

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:

- 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)
- Freewheel Bike Shop, 1920 Hayes St., SF, 415-752-9195 and 980 Valencia, SF, 415-643-9213
- Pedal Revolution, 3075 21st St., 415-641-1264
- Cycle Sports, 3241 Grand, Oakland, 510-444-7900 (also 10% discount on labor)
- Missing Link, 1988 Shattuck, 510-843-7471, 1963 Shattuck, Berkeley 510-843-4763

Other Established friendly(s)

- Cassidy's Bar, 1145 Folsom, SF, 415-241-9990—\$2 beer specials M-F, 6-8 pm for working messengers 21& over
- The Sports Basement, 1301 6th St., SF, 415-437-1415
- XS Bar, 622 Polk St. \$1.50 Pabst for messengers
- Downtown Dawgs @ The Wall, 1/2 price hot dogs, & 75 cent drinks and cookies and brownies \$1.

SFBMA GOODIES LONG SLEEVE & SHORT SLEEVE T-SHIRTS AND HOODIES.... BLACK ON RED AND RED ON BLACK.

THANKS TO LOUIE SEASTRES, CHUCK FROM KING, AND HOWIE WILLIAMS FOR PAYING A BIG CHUNK OF DUES (SEVERAL MONTHS), AND EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO BENJI ROWAN FOR PAYING HIS WHOLE YEAR'S DUES!!! DUES ARE PAYABLE TO YOUR OFFICERS. RECEIVE A FREE PATCH WHEN YOU PAY HALF-YEAR (\$25) AND A FREE T-SHIRT WHEN YOU PAY A FULL-YEAR (\$50)



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

S F B M A
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Our Offices are located at 255 Ninth Street.
Our home page is at: www.sfbma.org
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COMMUNITY CALENDAR BRIEFING

<p>THURS 10/?</p> <p>TBA!</p> <p>10-9 DAY</p> <p>10/12</p> <p>11/9</p>	<p>SFBMAGENERALMEETING, 7PM 255 9TH KEEPYOUR EARS ON FOR INFO PERTAINING TO THE NEXTSFBMAART SHOW AT LO FI.ALSO THE FIRSTEVER MESSENGER KARIOKE NIGHT!BOTH ARE BENEFITS FOR THE SFBMA.</p> <p>IS APPROACHING FAST "MESSENGER APPRECIATION DAY". MEET AT TEH WALL TO TRIBUTE, EAT, AND SUPPORT THE SFBMA CITYWIDE NERT DRILLON SAT. OCT. 12TH, AND HAVE BEEN OFFERED AN INFORMATION TABLE AT THE COMMUNITYDISASTER PREPAREDNESS FAIR ON THE MARINA GREEN ON THE WEEKEND OF OCT. 12 & 13TH, 2002</p> <p>NOVEMBER 9, 2002 AT 1PM NEAR THE TEN NIS COURTS IN ALAMO SQUARE PARK. RAIN OR SHINE, ENTRY FEE IS \$5. CHECKPOINT VOLUNTEERS, BRAINSTORMERS, IDEAS SHOULD ALL COME TO THE 10-9-02 ALLEY CAT RACE PLANNING MEETING AT THE BIKE HUTON PIER 40. ITSTARTS AT 6:30PM.</p> <p>B-DAYS IN OCTOBER ! E. LEE, BOK CHOY, JEN ZEN, AND WHO ELSE? ASK AROUND! START MAKING PRESENTS! ADD YOUR OWN EVENTS TO THIS CALENDAR! SEND THEM TO COGNITION B4 THE 1ST OF ANYMONTH!</p>
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SF GRAND PRIX: EVIL CANADIAN OVERLORDS CRUSH PUNY AMERICANS BY AMERICA MEREDITH

Once again, cyclists made the extensive circuit through our fair city that is the San Francisco Grand Prix. The course was 176 kilometers /109 miles –scaled down from last year because so few the racers finished in 2001. Nonetheless a full 79 riders did not finish this brutal course, leaving the coveted DFL spot to Cesar Grajales of Columbia, riding for Jittery Joes-Choco-Andean Eco Coffee. I am just completely fascinated.

I have never seen this Jittery Joe's Choco-Andean Eco Coffee for sale and am not sure it is entirely legal, but by god, will I start drinking it at the first opportunity. The dark horse rider that took first place was none other than Chuck Dionne, a 23-year-old Quebecois from St-Rédempteur., riding for Team 7-Up/NutraFig. He stomped Lance Armstrong, who, like the other Americans, had just been released from his shift at the beer mines and was weakened by his meager diet of leftover bacon and Golden Molsons. (Or you could go with the conventional wisdom that Dionne has been steadily kicking ass all year and Armstrong is known better for his performance over the long-term not one-day races –whatever.) The crowd was huge – at least a couple hundred thousand people come out to support our intrepid racers. It's great to get such positive publicity for cycling in SF.

(CONT'D ON PAGE)

West Coast To Host A Trail Of PRE-CMWC 2003 Events

BY JOEL METZ

Back when Seattle first made mention that they were going to be bidding for CMWC 2002, some of us immediately saw this as an opportunity to do something big on the West Coast, the likes of which hadn't been done since CMWC '96. As we all know, CMWC 2002 fell to Copenhagen, but at that event, Seattle was chosen to host CMWC 2003, so the idea that had been just a seed in the back of people's minds has now started to grow. Even before heading to Copenhagen, I had already spoken to people in Portland and Seattle, as well as people here in SF, about the possibility of some sort of pre-event train up the Pacific Coast. Once I got to CMWC, I sat down and talked with some friends from Los Angeles, who were enthusiastic about the idea of bringing a pre-event to LA, adding one more island in the chain. It's really a unique opportunity, as cities on the West Coast are farther apart than those on the East Coast, and getting inter-city participation in events is a bit more difficult because of this.

