fork is bent forward. Aside from the risk of riding on a bent fork (which will break, sooner or later), you do increase your fork rake and decrease the bike's stability. When the bike has negative trail, it can be ridden by an expert, but it isn't any fun. Instead of naturally balancing the bike, the negative trail steering geometry tries to throw the rider. The negative trail doesn't reinforce your balancing corrections—it fights against them, and often initiates a violent shimmy for additional terror.

Trail, then, is the cornerstone of why a bike feels so benign, corners so crisply, and feels secure at 40 mph (a laughable concept for a 20-pound bike, no?). As I've stated above, it works in combination with other measurements, and for every rule there's an important exception. When you change the geometry to improve a bike's handling in one area, you'll probably worsen it in another. Fortunately, though, most of us are privileged to own and

ride well-designed bikes that handle well under a wide variety of circumstances. For that, we can thank the magic of trail—and those other dimensions too.

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John Schubert is technical editor of *Adventure Cyclist*, where this article originally appeared.

Other trail-related notes

The fact that people can learn to ride unicycles is testimony to their adaptability; and if you can ride a unicycle, you can certainly learn to ride a bike with varying amounts of trail. I can't ride a unicycle, but I can adapt, so there's not a perfect positive correlation there. People have to be able to adapt, because we can't outrun or outclimb or outfight sharp-toothed animals, or sleep outside in all seasons without freezing to death, not to mention the bugs. So, we adapt.... Some riders believe that when the bike has a big load in a handlebar bag, that less trail works better, especially when riding no hands at slow speeds; and that higher volume, lower pressure tires with their larger contact area, have different trail requirements than skinnier and harder tires. Trail as a topic is Wintertime stew fodder, but there's no answer. If you want your bike to have more trail, put on bigger tires, and/or ride a bigger rear tire than front one. If you put superlight wheels on a bike, that bike's going to react more quickly to outside input (both yours and the surface-that-you-ride-on's, than it will with heavier wheels. Remember that a bike that responds more to your input also responds more to the terrain's and the wind's, so "more responsive" is not always good. The goal is to be able to relax and control your bike.... and that's more a matter of adapting than it is a little more or less trail. One aspect of steering that I haven't figured out or settled on (perhaps there are many, but given my position, I think it's best that I admit to only one right now)—is how trail combines with handlebar height and handlebar style, and weight on the front wheel, to result in a given feel up front. Does a bike with higher handlebars and less weight on the front wheel need, or feel better, with more trail than a bike with low bars, which puts more weight on the front wheel? My hunch says it does, but a scientific physicist may be able to prove me wrong on paper, and subjective "testing" is not all that useful here. It's like buying energy bars based on a magazine editor's personal favorites. Most of the commuter bikes in Japan have low trail figures—many of them in the 40s. And they combine that with nearly zero-extension stems and high bars, which, according to my scientific hunch about less weight on the front wheel needing more trail, is backwards. Anyway, those bikes rarely travel even 12mph, so maybe it doesn't make any difference. They don't feel good at 20mph, but they never go that fast, so no problem. I don't know. Trail shouldn't be a divisive element, but it has that potential. I'm trailed out. Think less, ride more, adapt to what you have, which is probably just fine. Figure out what works for you and feel secure enough about it that you don't need the affirmation of a thousand others.

The formula for trail is... R/T minus O/S

where R = wheel radius; T = tangent of the head tube angle; O = fork offset (rake); and S = sine of the head tube angle.

Just for the record, I didn't have that formula in my head. I called up Waterford's Marc M. and got it from him...after conversing about the old days, hockey, food, and Bob Dylan. —Grant

Shimmy (“speed wobble”)

by Jobst Brandt

This first appeared and is still posted on the web. I recently spoke to Jobst, and he said I could reprint it here. It’s good.—G

Shimmy, a spontaneous steering oscillation of the front wheel, usually occurs at a predictable speed when riding no-hands. The likelihood of shimmy is greatest when the only rider-to-bicycle contact is at the saddle and pedals. This position gives the least damping by hands, arms, and legs. When shimmy occurs on descents, with hands on the bars, it is highly disconcerting because the most common rider response, of gripping the bars firmly, only increases it.

Shimmy is not related to frame alignment or loose bearings, as is often claimed. Shimmy results from dynamics of front wheel rotation, mass of the handlebars, elasticity of the frame, and where the rider contacts the bicycle. Both perfectly aligned bicycles and ones with wheels out of plane to one another shimmy nearly equally well. It is as likely with properly adjusted bearings as loose ones. The idea that shimmy is related to bearing adjustment or alignment has been established by repetition.

Bicycle shimmy is the lateral oscillation of the head tube about the road contact point of the front wheel and depends largely on frame geometry and the elasticity of the top and down tubes. It is driven by gyroscopic forces of the front wheel, making it largely speed dependent. It cannot be fixed by adjustments because it is inherent to the geometry and elasticity of the bicycle frame. The longer the frame and the higher the saddle, the greater the tendency to shimmy, other things being equal. Weight distribution also has no effect on shimmy although where that weight contacts the frame does. Bicycle shimmy is unchanged when riding no-hands, whether leaning forward or sitting up.

Shimmy requires a spring and a mass about which to oscillate and these are furnished by the frame and seated rider. Unloading the saddle (without standing up) will stop shimmy. Pedaling or riding on a rough road will also reduce the tendency to shimmy. In contrast, coasting no-hands downhill on a smooth road at more than 20mph with the cranks vertical seems to be the most shimmy prone condition.

When coasting no-hands, laying one leg against the top tube is the most common way to inhibit shimmy and also one of the most common ways to coast no-hands. Compliant tread of knobby tires usually have sufficient squirming damping to suppress shimmy. Weight of the handlebar and its extension from of the steering axis also affects shimmy.

Shimmy is caused by the gyroscopic force of the front wheel whose tilt is roughly at right angles to the steering axis, making the wheel steer to the left when it leans to the left. This steering action twists the toptube and downtube, storing energy that both limits travel and causes a return swing. Trail (caster) of the fork acts on the wheel to limit these excursions and return them toward center.

Shimmy that concerns riders the most occurs with hands firmly on the bars and it is rider generated by muscular effect whose natural response is the same as the shimmy frequency, about that of human shivering. Descending in cold weather can be difficult for this reason. The rider's "death grip" only enhances the incidence of shimmy in this situation. Loosely holding the bars between thumb and forefinger is a way of avoiding shimmy when cold.

Other shimmy-related notes, and three sure-fire cures

Every few years a customer calls up and says something on the order of, “I love my bike, been riding it for years now, it’s great...but the other day I was descending a steep hill and it started shaking on me. I was lucky to get out of it alive.” Sometimes it’s “I’ve never been able to descend without a shimmy.” It’s a real baffler, because for every call like that I get, there are hundreds of riders on the same frame who don’t feel anything but love. In the old days, as Jobst alluded to, we used to recommend checking the headset adjustment and alignment (the frame builder would always point to the headset; the mechanic who installed the headset would always point to alignment). This quelled the immediate social discomfort by giving hope, and sometimes by sheer coincidence and the placebo effect, fiddling with one or both things seemed to solve the problem. I’ve seen and experienced with loading the bike differently, switching from bladed wheels to spoked ones, using stouter wheels, and lowering or raising the handlebars. But until Jobst ‘splained it here, I wasn’t sure. One friend & builder has told me that when he gets his “frame shimmy calls” he tells them, “It’s all in your head, go out there and try again.” That’s too nervy for me. I just send copies of this.

In any case, if your bike shimmies for no apparent reason—nothing’s whacky about it or anything—here’s how you can stop it dead instantly: (1) Touch one knee to the top tube; (2) Touch both knees to the top tube ; (3) Pedal. It doesn’t even matter how fast— just move the pedals around.—G

Tape & Twine Tips

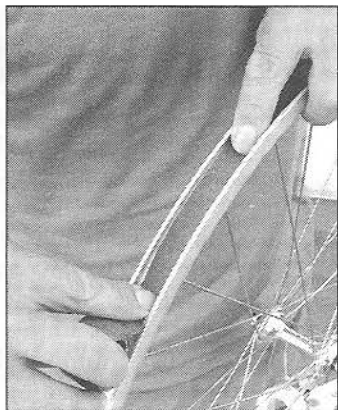
Rim tape as bar tape

John here decided one fine day to wrap his bars in Velox rim tape. It comes in two widths, maybe three but we have two, and they're all narrower than real bar tape, so it takes more time to wrap and uses more tape. Two rolls per side, or thereabouts, and at \$3 per roll, we're talking what—\$12 per bar? Considering the price of this and that these days, that's not so bad; and when you factor in the fact that rim tape's denser weave and superior toughness make it last about five times as long as regular cotton tape—which, let me be perfectly clear—lasts plenty long enough already, then rim tape, even at \$12 per bike, appears to be quite the modern day bargain of a lifetime. Not only that, but it takes shellac well, so you can brush on the Bullseye Amber and it'll turn buckskin gold and look all westerny in no time flat. Shown unretouched on John's Romulus, his every-day bike. Somehow, though, it seems like walking around in underwear



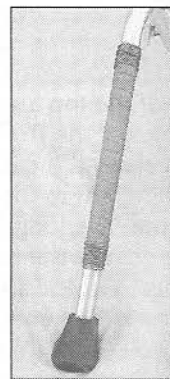
Bar tape as rim tape

In the average American household, cloth handlebar tape is more likely to be available than is rim tape, but the thing is, cloth handlebar tape can be rim tape, and it works 88 percent as well as the real McCoy does. It's not as stiff and thick, and on a narrowish rim you have to cut it. That's the missing 12 percent, right there.



