

WHY I RIDE:
THE ART OF
BICYCLING
IN NEW YORK



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Elizabeth Stuelke
Carol A. Wood

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A PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL PEDALING

Dedicated to our friend Eric Ng

Dear Lady. How do we move ourselves through this outrageous city? How are we moving and being moved? Maybe we should take this pun seriously. How do we move ourselves to laughter and tears so that we get somewhere? Get the right emotion for the good motion? Somewhere between crawling like a baby and bouncing on the moon with an American flag, somewhere in the middle of rolling our bodies around the corner, up the alley and down the road...did we become a great city unmoved and not moving?—one big angry driver stuck in a glass box?

The governance of our motion is like a lucid dream. If we direct our moving imagination at a car, over time, it turns into a bicycle. Have the faith. We have this decision to make: to re-dream ourselves on the go. To switch gears. To trade vehicles. Oh, and it is definitely OUR decision to make. Not the owners of an industry that expands and accelerates, traffic jams and bleeds smoke. We have a dream for this city that we love...and we know that how we move is not a neutral thing, not just urban planning-as-usual. How we move our bodies through our city—creates the color of its roar, the murals on its walls, the bold cries and sassy lies and happy elders reviewing it all from a high step. And a bicyclist comes by with a wave.

O Pedaling Lady—This month give us the power to cycle our dream collectively, our re-dreaming of big apple motion. It's all very moving! This month let us excite people who want to move with us, to pull with our hands and push with our feet, put our ass in the air or down on the seat, as we pump this moving city on by. And keep us in safety as we fly.

Bike-a-lujah!

Reverend Billy is "Bill Talen" in civilian life, and lives in Brooklyn where he bikes in Prospect Park, often in the company of the ravishing and unusual Savitri D.

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Lower Eastside Girls Club
Bicycle Habitat
NYC Velo
Trackstar

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Bike New York; Bikes Now; Brooklyn Civic Riders Bicycle Club; Century Road Club Association; Fast and Fabulous Cycling; Five Borough Bicycle Club; FreeWheels; Kissena Velodrome Coalition; New York Bicycle Messenger Association; New York State Bicycling Coalition; New York Cycle Club; New York City Pedicab Owners Association; Recycle-A-Bicycle; Revolution Rickshaws; Right Of Way; Time's Up!; Transportation Alternatives; Staten Island Bicycle Association; The Weekday Cyclists; *Veloprop*.

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WHY I RIDE: THE ART OF BICYCLING IN NEW YORK

A Prayer to Our Lady of Perpetual Pedaling, Reverend Billy 3

Acknowledgments 6

Curators' Essays

Carol A. Wood 7–8

Elizabeth Stuelke 9

Essays

Whose Streets? Our Streets!, Rosie Mendez 10

Bicycling Is the City Solution, Paul Steely White 11

No Cyclist Left Behind, Jim Zisfein 12

Connecting For Good, Wendy E. Brawer 13

Biking in the Bad Old Days, Charlie McCorkell 14

Family Values: The Benefits of Bike Commuting, Charles Komanoff 15

Flying Free, Natalya Brill 16

Not Just Kid Stuff, Rich Krollman 16

Grand Theft Bicycle, Michele Herman 17

Bike Club Advocacy: Forward and Backward, Annaline Dinkelmann 18

From Grit to Greenway, Menaka Mohan 19

A Path to Brooklyn, Meg Fellerath 19

The Bridges of New York: A Panoramic Day Trip, Alfredo Garcia 20

30,000 Maniacs? Or, the Five Boro Bike Tour, Natalia Lincoln 21

How to Put on Bicycle Events for a Living: A User's Manual, Glen Goldstein 22

The Story of Trackstar, Patty Bowman 23

Community Release Program: The FreeWheels Bicycle Defense Fund, Gwen Kash 24

The Accidental Bike Activist, Matthew Roth 25

A View from the Streets, The Time's Up! Video Collective 26

Stillness Pursued, Joshua P. Rechnitz 27

Taking Flight: My Road to Bike Racing, Reed Rubey 28

Up, Down, and Around: The Bear Mountain Classic, Anthony O'Malley 29

My Tribe, Bob Nelson 30

Biking Is Like Christmas, Nadette Stasa 30–31

Cyclists Are Missing the Real, Authentic New York Experience, Richard Rosenthal 31

NYC Bike Advocacy: A Preliminary Timeline, The Editors *et al.* 32–35

Artist Pages

Amy Bolger 36–37

Christopher Cardinale 38–39

Doug Dalrymple 40–41

Steve Dennis 42–43

René Fan 44–45

Sarah Hauser 46–47

Will James, with FreeWheels and Fred Askew 48–49

Taliah Lempert 50–51

Jessica Levey 52–53

Katherine Migliore Newton 54–55

Sarah Nicole Phillips 56–57

Elizabeth Press & Olga M. 58–59

Recycle-A-Bicycle: Tristan Saunders-Hall, Donovan Lynch,

Miguel Walle 60–61

Veloprop: David Neff, Elizabeth Stuelke,

Carol A. Wood 62–63

List of Works in Exhibition 64

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The sumptuous design of this book and our Web site springs from the youthful genius (and hours of hard labor) of Katie Estes and Mike Green. The catalogue's publication is indebted to Joshua P. Rechnitz—one of our writers who, after turning in a jewel of an essay, spontaneously offered to help with the printing—more than doubling our expected print run.

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The New York City Bike Coalition—of which we are members—gave us the impetus to do a public exhibition in the first place, as part of the coalition's collective effort to improve cycling conditions and awareness in the city. Time's Up's Naomi Renek gave the initial boost, while all coalition members helped spread the word—especially Matthew Howard of CRCA and Barbara Ross of Time's Up!, whose members are well-represented thanks to their efforts.