In the last 2 years, Portland has made inroads with the Westside Invite, but this is an opportunity of immense scope. Imagine, a whole month of events leading up to CMWC 2003 in Seattle, and giving people a chance to see most

(CONT'D ON PAGE 15)

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well so far so good. things in your your SFBMA are moving right along...the annual picnic was fun an well attended it was great to see all the people come out of the wood-work, retired messengers, veterans, and rookies!! It's good to see after all these years the tradition continues. And thanks to Chuck for for bringing the whiskey, and to Nellie and Carrie for the food, keg, grill, etc , etc. you people rock. Remember people, it's your SFBMA dues that paid for it all (so pay up mofo).

The SF Grand Prix was well attended by SF Messengers at the corner of Fillmore and Broadway. Tall Can Tommy and Katie secured us bummys a spot by getting up at the crack of dawn. great race good fun, yo thanks you bums!! Oh yeah a canadian won conspiracy???... The SFBMA meeting on the 12th was productive we hammered out a lot of issues, but YOU wouldn't know unless you were there. I know watching videotaped reruns of 90210 episodes is important, HOWEVER see ya at the next one!!

Oh yeah 10-9 day is coming up fast THAT'S MESSENGER APPRECIATION DAY!!!! from 12 noon to 1pm at the wall on oct 9th. Eat good food, hear tunes, pat yourself on the back for living another year! And hear representatives from the board of supervisors, Da' Mayor and some Muni Reps. Also Dave Snyder from T.L.C. (Transportation For a Livable City) and the SFBC. Appreciate yourself and your occupation-BE THERE! Also, for those who

(CONT'D ON PAGE 2)

PRESIDENT’S REPORT (CONT’D FROM PAGE ONE)

don’t know, CMWC 2003 will be in Seattle and two weeks prior we’ll be holding a huge event here. There will be a welcome party, a picnic in GG Park, boxing matches, gold sprints, fixie and cargo events, and daytime/nighttime racing you fool, duh! And a lot more TBA.



Oh, if you would like to help talk to Joel or Damon. Welcome back S.F.’s CMWC participants. Congratulations Brandon, who came in 23rd over all, Super Mike who came in 35th, and Joel who came in 47th. Sarah came in 19 over all in the women’s. There were twelve of us representing.... On the horizon we’ve got an SFBMA art show at LoFi at 14th and Mission. Also the first ever Messenger Karioke night at ‘X-S’ (the Wooden Horse) 622 Polk st. This will be a SFBMA benefit and it ‘ll be fun too! Watch Mike Crane sing Eye Of the Tiger!!!!!!

Sorry if I spaced a few things out,
ride safe, your prez,

Damon #77

P.S. welcome to town, bumies from Portland, Seattle, and Detroit.

In Memory of

John Loyd died last week of cancer. He had known for many years that cancer was killing him. But he did not engage in self pity. Shortly before being hospitalized he stood in front of the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco protesting a speech there by Kissinger holding a picket sign. He was always happiest when he had a picket sign in his hand. He was active in organizing a messengers’ union in San Francisco, though he could quite critical of many union officials. He enjoyed being out in the “street” and talking to people. I orignally met him 7 years ago when we both did abortion clinic defense against harrasment by Catholic fanatics. He was in front of the clinic every Saturday morning in freezing weather and rain. Even then he knew he had the cancer that would kill him. In the hospital cancer ward, he was unique in that he began to study Lenin’s “Philosophic Notebooks” which is very dense reading. He loved jazz

and he was also a musician, though he almost hid the fact. At the memorial service in the Botanical gardens, we played a tape of his music. He left me a bottle of Scotch to remember him by.

EARL GILMAN



John Robinson Lody Memorial poster at the Wall

Cognition would like to thank America Meredith, Joel Metz, Howard Williams and he SFBMA officers for lending a helping hand!

COGNITION

President: Damon Votour
Executive Director: Carey Dall
Secretary: Jason Whitehead
Treasurer & Copy Editor: C. Nellie Nelson
Editor: Berna Coraco
Layout: Donny Don Don
Masthead Logo: Louie Seastres

ESTABLISHED 1990

The San Francisco Bike Messenger Association was first started as a humorous, yet-in-yer-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 that 415-626-1912. Dues are \$5 each month/or \$50 a year and may be paid to Damon, Nellie, Jason and Carey. Attend as many events as you can without becoming obnoxious as starlings.

West Coast To Host A Trail Of PRE-CMWC 2003 Events BY JOEL METZ CONT’D FROM P1

of the West Coast of the United States. The date for CMWC in Seattle hasn’t been set yet, but regardless of that, the schedule will be basically as follows: 3 weeks before CMWC, Los Angeles will throw the first pre-event, which is likely to be the smallest, but at the same time one which will bring the CMWC spirit to a whole city which has been largely absent at messenger events. The LA messenger community has been gradually growing, and although less than 10 of its members have ventured out to CMWCs, they’ve recently formed a BMA, been looking into labor organizing, and have established a communal space for messengers within their city. 2 weeks before CMWC, we get to play our part, bringing the first international messenger event to San Francisco since CMWC ‘96. SF has always been one of the biggest-drawing cities in the messenger world, due to our reputation as a well-organized city with a strong community. We’ve been an example for others as far as BMAs and unionization, but we haven’t really had the chance recently to invite the world back to visit. Already a core group of people (the usual suspects) has started to discuss possibilities for this pre-event, and has started to meet and recruit others to the cause, and we’ll always be looking for more people willing to help. 1 week before CMWC, Portland gets to jump on the international scene, and put what they’ve learned from the past 2 years of the Westside Invite to good use, hosting what will probably be, by that time, a group of somewhere around 300+ messengers from all over the world. It’s a great city with a growing community and organizing drive of its own, and has a lot to offer visiting messengers. And then, of course, there’s CMWC itself, to top it all off. While in Copenhagen, I also discussed with the Seattle crew the idea of talking to the Vancouver crew about an event in their city, either before or after CMWC.

