



COGNITION

BIKE TOBERFEST

by *Bernie Corace*

Hey Folks,

I almost forgot. The last race of the S.F. Alley Cat Challenge, Biketoberfest, was Saturday, October 27. 13 riders participated in a race that would take them thru such far flung parts of the City as the Mission, the Excelsior, the Sunset and finally to Golden Gate Park. There were only 6 check points, easy enough. But three of the check points required items to be acquired en route: a bottle/can of German beer to drink with their sausage and sauerkraut on Munich Street, a costume (fangs, horns, a mask, or the like) for trick or treating at Becky's, and a pumpkin to decorate on Taraval. Plus they had to acquire a fortune at Musee Mechanique, bob for apples at Rev. Jim's and have donuts and cider at Stow Lake.

Once again we saw the same familiar faces cross the finish line in an order that has become the norm throughout this Alley Cat season. Super Mike proved that he truly is a master of speed and quickness of thought, beating out a

determined Godspeed colleague, Brandon, for first overall. Had it not been for his willingness to resort to pure thievery, a more honest Brandon might have won his first Alley Cat. But the victory was Super Mike's, his 4th of the Challenge, and in the

process he wrapped up Grand Champion of the Alley Cat Challenge with a commanding 21 points. That left an intense race for 3rd overall, where Richie captured not only that but also the crown for

continued on page 4

Alley Cat Challenge: Complete Final Standings

The Alley Cat Challenge races: Revolutionary Ride, Team Satan, Good Ol' Days, Mountain Lion, Cupid Dirt Track Race, The Barbwire and the Unicorn, "Don't Be a Hero, Be a Zero," Biketoberfest

Standings show name/company and total points.

Super Mike/ Godspeed	21	Chris Buchanan/ Taylor Price	2	Greg/ Espresso	1
Richie/ Red Hot	16	Damon/1st legal	2	Howard/ Speedway	1
John Z./ Jetset	11	Dylan	2	Justin DeJesus	1
Brandon/ Godspeed	10	Ginger/ Taylor Price	2	Kathy Hashimoto	1
Nice Tim/ Cupid	10	Jim/ Specialized	2	Kenny	1
Ali/ Godspeed	8	Joel/ Jetset	2	Kevin/ NoBS	1
Jason Whitehead/ Speedway	8	Justin/ Espresso	2	Kyle Shepard	1
Christian/ Specialize	6	Maria/ Red Hot	2	Lance/ Day Laborer	1
Natasha/ Citysprint	6	Mike Eno/ Western	2	Little Chris/ Western	1
Bru/1st legal	5	Quarter/ Godspeed	2	Matt	1
Giant Erik/1st legal	5	Toby	2	Meghan/ Cupid	1
Andria	4	Adrienne St. John	1	Melita	1
Clive Lightwood/ Velosport	4	Aimee Z.	1	Michael (Bike Polo)	1
Aaron/ NoBS	3	Andy	1	Nicole McMorrow	1
Bernie/ Day Laborer	3	Becky/ Godspeed	1	Nunya	1
Bridgett	3	Ben (mohawk)	1	Oliver	1
Bryce/ Espresso	3	Ben Jordan/ Cupid	1	Olivia/ Taylor Price	1
Chris Stevens	3	Boston Dave	1	Paul/ RedHot	1
Erik Zo	3	Bruce/ Victory	1	Rebecca	1
Griffin	3	Captain Eric/ Cupid	1	Scott/ Speedway	1
Liam	3	Carey	1	Spencer	1
Mike Cianfrani	3	Danny/ Phenoix	1	Spiller/ Freewheelin	1
Sarah/ King	3	Eric Friedman	1	Tall Tim	1
Serenity/ Citysprint	3	Evan/Godspeed	1	Tony/ Jetset	1
Todd/ Citysprint	3	Frankie	1		

COGNITION

President: Damon Votour
Executive Director: Bernie Corace
Secretary: Howard Williams
Treasurer: M. "Rak" Affonso
Layout: PropQueen
Logo: Louie Seastres

WHO IS THE SFBMA? ESTABLISHED 1990

The San Francisco Bike Messenger Association was first started as a humorous, yet-in-her-face, answer to the AMCS; if the owners could have a club, so could we.