All of this energy would be wasted without our talented contributors—the 15 artists and groups and 30 writers who have put the ephemeral act of bike riding into such appealing form we were compelled to bring them together. Their willingness to contribute to our unknown, independent project, on a compressed timeline and tiny budget, conveys their commitment to our common goal: to share with others the simple joy of riding a bike in a crazy, kaleidoscopic town.

Carol A. Wood

CYCLE THERAPY

Our muscles have an elastic, durable memory. Once we do something, we generally know how to do it again. *It's like riding a bicycle—you never forget how.* With practice, the most improbable act can become second nature, leading us in new directions.

Although designed to complement our bodies, the bicycle appears antithetical to them: its straight lines to our curves, cold metal to our humid flesh, grease to our sweat. Cars and planes offer similar contrasts, but folk wisdom didn't pick them for its analogy. When an engine does the physical work, your muscles are flaccid, disengaged. On a bicycle, *you* are the engine. And whether humming along or in need of a tune-up, you are making a deposit in your muscular memory bank. (As my friend Steve O'Neill quips, "The bicycle is the true automobile.")

Nor do we embrace a car or plane with the intimacy of a bike—brazenly between our legs, sometimes for hours on end; heart pounding; sweaty fingers grasping for leverage; crank arms and quadriceps churning in energetic rhythm. People sometimes say they want to "marry" their bikes, only half in jest. A childhood bike lingers like a first sweetheart: *gold Stingray, metal-flake banana seat, streamers, bell. Rrrrrring! Rrrrrring!*

In addition to fetish object, the bicycle is an inherently social vehicle, moving us through space occupied by other people, whom we see at close range, for better or worse. The bicycle accepts the social contract like a marriage proposal. People who relish their commutes by car are often those who, for whatever reason, want a divorce.

The richest times in my life have coincided with bike ownership. Conversely, the most bereft were bikeless, like the eight years I spent in Baltimore, whose urban arteries are as inviting as expressways. When I moved to New York in the early '90s, biking here seemed just as suicidal.

After a few pre-Metro Card years of long-distance schlepping, however, I bought a used bike for errands. Soon I was riding with the Five Borough Bicycle Club and the New York Cycle Club, gaining technical skills and fitness, and seeing the tristate area far beyond my East Second Street apartment. But in the city, I was still too chicken to venture beyond my neighborhood.

That fear began to abate after my first Critical Mass, in October 2000. The ride also opened my eyes to the loopy free-spiritedness of our city's cyclists in their Halloween finery: blood-dripping monsters, flying pigs, even a pajama-clad man with his morning coffee. The rides' swelling popularity testified to how badly New Yorkers want this kind of nonmotorized, noncommercial, exuberantly imaginative experience.

In April 2004, I glimpsed what the framers of the Constitution might have meant by "expressive association," and it shook the passivity out of me. I was at the front of a Critical Mass ride headed down Broadway. At White Street, riders had stopped and were staring north with astonished looks. I turned and my jaw dropped as well, as more than a thousand cyclists surged toward us from Houston Street, 10 blocks away. For me, it was a clairvoyant moment, symbolizing the power of people gathering for a simple, shared purpose. (Do people in cars ever feel this way about each other?)

Four months later, the NYPD began its campaign to break the spirit of Critical Mass, but my transformation was irreversible. No longer was I afraid to claim my place in the streets as a cyclist. I began riding to work daily, getting that hour of exercise the surgeon general says we need. My relationship to the streets and to other New Yorkers grew fonder and more personal.

Most of my encounters with pedestrians (and even drivers) since then have been cordial or at least neutral (as is preferred by many zombified residents of the City That Never Sleeps). Brief but memorable incidents have left me glowing for months, like the megawatt smile one gentleman beamed at me as I waited behind a 42nd Street crosswalk. Or the sisterly wink from a well-dressed brunette cycling leisurely past me, in my

mismatched Lycra get-up. Riding down Third Avenue on weekdays, I often see a ponytailed man headed north, who always waves. We will never meet, yet we are comrades. The petite traffic cop under the Brooklyn Bridge greets me each morning with a smile as radiant as the South Asian sun.

Cyclists' constant proximity to mortal danger (aggressive drivers and jaywalkers, flinging car doors, potholes) makes us acutely aware of the dysfunctional design and mismanagement of NYC streets, compelling many of us to become activists on some level. This alertness makes us outlaws to some (or sanctimonious "holy rollers," as the *New Yorker* has branded us). But the way we see it, the city's reluctance to take control of transportation chaos, and some drivers' flagrant disregard for others' safety, amount to criminal negligence. What is worse: displaying one's moral conscience, or not having one?

Even the most self-righteous, fire-breathing agitator needs occasional downtime, however, and the bicycle lets us get away from it all, at least briefly. Riding to Piermont at my own rhythm—speeding along the straightaway on 9W, tackling the hills as best I can, observing my muscles, breathing, and moods over the course of an hour, or a day—is as much meditation as exercise or transport.

Of my four bikes, my favorite is a fixed gear—a bike whose single, rear cog is fused to the rear wheel. Unable to shift gears or to coast, it makes me mindful of every small change in terrain. Like a visit to a nude beach, the bike strips me of pretension: I either get up hills on my own strength and willpower, or I get off and walk. It engages every muscle, forcing my legs to turn mechanically, without interruption. Yet as they do, my mind wanders freely between daydream and focus.

I call it cycletherapy. The work—an excavation of muscular memory—is hard; I must look deeply within; afterwards I feel unburdened. Then I have a big meal and a good night's sleep.

Cyclists have different motivations for when, where, and what they ride. While our sample in this exhibition and catalogue is hardly comprehensive, it shows at least part of the spectrum of NYC cyclists. Whatever our differences, we have one thing in common with each other, and with bicyclists everywhere: We want to ride our bikes without getting molested, maimed, or murdered.