Vancouver is usually one of the most-under-represented cities at CMWC, even in North America, simply because the money there simply sucks - they basically can’t afford to go anywhere. We expect that a Seattle event will lure them out, but it would be nice to flood the streets of Vancouver with foreign messengers, just to bring it to them for once. Unfortunately, due to the large distances between LA and SF, and between SF and Portland, the group rides that have often followed CMWC pre-events aren’t really practical between these pre-events, but i think both LA and SF Will be working on group transport possibilities to the next city on the chain, whether it be chartered busses, Amtrak, or working out rides with people planning to drive themselves. I personally am planning a unsupported touring race from SF to Portland, the Raid California-Oregon, which will cover 700+ miles in 5 days, but that’s not going to be everyone’s cup of tea. On the bright side, though, the distance from Portland to Seattle is short enough to cover with a group ride, and has the potential, depending on routing, to pass through some really scenic country. It’s going to be an exciting year, and an epic month of West Coast madness. I hope plenty of people are as enthusiastic about this as I am, cause we’re going to need all the help we can get!

If you’re interested in being a part of all this, talk to me or Damon or just about any of the usual suspects - everyone’s input is welcomed! relevant websites & email: LA pre-event, Douglas & Melissa: dies the swan@hotmail.com SF pre-event temporary website: http://www.sfbma.org/2003pre-event/ Raid California-Oregon: http://www.blackbirdsf.org/sf-portland/ Portland pre-event, Hazel: hazel023@hotmail.com CMWC 2003 Seattle: http://www.scn.org/caos/cmwcx.htm -joel

What’s Cookin’ ?



PEDAL PUNCHER

YIELD: 12 CUPS (2.8L)
SERVINGS: 6

This quick dish packs a nutritional punch. The chard, tomatoes and beans all are high in healthful phytochemicals.

WHAT

YOU

NEED

- 1 POUND (455G) PENNE PASTA, UNCOOKED
- 1 TBSP (15ML) OLIVE OIL
- 1 MEDIUM ONION, CHOPPED
- 3 CLOVES GARLIC, MINCED
- 1 CUP (240ML) PREPARED OR HOMEMADE MARI-NARA SAUCE
- 2 CUPS (795G) CANNED TOMATOES, UNDRAINED
- 3 CUPS (108G) CHARD, COARSELY CHOPPED
- 15 OUNCES (425G) CANNED WHITE BEANS(CANNELLONI, NAVY OR WHITE KIDNEY BEANS), RINSED AND DRAINED
- 1/2 CUP (120ML) DRY WHITE WINE, OPTIONAL
- FRESHLY GROUND BLACK PEPPER, TO TASTE
- 1/2 CUP (60G) FRESHLY GRATED PARMESAN CHEESE

WHAT

TO

DO

BOIL WATER FOR PASTA AND COOK PASTA FOR ABOUT 10 MINUTES, UNTIL DONE. HEAT OIL IN A LARGE SAUCEPAN. ADD ONION AND GARLIC AND COOK OVER MEDIUM HEAT FOR ABOUT 5 MINUTES, UNTIL ONIONS ARE JUST STARTING TO TURN BROWN. POUR IN MARINARA SAUCE AND CANNED TOMATOES AND STIR TO COMBINE. ADD CHARD, WHITE BEANS, WINE (IF DESIRED), AND PEPPER. DRAIN PASTA AND PLACE IN A BOWL. POUR SAUCE OVER PASTA AND TOP WITH PARMESAN CHEESE.

CAN BE TAKEN ON THE ROAD WITHOUT ALOT OF DRIPPING OR OTHER SUCH MISADVENTURES

NUTRITION FACTS: CALORIES: 468, TOTAL FAT: 5G % CALORIES FROM FAT: 10%, PROTEIN: 19G, CARBOHYDRATE: 81G, CHOLESTEROL: 5MG, SODIUM: 452MG

BLAST YR. PASTURES BANANA BERRY NOG

Add protein powder or bee pollen granules to this shake for an extra energy boost. Peel banana and wrap in plastic before freezing.

WHAT YOU NEED

- 1 FROZEN BANANA, CUT UP
- 1/2 CUP (120G) PLAIN NONFAT OR SOY YOGURT
- 3/4 CUP (225G) FRESH STRAWBERRIES
- GRATED NUTMEG

WHAT TO DO

COMBINE ALL INGREDIENTS IN A BLENDER AND PUREE UNTIL SMOOTH AND CREAMY. POUR DRINK INTO A GLASS AND DUST WITH NUTMEG.

NUTRITION FACTS: CALORIES: 133, FAT: 1G, % FAT CALORIES: 7%, CHOLESTEROL: 0MG, FIBER: 2G

N	O	S	R	E	G	N	I	A	W	T	K	R	A	M	T	D	H	S	E	W	A	H	E	R	O	N	E	T	S	N
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2002 PARKER PRODUCTIONS

[illegible]

SHARON
SOCIETY
KEITH
~~SHARON~~
NICKY
LELAND
LADON
LILY
MARK TILSON
~~MARK~~ MC LEA
~~MARK~~
MAGGIE BOON
DAN GIBSON
CLAYTON
BYRON
PILGRIM
PETER WONG
RAYMOND
SMITH BOON
THOMAS
WILLIAM
WILLIAM
YALE

COTTER PIN \kot ' r pin/ NOUN: 1. A bolt, wedge, key, or pin inserted through a slot in order to hold parts together. 2. A very lucrative partaker.

LINK \lɪnk/ NOUN: 1. One of the rings or loops forming a chain. 2. A part in a connected series of units: links of sausage 3. one element in a molecular chain. 4. A unit in a transportation or communications system. 5. A messenger's handywork.

Inspired by "The Pedaller's A-Z" on www.bikereader.com <<http://www.bikereader.com/>> used with permission of *Bike Reader's* Scott Munn. Thanks, Scott!

Q: Dr. Crank, I went to SF Gran Prix bicycle race recently and I was wondering how would a bike courier do in a pro road race?

A: Listen dumbass, bicycle road racing is very hard much harder than being a bike courier at least physically.