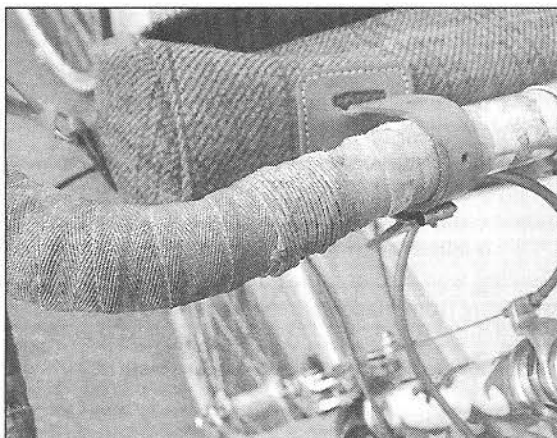
Class up that kickstand

Now and then on a Glorius or Wilbury build, Mark wraps, twines, and shellacs a kickstand, transforming a plain, die-cast chunk of aluminum into a kickstand with a millionairish outdoorsy hearth & home look. It takes about 7 minutes and ought to last a few years. All it's missing: Feathers, of course. Maybe a few beads. See how far you can go before they haul you off.

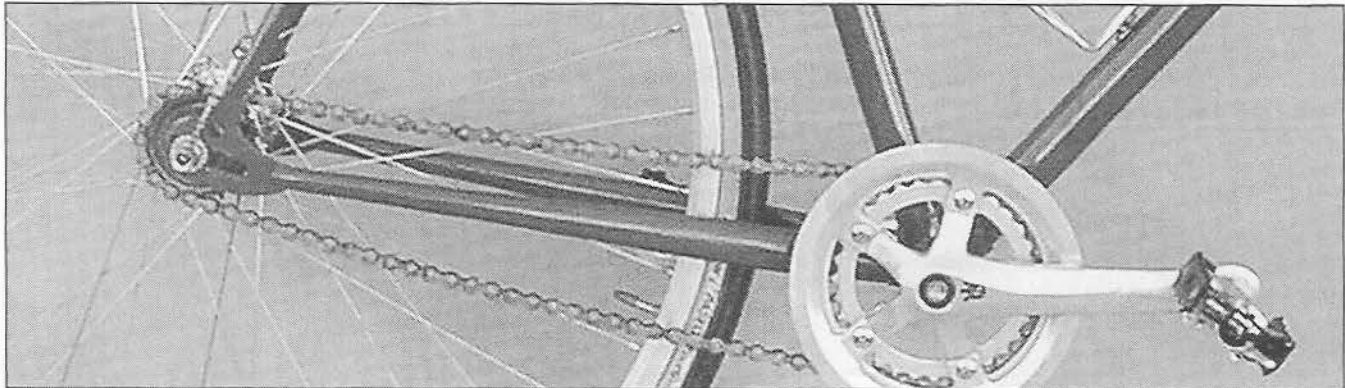


Patch your worn out bar tape section by section

The tragic fact-of-the-matter is that bar tape doesn't wear evenly. Here, we honor beausage (beauty through usage) as though it's the holiest of all things, but eventually you may want to redo your tape, and you can rejoice in the knowledge that you needn't start all over again with a fresh bare handlebar and two brand spanking new rolls of tape. Just wrap over the ultra-worn parts, and then, to keep the edge of the new tape from rolling up and flapping, twine the ends. Or you could forget the tape and just wrap twine, if it's just a little section. Usually it's a long-enough section to warrant a few wraps of tape, though. You need the twine to keep the tape from unwrapping. Electrical tape will work, but...too easy & ugly, it is. Shellac or glue over the twine, and you're all set.



Brian's Quirky 6sp Quickbeam



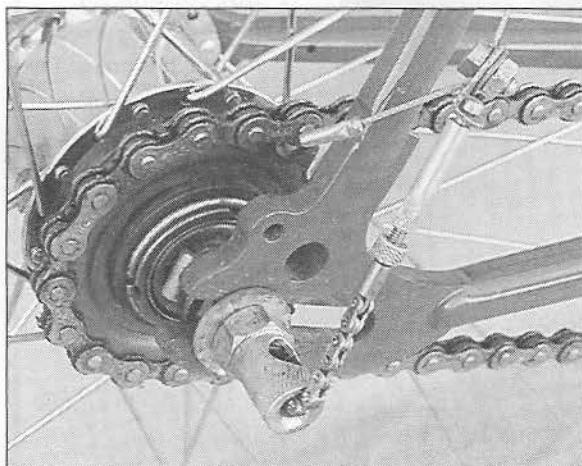
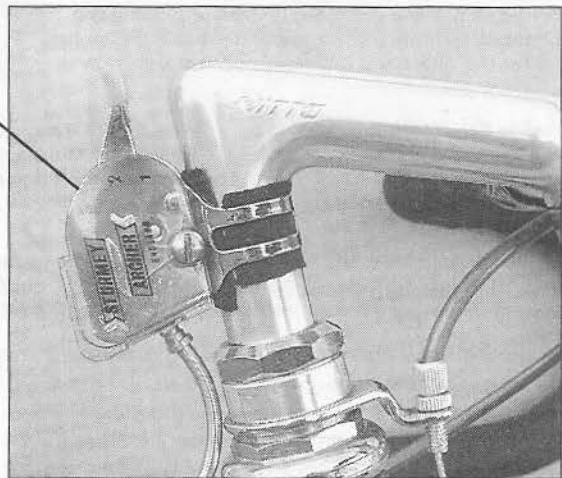
The Quickbeam is near perfect as it comes out of the box, but being so gadget-free and all, it begs to be changed. Gearing, chainrings, handlebars, or just putting on bags, racks, and baskets. In the last issue we showed you what John Warren did to his Quickbeam (made it a quick-shift two-speeder). Now our own Brian did this.



Whoa, Nelly...

Right: Brian hooked up a Sturmey-Archer 3-sp trigger shifter, tucking it behind the stem for accessibility.

Left: Then he had to route the shift cable down the right seat stay. Robert came up with this solution, which uses a Dia-Compe rear brake cable stop, made for mounting on the seat binder bolt for use with centerpull or cantilever brakes. The hourglass rack boss made it easy.



Here's the big deal—the Sturmey-Archer 3sp hub. If you don't know how to adjust these and can't deal with wheel removal, those are good reasons not to go this way.⌘

Why I did it and how you can...by Brian

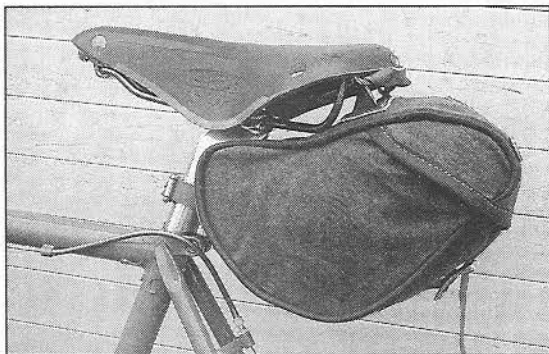
I wanted to add some easily changed gears, for my hilly commute, so I bought a used Sturmey Archer AW 3 speed internal hub and trigger shifter on eBay. From Harris Cyclery I bought a new gear cable and housing; and I got an 18 tooth SA cog in 3/32" width so I could run the stock chain and rings.

After trying different cable routings, I put the shifter on the quill of the stem. I wanted it easy to reach, but out of the way. I used a V brake "noodle" to exit the cable smoothly out of the shifter.

I love this arrangement. It was a fun conversion, gives me two ranges of gears each, and I still have the original wheel to pop in for single speed use. I like the different click-click sounds, and it gets attention. I have to remember the pedals move forward more than a derailleur bike until they catch, and changing a flat tire will be more of a challenge. You can get new Sturmey Archer hubs that fit the QB's 120mm spacing, and hubs from Shimano, Falcon, Sachs, and Sturmey-Archer can be spaced out to 120mm, no problem.—*Brian*

Bag-Mounting Tips

(not that it's tricky; it's just that some ways make it easier or better, maybe)



Banana Bag on bike with minimal post showing. When you rig it according to the instructions that come with it, the lower strap (shown here around the seat post) lines up with the seat stays, and presents small challenges when you go to secure it. A cable's in the way; or the strap's too short. So: Instead of looping the upper strap over the seat rails, run it through the bag loops, then buckle it inside. It's perfect that way.

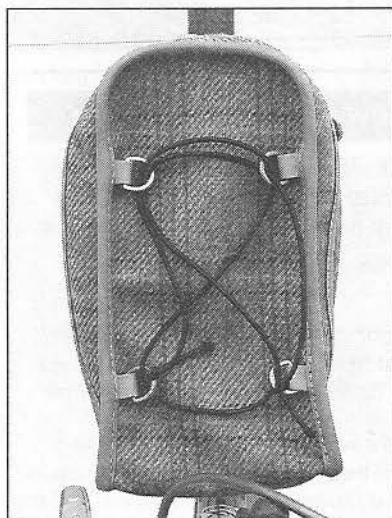
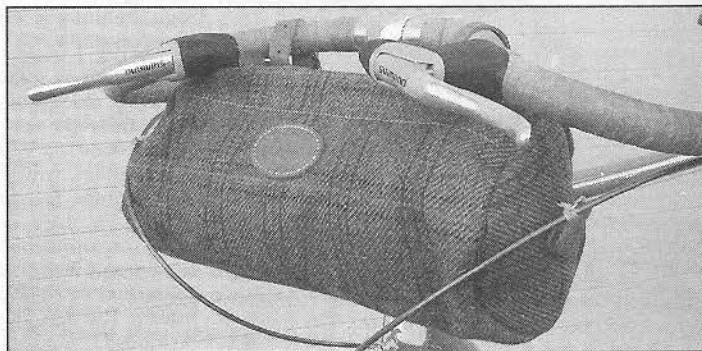


Bar Bag or Hobo on drop bars. Adjust the leather straps on top loose, so the bag doesn't snug up to the bar and get in the way of your knuckles when you're on the tops. Then zip-tie or use twine to tie the lower d-rings to the shifter cable housing, to prevent the dreaded bag swingage. Alternate: Tie the d-rings directly to the handlebar.