Every day, some 120,000 people ride bikes in NYC. And every year since 1996, between 13 and 40 of us have been killed by cars—wiped off the face of the earth, in most instances without the drivers receiving so much as a traffic ticket—while more than 300 are seriously injured. Cars kill about 160 pedestrians and injure more than 10,000 each year. (We are all pedestrians.) The "vast majority" of these crashes are preventable, according to Transportation Alternatives.

Over the past four decades, small but progressive improvements for cycling (bridge access; bike lanes

such as they are) have been achieved thanks to the efforts of hundreds of activists and certain enlightened officials. (See the Advocacy Timeline in this catalogue.) However fragmentary, these changes make a difference for daily cyclists as well as walkers, runners, and bladders. And New Yorkers do like to move on our own: 11% of us walk or bike to work, compared with a national average of just 3%.

But from a big-picture view, New York remains frozen in Robert Moses Land. The city's 10-year-old Bike Master Plan is just 23% complete. Our streets are ruled by millions of automobiles, with 860,000 vehicles entering Manhattan's central business district each day—that's just between 59th Street and the Battery. The NYPD turns a blind eye to aggressive, even lethal, drivers by not enforcing laws against speeding, illegal turning and parking, unsafe passing, and dooring. Instead of protecting us, it has invested three years, more than \$1.3 million, and a great deal of psychic energy in harassing cyclists who ride in the monthly Critical Mass. That this constitutionally questionable campaign has unfolded under a mayor who proclaims he wants a "sustainable" city is dumbfounding.

When will New York yield to common sense and join the worldwide movement for healthy and environmentally aware transportation? What is needed to coax us from our hard shell of resistance to principles of self-preservation, if not pleasure? Perhaps we could come to terms with our irrational, self-destructive behavior patterns with the help of a little group therapy. May I suggest that we start our session by getting on a bike and exercising our political muscles. It's said you never forget how.

Carol A. Wood
April 2007

PASSIONATE PARTICIPATION

I'd like to concentrate on the second half of that title, the colon separates two important ideas: the reason "I" ride and the "Art" of so doing in New York. Art for many people means many things. Riding a bike in New York can also mean many different things to as many people. The combination of the two: art and riding, or the expression and representation of one by the other, is a proposition that intrigues me. Freedom of motion: freedom of expression. If art is passion, then making art about a passion is double passion and could take position on both sides of the colon. Biking is like art, the freedom of physical and mental movement as expression: art is like biking, the freedom of physical and mental expression as movement. Both offer release from passive experience; every turn of the road or of the brush/lens/pencil, is movement of body and mind that requires your full participation.

I want to be associated with art that says something to me about the artists' reasons for making art. I like to see expressed the reasons for living, the reason to get up in the morning, the freedom to do so, and the will to tell others about it. Cruising or crunching up a long hill or down a steep incline, wending through rough traffic in the city, stopping to refresh your mind and spirit with a view of the Hudson at sunset while straddling your latest love with wheels: taking that last shot of the procession of bikers on the latest race through central park, the snap of the peaceful riders of this month's Critical Mass ride, the shot of the not-so-peaceful arrest of fellow riders at another event, the pen and ink drawings of the bike as anatomical specimen, the etching of the character you play on wheels, the oil painting of kids riding bikes on their way to school, these are things you might want to relate if your passion was biking and you wanted to show how biking in the city makes you feel about your everyday life through another passion that also makes your life worth living every day, art.

The 15 artists, or artist groups, who have given their work and projects to us for this exhibition have shown us all this and more. They are dedicated to the ideas of biking and the ideas of art. They are expressing what they feel is their freedom on wheels and behind the canvas, film, or paper. Join us in congratulating them in their efforts to make the art of bicycling visible for more than the initiated, the passionate, the winded! Join us in viewing this passion and celebrating the desire to communicate with the world all around.

For the first part of our title: *Why I Ride*, we are talking with a community that is already formed and one we hope others may want to join. A community that values the individual within the group for all the power each brings in change, purpose, interest, passion, and critique. The "I" we refer to is you and it is me and it is all of us who live together in this vast city, in this sprawling country, whether we ride or not. The "I" can be more important than the group in that each one makes the group and each one affects how the group lives. This efficacy is a freedom that should be welded with passion as the artists in this show so artfully exhibit for themselves and for the larger group through their freedom of expression and freedom of movement.

Elizabeth Stuelke
March 2007

WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS!

As a city that prides itself on diversity, New Yorkers embrace and encourage different cultures, beliefs, and practices. For a city as populated as New York, we should also encourage diversity in our transportation methods.

I believe that the City of New York has an obligation to promote cycling as a transportation method that is healthy, environmentally friendly and takes up less space in our congested city. Cycling should not be treated as a second-class mode of transportation. No one should be harassed or discriminated against for riding a bike, nor should they be at higher risk for death or injury.

Unfortunately, New York cyclists contend with speeding drivers, jaywalking pedestrians, and crater-sized potholes. Our limited number of bicycle lanes forces riders into the middle of traffic, and our current bike lanes subject them to being “doored” or hit by a hailed cab. When a bicyclist makes it to their destination safely, there is often no secure bicycle parking for them to use—a frustrating and discouraging end to their commute. When bicyclists join together to ride in protest of these poor conditions, which is their right guaranteed by the Constitution, they are harassed and arrested for parading without a permit, irrespective of whether or not they abide by traffic laws. Since the 2004 Republican Convention, the NYPD has acted with a systematic intolerance for protestors and people riding en masse, reflecting an anti-bicycle policy. New York’s future depends on sustainability, so the last thing the city should do is continue to discourage and intimidate riders.

With that in mind, it is critical that the City Council pass Intro 199, a bill that would change the way we measure traffic conditions. My hope is that an increase in knowledge of traffic congestion’s effect on our quality of life will lead to greater investment in alternative modes of transportation, safer streets for everyone, and a cleaner, healthier city. We also need to pass Intros 38 and 234, which together would require buildings to provide bicycle storage and allow a 36-hour grace period for abandoned bikes. Passage of these bills would remove some of the barriers many would-be cyclists face in taking their wheels to work and school.