While the bike messenger has to deal with dangers that other annoyances that the bike racer does not, the physical challenges are nowhere near the same. The average bike courier may cycle 30 to 60 miles in a day maybe on the high end 70 to 80 miles in a day; the shortest road race at the pro level

is 90 to 100 miles and there is no stopping at all. This is the main difference is that as a bike messenger you simple stop too often to build the hard core endurance that is needed to ride at the pro race level. The two tasks, while similar, are not the same one is to deliver packages by bike the other is to defeat other riders in a contest of speed on a bike. So to answer your question, the bike messenger would barely be able to keep up at all if at all. Now get hot rookie.

Have a question for Dr. Crank, our all-knowing advice messenger?
Send it along to *Cognition*.

Recent wedding activity has been sighted. Here are 2 familiar faces, one committed- the other en route. Congratulations to the lucky brides and grooms (Pat Craven and Danny Red Hot!). Best of luck from *Cognition!*



! NEW POP Q U I Z!!



POP QUIZ!!#1:
SINCE RETIRING AS A MESSENGER SCOTT HAS BEEN WORKING IN WHAT PROFESSION?
ANSWER: HE IS A BIKEMECHANIC!



POP QUIZ!! #2!
IS IT TRUE THAT SHOCKHEAD
IS A PART- TIME MATTRESS
TESTER FOR MACY'S INDOOR/
OUTDOOR STORE?

ANSWER:
NO, HE DOES NOT WORK
FOR MACY'S



OCT '02 POP QUIZ!!#1
LOUIE ONCE WORKED AT A
CHRISTMAS STORE,
WHAT DID HE DO?
ANSWER: IN THE NEXT COGNITION



OCT '02 POP QUIZ!!#2
WHERE DOES KINTO'S NAME
COME FROM?
ANSWER: IN THE NEXT
COGNITION

Independent” Contracts The Contract is on YOU

BY HOWARD A. WILLIAMS

DEAR READERS, HERE’S AN EXCEPRT FROM
PAGES OF “NERVES OF STEEL” BY REBECCA REILLY
THAT’S VERY RELEVANT TO THE “INDEPENDENT” CONTRACTOR
SCAM BEING REVIVED BY VARIOUS COMPANIES.

=====		
	Independent Contractor	Employee
Gross Annual Revenue	\$21,600.00	\$21,600.00
Operational expenses	2,885.00	2,885.00
Itemized deduction allowance	2,885.00	2,750.00
Total taxable income	18,715.00	18,850.00
Federal tax	2,809.00	2,809.00
Social Security tax	2,320.66	1,168.70
Local Taxes	385.53	388.21
Medicare	271.36	273.33
Disability	50.53	52.78
Total taxes	5,837.08	4,692.12

Net income after taxes	\$12,887.92	\$14,157.86

SPORTS NEWS !!

BY HOWARD WILLIAMS

PAT BYRNE(S) UP THE LONG BOARD!

On Tuesday August 13 Speedway’s Patrick Byrne accomplished one of the most difficult achievements in our sport -- if not all sports. That day he pulled off an amazing Triple 30 on the Speedway Long Board: Passing 30th Street and 30th Avenue with over 30 tags. The native of Cleveland, Ohio passed surpassed the 30th Street line as far south as 1440 Yosemite in the Bayview! With the Pacific Ocean in sight he crossed 30th Ave. on Taraval and totaled a whopping 43 tags for the day.

Pat did it all in little more than 8 hours while going as high as Clarendon Drive between Twin Peaks and Mt. Sutro. His amazing performance definitely makes him a contender for the upcoming Mountain Lion this Fall

MOUNTAIN LION
TO BE RUN
THIS FALL

San Francisco’s longest running Alley Cat ride the 6th Annual Mountain Lion ride will be held this autumn. More info on a flyer coming to you soon.



INTERBIKE INTERNATIONAL BICYCLE EXPO, THE LARGEST BICYCLE TRADE EXPO IN
THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, IS HAPPENING OCTOBER IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

[EVENT FEATURES] International Bicycle Expo October 06-08.2002, 9am-6pm daily VIP "Invite Only" hours, 7am-9am. Three full days of educational and business opportunities. Daily Exhibitor, VIP Retailer, and Media "Invite Only" hours. The most efficient show schedule in years. OutDoor Demo, October.05 , 8am-5pm Now hosting over 00 exhibitors and nearing 3000 attendees, the OutDoor Demo has become the premier product-testing environment. Retailers demand proof of product claims, and exhibitors now that benefits can't be conveyed without a real-world test.

IKTOBERFEST , ACHTUNG! October.06 , 6:30pm Imperial Palace parking lot Enjoy beers nd brats at the largest industry Oktoberfest Block Party. Live music entertainment and xhibitor demonstrations. Celebrate another year at Interbike!

wards Celebration October.07 , 6:30pm The Joint @ Hard rock Hotel & Casino The ultimate industry gathering. Dinner and awards ceremony acknowledging outstanding chievement for retailers, suppliers, athletes and all categories. \$100 per plate. Proceeds enefit Safe Routes to School. To purchase tickets contact Andrea Nielson, anielson@vnu-xpo.com, 949/376-6266. For onsite purchases, visit the Interbike Concierge located in the ands Expo upper lobby.

Hi from Freiburg

From: Bernie Corace

Hey y'all, Jason and I have made it to Freiburg, Germany, by way of Hamburg, Breman, Amsterdam, Strasbourg and points in between. Our bikes and bodies have been proforming great, with no big problems except for our panniers being stolen off our bikes while we slept at the campground in Strasbourg. That's a whole big story that I'm sure Jason will tell you when he returns. We stay here 2 days then I send Jason back to you and I travel on to Italy. We are staying here with Achim who says he is looking forward to coming to S.F. before Seattle next year. Oh, yeh and about next summers events: 1. I definately think they should have an S.F. particular theme to them. I like they idea about Fight Night but I seen tempers get blown just over hand wrestling. Why not jello wrestling. Maybe messenger Karioki? 2. Why not a point system for all the different races with a grand champion for the entire evernt. 3. And I think "Bummie Town" should be in the in the title, like "The Bummie Town Classic" or such. Just a few idea. Hope all's well in S.F. Have a happy 10/9 day and maybe I see you all in a couple of months. Ciao-B.