WHO WE ARE

We are you, if you are a current or former employee of the SF messenger industry. This includes walker, bicycle, moped, motorcycle, and driver messengers, as well as order-takers and dispatchers.

WHAT WE WANT

We want what is well overdue: appropriate compensation for our efforts. This includes a livable wage, health insurance, sick pay, vacation pay, pension plan, equipment compensation, etc. You know, normal workers' rights.

HOW WE WILL GET IT

We will get it by becoming one unified force, and standing up to the entire industry with our demands. In the past, we have proven that we can stick together to help each other out by holding countless benefits, hosting the best Cycle Messenger World Championships of all time, coming together to pay tribute to fallen comrades, holding toy drives for needy kids, the annual Russian River Ride and even things as simple as creating our own underground social scene each and every day of the week. Now that we have a working agreement with the most powerful union in the Bay Area, the International Longshore and Warehouse Union, we have the experienced backing to stand up in our industry and achieve our goals.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Volunteer for the SFBMA. You can leave a recording at 415-626-1912. Dues are \$5 each month and may be paid to Damon, Bernie, Rak, Howard or to Victor V-Jer at the Bike Hut on the H2O front. Attend as many events as you can without becoming obnoxious as starlings.

News from Ground Zero:

A digest of reports from N8 Dogg, Wendy Fallin and Tone

New York Messengers responded quickly and courageously to the attack on the World Trade Center. Later Philadelphia and Washington D.C. Messengers arrived to help out. Messengers moved medical supplies, blankets, clothing and food to rescue workers at Ground Zero despite facing the dangers of hazardous rubble in the streets and air "laced with lead and asbestos" (in N8 Dogg's words).

With Manhattan phone lines jammed after 9/11, NYC Messengers offered their radios to keep communications going. Veterans of the SF scene like Jack Blackfelt, Wendy Fallin, Hermes and Rebecca Reilly helped N8 Dogg, Squid and many other NYC Couriers. Unfortunately one NYC Messenger is believed dead as a result of being hit by falling debris from the attack. Wendy Fallin's and N8 Dogg's accounts are available on the Messenger Website (go to www.messengers.org and click on New York) and N8's story will be printed in *Bicycling* magazine. Look for it. 🚲

VICTORY FOR THE CHARLESTON FIVE!

by *Howard Williams with Marcy Rein*

Readers of *Cognition* know that the Charleston 5 are members of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA) from Charleston, South Carolina who faced five years hard time on felony charges for picketing in defense of their jobs. An active international defense movement brought victory for the 5 when the state of South Carolina dropped the felony rap Nov. 8—though the ILA locals and several activists still face a multi-million dollar civil suit.

On Jan. 20, 2000, more than 600 South Carolina law enforcement officers attacked about 150 longshore workers who were picketing a Danish ship that was being unloaded by non-union dock workers. ILA Local 1422 President Ken Riley was billy-clubbed from behind and sent to the hospital as a result. The attack on Brother Riley incited a melee. The fracas did not result in any significant injuries to the police and Charleston authorities saw no need to prosecute any ILA members—or any police—for their actions that night. But South Carolina Attorney General Charles Condon, an extremist Republican who wants to be governor, stepped in to get felony indictments against five of the dock workers. The ILA caught his ire for a few reasons. Not only were the members determinedly exercising their union rights in a right to work state, but four of the 5 belonged to ILA longshore Local 1422, an overwhelmingly black, highly organized and politically active local in the

state that won't surrender the Confederate flag.