The City Council must also pass legislation to safeguard everyone’s right to assemble whether practiced by participants in Critical Mass rides or recreational bike tours. The NYPD cannot use public safety as a pretext to infringe on our constitutional rights.

I recognize and commend the steps the city has taken to improve road conditions for everyone (pedestrians, bicyclists, and drivers of automobiles), but we must do more to make it easier and safer for residents to ride. As a strong supporter of cyclists and a proponent of cycling, I cannot stress enough the important role that bicycles should play in the city’s future. In order to make this city sustainable and its residents healthy—as has been encouraged by the Mayor—we must factor in the use of bicycles as a first-class mode of transportation in future city planning. Whose streets? Our streets!

Councilmember Rosie Mendez represents District 2 in New York City, which includes parts of Manhattan’s Lower East Side, East Village, Gramercy Park, Kips Bay, and Murray Hill. A lifelong New Yorker, Rosie grew up in Williamsburg Houses, a NYC Housing Authority development. She is the child of Puerto Rican immigrant parents, and she attended New York City public schools from elementary through high school. She graduated from New York University with a degree in Metropolitan Studies.

To make this city sustainable and its residents healthy—as has been encouraged by the Mayor—we must see bicycles as a first-class mode of transportation.

BICYCLING IS THE CITY SOLUTION

It is more dangerous than driving, but because you want to lose a few pounds and do your bit to fight global warming, you try it anyway.

You consult the NYC Bike Map and find your route. You pump up your tires and set off for work. Right away, you realize that the bike lane is not so much a bike lane as it is a driving and parking lane. You have several near misses with car doors opening in your path, and reckless drivers speeding a few inches past you or turning sharply in front of you. Once you reach your workplace, it takes several minutes to find a pole or street sign to lock up against. At the end of your day, you find that your bike's seat and rear wheel have been stolen. After only one day of trying to bike to work, you give up. Or you harden your nerves, replace the stolen parts, and resolve to tough it out again.

To ride a bicycle on New York City streets in 2007 requires exceptional bravery and resourcefulness. But in a city as flat and dense as New York, it should be much easier for everyone—not just the intrepid—to reap the joys and efficiencies of cycling. As Enrique Peñalosa, the former mayor of bike-friendly Bogotá, Colombia, says, “A city is not bike friendly until it is safe enough for a seven-year-old to go anywhere on a bicycle.”

In the space it takes to move and park one car, dozens of bicycles can be accommodated.

What will it take to make the streets safe and comfortable enough so that New Yorkers aged seven to 97 can take to cycling? It will certainly require safer street designs, to insulate cyclists from the hazards of traffic, and more bike parking, both indoors and out. But fundamentally it will require a shift in how cycling is perceived. If cycling is to grow beyond its current 1% of all citywide trips, then both the general public and city policymakers must see cycling for what it is: a bread-and-butter solution to the four main problems now facing New York City—and most every other city on the planet.

Urbanization and Overcrowding

In two decades, New York City will likely have one million new residents and 50 million tourist visitors every year. As New York's population and density rise, overcrowding will become more of a problem.

Bicycling is much more spatially efficient than motorized transportation, and an appropriate substitute for most city driving trips—72% of which are five miles or less in length. In the space it takes to move and park one car, dozens of bicycles can be accommodated. If we could encourage a higher rate of bicycling, then we'd have more public space to devote to parks, greenways and other amenities to provide increasingly crowded New Yorkers with an acceptable quality of life.

Global warming

About 30% of New York City's greenhouse gas emissions are from transportation. So-called green cars emit almost as much carbon as the nongreen variety, especially when the emissions associated with manufacturing and disposal are taken into account. Bicycling, by contrast, is virtually a zero-emissions form of transportation.

Health

Only one in four New Yorkers gets the daily physical activity they need to keep obesity and its related ills at bay. Cities with higher rates of bicycling have lower rates of obesity. Health professionals recommend 30 minutes per day of exercise, which is about the average bicycle commute.

Fiscal constraints

At \$2 billion per mile for the Second Avenue subway, New York City cannot afford to build many more new subways. Bicycling is a cost-effective way to get the most out of New York City's existing transit resources. When secure bicycle parking is made available at subway, commuter rail, and bus stations, more riders who live outside of walking distance from the station can access it.

If bicycling is accepted as an integral solution to these and other challenges facing New York City, then it is possible for at least 30% of all trips to be made by bike by 2020. Imagine living in a city where one out of three people biked to work, school, and for errands. A city where cycling was safe and convenient and fun. This is the New York City we all are fighting for every day.

Paul Steely White is executive director of Transportation Alternatives (www.transalt.org).

NO CYCLIST LEFT BEHIND

Five years ago, I decided to get back into serious bicycling after having done little of it for 30 years. I had the usual health issues of middle age—increasing weight, blood pressure, and cholesterol, and I had recently recovered from back surgery. Bicycling looked to be a good way to get some needed exercise. It involved less pounding on the knees than running and would be less of a chore than going to the gym. My wife Barbara gave me a sturdy hybrid bicycle as a 50th birthday present.

But where would I go to ride this bike? How would I learn to ride safely in traffic? What if I had a mechanical problem? If I joined a bike club, would they laugh at me? Would I get left behind by a bunch of spandex-clad racers?

Fortunately, I found a local bike club called the Five Borough Bicycle Club (5BBC) that was perfect for people like me. I started going on some of their day rides (marked in their bulletin with a happy-face symbol to indicate its appropriateness for beginning and recreational cyclists)—and my apprehensions vanished. The more I rode with the 5BBC, the more confidence, strength, and stamina I developed.

I do have one regret—all the years I spent *not* bicycling

I then began sampling the club's more strenuous rides. I've climbed Bear Mountain with the club three times and have done 100-mile ("century") rides five times. I've toured all five NYC boroughs and the surrounding countryside and have gone on club-sponsored bicycle trips to upstate New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont. I took the 5BBC's leadership training course and now lead rides for the club. I enjoy riding with a wonderful bunch of people. I do have one regret—all the years I spent *not* bicycling.