TALES FROM NY: Cycling
in hell and loving it Forget
hamstering at the gym: I
choose the challenge of the
Urban Death Match!

By Christopher Ketcham (courtesy of *Salon*)

Jan. 25, 2002 | Waiting behind cars of other people waiting to get on highways, waiting to getin, to get out of the city, waiting at red and at green lights, too — should be moving, morewaiting, why? He doesn't know.

The guy in the Explorer next to me is getting angry, and at this point I imagine he'll soon be spraying the windshield with dung backed up into his throat. I wanted to help him, get out of my car and hold him, but he was yelling at the traffic and then singing to music and yelling some more; his music all beat and bass drum, meant for movement, getting laid, being heard, and that's why he's got his window open to the hot poison summer air. No air conditioning for him, he's big and proud, he guns the car a glorious 250 inches.

Unfortunately, our little New York jam on the Brooklyn Bridge has got him by the balls; no way out except over the side into the river; his whole manliness is in question. This is a national problem. There are places in this country where rush hour is starting to last all day.

Just then the bicycles come, and they are a relief to see: a gang of them, flooding, 10 of them, 20, hooting and obscene, heading back to Brooklyn, boys on BMXs and mountain bikes — and they're riding not on the boardwalk with the walkers and the tourists like they're supposed to, but right down in the pit, on the tarmac, with the honkingand the carbon monoxide. They ride no hands for three and four seconds between the fenders and trunks and hoods; they're like a school of fish passing many drowned hulks. I yell out the window in salute, and they say, "Awright, bitch!"

And then they're gone. t's an intolerable situation, the congestion that grows apace in our cities with no end in sight, the constant clinch and clench of people in each other's way —not just on the roads, it's at turnstiles, in subways, elevators, in the stores, the bars, the restaurants, the life. It's madness, and produces madness: having the basic physical freedom of mobility constantly sniped at and frustrated. And yet somehow the vast majority of urban mankind learns to accept this dispensation in exhausted passivity, inured to the petty tyrannies of delay. For those, however, who wish to live sanely in the city, for those who are becoming sick like our friend in the Explorer — for those who feel that loss of mobility is tantamount to having one's gonads removed — the question is how to bypass the swarm, and move: move fast, freely, spontaneously, voluntarily.

The answer, of course, is the bicycle, the only really stylish way to travel. It is a way out, too, for the millions of brain-damaged "professionals" in the tall cages of metropolis, the people who work too much and go to psychologists and physical trainers and buy SUVs for the sex, dunning themselves into debt — a more or less simple and easy-access way out of the emasculating pallor of sitting behind a desk all day growing hips larger than one's shoul-

ders. Take up the bike. Ride dangerously, like you did as a child.

There is no better place to do it, and die, or live proudly doing it, than New York City. If you have cycled in the hysterical warlike evacuations of a Manhattan rush hour, you have been initiated. The hum of the wheels, the click and whirl of gears, the passage, the concentration, the fear of death, mutilation: attunement of senses — they grow strong. Roll under arm of man hailing cab; hop the high curb; smack deep in a pothole, crackle through pebbled concrete; swerve, jump, lean, swing, run, race, bang bones, flap wings; sing at top of lungs "Look out, dummy!" to blithe pedestrian who



photo courtesy of *Salon*

thinks she's walking naked in her bedroom. Maybe fall once every few months, lose some skin on your arm, bleed in the rain or the snow (in piles of dirt ice that resemble the leavings of prehistoric beasts). You get to a speed where the cold wind catches one tiny drop off your arm, spreading your spoor. That sight, the wind sweeping up your blood, is delightful, it's grandiose, and from these high places, the rest of humanity — imprisoned in their giant crawling bugs, huddling at bus stops in the rain — seems almost a separate species, cursed somewhere along the helix, unable to evolve to meet the city head-on.

There are times when 60 blocks downtown through raging traffic is unbearable — how many ways to bite it in those three miles? Let's take some examples: Midday lunch tempests of young lean girls in summer will kill you. "Don't look at the girls" is the first advice the veteran cycle messengers give. The Summer of the Short Skirt will wrap you round a light pole.

Out of the dry-wall dungeons the lunch crowds are wild, and you must ride between them as fast as you can without harming a one. Some are inchworming, some drunk on money and frantic, some are in wheelchairs, and between them there are two feet, three feet of space, the ratios of distance and velocity constantly changing. Any sudden motion can be disastrous, for you have calculated the approach and escape by exact footfalls, by the swing of briefcases. And you at 25 miles an hour could kill them and kill yourself. So you give a great banzai screech and cut it fantastically close to the big man in a jumpsuit, who howls, and you swoop past the woman with the stroller, who howls, and then it's 300 feet of street that's all yours.

No urban engineer will ever fix these Hell Gates where man and vehicle and commerce and hatred

of all against all coalesce orgiastically, electrically. Buses on Fifth Avenue look like moving canyons, their howled brakes, their heat blows your hair aside, you skirt between them — a slick of oil — bike goes down, it happens that fast, and you're dead. This happened to a young messenger named Bradley Minch, who was crushed under 80,000 pounds of tractor trailer. Crimson places of the fallen: heads blown open and arms squashed and teeth in tatters and bowels evacuated. Since 1990, 201 cyclists have died on New York City streets. In '99, more than 4,000 cyclists collided with automobiles. Such is the bloody tyranny of the motor vehicle.

nearly died in quiet Brooklyn, of all places, on

a little street of homes, at an intersection with a red light; cyclists in New York don't like red lights, nor yellows, and this red, like any other, was an invitation: Try me. An old beast belching pulled short out of nowhere, I hit him, my fault, I flipped, I flew, a great slowness came over me, and warmth — I was peeing myself.