ILA Local 1422 began organizing to defend the 5, and the ILWU soon came to their aid. What started as a local effort mushroomed into an international movement supported by union workers all over the world. Here in SF the SFBMA became the first group off the docks to help. In appreciation Ken Riley spoke to the July 2000 SFBMA meeting.

Community support also grew in Charleston and around the state. Public and media opinion swung towards the 5. Attorney General Condon began to see he wasn't making political points on the case—and made some embarrassing missteps. One such embarrassment came when he compared the 5 to the September 11 terrorists.

Facing the prospect of demonstrations by longshore workers on both U.S. coasts, throughout Europe and elsewhere, the South Carolina Attorney General's office folded in early November. Condon had called for "jail, jail and more jail" for the 5 but all he did was fail, fail and fail. On November 8 his subordinate offered the 5 a plea bargain that knocked their felony charges down to a misdemeanor for each man punishable by only a \$ 100 fine. The 5 accepted the offer, pleaded no contest and will have the misdemeanors wiped from their records in three years if they stay clean.

A 1.5 million-dollar lawsuit by the company that hired the non-union workers still threatens Local 1422, checkers Local 1771, their presidents and 27 of their members. However, the plea bargain allows the Charleston 5's supporters to concentrate now on beating the lawsuit. 🚲

TOY DRIVE ROLLS OUT DECEMBER 8

Dear Bikers;

Coming to you from "Never Never Land" it's the Reverend Gramalkin, 173@Speedway retired—The Hanx Commissioner of Toys.

*

Once upon a time about 1986 the regular Hanx\Jak's Biker Tribe was lying about at Mazzes doing the regular party, party, party thing when suddenly came a bolt from the blue!!



This clearly genius guy (me) pronounced "We should give something back to the community, let's have a Bike Messenger Toy Drive." RA came the roar of the crowd.

*

We were then faced with the realities of staging the Toy Drive. In fact one of the Toy Drive problems hence is each new administration attempts to "Help Us" by changing the modus operandi all about without realizing there are valid reasons for the classical event status. Plus people who lack understanding of the why for the scheduling have trouble remembering when the event is.

*

Some contemplation brought about the realization of having the event across the street at "South Park" at Noon on a Saturday. Noon is a cosmic moment and South Park being a beautiful unique place that every biker knows. Even the retired and out of Towner's always know how to find the event.

*

The big WHEN was a bit of a perplexment. Finally I did ten years of December calendars on the computer and the oblivious surfaced. The first Saturday can fall on December first, too early. The third Saturday which can come almost Christmas day is too late. Therefore the event always is scheduled for the "Second Saturday in December, South Park at Noon." The alternate rain site is South Park at Noon second Saturday of

December.

*

Believe it or not back in the old days there really was a party going on. Just for openers Everybody drank beer and got turned on all day while running tags. Hardly anybody had to wear clown clothes. There was a large herd (50+) of bikers that sort of grazed its way about San Francisco. This had a lot to do with how the Fire Department became involved.

*

The Fire Department is a ready-made secular or non religious toy distribution organization and therefore presents zero religious conflicts and is very convenient.

*

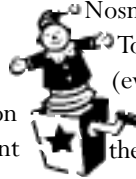
The traditional event procedure: Gather at South Park and bar-b-q party, party, for two or three hours. Then all ride escort and take the toys to the Antique Fire House at the corner of third and fourth streets. Proceed around the corner to Mission Rock Pier and party, Party, PARTY some more usually until darkish.

*

Special Acknowledgements

*

Thank you to Jak's own Tom Scott and Nosmo King. These two men carried the Toy Drive many times. Tom does much (even national) promotion. Nosmo always a strong promoter also was the first person to bring a new bicycle as a toy to the "Bike Messenger Toy Drive". We were all so amazed. The quality of the toys brought by Jak's Team has always been high grade.



*

Thank you to Hanx President Tony Calzone for initiating the companion sister "Bike Messenger Toy Drive Concert" a very thoughtful event.