The 5BBC's motto is "New York's friendliest bike club," but I would suggest another: "No rider left behind." All club rides are led by volunteers like me who make sure that everyone finishes the ride safely. We leaders map the route, help riders check their bikes for roadworthiness, and guide the group to its destination. The club's innovative "point-drop-sweep" system helps to keep everyone together. The leader in front (the "point") shows the way and instructs riders ("drops") to stop where the route turns and to send people the right way. The leader in back (the "sweep") shepherds the tail end of the group, thanks the drops as he or she arrives, and gets them back into the ride. Everyone on the ride participates in making the day a success.

Once you start riding with the 5BBC, you can check out the other club activities. These include multi-day weekend and week-long bicycling trips; the annual Montauk Century ride from the city through the Hamptons to the ocean; monthly general meetings open to the public with fascinating topics and speakers; and classes on how to buy and maintain a bike.

But it all starts with your first ride. Surf on over to www.5bbc.org, pick a day ride this coming weekend, and experience for yourself the joy of bicycling. I promise that you won't get left behind.

Jim Zisfein, 55, is married with a 21-year-old son (who also loves to bicycle). Jim is a neurologist on staff at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx and with a medical group in Manhattan. An Upper West Side resident since 1982, Jim joined the 5BBC in 2002. His favorite bike is a Trek 7500 hybrid that his wife gave him in 2002.

CONNECTING FOR GOOD

In March 1995, I traveled to Copenhagen to launch an eco-cultural organization, Green Map System. In that cold, wet week, I also became a confident city cyclist—it was glorious! I zipped by bike across town, over bridges, through gently falling snow—gaining energy with every spin of the wheels. Sure, I had used a bike in New York, but never enough to get past the scaredy-cat stage. Keeping up with the Danes made the difference, and I connected with cycling for good.

I'm one of those people who moved to NYC because you don't need a car to live here. But it wasn't until Copenhagen that I realized how well suited my own city is for two-wheelers. So as soon as I got home, I went to Recycle-A-Bicycle and traded in my fashion-statement purple Stingray for a real bike—a city beater I could leave locked on the street. (Of course, it had a rack for my stuff. Bikes seem to render groceries, workshop materials, even full cartons of Green Apple Maps virtually weightless, making everyday schlepping a pleasure.)

What might it take
to make New
Amsterdam more like
old Amsterdam,
and move more people
onto two wheels?

I started by riding around Manhattan on weekend mornings, getting used to the rhythm of the road while the drivers were sleeping in. Seeking quiet streets and riverside romance, my honey and I often rode south, chilling off along the Battery on the steamiest of nights. The joy of group rides carried me further—over the moonlit bridges to Coney Island, Socrates Sculpture Park, and beyond—even without donning spandex. I got active with the environmental group Time's Up! and began volunteering to lead eco-tours, which gave extra meaning and purpose to my life's work.

Soon, I was riding freely—any time, in any weather—soaring through the streets instead of plodding along like a pack animal. I was over 40 when I started bicycling regularly, but it felt like my biological clock was spinning backwards, giving me the vitality and swiftness we impatient New Yorkers crave. A Fountain of Youth on wheels!

Bikes have many other characteristics I appreciate:

You always get a seat.

You arrive recharged and on time, without spending a dime.

You're not isolated from the street or sunshine.

It's easy to park.

You can hear the rhythm of the road, and birds and crickets chirping.

It feels good and it's healthy on both personal and planetary levels.

Bikes generate community, conviviality, and conversation.

Bikes make getting there as fun as being there—without driving yourself to extinction!

What might it take to make New Amsterdam more like old Amsterdam, and move more people of all ages onto two wheels: More group rides and bike coaches? Better buddy, cargo, and errand bikes? Traffic calming? Greener infrastructure? Mandatory sentences for drivers who kill cyclists? Conveniently located storefront parking lots? More nonsmoking lanes? Tax-free sales during Bike Month?

Bikes are such practical vehicles for transportation—and for social change that reduces climate change. By encouraging more people to ride, New York City could in short order become the Green Apple.

Wendy E. Brawer is an eco-designer, public educator and consultant, creator of Green Apple Maps (which chart NYC's sustainability, natural, and cultural sites; GreenAppleMap.org), and founding director of the Green Map System (GreenMap.org). She has been appointed designer in residence at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum (Smithsonian Institute, 1997) and a Woman of Earth (Yves Roche Foundation, Paris, 2005). Wendy wears a helmet and rides a basic hybrid year-round.

BIKING IN THE BAD OLD DAYS

My bicycle awakening came on January 19, 1970. Yes, there was a woman involved, but that's another story.

On my morning commute aboard the "F" train from my parents' apartment in Windsor Terrace to Cooper Union in the East Village, there was a moment when I realized I never wanted to ride the subway again. It was probably right after the train pulled out of the elevated 4th Avenue and 9th Street stop in Brooklyn. I looked up and saw...Manhattan shining brightly, the subway car its dark counterpoint. On this cold day, two major themes of my life started: Manhattan and bicycling.

I went to my first class. Cut my second, and walked to the neighborhood savings bank (now mostly extinct), and withdrew \$100 of my scholarship money. My friend, bicycle mentor, and ex-classmate Francis worked at Stuyvesant Bikes, a powerhouse of bicycle retail. I purchased a three-speed black Raleigh, a rack with a spring, and a lock. Real bicycle helmets were a thing of the future.

I rode back to school and locked up, to the disbelief and awe of my classmates. I remember freezing on the way home, and searching for the Brooklyn Bridge stairway. I was hooked—on bicycling, and on Manhattan; Chinatown, Little Italy, the Bowery bums, the Brooklyn Bridge. That night, I saw the Statue of Liberty from the bridge for the first time, I'll never forget it. When I arrived home, my mother was freaked. She knew bicycling was a phase I would outgrow.