But accidents, if they don't kill or permanently damage, can be superlative moments, outsize from the common condition; heroic. I remember cycling in the rain in Paris, along St. Germain-des-Pres, where the traffic trawls heavy off the quai highways; if the lights are timed right, the cars spread out and

speed up marvelously on the half-mile to the crowds of Boulevard St. Michel. I was raging along with them, going to school at the Sorbonne, when a little Citroën truck swerved into my path, made a right turn up a side street. I braked, slid wildly on the rain-oil, shimmying, and time slowed, the bike went in a sideways skid, the truck loomed. I watched myself from afar: out of control: panicked: suddenly knowing and calm and here: I placed my feet on the top bar — fucking look at that! — and kicked the speeding doomed thing away, leaping in air toward the sidewalk and landing on my feet and rolling. The bike ricocheted off the side of the truck, the driver sped away and I sat on my ass, laughing and laughing.

How many times have you, cyclists of the city, laughed thus, triumphal in the simplicity of your speed? A cackling often mistaken for courage; it's really a death wish and also a thumb, imprudent, in death's eye. It's a sex addiction, possibly morbid. But you have just crossed the gauntlet. What is it men seek on the tops of the K2s and the Kilimanjaros, in the crosshairs of the storms at sea, in the white waters of the Colorados? The legend of self, proof of life when you look back alone at what you did and didn't do and where you stood away and where you spoke up; healthy self-esteem; love of battle. Filthy miniaturized minutes of the office, eat this! I'm offering a new one-step plan: enough hairlessness, enough hamstering at the gym, enough men's magazines: Choose rather the challenge of the Urban Death Match.

It can be had, cheap, any Monday through Friday between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., in any major city that is dying from congestion, anywhere across the hundred-thousand avenues where the foul flow breaks and feeds and rakes itself across your heart — and you eat it for breakfast.

Of Birds and Berries BY JOE CORIO

Autumn is here and now is the time to get out and enjoy the last of the edible berries, the commotion of the songbirds as they feast and the multitudes of raptors soaring south.

City parks and backyards offer the best viewing of the more social songbirds. European Starlings, Brewer's Blackbird and House Finches are brazen enough to interact with the populace in some of our grittiest public squares and concrete jungles.

Diverse and exciting interactions are more often had in the city's hidden and/or forgotten by ways; i.e. public steps and alleys in residential neighborhoods, weed lots and other derelict parcels of land.

Small foragers such as sparrows and warblers take shelter in the rampant Himalayan blackberry while the mid-sized jays, mockingbirds and robins look for snacks from fences and low tree limbs.

The large clusters of orange berries on cotoneaster trees and the ripening fruits of English ivy provide

cont'd on p.13



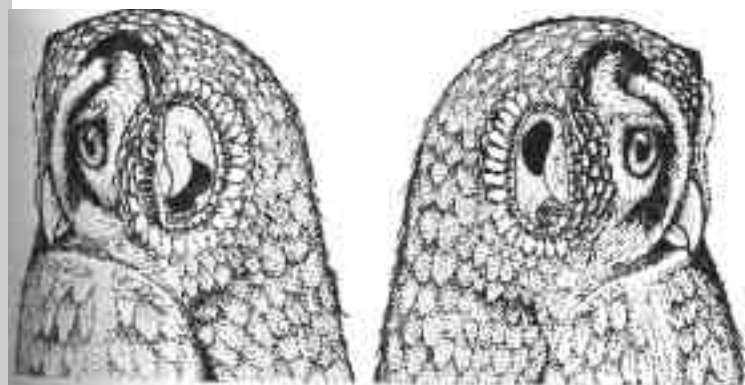
Bewick's Wren



Fig. 92 Blue Elderberry



Fig. 35 Pink Flowering Currant



Both sides of owl's head with feathers pulled back to expose asymmetry of the ears.



A Kestrel feigning injury to lure a predator away from its nest.

Letter to the Community from the Courier Disaster Response Team

BY SERENITY ENRIQUEZ

Dear fellow couriers and cyclists, As summer transitions into fall, the Courier Disaster Response Team is creating and solidifying a network of contacts throughout the emergency preparedness community. On September 19, 2002 the day before my 21st birthday, I made a thorough presentation to the EOP Task Force (Emergency Operations Preparedness) at the Office of Emergency Services (OES). In the fifteen minutes I was allotted, I offered handouts and presented a Power Point presentation about the who, what, why, when and where of CDRT. It went smoothly and after the meeting, I made a number of new contacts for various City agencies such as the Port of SF, Unified School District, Dept. Of Public Health, DPW, Parks and Rec., and a few more. The following Monday I set up meetings with all of them and will brainstorm with them about how CDRT and their agencies can work together.

So basically the doors are now open for business. If something such as an earthquake was to occur, I ask that everyone who desires to assist take care of your immediate concerns. Once you have secured the safety of you and your loved ones, please go to your nearest NERT staging area (found at www.sfnert.org) or to Alamo Square Park (ASP). The first CDT to arrive at ASP establishes command until someone more suited to the task arrives. Once there are 3 or more CDTs at Alamo Square Park, the Command should send a CDT to the EOC (Emergency Operation Center) at 1011 Turk @ Octavia and inform the ACC (Auxiliary Communication Center) of the CDTs available for service.

Volunteer Applications and a volunteer database is being designed and will be very useful in keeping track of volunteer activity and skills. If there is anyone who feels that they have completed the necessary steps towards being certified, please bring me a Xerox of your CPR/ First Aid certifications and the NERT certification of completion. I will look into my files and upon assuring that you have attended an orientation and participated in three or more activities (meetings, races, etc.) then you will be awarded your certification and ID. Right now everything is a pile of paper and when all of this information is put onto a database, it will all be a lot more organized. Our next big meeting will be on October 2nd, 2002 at 6:30pm at the Bike Hut on Pier 40. Come and give your input on the newly designed volunteer applications (and fill one out!) hear the latest team developments, volunteer for one of the various projects, and discuss CDRT participation in upcoming drills and exercises.

Our next CDRT Disaster Alley Cat Race will be on Saturday, November 9, 2002 at 1pm near the tennis courts in Alamo Square Park. Rain or shine, entry fee is \$5. Checkpoint volunteers, brainstormers, ideas should all come to the 10-9-02 Alley Cat Race planning meeting at the Bike Hut on Pier 40. The meeting will start at 6:30pm.