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Candy Bar or Bar Tube bag on Moustache H'bars. This is the niftiest and easiest handlebar rig we've seen for Moustache Handlebars. Just strap the bag to the bars, and then tie or zip-tie the lower d-rings to the shifter cable housing, just like you do with the Hobo-ish bags (above).

It also works with Hobo bags. The Moustache H'bar, as nice as it is, is not ultra-friendly to most handlebar bags, but this system here is simple and works great, no problem at all.



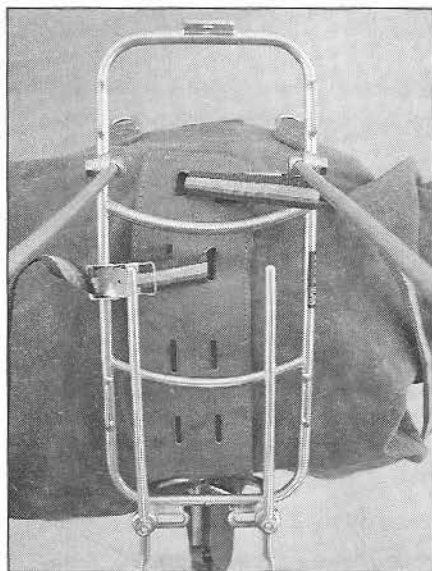
The Little Loafer comes with d-rings on the top flap. Go to REI or someplace and get some shock cord. Loop it through like this, or better, run the ends through a cord-lock, for adjustability. That's what I did after this. Then you can...



...cinch down a big sweater, or rain coat, or whatever you've got. Do it on the Big Loafer, too. Shock cord is handy, so buy about 20 yards of it, and a few cord-locks, too. Pop quiz to see if you're reading this: Which popular song sung by a Welsh guy ends with the word "nose"? Email answers to Rich@rivbike.com. For the subject title, put (Your Name/NoseQuiz). Winners get \$10 credit toward a future order. Deadline: March 1, 2006.

Coming not soon, but coming for sure...

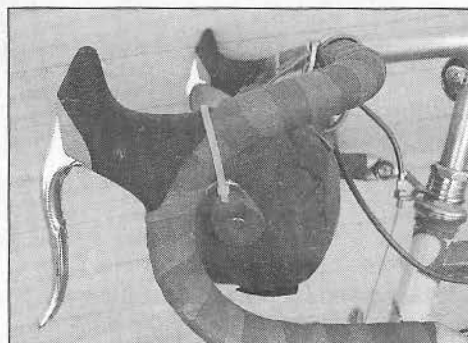
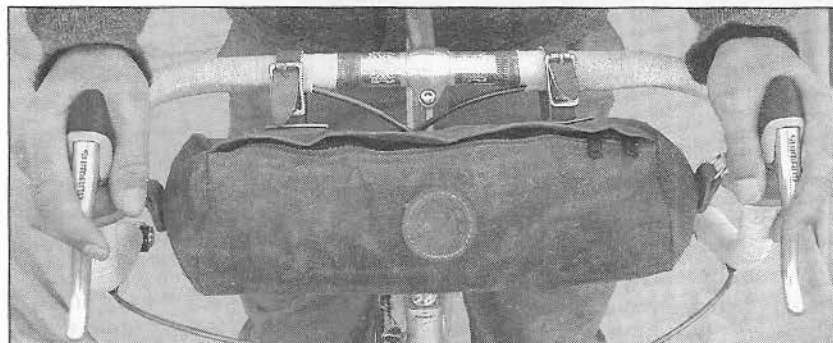
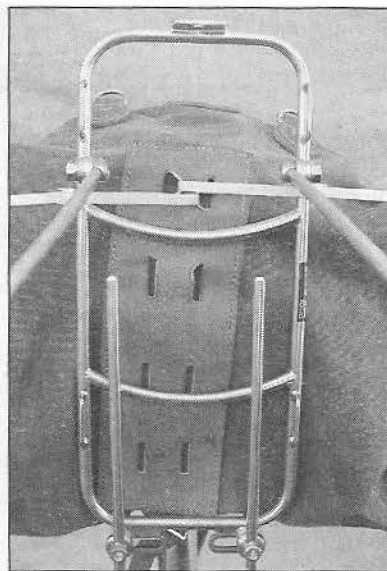
Rigging tips online for all our bags, baskets, and racks. There are usually many ways to do it. They all come with some instructions, but over the years we (and you) discover other ways to strap them on or hold them down.



Adam or Hoss solid as a rock on a rack or saddlebag support.

Every year or so we're asked if there's a way to stop what we around here fondly call "saddlebag sway." Saddlebags do sway unproblematically gently if they're attached only to the saddle's loops and seat post. It's more of a problem in your head than anywhere else. But if you want to stop it fast, it's easy enough, and these pictures show two of many possibilities (one more symmetrical than the other).

If you look at this dog's eye view of the bag, you'll see there are lots of ways to do it that we haven't shown. That's what the slots are for. Our preferred method is the zip-tie one. If you're really anti-sway, you could zip-tie all four slots. FLASH: The Velcro one-wrap stuff now in the Good Things Review can sub for zip-ties or the straps you see here and elsewhere on this page.



Candy Bar bag, the latest/greatest way to hang it. In past catalogues and live in our showroom we've demonstrated how to suspend your Candy Bar bag with twine or whatever connecting the D-rings to the brake hoods, sometimes hiding the twine under the hoods themselves. These days it seems easier and better (in the sense that the twine-or-whatever is totally out of your hand's way) to just loop it behind the brake lever. This-a-way, it's plenty out of the way, and you never even feel it. It's not head-shoulders better than the old way, but we're preferring it, now that we've tried it. Also, when you strap the bag to the bar, keep it loose, so you can grab the top/flats of the bar and still easily fit your large knobular knuckles in there. Strict functionalists sub skinny zip-ties for the leather straps...to keep the bar top as open as imaginable. I know—horrors!—but try telling that to a zip-tie nut. It goes nowhere. On a final zip-tie note, please note: They now have releasable zip-ties, so you don't have to cut them. Don't tell thieves.



Nigel Smythe Country Bag on Silver Hoop.

Given that we just got in the Nigel Smythe & Sons Country Bag and they aren't yet dotting the landscape, this Country Bag-specific tip may not exactly be worth the space we're giving it, but that's okay, here it is: Run the straps over the loop. It's not entirely necessary, but it unifies the arrangement a little better, and it requires no fancy shenanigans to do it, since the loop is right there, anyway.

News and Projects Coming Down the Pike

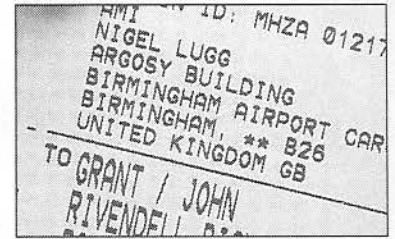
Suzue, the formerly famous but recently below-the-radar fine hub maker who makes the neat high-flange QB hubs, including the supernifty rear flipflop one that's threaded for two single-speed free-wheels & uses a quick-release...is doing one last run of Japanese hubs, and then China. Nat-ur-ally we wanted to take advantage of this last chance to get Japanese-built Suzue hubs, so we ordered 100 rears and 100 fronts. We would've ordered 300 rears, but they had enough aluminum for just 100 pairs. The rear spacing is the traditional 120mm. They fit the Quickbeam and track bikes and older ten-speeds. If you have a 120mm-spaced single-speed (the Quickbeam or any other), you ought to get a spare pare, because even though the Chinese-made ones will be fine, they will not be finer than these. Rear is #18-180, \$75; Front is #18-223, \$44. Silver, high flange, 32H.

Bagmatcher Alert: The last batch of khaki-colored Baggins Bags is going to be made in January, and we expect to have stock through the middle of March. Orders received after February 1, no choice of color. The fabric maker cut its staff from 50 to 12, and they just can't deliver the old stuff reliably any more, so we figure it's best to have great-looking greyish-brown bags than be out of the tanfastics, and not have any. The greybrowns look really, really good.

The Nigel Smythe & Sons bags are selling well. The fabric, by the way, is waterproof. You may find some water leaks through the stitching, but leather goop there will stop most of it. At some point we may bring in a line of Christopher Smythe's bags. He's one of Nigel's sons. The other son, Ian, may have his line, too. How much different they'll be is anybody's guess, but they'll be recognizably Smythes.

The new Rambouillet color is emerald green. We're getting these in just certain sizes—54, 56, 58, and 62, I think—because we still have stock of the blues in the other sizes. Big bikes aren't selling all that well, and we're reluctant to order up a bunch of them, when they trickle out here at the rate they do. But we'll probably do it again anyway—maybe with a new model, to replace the Redwood.

Our Derby Tweed sweater maker, a family business in England, is shutting down. He requires 1200 sweaters per week to break even, and as we all know from looking at what holiday shoppers wear, nobody wears wool anymore. I know there are worse things to fret about, but I fret about this. Wool in general is making a comeback, and the ultrafine merino garments (which we also offer) are making wool-wearers out of folks who just a few years ago were clad head to toe in recycled milk jugs and virgin microfiber. Derby Tweed wool is at the opposite end of the spectrum. You can't wear it next to your skin, and if you've been softened by fleece over the years, it's hard to make the jump up to Derby Tweed. Still, it remains the in-house favorite here, and our customers who do buy it go bananas o'er it. Rightly so, too. It smells just right and seems to take on different shades (of color) depending on the climactic conditions. Under magnification you can see that the yarn is made up of seven or eight different colors, including white, grey, emerald green, maroon, blue, rusty orange, black, and maybe one more. It's possible the maker will resurface next fall under another name and as a smaller company with smaller weekly requirements. If that happens and they're still able to get the Derby Tweed, we'll still stock them (if you still buy them). Meanwhile, most of us here



This has nothing to do with Nigel Smythe. This is the tag on the box that the Derby Tweed sweaters came in. Look at the name of the fellow who packed the box, though.

are buying an extra.