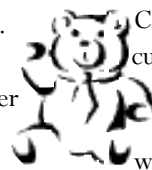
*

Thank you to the Longshoremen's Union for taking the bikers in to their family and their participation with S.F.B.M.A. in the Toy Drive. It's a whole different world for those old enough to remember the pre World War Two years. A

man said to me the Union just comes out of your check. What check? The only thing that has changed in the last ten thousand years is now the "Weasel Bosses" give you the other end of the whip, the shaft. Even the people who work in non-union jobs actually ride on the back of the organized labor movement. How can you get the Weasel Bosses to give you a fair deal? How does it feel to be really special, pal, you're the one born every minute. The "Weasel Bosses" will never GIVE us a fair deal, we must take it from them through personal responsibility for our "Attention Pattern."

*

Thank you to John D. Voelker past Chairman and Melissa Lerma the current Chairman of and the entire San Francisco Fire Fighters Local 798 sponsored Toy Program, who in 2000 alone provided



250,000+ toys to 42,000+ children, for their support and participation in the Bike Messenger Toy Drive event. They do a fine and honorable job in handling the distribution of the toys as well as participate in our event by bringing a San Francisco Fire Department vehicle to the event. Everything from a real working Fire Truck to the famous Antique Fire Truck or the mobile see "Santa Claus" rig has made a personal appearance at our event.

*

One other little thing we would like to thank the Fire Department personnel for its service to mankind at such great risk to life and limb. So many "Bikers" have been killed in the line of duty it is easy to appreciate their effort.

*

Any toy is a big deal to a child, and especially so to the impoverished child. Every Bike Messenger CAN afford some toy. Our participation in the rearing of well adjusted and balanced children is important. Helping the children is the important part. Should one be unable to attend the event please deposit any new



continued on page 4

Biketoberfest

continued from page 1

1st fixie and 1st runner-up of the Alley Cat Challenge, leaving a tired but not dispirited John Z. for 4th place in the race and a 2nd runner-up in the Challenge. Special prizes were awarded also to Richie for best-decorated pumpkin and Justin for largest pumpkin. Lance, riding the race on his high-wheeler, captured the prize for most creative forgery of a manifest, while last and surely least, Bryce hobbled across the finish line to capture DFL.



Super Mike, Richie and John Z. all received specially made hoodies and trophies for the placing in the Alley Cat Challenge, as well as gift certificates from

the Sports Basement. Congratulations to all three.

Special thanks to all members of Team Biketoberfest; Becky, Celeste, Meghan, Dave, Chalkhead, Rev. Jim and of course co-organizer Nice Tim.

Thanks also to Danny Boy for designing the Gravy Cat, the official logo of the S.F. Alley Cat Challenge, to Chris Hsiang granting use of the Gravy Dog image, and Mike Richie for creating the hoodies, and all of those who put on a race as part of the Challenge. We had 75 racers participate in 8 distinct races. A lot of sweat was produced, beer was drunk and good times were had. Complete results of all races are now final. Hope you all see your names somewhere on the list and that you get out and race again in the future. *Ciao-B.*

Toys

continued from page 3

unwrapped toy in any toy collection facility anywhere in the world.

*

Each moment "Attention Pattern" manipulates "Mystic Law" creating experience, attention is on God or not and remember Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly.

*

Thank you and Good luck,

*

Gramalkin, Sidereal Astrologer
San Francisco, California
starman@sinewave.com

COGNITION is the newsletter of the San Francisco Bike Messenger Association, an organization dedicated to the improvement of work conditions in SF's messenger industry.

SFBMA
PO Box 26650
San Francisco, CA 94126
415-626-1912

Our home page is:
www.sfbma.org
e-mail bernie@sfbma.org

Our office is located at 255 9th St., SF

CDT Alley Cat!
Saturday, Dec. 15
Meet at 11 a.m. at the Bike Mural (Church & Duboce)
Bring \$7-\$15 for entry, a new unwrapped toy, a penny and a donut...