We have been asked to participate in the Citywide NERT Drill on Sat. Oct. 12th, and have been offered an information table at the Community Disaster Preparedness Fair on the Marina Green on the weekend of Oct. 12 & 13th, 2002. Anyone who would like to join us and inform the public of our efforts should contact me as soon as possible.

That's all folks! Hope to see you at one of the many things going on this fall with CDRT!

Sincerely,
Serenity Enriquez
415-364-1818, sf_cdt@yahoo.com

p.s. if you still need to attend a NERT class, then look up the current schedule at www.sfnert.org or look in the SFBMA box at the Wall for a schedule. - peace



Chai on Potrero Hill photo by Kyle Shepard

Volunteers with ideas and enthusiasm are needed to help organize an as-yet-unnamed sf pre-event for CMWC 2003!

CMWC will be the weekend of september 14/15 2003, so that gives us labor day weekend for our bit in a month-long west coast extravaganza starting in los angeles 3 weeks prior to cmwc and travelling up the coast through SF and Portland on its way to Seattle. Everyone with any thoughts or the drive to take part in organizing what will likely be an event of epic proportions is encouraged to start brainstorming away - we've already had a small meeting earlier this month to get the ball rolling and ideas churning in peoples heads, but there's room for a lot more than the 10 or so people who were there.

We'll be in need of people willing to decide on a project, and take full responsibility for a part of the event, which we expect will be 200+ messengers strong! watch cognition and the usual flyer posting places for info on the next meeting, but until then, start thinking of a good name for the event, and things you'd like to see happen, and feel free chat up your fellow messengers about what you're thinking about, because "we" is you! For those interested (shameless plug warning), my part in this whole thing is organizing some transport for part but not all of the attendees up to portland, probably by chartered bus. I'm also organizing an unsupported, 700+ mile light touring race from sf to portland in between the 2 events - check out <http://www.blackbirdsf.org/sf-portland/> or talk to me in person. For other travel and event ideas around cmwc, check <http://www.messengers.org/ifbma/cmwc2003/travelplanner.html>

It's never too early to start planning! -joel -

SF GRAND PRIX: EVIL CANADIAN OVERLORDS CRUSH PUNY AMERICANS

BY AMERICA MEREDITH
CONT' FROM PAGE ONE

In the corporate change before the race, Ginger and Phil Microman both raced and Phil sez he won!Late night messenger-impersonator and bike enthusiast Robin Williams completed the celebrity circuit.

The Fillmore Hill was packed with voyeurs watching racers struggle up the 10-18% grade hill over and over. Equally amusing was watching folks try to stand and balance on plastic lawn chairs on this hill, trying to check out the action. The SFBMA VIP area, roped off by Talcan Thomas (what a wise soul) was packed like Canadian housewives at a toque sale.

It was a treat to see so many faces, especially from the distant past like Bill from Pelican. Checking out the race from Broadway was a treat, thanks to Erik Zo's DJ

stylings.Nothing like drinking beers, surrounded by cops, dancing around to Minor Threat.

SF's finest covered themselves with glory as usual. Apparently one policeman was yelling at a racer for Team Schroeder to "get off the course" to which the racer replied with an appropriate barrage of obscenities.

Canuckian Dionne pulled ahead at the last minute, completing the race in 4:18.49, averaging 40.80 kilometers/hour. Australian Henk Vogels made second, and Massimo Giunti of Italy came in third. Team Mexico, my personals faves, didn't finish at all - probably 'cos they knew where the best parties were and had bigger fish to fry. 51 racers finished - then it was back to slaving in the beer mines... until next year.-



the Hill photo: Broiler



ginger in Grand Prix !photo: Broiler



! Grand Prix! photo: Broiler



Lance in Grand Prix photo: Broiler

Bicycles and Parking Meters

BY PAUL E

The big news on the SFBC list, is that the city is going to change their parking meters, and by doing this they could be taking a lot of valuable parking spaces from you. This may be something all SF bicyclist may have to get together on, to get more parking spaces once all the old meters are gone. I thought some of you may be interested in this. This e-mail that I am forwarding is the original one sent to the sfbike@topica.com list. Paul E Under a new parking meter contract approved this spring, DPT will be replacing the City's 23,000

mechanical meters with new electronic meters that will be more accurate, accept coins other than quarters, and eventually "smart cards," utilize electronic vault locks to deter theft, and be included in a comprehensive data management system to analyze parking usage. Meter replacement began in August 2002 and will be complete by March 2003. Unfortunately, it will be necessary to remove a small number of bicycles that have been locked to a parking meter scheduled for removal or replacement.

Some bicycles may not fit back on to the new poles due to the size of the lock or how the bicycle

is locked to the pole. Mini locks ?U? locks and regular sized ?U? locks fit around the new meter sleeves, however there may be less space to lock a wheel and the frame of a bicycle. Please note this before securing your bicycle. And please do not lock your bicycle to a meter that is scheduled to be replaced. Please consult the schedule for meter replacement at the web site listed below to anticipate where work will be taking place. Additionally, warnings should be placed 72 hours on the meters before actual meter replacement will occur in an area. For more information on this please see: <http://www.cisf.ca.us/dpt/meters.htm>

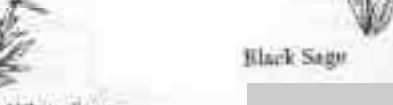
Of Birds and Berries

BY JOE CORIO CONT'D FROM P. 6

frenzied feeding opportunities for the robins, Cedar Waxwings, Brown headed cowbirds and others that gorge themselves on the often over-ripe berries.

The fall migration of raptors is best realized at Hawk Hill in the Marin Headlands, at the top of Conzelman Road. Avoiding large bodies of open water, the hawks and other birds of prey are funnelled along the narrowing southward peninsula in Marin Co. where they bottleneck in the Headlands. Here they soar in large numbers waiting for favorable winds to carry them across the gate. From the city, you may watch for these raptors at Eagle's Point (off Camino Del Mar just west of 32nd Ave), Land's End or Battery Crosby (off Lincoln @ the North End of Baker's Beach). You may see 8 or 9 types of hawks, four types of falcons, Golden and possibly Bald Eagles, Ospreys, Kites and turkey Vultures.