By late Spring, around May or so, we'll offer a daypack. The bicycle tie-in is that sometimes we all ride bikes with daypacks on, and if you're going to do that, it might as well be a nifty one. In time I'd like to remake the original Rivendell Mountain Works Jensen Pack, a larger pack for 3-day to week-long backpacking trips, but that's a low priority project. It is a good pack, though.

Now that we've quit making the Redwood (a Romulus bike for tall guys, in 65cm & 68cm only), we're getting more requests. We still offer the Atlantis and Rambouillet in big sizes, but I like the idea of a dedicated big-guy bike, so that's a possibility, too. Meanwhile, since Tektro will have a 55-72 reach sidepull next year, it might make sense for us to build a bike around that. Or just make the Saluki in bigger sizes, with 700c wheels. That would complicate matters in the same way that having the Atlantis with split-wheel sizes complicates matters, but it's not all that complicated, so it's something we're thinking about. Maybe just another model altogether, not sure.

We have about ten projects going on—a crank, shifter mounts, a brake... We'll see how it all goes, but if even half of them come to fruition, life will be good. —Grant



Who's behind the Glorius? Kim Gish, actually

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There's more to that headline than you think. John Gish, Kim's husband, is a bike rider (a Quickbeam rider, no less), and he came by in the summer of 2002, and brought Kim. Kim was 26 at the time, and managed to grow up in California without learning to ride a bike. She went to school in Santa Cruz, which is a huge bike town.

Kim wanted to learn and she liked our bikes, but the top tube scared her, as it does many. It makes it hard to dismount if you're at all stiff or unsure of yourself, which is why mixtes are so popular in countries where people *are* stiff and unsure of themselves.

She said she'd get a mixte from us if we made one, and that's when the project began. In the meantime, she got a used Peugeot mixte to learn on.

That's not a bad bike, but it has French-sized this and that, and it's not a lifetime keeper. I used to have a Peugeot mixte myself. Historically, mixtes are relegated to the low-to-mid end of any maker's range of bikes, the idea being that they aren't for sport or competition, so let's not go overboard. There have been exceptions, but they're rare. Nowadays in most bike shops you can't even find a mixte, and if you even say "mixte" to somebody under 30, they probably won't know what you're talking about. There are sadder things in the world than that, but in the bike world, it's still sad.

Instead of mixtes, bike shops are full of low-end comfort bikes with adjustable stems, shock-absorbing seat posts, and handlebars higher than even we like them. These are today's "people's bikes," and they reflect and embody today's interest

in comfort, convenience, and high tech. I don't say that disdainfully. It's just true. Everything on them has its roots in mountain bikes or electronics. They make lots of people happy and they get people onto bikes who might not get onto bikes otherwise; but they aren't mixtes. Mixtes are just as functional, but look beautiful. I've never seen a comfort bike I could say the same about.

So we decided to make a mixte, and the Glorius and Wilbury are what came out of it. Kim and John ended up ordering his and hers mixtes. John's is a blue 60cm, and Kim's is a brown 50cm. I was surprised by the brown, but it's a great-looking bike, all built up. One of the best I've seen, and I've seen all the mixtes and they all look great. Here's what Kim has to say.

I can't express in words how lovely my mixte is, I feel unworthy of being the catalyst for something so beautiful. Every time I look at it I see such loving attention to detail. The lugs are truly gorgeous, and the bike resembles a piece of sculptural art, more than a simple production frame. Joe Bell did a fantastic job with the paint, each curvature on the lugs is clearly accentuated, and highlighted bringing into focus the intense carving. The bike is just so well balanced, it is beauty in proportion, and timeless elegance. I can't wait to ride it and get it dirty!

Learning how to ride a bicycle as an adult has been a humbling experience for me. I started riding in 2002 at the age of 26, and I am still continually learning. As with anything new, I have days where I get frustrated, but mostly I just enjoy getting out and pedaling. —Kim

Bike-shopping tips

Some general rules, that's all.

1. Know your saddle height.

Measured from the center of the crank to the top of the saddle. It's pretty darn close to your Pubic Bone Height (PBH) minus 10 to 11. Start with 10. To find your PBH, get a metric tape, stand with your bare feet 10-inches apart on a bare floor. Put the lip of a metric metal tape in between two slats of wood or The Cat in the Hat hardback, and pull up as hard as you can. Have a friend take the reading on the floor. Repeat three times and write down the highest number (because you'll never pull the tape past the bone). That's your PBH, and the reason you ought to know it is so you don't waste time at the shop and end up riding a bike with the saddle too low. Which happens often enough.

2. Know the bike's maximum tire size.

This ought to be determined by your weight, the surface you ride on, any load you might carry, and how comfortable you want to be. General rules, heavily opinionated on one hand, but hard to argue against on the other:

A. Don't buy a sidepull-equipped bike that can't handle a 700x32 (or, in any tire size, one that's 32mm wide). That will rule out 95 percent of the sidepull-equipped bikes on the market, but they shoulda thoughta that before.

B. If you weigh 190+ and plan to ride the bike on fire trails, make sure it fits at least a 35mm tire. That rules out most, maybe all, of the sidepull-equipped bikes in your local shop.

3. If you'll want fenders, make sure it's do-able.

If you can't fit fenders, the bike is going to be lousy for wet weather. If you're strictly a dry-weather rider, that's okay. Any bike without fender eyelets probably wouldn't pass the tire clearance test, anyway.

3. Make sure you can get the handlebar as high or higher than the saddle.

Set the saddle at your proper saddle height, which you know if you've followed Rule 1. Either eyeball it, or measure from saddle to ground, whichever you feel most comfortable doing.

4. Want to carry racks? Make sure you can.

You'll want the proper braze-ons, or tube diameters that allow you to clamp racks on. Many modern frames have fat non-round tubes that make the clamp method difficult.

5. Position trumps all.

A fine lugged steel bike that doesn't fit you is a lousy deal at any price. Don't think its being steel and maybe even nice to look at will mean beans after you've been miserable for half an hour; or even a little uncomfortable.

How to be a customer

by Tim Rangitch, Acme Bicycles, Rapid City, S.D.

First off, tell me what you are willing to spend. When I know this right off the bat it's easier on me and better for you, because I know what to focus on, and I appreciate your directness.

If you don't ride much now, tell me how and where you want to ride. If the roads or trails are local, I know them, and I know what kind of bike is good for them.

If you have a bike now and ride a fair amount, tell me what it is (or bring it with you). What you like and don't like about it. The type of bike to fit your use may change a little as you shop around and see what the offerings are, but don't get excited about bikes that don't suit your needs.

Trade-ins and swap-outs. Most shops will swap tires, stems, saddle and such and charge or credit the difference at time of sale, but mention any swap/delete/substitutions up front, before we're at the register. Most shops don't take trade-ins, and those that do may find no value in your used bike. So at times it is just a courtesy to take the thing off your hands so it is not cluttering up your garage. Don't feel insulted by this.

Find out what follow-up service the shop offers.

Allow a month to get the bike you want. Bigger shops may have the perfect bike in stock, but for smaller shops, it can take a little while. Please be patient.

Price negotiation? Bike shopping is not like car shopping. The price may be negotiable, but why make a shopping experience icky over a few bucks? If you talk a shop down \$15, you haven't won much. If you value a good relationship over a few bucks, think twice about that sort of victory.

Bring in brochures of other models you're considering.

Come in prepared to ride. Wear clothes you can ride in, and bring a helmet if you'd like one. Ask about longer test rides, and insist on leaving your wallet, car keys. If I have to ask for them, it's weird for both of us.

Don't make me argue with your "expert friend." If you've got a well meaning friend who was a big racer "back in college" try to not let them influence you too much. A good shop will be more helpful in picking out a new bike.

If you know NOTHING about bikes, tell me. Most shops and all good ones want to help you and know tons about the bikes they sell. People are reluctant to say "I don't know anything about bikes," or to admit how little they know, because they're afraid they'll be taken advantage of. It won't happen.

Tim www.acmebicycles.com



The \$525 Bianchi San Jose

If you want a one-speed, can live without lugs, and can't afford a Quickbeam, buy it

35

There are tons of ho-hum bikes out there that do a job but basically blend in and don't offer anything particularly good, fun, or exciting. The San Jose here is just the opposite. It's super smart, looks good, and may be the single best value in a new bicycle today.

It's not lugged, and bless you if that's a dealbreaker for you—as, well...it is for us. But if you can put that aside for a second, and consider everything else about the bike—and the fact that almost no normal bikes are lugged these days—then why don't you buy three or four of these?

One way to sum it up to anybody familiar with our bikes is: It's a super low-priced alternative to the Quickbeam for somebody who really, really wants a nice one-speed but can't justify \$1400.

It's too hard not to compare the San Jose and Quickbeam. They have so much in common: Good clearance for fenders, fat tires, and crashed wheels that get wobbly and still need to roll through the frame. They're both NOT roadified track bikes, but are singlefied touring bikes—and for a bike that's not intended to be a track racing bike, that's just what a single-speed should be.

How does it ride?

The 58 I rode rides just fine. The geometry is the

same as some of Bianchi's more versatile geared road bikes, including the Volpe, a crossy-road hybrid/tourable bike that's been in Bianchi's line for twenty years or so, and probably the geometry hasn't changed. Anybody who has a problem with how the San Jose rides, has a bigger problem than how the San Jose rides.