DISCOUNTS for SFBMA Members are available at the following places. Patronize these friendly establishments! And look for *Cognition* at these hot spots!

The following bike shops give 10% discount on parts to SFBMA members:

- ⚙️ Foxy Flyer Bike Shop, 3330 Steiner St., SF, 415-674-1910
- ⚙️ Big Swingin' Cycles, 1122 Taraval, SF, 415-661-2462 (also 10% discount on labor)
- ⚙️ Road Rage Bike Rental and Repair, 1063 Folsom, SF, 415-255-1351 (also 15% discount on labor)
- ⚙️ Pedal Revolution, 3075 21st St., SF, 415-643-9213
- ⚙️ Freewheel Bike Shop
1920 Hayes St., SF, 415-752-9195
980 Valencia, SF, 415-643-9213
- ⚙️ Cycle Sports, 3241 Grand, Oakland, 510-444-7900 (also 10% discount on labor)
- ⚙️ Missing Link, 1988 Shattuck, Berkeley, 510-843-4763

Other established friendly(s):

- ⚙️ Cassidy's Bar, 1145 Folsom, SF, 415-241-9990-\$2 beer specials M-F, 6-8pm for working messengers 21 & over
- ⚙️ The Sports Basement, 1301 6th St., SF 415-437-1415



COMMUNITY CALENDAR

SAT. 12/8 HANX/JAK'S Toy Drive
12 noon, South Park

THURS. 12/13 SFBMA meeting
7 p.m. at 255 9th

SAT. 12/15 CDT ALLEY CAT
11 a.m., Bike Mural (Church & Duboce)

TUES. 1/8/02 NLRB HEARING for First Legal workers,
9 a.m. at 901 Market St., #306

WEDS. 1/9/02 CDT meeting
6:30 p.m. at 255 9th

One Night Only (The Story of the Espresso Alleycat)

by Justin de Jesus

photos by Celeste Cooper*

I was a bit out of breath as I walked into Annie's, spent from hurrying over there. It must have been the adrenaline from the race that made me rush, because there was really no need to hurry at all--the first racers wouldn't show up for another forty minutes or so.

"Oh no," said Tess from behind the bar, "look who's here."

"Very funny," I said, sliding onto a stool next to Damon.

"Too bad the service around here is so shitty, or else I'd already have a beer."

Tess moved with his usual smirk towards the cooler. "So, who won the race?"

"Duh. No one, yet. You know it's ending here. I just came from the start up in Jackson Park."

"The alleycat is ending here?" Damon said, seemingly pleased with this bit of happenstance.

"Oh, yeah. The racers, the checkpoint volunteers, me—everyone will be here. If they make it." Tess flicked a Camel Cigarette coaster on to the bar in front of me. "Just in time for the two birthday parties scheduled for tonight," he said, making no move to place my beer down, holding it still in his hand.

"Hey," I tapped the coaster with my finger, "don't blame them. How were they supposed to know that the Espresso Alleycat was tonight?"

"One Night Only!" the

**these are the printable ones!*

flyer proclaimed. "Race in the Espresso Alleycat!" The rest of the print was simply rambling about liquor, drugs, and pornography, meant to goad on curious messengers. The only really useful advice on the posted sheet was "You might want to eat something first." We agreed that as long as no one got injured or arrested, we would already have surpassed our expectations.

Thinking about it with a sober mind, the concept of the race was relatively simple: all racers would begin with a total of 200 points. At each checkpoint, anywhere from 5 to 30 points would be deducted for the task(s) presented for the racers to perform. The winner would be the one who ended up with a grand total of zero points (hence the alleycat's title "Don't Be A Hero, Be A Zero!").