A cheap pair of lite weight field glasses and basic manual (Peterson's Guide to Western Birds, Birds of the S.F. Bay Area) are keys to opening this wild realm within our backyard. Much observation can be done while on stand-by at a promising park bench, concrete step or fallen log... relax, listen (more often songbirds are heard rather than seen) and keep your eyes open.





IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO BE SAFE!

The SFBMA was on site at the Walk 'n Wheels safety fair. Volunteers showed the big and little kids the ways of the road. Seagrave coordinated the course and Ralph, America, Howard, Victoria, Joel, Mary and Lolo pitched in. The Attendance was quite good and it seemed like most everybody who went through the course enjoyed themselves. The only one who cried was a little boy who did not want to wear his helmet. Congratulations all for your nice work!



Santa Cruz back yard photo:Kyle



Koolie Cat Christa DiBiase photo: courtesy of Koolie Cat



Xia Royston in a pumpkin patch photo: Broiler

Riders in the storm By Sam Allis

Borrowed from sources *The Observer & Boston Globe*

They're the urban blurs - street rockets in Day-Glo and span-dex slalomming around cars, freezing pedestrians in midstride. Their speed costs them their humanity. They have no faces as they pass us at Mach 2. With those insect helmets and wraparound shades, festooned in clown clothes with earrings and tattoos, they belong to another species.

Nobody likes bicycle messengers until they need them. A 10-year veteran who goes by the name of Number 99 recalls what a lawyer once told him: "I hate you when I see you going down the street, but I love you when you get my documents delivered on time in a bankruptcy case." Every walker has an anecdote about a near-death experience with a rider. And there are the horror stories - most notably the terrible collision in 1997 when a messenger almost killed Back Bay resident William Spring, who chose this week not to talk about it. It is not comforting to learn that many use track bikes - single-gear models without brakes. Rider Mark Brady claims he can stop faster on his track bike by standing hard on the pedal than with regular brakes. I am unmoved by this explanation. If they were irritants before the Spring accident, bike messengers descended to pond scum after it. "There is definitely a negative view of us. We get yelled at all the time, even when it's their fault," says another Mark who refuses to give his full name. (This is generally a no name gang.) "It's a good day for us when there is nothing in the papers about us. Pedestrians rule down here in the financial district."

They're not supposed to. There is, in this blood sport between pedestrians and messengers, plenty of blame to go around. Boston walkers are, if it is possible, worse than Boston drivers. They wander the streets like padrones inspecting a vineyard. Streets, you recall, were invented for everything but foot traffic. "Neither side is lily-white," says Sergeant Mark Cohen, director of licensing at the Boston Police Department. "We're trying to keep both sides safe. Most bike messengers are hard-working, entrepreneurial people trying to make a buck."

The year after the Spring incident, the state passed a law requiring all Boston bike messengers to be licensed and insured. There are about 200 of them this year who pay \$25 for the license, says Cohen. Before then, Boston was a free-fire zone. Messengers confirm they have been plagued by more and more random license checks by the police. "It started to get hard-core after the William Spring incident," says Rudy. "Certain cops want to pull our chains," Riders also complain that the fine for pedaling without a license is \$100 - is more than the penalty for rid-

ing a motorcycle without a helmet. So get a license. What part of this don't you understand? Messengers get hit, too. They have a verb - "getting doored" - when a driver gets out of his car without looking and sends a messenger over his handlebars. (Drivers are often the guilty parties.) "I know of five in the last two weeks," says Number 99 about colleagues who've been doored. He's gone 21/2 years since his last injury. So what kind of hurt are we talking about here? Collarbones. "You fall and there's no chance to catch yourself, so you get it on the collarbone," says Rudy, an eight-year veteran at 29. Collarbones take a while to mend. But the reality doesn't change: "You don't ride, you don't eat." As independent contractors, bike messengers get no health insurance, no sick days, no benefits of any kind. "You don't have a choice of coming to work or not," he says. Cohen calls them "sharecroppers." Riders know all this going in and still favor the life over office claustrophobia. Even in winter. "It's easier to keep the snow off our bodies than rain," says Number 99, who says it's his best time of year. "There are fewer people on the streets and the cars go slower. You make more money then."

The great existential question for bike messengers is this: How do you get out? At some point, your legs go. You get married, have a kid, and own a mortgage. Your resume is thin to say the least. Do you go back to school? Or are you locked in marginal jobs for the rest of your life? "It's a black hole. That's definitely true," says Cyrus, a 25-year-old who has been a bike messenger for three years. "It's probably been too long for me as it is. "It's a fun job and the pay is secure, but it is stressful and kind of risky - but not gloriously risky. And I'm tired of being treated like a misbehaving child or a criminal." Still, the trade has its moments. Some corporate employees are so lazy that they will hire a messenger to ride a package in the elevator from one floor to another in the same building. "101 Federal," says Number 99. "Absolutely," Mark, by the way, takes top honors in the weird trip contest among a gaggle of riders waiting for calls in Winthrop Square. "I used to take foreskins from the Brigham over to a place on Albany Street for skin grafts," he says. Yup. You win, Mark. If bike messengers want to forge better relations with the walking public, here's an idea: Lock your bikes up one day and wander around Boston in your gear. Talk to people. Introduce yourselves. Show them that you're part of the human race. A lot of folks might just say, "Gee, he's just like my kid." Sam Allis can be reached at allis@globe.com



Jones, Yak, Chalkhead, Bru photo:Kyle



Chai photo:Kyle



"I will just never understand these messengers."

OUT AND ABOUT



Sam at the Wall photo: Donny

GRAVY BY AMERICA MEREDITH



One Post photo: America



power plant emuc "I'll take your gravy while you're gone" farewell heron's head park, Sunday, August 19 from left to right: honey, shipping, nelly, spiller, and milkcrane. photo:jps