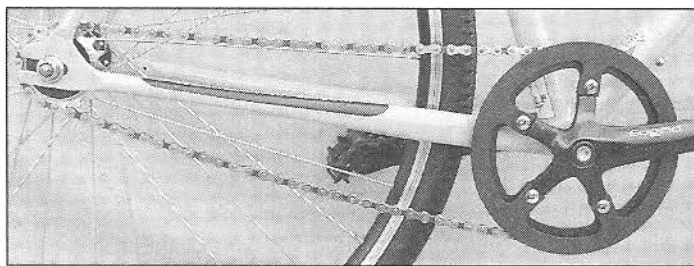
San Jose Sizes & Geometry

44-49-52-55-58-61. All sizes take 700c wheel and presumably offer the same excellent clearance. There's no way to get that clearance with biggish tires without cheating some on the smaller two sizes with seat tubes that are too steep (75-deg on the 44 and 74-deg on the 49), but everybody does that and some folks who are smarter than I am think it's fine. But from my point of view, if you ride a bike that small, you need smaller wheels to do it right.

In the mid and big sizes, the geometry looks good and neutral, nothing to squawk about.

Parts

You don't get a \$525 bike like this without some compromise. But you know what? The compromises here are tiny and unimportant. There's nothing to feel bad about, just a lot of decent-to-good parts that work in harmony and make sense.



The 42x17 gear (66.7-inches) is fine for most single-speed use. The crank is good, and comes with a guard to keep your pants clean. The chainstays (42.5cm on this 58cm frame) are short by our standards but long by everybody else's. The rear dropout's slot is long enough to take up about 5-teeth's worth of slack.

How good is the frame?

The tubing is butted CrMo, 0.9mm at the butts, and 0.6mm in the belly. That's light enough and smart. The top tube is flattened for easier shouldering; the down tube is squeezed here and there, presumably to optimize the cross sections according to the stresses on them. I prefer round tubes, but the San Jose doesn't look wacky for it, and who knows, maybe it helps.

The welds look fine.

And how about the fork?

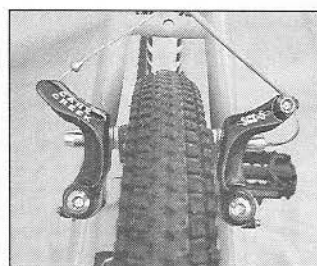
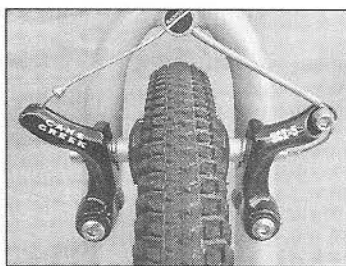
It's crownless, but looks better than any carbon fork on the market, and I'd much rather ride it than one of those. For \$525, you can't expect a crown!

Crank: Underneath the black paint, it's our old favorite Sugino XD, a great spec on an important part on a super low-priced bike. Stock ring: 42T, and you can't double it.

Cog and wheels: 17t freewheel cog—which with the 42T ring gives you a 66.7-inch gear, good for flat to rolling hills. The wheels have “Bianchi Custom hubs,” which look like generic black hubs. The front wheel has a q/r; the rear bolts on. They're right for the price.

The tires are WTB All-Terrainasaurus 32s, and the rims are Alex (Tai) aluminum and anodized.

Bars and Stem; and Headset, too: The Bianchi catalogue says “Bianchi Alloy.” That means aluminum. They're black and won't break, and are appropriate for the price. The stem was on the long side and the low



Here's the clearance with the stock 700x35 tires. It's better at the fork than at the seat stays, but overall it's good both places, and the frame will take both fenders and fatter tires. It's a good deal.

side for me, and if it were my bike I'd switch it out. You could ask your dealer to do that, but be willing to pay some for the labor. The headset is a Taiwan model made for Cane Creek. It seems good.

Brakes and levers: Cane Creek again, made in Taiwan by a Famous Brake maker over there. The hoods are too fat for small hands, but okay for everybody else, and they have a quick-release built in, which is nice.

Other?

Any component not mentioned is generic and fine. It's easy to nit-pick and say, “Bah! Shoulda been ____!” That's the normal bike review way, where the guy reviewing the bike has no clue as to how much anything on the bike actually costs, or how an increase of \$5 at the spec level means \$10 at retail (sometimes more) by the time the bike is on the retail floor. I know from my former life that on a bike like this, every part is scrutinized for price and value and performance. But if it were _____, then the price would go up, and after a few of them, the \$525 San Jose would cost \$650.

As it is, the basics are there, nothing's garbage, and you're left with a fatter wallet you can use to spiff it up to your personal taste, if you must. When money is an issue (as it always is to some degree) and when you gotta getta single-speed bike, and you want a really smart, versatile one...well, the Bianchi San Jose is a whopping good deal.

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Sky Yaeger, Bianchi VP and the chick who designed the bike says:

What's it for? It's an urban commuter for people who don't need or want gears, and want the comfort and practicality of fat tires, fenders, and racks. I am baffled by urban hipsters riding fixed gear track bikes as fashion accessories and finding out they are not as practical or safe as they thought. I'm not talking about messengers or skilled riders, just to be clear. But most people should be riding a bike with brakes and a free-wheel.

Talk about the graphics. Graphics should depend on the model. We have super high-end Italian race bikes that are ridden in the Tour, and I appreciate their flamboyant, over-the-top Italian look, although it is not my personal taste. On the other hand, I wouldn't stick San Jose graphics on a \$6000.00 carbon race bike.

Are quill stems and threaded headsets totally dead in the dealer market? Dead *and* buried. On a factory and supplier level threadless is much better, although the customer doesn't give a whit about how it is easier to manage inventory, cut down the number of separate inventory items, and related bike-assembly issues. The only downside is the lack of minute adjustability. But now we have 2 and 4-bolt stems to swap out handlebars easily and that is key at the dealer level. Everyone in the supply chain can manage inventory better, because we need to manufacture, sell, and inventory only one fork steerer length.

The Bianchi San Jose's report card

Clearance. *A.* Easily passed the broken spoke test, and it fits a 700x35 tire with a fender, and a 700x37 without. That's plenty.

Bar height. *B+.* The maximum height saddle that still allows you to get the bars level with them: 77cm. Maximum saddle height we recommend for this bike (58cm), based on our way of fitting and our comfort criteria: 75cm). To get an A, it needs a quill stem.

Versatility-enhancing details. *A.* Eyelets and braze-ons for fenders and racks.

Standover. *B.* It's 83.1cm with the stock tire. Increasing the bb drop from 65 to 75 wouldn't hurt a thing and would lower the standover to 82.1. The bike would still have more than enough cornering clearance.

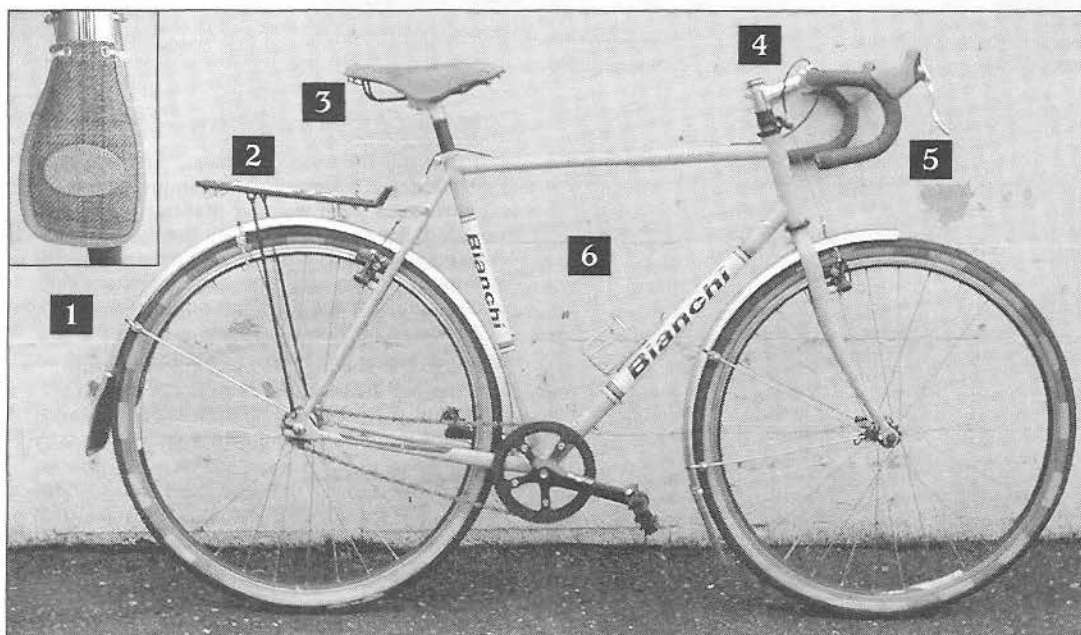
Does it do what its designer intended it to do? *A.* It's supposed to be sort of an urban commute bike with bad-road or good-flattish trail capabilities, and that's what it is, and it's good for it.

Value. *A.* If you want a versatile single-speeder at a phenomenally low price, holy cow, you'd be nuts not to want one.

The Bianchi San Jose vs the Quickbeam

- The QB is made in Japan and lugged. The Bianchi is made in Taiwan and tigged. That may or may not be a deal-breaker for you. For most riders, it's a non-issue. For most Reader readers, it's a medium-sized issue.
- The QB has a quill stem that lets you get the bars up a lot higher, so it's more comfortable for most people. The San Jose has a threadless stem. It has good stack and an up angle, but you still can't get the bars as high.
- The QB has two chainrings that vary by 8 teeth, and is rideable on a wider range of roads and trails because of it. The San Jose has one chainring, so the gear either works for you or it doesn't. It's a good all-around gear for flattish roads and mild rollers.
- The QB has a quick-release rear wheel and a flip-flop hub, so it's faster and easier to take the wheel out, and you can put another cog on the other side, for yet another gear. The San Jose has a standard bolt-on, one-sided rear wheel, so you need a wrench and you're stuck with one gear.
- The San Jose costs \$875 less than the QB. When you throw that into the pot, holy cow, the Bianchi San Jose may be the best bargain of any bike made today.