The bike lasted two weeks.

Within 90 minutes, I was walking out of Stuyvesant Bikes with my second bike and a better chain. This bike lasted nine months. U-locks were two years, and secure chains 25 years, in the future.

In my cycling euphoria, I barely noticed the flats (Kevlar tires were 23 years away). The occasional gobs of spit that landed on me were proudly worn emblems; I was smug in my superiority to the folks trapped in automobiles.

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or occasional gobs of spit.
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trapped in automobiles.

An advocate was born one fine spring day in 1971. I was pedaling off the Brooklyn Bridge, ready to dismount for the sixth set of steps that channeled everyone off (and under) the bridge. A fellow cyclist was dismantling a strip of fence beside the steps. It was an "Aha!" moment, and I saw the Holy Grail: direct access to Centre Street. I pulled out my tools and helped. The City replaced the fence a few months later. It lasted a day.

Shortly afterward, I was cycling past the Municipal Building, headed north, when I was knocked from my bike. I remember lying on the ground, taking inventory: Arms and legs work, head seems okay. A woman started yelling at me for scratching her car. Yep, there was a gouge about four feet long where my handlebar took the paint off her side panel. My anger was fully engaged. A polite pedestrian kept me down and saved me from causing an "incident." The police refused to take a report, as I wasn't really hurt and my damaged property was "only a bicycle."

Four years later, I became Executive Director of Transportation Alternatives, and three years after that I opened my bike shop, Bicycle Habitat, all because of a woman whose name I never knew, a friend who filled my head with cycling, a youthful rebelliousness, an unknown stranger showing me things could change, and the drivers who spit at me—especially those who hit me.

When all is said and done, it's the small moments that create our lives.

Charlie McCorkell is the owner of Bicycle Habitat in SoHo and has logged tens of thousands of bicycle miles on the streets of NYC.

FAMILY VALUES: THE BENEFITS OF BIKE COMMUTING

I've been riding a bike in New York City for 34 years. Which is how long I've been biking, period. Yes, I learned to ride here as an adult.

I ride at any time, in any weather. Last July, I had a meeting at Columbia Presbyterian in Washington Heights. What began as a light rain was a downpour. I arrived soaked, but the change of clothes stowed in my pannier stayed dry. Two weeks later, on the Hudson River bike path from the Upper West Side to Tribeca, I was enveloped in a swirling thunderstorm. I laughed all the whole way home.

Used to be, when I got in a pickle on the bike, I would summon up memories of my mountaineering scrapes to see me through. Now, when the mountain is daunting, I call on my NYC biking memories for courage.

I started keeping a daily log of my cycling miles in 2001, mostly to see how far I hauled my kids, who were then seven and four. (I don't have an odometer, but my mathematical mind easily computes the day's mileage.) In this time I've averaged 2,500 miles a year without passengers, plus 250 miles with one or both kids perched on a top-tube seat or riding a clamped-on one-wheeler. That makes 3,000 "person-miles" each year—peanuts, perhaps, for serious club riders, but not bad for a dad who's no longer free to ride weekly to Nyack or Westchester.

Memorable kid-towing: during the 2005 transit strike, riding my older son to and from middle school on York Ave. on a borrowed tandem; Saturday morning trips with my younger son to the eye doctor in Midtown; and for the four months our local school was shuttered after September 11, daily commutes to PS 3 in the West Village. The top-tube seat, which forces me to lower my seat for balance, is a bummer for pedaling efficiency. But nothing beats the intimacy of enfolding my kid in my arms, the two of us chatting and singing while we fly.

I ride for more reasons than I can name. But for starters, I ride because:

I love being outdoors.

I like feeling in control.

It's quick.

It's free.

It's a rebuke to the corporate machinery that makes most

Americans travel trapped in an automobile.

While I'm riding, time is suspended.

I feel like a champion athlete.

"In cycling, everything depends on the self."—Wolfgang Sachs

It connects me to people everywhere who ride bikes.

Once in a while traffic seems to move to my will, giving
me two blocks of empty pavement.

My cycling speed is fast enough to get me there but slow
enough to register what I'm passing through.

Every ride is different.

It's healthy for me and the planet.

It feels good.

I've been a vocal bike advocate for most of my cycling years. I dearly want the cycling environment made so excellent that a million or more New Yorkers will ride every day—and so safe that crashes are uncommon and deaths unheard of. I want New York to be a world model for cycling and give billions of Chinese and Indians and Indonesians reason to slam the door on forced motorization.

But for now, I take things as they are, and just ride.

Charles Komanoff, an economist, "re-founded" Transportation Alternatives in the 1980s and helped start the traffic-justice advocacy group Right Of Way in the 1990s.

FLYING FREE

Around the corner,
Under a tree,
There's my bicycle,
Waiting for me.

Unlock the lock,
On the seat at last,
Push those pedals,
I've got to go fast!

Push, push on the pedals,
Pull, pull on the bar,
Don't stop now,
I've got to go far.

Up that hill,
I'm tired as can be,
Down that hill,
Flying and free.

Around the corner,
Under a tree,
I lock up my bike,
To wait for me.

*Natalya Brill, age 10,
learned how to ride a bike
when she was three. She
bikes to school nearly
every day through Central
Park, and enjoys it not only
for the exercise but for the
fun as well.*

NOT JUST KID STUFF

First I was a student. I spent the summer of 2003 learning all I could from bike mechanics who gave free Thursday night workshops at Recycle-A-Bicycle's DUMBO shop. That summer, I built a bike for the first time. I still ride it.

At first, I thought I was just building a bike. But actually I was coasting into the NYC bike community. At summer's end, I volunteered to work as a mechanic at Transportation Alternatives's NYC Century fundraising ride, where I fixed 20 flat tires on 20 different kinds of bikes. I got involved in Time's Up!, which offered its basement at 49 E. Houston St. as a bike workshop. With RAB director Karen Overton's sage advice, and the help of countless volunteers, I helped get the bike repair workshops going there too. They are now flourishing.