The deductions were coordinated so that visiting stops multiple times was required, so racers couldn't simply blow through all of the stops and win. In fact, only 15 points were awarded for finishing ahead of all the others, so pacing was definitely more beneficial. However, you couldn't dawdle—the entire time allotted for the race was (about) one hour.

It turned out that keeping the sober mind would be the trick to winning—and it was going to be tough. Being an Espresso alleycat, the stops themselves were close together and easy to find:

- * The Fuse
- * The Lusty Lady
- * Caffe Trieste
- * Mr. Bing's
- * Lipo
- * The Tunnel Top
- * Paul's Place

* Che's Basement
* Chalkhead's
RV, which was originally supposed to be in front of Red's Java House, but had to be relocated to 600 Townsend because of the stupid baseball game. [Editor's note - The preceding statement is the opinion of the author and is not the official opinion of Cognition, the SFBMA or any of its officers.]

* Annie's (The Finish)
It was what went on at these stops that would bring out the racers' best (and worst), force them to confront their moral limits and taboos, and have some fucking fun, fer Christ's sake.

So to Jackson Park (or Sidney G. Walton Square, or whatever you want to call it) where the race began, with the racers in the middle of the park with their roses and manifests, and, of course, their bikes lining the outside of the fence, as there are no bikes allowed on the inside of the park. With an indecisive "Go! Hey, everyone, pay attention! Go!" from me, the racers were off and running, then riding in the first ever Espresso Alleycat. Well, most of them, anyway. Ritchie and Jason both showed up late, but managed to finish respectably despite themselves.

Most people did the race in this order, with various repeat visits to various stops sprinkled in between: First, The Fuse to meet Sparx and Jamie for chocolate martinis (yes, it exists. By the way, thanks to The Fuse for flowing

us the free drinks!) and a bit of conversation with Sparx about himself and Espresso Delivery Systems. Racers were to ask him a question we provided such as "Who was the other original Espresso employee?" or "What was your major in college?"

Did you know that he's a dancer at Bondage-A-Go-Go? Well, now you do. I heard that just about everyone showed up there about fifteen seconds after the start, and that it was absolute chaos.

The next logical stop was The Lusty Lady, or "The Lusty" to its regulars, where Punk Rock Angie and Becca had the riders dropping a dollar (or, "one bone," as some people kept on saying. Ha, ha) for a minute of labor-friendly erotic paradise. If you stayed in too long, though, the gals outside came knocking at your booth—"Time's up! You can come back later!" On the way out, the racers were to leave the roses given to them at the start of the race at the front desk as a token of appreciation for the dancers. This was actually Becca and Angie's idea, and it added a bit of much needed class to this trainwreck.

The next stop, Caffe Trieste, managed to thin out the crowd a bit, being that it's uphill to get there. Well, up an incline, anyway, at the top of which Celeste was waiting with shots of black coffee, a polaroid camera, and an American flag. To show support for the faltering economy, the racers shot the coffee, wrapped themselves in the flag, and got their picture taken while reciting the



continued on back

Pledge of Alligence. At least, most people did. At the end of the race, I noticed that half of the pictures had flags and half didn't. It turns out that for some reason Christian stole the flag and brought it with him to the end of the race (??).

From there it was down Columbus to Mr. Bing's to meet Lars, Jeanette, and Anthony. This was the intellectual stop: after the shot of Jim Beam, racers could either write a clever limerick.

Some examples:
*There once was a dog from
Prickmus,
Who tended to lick his
dickmus.
He howled one day,
While scratching a flea—
If his balls were gift-wrapped,
it'd be Christmas.*

—Griffin

or:
*Take the case of Mr. Scott,
Whose penis fell off from
Saturian rot.
Not to be outdone,
Constructed a new one
Out of tungsten, plastic, and
snot.*

—Mike Crane

...or could read a passage from the famous anarchist Emma Goldman's biography wearing Jeanette's high-powered eyeglasses. Those with exceptionally bad vision had an advantage at this stop. This was also about as far as Mike Crane made it. Second-hand reports had him taking a shot, writing a limerick, going around the corner, waiting a few minutes, and then returning for another go.