If you can get over the hurdle that the frame isn't lugged, then this is the best value, the most bike for the dollar in the world.—Grant



Rivenfried Bianchi San Jose:

1. Nigel Smythe flaps, which you can bolt-on if zip-ties offend. And fenders.
2. Pletscher rack; and a steel bottle cage.
3. Brooks saddle
4. Nitto threadless stem (a 10 instead of the stock 12) & Noodle bars.
5. Blue tape and gummy hoods
6. The walls, Pasela 700x35 Speedblends.

Three Threadless Stems, all by Nitto

all shown on a simulated steerer



Lugged—\$150

This is the nicest-looking clamp-on stem made, and that was the point. Most threadless stems look plain at best, and there aren't many in that category. This one has two lugs. It clamps onto either a 22.2mm steerer (with the included shim) or a 25.4/1-inch without that shim (which it comes with, anyway).

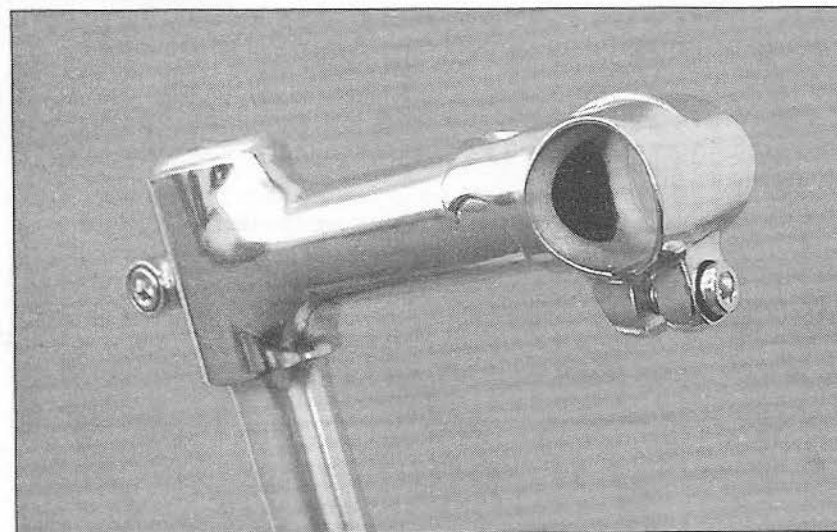
The bar clamp is 26mm, so it fits most good drop handlebars. The angle is 90-degrees, so if you flip it upside down and expect a difference, you'll be sadly disappointed. But the 90-degree angle lifts the bars up about 1.3 inches, compared to a traditional 72-degree stem.

Lengths: 8-9-10-11-12cm.

Wt for a 10cm: 184g/6.5oz

8cm: 16-148 9cm: 16-149 10cm: 16-150

11cm: 16-151 12cm: 16-152



Tig-Fillet-Lug (TFL)—\$60

The binder bolt is tiggged on, the rear joint is fillet-brazed, and the front clamp is lugged...hence the name. We had these made before we had the rear lug. They're shiny chrome-plated, as opposed to the normal dull-satin finish we ordinarily use.

Like the Lugged one above, it's a 90-degree stem. It lacks a shim to fit 22.2mm steerers, but most stems of this type go onto 1-inch steerers anyway, and this one is made for them. The bar clamp is 26mm.

These are priced so low because they came in as something of a surprise, and we want to clear them out. There's nothing weird or crummy about them.

Lengths: 8.5-9.5-10.5-11.5-12.5cm.

Wt for a 10.5cm: 190g/6.7oz

8.5cm: 16-134 9.5cm: 16-135 10.5cm: 16-136

11.5cm: 16-136 12.5cm: 16-137



Cold-forged aluminum— \$75

Nitto calls this the "Ultimate Ideal," stem (as a model name). It is cold-forged aluminum, and is the only threadless stem we offer that has a removable front plate, for changing bars on the fly. The angle is 81-degrees, which allows you to flip them upside down and realize a difference, an understandably popular feature these days, but not one we'd categorize as "do or die."

Cold-forging is the best way to form aluminum parts, and we suspect that Nitto is the best in the world at it. If you're looking for a super nice and superlight threadless stem, this is the one to get.

Lengths: 9-10-11-12cm.

Wt for a 10cm: 178g/6.3oz

9cm: 16-162 10cm: 16-163

11cm: 16-164 12cm: 16-166

Yet Another Way That Higher Handlebars Help

In a recent issue of *Bicycle Retailer and Industry News*, the number one trade magazine, there's a report of yet another study proving that riding a regular bike seat causes sex problems. This sort of story is so common these days that it's generally not all that hot of a subject anymore.

But this particular story comes on stronger than any other I've seen, and ultimately recommends noseless saddles as a solution, and also notes that, "The Specialized Body Geometry saddle and the nose-less saddles have similar blood-flow. In some individuals the Specialized Body Geometry saddle had better blood-flow."

It also reports that when you sit upright, your ischial tuberosities (tuber-ossitees) bear the weight, but, "when a cyclist reaches forward to the handlebars, the drops, or aerobars, he or she rotates forward, placing more pressure on the crotch area, restricting blood flow and putting pressure on nerves."

One of the researchers cites "live demonstrations of loss of penile blood flow while riding non-ergonomic saddles, as well as the retention of blood flow on correctly designed saddles..." It's hard to envision those tests, isn't it?

It talks about how saddles cause sexual dysfunction in

women, too. Specifically: "The study found cycling women to have eight times the incidence of sexual dysfunction compared with non-cycling athletic women." I know how the dysfunction would show up in a guy, but in a woman, I'm not sure. I think I know what it might be, but it's still a bit vague.

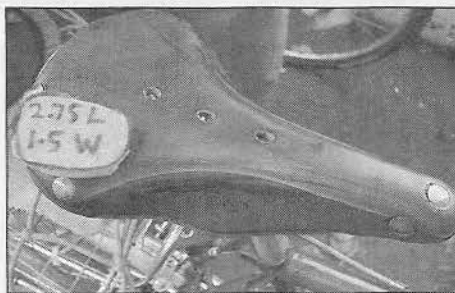
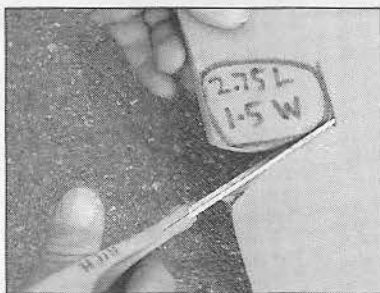
But the point that struck me was how low handlebars not only hurt your hands and neck and back, but now, it seems, may hurt you down there, too.

I don't like these tests or reports, and it feels bad to cite them (though not bad enough to not cite them). What I think is this: Figure it out, people. If your crotch hurts or goes numb when you ride, change something—your saddle, your position, anything that might be even remotely related. Don't think you'll ride through it.

Brooks has made slotted saddles in the past, and there's a way to achieve the same kind of thing after the fact, too. It takes a saddle bonnet and some neoprene pads—and if you can't buy neoprene pads at the local Five & Dime, then cut up a Spenco insole, or get some closed cell blue foam at REI and cut that up. Put a pad under each of your ischial whatchamacallits, and go to town. They'll stay in place and lift your penis arteries off the saddle.

Add bumps & a slot to a B.17...if that's what's called for

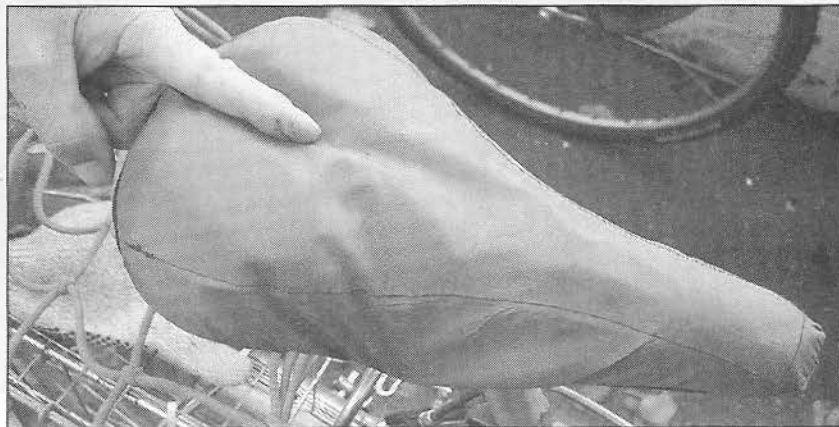
Go to REI (etc.) and get a 3/8-inch closed cell blue foam sit pad (\$5), and cut out two chunks roughly the size indicated.



Position it where you need it. Probably something like this, but on both sides. This ought to work for men or women. We aren't that much different. Now you need a saddle bonnet to keep them in place. Or glue. Sadly, zip-ties don't work for this.

You can put a saddle bonnet directly over the foamies, or, if you have a recent edition of the MUSA saddle bonnet (the grey ones) it may have hard-to-find pouches in it, but they're there. They're to hold foam and keep it from moving around. Look underneath the black fabric and you'll see the slots. Next time the pouches will be more obvious.

Over time it flattens out some, which is fine, because it's a bit too thick right off the bat. Probably the best would be 6-8mm neoprene. That's harder to get, though. Cut up some Spenco insoles? Anyway, now that you see the concept, it's ripe for improving on.