Watching the ripple effect of teaching bike mechanics is the most rewarding part of the job. When I show someone how to re-pack a bottom bracket, it's likely they will teach it to someone else. Almost every volunteer in the Time's Up! workshop started as a student, just like me.

"Technological know-how, and the sharing of information, creates new circuits of knowing, of trusting, of social verification, and finally and most importantly, of self-confidence," writes longtime bike activist Chris Carlsson. No one can contain the joy of repairing bikes—a student proud of her new skills is a natural teacher.

When Recycle-A-Bicycle hired me to work at its School for the Urban Environment in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood in the fall of 2006, I knew my fate had come full circle. Every morning before school, I run an earn-a-bike program for sixth- and seventh-graders. To the kids, the program is a means to an end: Each student aims to earn, in shop hours, a bike that he or she eventually can ride home and keep. The process, though, will outlast the bikes they earn in my classroom. Long after they outgrow these bikes, they will have the skills to build other bikes, and, if my experience is any guide, greater confidence in taking on other challenges in life.

I can't speak for the kids, of course, but the way I see it they are now part of a larger community, too. They are rejecting the idea of relying on other people to "fix it" for them. They are taking active control over their environment, picking up tools to build a better world.

In at least one way, these middle schoolers have something in common with the urban environmentalists I have met at Recycle-A-Bicycle, TA and Time's Up!: They love learning new skills. Their joy, too, is hard to contain—it spreads from student to student. Some of these students become teachers and learn as much from one another as they do from me. There will always be times when frustrated kids want me to just fix it for them: That is the hardest part of teaching mechanics, resisting the urge to turn the wrench myself. Karen's rule at RAB volunteer nights was never to take a tool out of someone's hand.

As much as I love fixing bikes myself, my ideal class is one in which I'd never take my hands out of my pockets. That is when I'd know that the kids were learning with their own hands.

Rich Krollman is an organizer. He has been involved in the NYC bicycling community for four years, ever since he built his bike from recycled parts at Recycle-A-Bicycle.

Editor's Note: Drawings by Recycle-A-Bicycle students appear on pages 60–61.

GRAND THEFT BICYCLE

The phone rang last Thursday at 3pm, the time my 14-year-old son usually appears rosy-cheeked at the door after his ride home from school. "Hi Mom," he said. "My bike was stolen." Had this been our family's first bike theft, I would have greeted the news with the urge to throw up. I would have tried out a fancy word I don't generally use and found that "violated" was indeed how I felt. I would have been socked by a surprisingly strong grief.

But it wasn't our family's first bike theft. It was our sixth. So I had a different set of reactions. First came relief that he was safe. Next I sighed with resignation, as if a periodic New York City tax that I like to put out of my mind had come due again. I also felt complicity, because the silver Gary Fischer bike we would surely never see again had been our 13th birthday present to him. We knew when we bought it that it was a little pretty to spend hours every day locked to a signpost. But he's a dedicated cyclist, like us, and we thought he deserved it.

As seasoned victims, we knew the drill. He made the long, bikeless trudge home. Then we headed to the police precinct to fill out a theft report, which doesn't change anything but at least creates an official record. Then we started talking about a replacement bike, definitely a reconditioned one. And we weighed competing advice about locks, trying to find a more clever thief-thwarting locking system than the one he was already using.

The next day I had disturbing talks with two officers at the precinct. The crime prevention officer taught me a new expression: the "major seven." These are the "real" crimes: rape, murder, grand larceny, and the like. Bike theft is petty larceny or, as the officer who filled out our theft report spelled it, "petit" larceny, making it sound almost charming, which I guess it probably is to someone who books rapists and murderers. He told me the petty larceny numbers don't figure in the city's falling crime statistics—which is interesting given all the emphasis on quality of life.

"It's not something we can put a lot of resources into," he explained. He told me that the police are, however, focusing on the problem of kids' iPod thefts. These gadgets are often taken by force, or fear of force, which bumps the crime up to major-seven status. Meanwhile, the property clerk told me the only time the precinct gets recovered bikes is when they seize them during the monthly Critical Mass bike rides.

A statement of Mayor Bloomberg's started ringing in my ears. When asked about two recent cyclist deaths on the West Side bike path by motorists who were driving there illegally, he replied: "Even if they're in the right, [cyclists] are the lightweights. Every year, too many people are hit by cars—and bikes have to pay attention."

Creating safe bike parking for New York school kids—and safe riding conditions for all cyclists—would be a pain in the neck, I agree. But the city administration has shown its talent for creating new priorities. It's apparently rallying now to protect children's iPods. It has rallied to reorganize the school system several times over in the past five years. It rallies every month to protect the populace from Critical Mass, though for the life of me I can't understand how a single monthly gathering of bicyclists constitutes more of a public nuisance and menace than the conditions on the streets every day.

When I tell people about my son's bike theft, they often lament the loss of innocence that must accompany it. What upsets me more, and what I can't explain satisfactorily, is why the powers that be are so resistant to supporting bicycling as a serious mode of transport. Every day, bicyclists are relegated to the role of relative nobodies. We are stereotyped as lawless light-runners (a letters-to-the-editor staple as durable as the welfare queen in her Cadillac). And our problems are considered too small to count.

Mayor Bloomberg has it backward. We bicyclists *are* the ones paying attention. We already know the value we provide. What we need is the city's support in providing a basic level of safety for us and our vehicles. If more people rode regularly, this city (and this nation) could make a significant dent in our society's most pressing problems: obesity, lack of exercise, diabetes, asthma, pollution, global warming, and dependence on Middle Eastern oil. You might call them the major seven.

Michele Herman writes essays, articles and stories, and teaches fiction. She lives in Greenwich Village with her family.