Then it was on through Chinatown to the bar named after the second century poet, Lipo. The shot of choice here was Brass Monkey (which doesn't really taste all that bad) and an enthusiastic, drunken butt-whipping from Jenny. Sant, the other checkpoint supervisor, was mostly inside smoothing things out with the owner, who was apparently a little freaked out by the S&M overtones of this stop. Go figure. This is San Francisco-- is that really so out of place?

From there it was on to the bottom of Nob Hill, to the Tunnel Top bar to share stories and Manhattan's with Greg and Sybell. The original idea was to have everyone walk up the hill to this stop (a la Leatherpants) but who knows if everyone did it. Anyway, riders were to ask Greg questions ranging from "Where is your green wig" (which he wore on election day last year to remind everyone to vote for the Green Party) to "Tell me about your ninth grade algebra teacher." These lucky souls were treated to the hilarious and winding tales that make up Greg's everyday life. Those who know Greg know what I'm talking about.

The infamous (yet still relatively unknown) Paul's Place at 38 First Street came next. Ice -cold Miller High Life on tap. Aaaahh. Unfortunately for the riders, they weren't allowed inside for a beer, but were accosted outside by Meghan and Travis, for a shot of Jaegermeister (yuck) and a polariod of themselves eating dog food (yuck, although it was organic, free-range chick-

en dog food), or of their bare ass if they decided to forgo the food. There was a lot of half-eaten dog food spit on the sidewalk in front of the bar that night. By the way, all of the pictures ended up exhibited in an all-polariod art show a couple of weeks later.

For most, the next stop was Che's basement. Given the reputation of some of the parties that have gone down there, the idea of this stop was to throw people off a bit. It did--Natasha and Bryce were waiting down there with plenty of lines of coke and/or the hottest little chili peppers that you ever ate. The riders could do one or the other, although many did both.

This was the chance to get that second wind to make it to the end of the race! Needless to say, this stop subtracted a lot of points.



In the home stretch, there was Chalkhead's RV parked by 600 Townsend with him, Lance, Jim, and Homie waiting to feed the racers a hotdog (tofu dogs for the veggies) and a beer while getting their nails painted. If you'll recall, a hotdog and a beer is the Red's Java house special (where the stop was originally supposed to be), an Espresso Delivery traditional lunch.

People ended up at the finish with some very odd-looking nails, which many of them, strangely enough, kept colored for several days afterwards.

At the finish, Annie's, is where I was waiting, finally having received my beer. Bernie was the first one in, proclaiming "I've already

barfed three times!" Unfortunately, he missed the Tunnel Top and had to be disqualified. So he was the first loser. Ironically, Manhattans are his favorite cocktail, making his missing that stop all the much worse. "That's the rub," he said later. The first official one in was Super Mike--"I don't drink, I don't do drugs, I don't eat meat, and I'm fucking pissed! I did it all!" Excellent! (A side note to Mike and everyone else who dove into the race and indulged themselves in spite of all their morals and convictions—we really did appreciate it. You were definitely some of the major characters that made the race so fun.) Brue came in

next on his fixie, missing a shoe that he lost somewhere along the way. After that it gets a little hazy, so many people were finishing so fast in so many various altered states...the order didn't really matter, though.

Remember, the point wasn't to go fast. In fact, first place overall went to John Zirolis (sp? How the hell do you spell his last name?) who ended up with exactly zero points, and was about the fifteenth person in. But the winner was almost irrelevant as well. The point was simply to be involved in it in some way, to go over the top and have some fun. The point was to try and remember what it used to be like, before we were so concerned with all these company politics, money, and pride, and were simply messengers, together, having a good fucking time. Thanks to everyone who was involved—we couldn't have done it without you.