Rich's Quickbeam converted to 650B



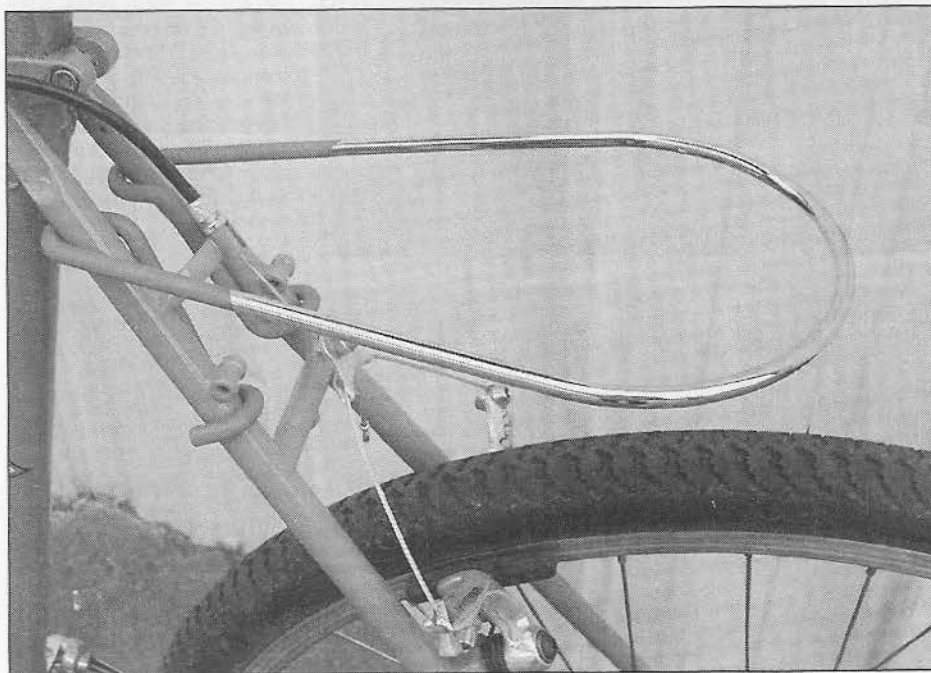
Rich here was feeling lonely without a 650B bike, so he took a 54cm Quickbeam and converted it as you see here.

The Quickbeam is not the ideal candidate for converting to 650B, because it comes with cantilever brakes. Rich had them removed. Then, the brake reach is already 62mm, and so when you put on the smaller wheels, the rims are way down there in Southern Georgia. If you look at the placement of the brake shoes in the Dia-Compe brake arms, you'll see that they're maxed out. Rich says, even, that he had to file the slots deeper on the rear, which is something you should

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never do unless somebody's holding a derringer to your head and telling you to "make it work or else." In this case, the brakes stop phenomenally. It's really a phenomenon, how well the bike stops. The Kool Stop pads contribute to that, no doubt. All in all, it's a good-looking and smart bike, and don't be surprised if we do a run of Quickbeams in 50 to 58 for 650B. Maybe with cantilevers, maybe with something else. It won't sure-fire happen, but it could.

The Silver Hoop...a new version of an old Park saddlebag support



The widget to the left there is the Silver Hoop. Park made something suspiciously similar to it back in the '70s, and a good customer sent us one and suggested we remake it. I forget who it was, but if it was you, contact me and I'll send you one of these and a proper thank you.

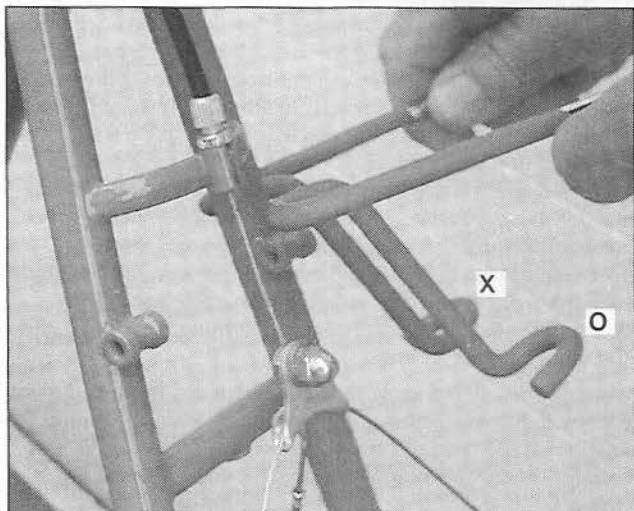
Anyway, this one is slightly lighter (just 8.7oz) and slightly more attractive than the Park. It's every bit as good in other ways, plus it's available, which is tragic news for collectors, but party time for the rest of us. It mounts to most normal steel-type frames that don't have wishbone-style seat stays. As you can see from the photos on the next page, it is unfazed by hourglass mounts and brazed-on brake cable stops—a testimony to the original Park design. It's really neat, how it works.

Whatsit do?: It supports a saddlebag from below and prevents it from rubbing on the tire or pressing down on a fender. It stabilizes it (reduces side to side movement). It makes it sit nicely.

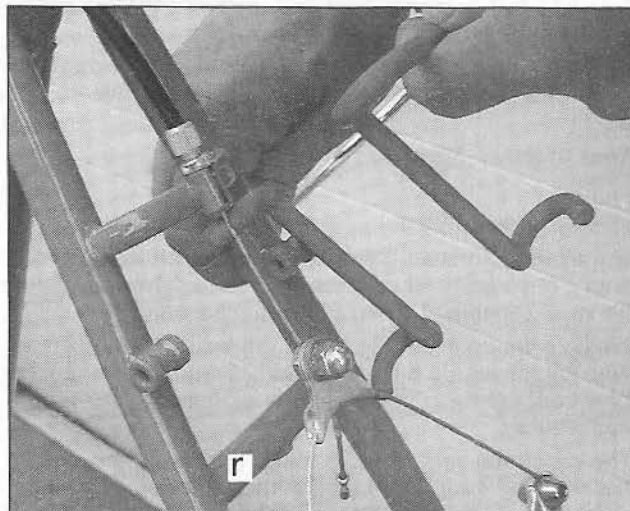
Part No. 20-136....\$30

Mastering the Silver Hoop

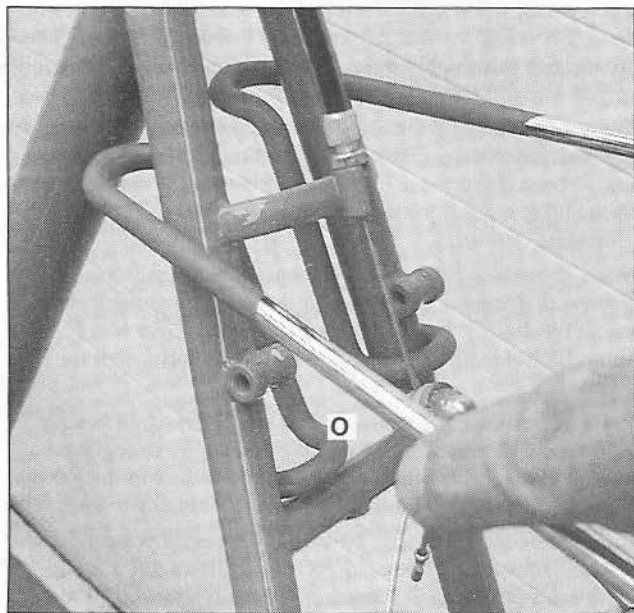
**It's harder than you think & easier than it seems. Part No. 20-136, \$30.
Made in Minnesota just for us.**



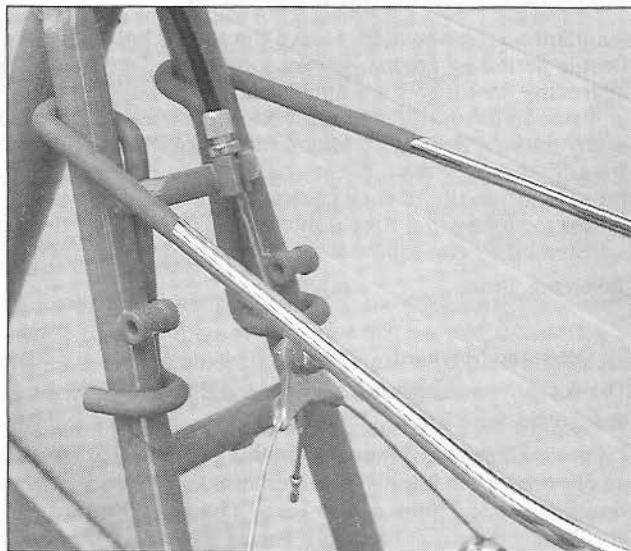
With a hanger bridge and two rack mounts right in the middle of it all, this is as complicated a mount as you'll run across, we hope. The first key is to focus on only the right stay and the right side of the rack. Forget about the lefties for now. Go at the right stay from the right side, and push the right hoop hooks (X) well past the stay. This photo shows the angle of attack. The seat stay is between the left and right hooks.



Once the hoop hooks are deeply straddling the stay, tilt them to the right so you can feed the right lower hook (x) up over the bridge (r). This makes it easy to engage the stay with the upper part of the right hoop hook (x), while simultaneously positioning the lower right hoop hook (x) above the bridge (r). At this point your whole right side should be more or less engaged. You'll have to slightly disengage it as you work on step 4, but not to the point where you can't get it back.



To get here from step two, spread the left hoop hooks out so they go around the outside of the left stay, then let the spring action pull them into the position shown here. Tilt the whole mess forward until you can engage lower left hook (o), and wiggle things into place until it looks...



...like this, & you're finished. The contact area is coated with red rubbery stuff to protect the frame's paint. It grips well, too. If you're paranoid, a single layer of bar tape around the contact areas will put your mind at ease. Gravity and friction keep the rack in place, and it's unlikely that anybody with a thief's approach to life would be able to steal it. However, you could rig up a lock using zip-ties or tape or that fancy new Velcro tape we talk about in the Good Things section.

Riding the next day

a different kind of column this time...by Maynard Hershon

To: Drew and Mark

From: Maynard

Hi Drew! Hi Mark!

Guys, I'm upset from dealing with folks in cars day after day. I can cope for a while but then I get fed up. How many times can somebody's mom scare you before you lose it? I feel so angry, hurt and despised that riding's probably unhealthy for me emotionally.

How do you stay cool? How can you keep from hating people? If you DO stay above it, how the hell do you do it?

Your friend, Maynard

Hi Maynard and Mark,

Uncaring motorists... I've been there myself in the past: angry, impatient and careless behind the wheel. I suppose we're all capable of such failures of character.

I'm no saint on or off the bike. I get mad when drivers whiz by me within a hair's breadth. I didn't years ago, but now I engage them verbally, without anger, given the opportunity.

The encounter may leave its mark, but I still ride my bike the next day. I suppose I look at these incidents philosophically. My death or disability could occur on the road, but I think 35 years of cycling have given me health and a positive outlook

Maybe we're bicycling pioneers for cyclists of a few generations from now, when they'll be amazed at our bravery out on the road in the conditions of today.

And each unpleasant encounter can be an opportunity for improvement, if only to reflect on the transience of life. But honestly it usually just pisses me off.

Avoidance seems to help. I leave the road when I hear a hostile-sounding engine. I never look at the face of an aggressive motorist. I use small roads, bike paths, whatever. I ride trails on the mountain bike. You may not have so many options in Tucson, Maynard; I'll bet it's less bike-friendly than Portland. But it's better to go riding. The more bikes on the road the better, and the easier it is for others to realize that they don't always have to use the car - instead they can follow in our footsteps (or tire tracks).

Take care, guys, Drew

Hi Drew and Maynard,

Thanks for your frankness, Maynard, and Drew for the thoughtful, wise letter.

I was struck by Drew's suggestion that each incident offers us an opportunity to improve, and reminds us to reflect on life's transience. A few times a year, I read a bit about Buddhism; about accepting what life offers. For us bike riders, that means enduring what we have to out on the road. I confess I put the book down too quickly and soon forget what I've learned. That's where I was when your letter arrived to remind me.

I've absorbed this much from my reading: Incidents with cars are cyclists' dukkha—what Buddhists call the affliction that comes to each and every one of us, no exceptions. Into each life a little dukkha (more likely a lot) will unfailingly fall.

I read about how we typically respond to dukkha - with outrage and the feeling that we don't deserve what's happening

to us. That's EXACTLY how I feel when the truck mirror skims by my ear. At that point the dukkha idea started making sense to me.

Thanks to our friends in cars, we don't have to seek out dukkha or ride far to experience it. We all react to dukkha. We're human; we can't change that. But we can try to control how we react - to stupid drivers, distasteful tasks, illness, injury, romantic strife and losses of every kind - to keep ourselves from making things worse. Once we decide that, like other forms of dukkha, ill-treatment from drivers is inevitable, we can learn to use exposure to it to strengthen us and make us more, not less, content. We can learn what to do with it - to turn our distress around. How do we react to incidents of motorist abuse? Do we react like injured animals? Or are our reactions as appropriate and healthy as possible? Usually I react badly. Thing is: I know better. The car cuts me off. I know I should go quiet inside. I should focus on my breathing or thoughts of my sweetie. I should take a few seconds to calm myself. Instead, damn it, I take the thing personally and hang onto my hurt feelings.

Incident by incident I grow madder at drivers, more and more upset by their callousness and ineptitude. I stay upset until someone kindly reminds me that those incidents can be reminders of the inevitability of distress - occasions to focus my mind.

I remember then that the truck mirror brushing my ear is dukkha. I remember that suffering dukkha should remind me of what I've learned about the noble, dignified life.

Such a life accepts dukkha: loss and indignity and frustration and insult and hostility and illness and expensive shorts that soon get see-through, the predominance of rear wheel flats and the under-fingernail tenaciousness of chain lube residue.

It accepts all those agonies and all the good things that come along too. It knows that nothing lasts forever, good things or bad. It tries to accept both cool and crummy with equal good humor, knowing that more of each is surely on the way.

You can try this yourself. No faith necessary. You don't have to believe in anything— or even that it'll work. For sure, what you've been doing hasn't worked, so try this. It works on and off the bike, at your job and at home. It's the equal opportunity dukkha defuser.

When something happens, go quiet inside. If you have a favorite rhythmic line, try to hear it. Time your breaths to it. I use an old Buddy Holly line: You Know My Love Not Fade Away. Eight breaths in and out—and repeat. Through the nose is good.

You'll defuse that bad moment and you'll have practiced a technique that will be helpful and perhaps life-changing. Serial bad moments won't poison your life dose by tiny dose. Keep breathing at bad times. Follow your breaths in and out.

I'm not defending drivers, but: what happened wasn't personal. The damn driver doesn't KNOW you. It's seldom deliberate. It seldom results in a crash or injury. It's just scary as hell and seems so hostile. It'll happen again and again. Up to you how you deal with it.

Go quiet. Think lovingly of someone you love. Follow your breaths. Breathe slowly in rhythm to some slow line in your head. Use a Buddy Holly or Beatles lyric. ZZ Top will work.

Go quiet in your head. Focus on your breathing.

Best Regards, guys... Mark

1,001 Nightmares

another column, sort of a sequel...still by Maynard "Two Pages This Issue" Hershon

On the previous page I wrote about feeling battered from the car wars. I worry, I said, about the anger and mistrust simmering in me from years of callous abuse from drivers. Two sympathetic friends I quoted in the article described ways of coping that'd worked for them.

Alas, nothing worked for me. If we rode five times, three morons in cars would scare me or my sweetie Tamar Miller. One or two would baffle us by showing icy disregard for our safety. I wouldn't have time to shrug off one incident before the next one happened.

Each scare reminded me I was unwelcome on Tucson streets, even secondary ones marked as bike routes. As a cyclist, I felt I belonged to a despised minority. Even my carefully unobtrusive presence on the road was an invitation for harassment. I hated it.

In early November, at about 10 on a sunny weekday morning, I was pedaling alone in a wide bus-and-bike lane on East Broadway. An older SUV passed me and then suddenly, unbelievably, turned across my path, across the entire bike lane.

Up on two wheels, barely missing the center divider, he careened into a strip mall. I have to believe (Here I go making excuses for him; years in Berkeley made me this way.) that he was already upset and acting-out. I was right there in the bike lane, easy to terrorize.

As I panic-braked, the side of the car crossed my vision in slow, huge as a cruise ship. When the SUV's taillights entered the mall, I'd nearly stopped. Stunned and incredulous, I wanted to know why anyone would do such a homicidal, crazy thing.

There had to be an explanation. Couldn't have been deliberate. Had he not seen me? Did he misjudge my speed? Would he feel terrible and apologize? I followed him into the mall and across the huge parking lot, past three more entrances that he could have used.

He stopped next to a dental office to let a passenger out. I rode up next to the car on the driver's side, not close, and waited for him to roll down his window. I wanted to ask him why he would frighten me as he did. Why he would come so close to hurting me.

His door opened and he rose up out of the car, a big guy, screaming: "B*t*h! Get outta my muh-f***in' face, b*t*h!"

Maybe he yelled that twice or three times. I never said a word. I was frozen in disbelief and humiliation at the contempt he showed me. I thought: He talks like a damn cartoon gangsta. Is he doing that to intimidate me? Or is that how he talks all the time?

Why am I here next to his car? I'm trying to understand. I don't want to believe he's the malicious creep he appears to be. But he is a malicious creep. He doesn't care about me at all. Hit me; miss me; injure me; call me names? I'm a dog dropping on his shoe.

Probably lots of drivers feel that way about us, I thought. They know it's not okay so they hide it. This guy doesn't care who knows.

My life changed in that instant. I decided I would never again put myself in harm's way so willingly. Nor would I willingly be spoken to that way again.

Hey, I wasn't the bad guy. I didn't threaten that guy's life. But I did dare to ride up to him, maybe to question his competence. Soon as he thought I might be bold enough to correct him, I became the villain in his story.

After all, he hadn't hit me. What was I moaning about? B*t*h...

It came to me that at no other time am I treated so cruelly or spoken to so demeaningly—only when I'm on my bike. Enough's enough. I pedaled home and quit riding.

I hung my blue Rivendell on a rack in our office. I put my Lighthouse and my helmet in our shed. I packed my jerseys and shorts in a box and put my cycling shoes, gloves and riding Oakleys in another box. That was seven weeks ago; I have not pedaled since.

It took me a month to get over my humiliation and anger. I invented revenge fantasies. I wanted, as a friend described it, to "go Rambo." Anger like that has to be unhealthy, doesn't it? All that rage with nowhere to go?

These days I walk a lot, often with Tamar. I like walking quiet Tucson backstreets and alleys. I like seeing fewer motor vehicles and hearing fewer hostile-sounding engines. I like how I get a good leaving-alone from drivers—not every time, but more of the time.

On foot, I suppose I'm not trespassing so badly. I'm not an intruder in Carland, where I'm not welcome. Where I'm likely to be hit as I pedal by a Bike-Friendly City sign.

I'm calmer, I believe, since I retreated from the trenches and barbed wire—in the war for the rightmost 30 inches of road.

But I would like to ride again, so Tamar and I are looking for a more civilized place to live. We bought a house here in late 2004 so we can't move just yet. But I'm sure we will. Until then, I'm off the bike.

We're afraid that other places are no different, that there are no cyclist-friendly areas to be found that we can afford. Has motorists in America become more rude, impatient and hostile everywhere? What a heartbreaker that would be.

I told Grant I was thinking of writing this piece but figured no one would print it. It's a cycling magazine piece about not cycling.

"Write it," he said. "I'll run it. Our readers will have suggestions about where to move."

If you do have suggestions or want to offer consolation or condemnation, please write me c/o Rivendell.

Send email to grant@rivbike. In the subject field, write YOUR NAME / CITY, STATE. Then make your case, and I'll forward it unread to Maynard. Well, I may read a few, but mostly, probably not. Followup in RR37? Thanks—G

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