Editor's Note: This article has been adapted by the author from "If It Were Only a Bike That Were Stolen," published in the February 16-22, 2007, issue of Downtown Express (http://www.downtownexpress.com/de_197/ifonlyitwerea.html). It appears here by kind permission from the author and publisher.

BIKE CLUB ADVOCACY: FORWARD AND BACKWARD

The New York Cycle Club joined the NYC Bicycle Coalition when it was formed in 2005. The main goal in doing so is to bargain for better and safer cycling conditions in New York for all cyclists.

In May 2006, I represented the NYCC at the New York City Greenway Summit, sponsored by Transportation Alternatives. The summit brought together more than 100 government employees, elected officials, planners, and greenway advocates and users to discuss a wide array of greenway planning, development, and maintenance issues. It was a great opportunity for us to share information and learn about projects other organizations were working on.

What is the point of having a friendly environment to ride in if you need a permit to do so?

Another very successful event we attended was a transportation seminar sponsored by Scott Stringer, Manhattan Borough President, in October 2006. The keynote speaker was Enrique Peñalosa, the dynamic former mayor of Bogotá, Colombia. During his term, Mayor Peñalosa oversaw the city's transformation from the gridlock capital of the world to one of the most bicycle- and pedestrian-friendly cities in the world.

Recently, however, the NYCC's involvement with the bike coalition has been overshadowed by the New York Police Department's decision to rewrite the city's parade permit regulations. These rules now require groups of 50 cyclists to obtain permits in advance in order to ride together. This issue has almost put a halt to our advocacy activities in working for better and safer city cycling. What is the point of having a friendly environment to ride in, if you are unable to enjoy it freely and need a permit to do so?

In my opinion, the parade permit rule is frightening, and it raises numerous practical questions for me as a ride leader of the NYCC. How will it be implemented? If I lead a ride, do I need to make copies of the permit and provide each participant with one? What if more people show up than I have copies for? If only the ride leaders carry the permit, what if the group gets separated by changing traffic lights or people cycling at different speeds? Could police arrest riders who don't have a permit?

It's a shame that the time and energy our club has spent on opposing this new parade permit could not have gone towards more constructive goals—such as lobbying for the NYC Bicycle Master Plan, which was developed almost 10 years ago and has been only fractionally implemented so far.

Before the NYCC joined the bicycle coalition, I had never been involved with any such political advocacy. What I have learned so far is that every good organization has two faces—one smiling at you and the other barking at you. The smiling face of the New York City Council is friendly and working toward making New York a much more bike-friendly city. The other face has allowed the parade permit to be implemented, creating a very hostile cycling environment. Which one do you trust?

Regardless of what happens with the parade permit, the NYCC will continue to bargain for improved cycling conditions in New York. In the long run, I know things will work out fine, and our city will become one of the best cycling cities in the USA.

Annaline Dinkelman is an avid cyclist, longtime NYCC member, and ride leader. She is currently the advocacy coordinator for the NYCC.

FROM GRIT TO GREENWAY

To be able to ride my bike in NYC is cool because it's an experience. I have ridden in all five boroughs of NYC. My favorite is definitely Manhattan, thanks to their West Side Bike Path. It's easier to ride there than in Hunts Point.

In Hunts Point, the congested truck traffic and intervals of rancid smell don't always make riding that fun. When there aren't a lot of trucks, the streets are easy to ride, and that helps the ride be very smooth. When the South Bronx Greenway is completed, it will make Hunts Point the smoothest, coolest place to ride!

—Sandra Garcia, Hunts Point

Hunts Point is a neighborhood in the South Bronx that hosts 15 waste transfer stations and 11,000 trucks per day. It has less than half an acre of open space per 1,000 residents, compared with an NYC average of 6.2 acres per 1,000 residents. This disparity creates numerous health impacts on neighborhood residents: One in four children have asthma, 27% of adults are obese, and 18% have diabetes.

To improve the health and quality of life for South Bronx residents, the organization I work for, Sustainable South Bronx, and its partner The Point CDC, helped to spearhead a feasibility study that laid the groundwork for the South Bronx Greenway—a recreational pathway planned to run along the Hunts Point and Port Morris waterfronts and throughout the neighborhood. Importantly, the study also provided a forum for neighborhood residents to voice their needs and desires. Already, nearly \$30 million has been secured to help build the greenway and related projects over the next few years.

The greenway will create more landscaped recreational space in the neighborhood as well as provide opportunities for physical activity and play. The first greenway projects are scheduled for construction in 2008. But two waterfront parks on the greenway route are already open—Hunts Point Riverside Park and Barretto Point Park. To encourage neighbors to get active, SSB hosts neighborhood events such as bike rides!

Menaka Mohan is South Bronx Greenway Coordinator for Sustainable South Bronx (SSB). Founded in 2001 by Majora Carter, a life-long resident of Hunts Point, SSB is a nonprofit organization that promotes sustainable development projects for the South Bronx that are informed by community needs and the values of environmental justice.

A PATH TO BROOKLYN

When I first arrived in New York, I was on my bicycle almost every day. I moved to the city from central Oregon, where everyone rode a bike—in summer and winter, through snow and rain. Here, I loved the challenge of jumping onto my trusty mountain bike and heading out to explore the streets of Manhattan. One day I even “discovered” Brooklyn via bicycle, after waking up in my 112th Street apartment and wondering what would happen if I not only rode over the East River, but kept going into the vast uncharted territory of Flatbush Avenue and beyond... I don't think I stopped until I'd crossed the Marine Parkway Bridge!

I've now called Brooklyn home for 11 years, and I'm engaged with issues affecting cycling in the city in a completely different way. I am one of three co-founders of Brooklyn Greenway Initiative (BGI), whose mission is to plan and implement the Brooklyn Waterfront Greenway, a 14-mile route from Greenpoint through Sunset Park. The organization started as an all-volunteer task force in 1998, incorporated as BGI in 2004, and today works in partnership with city agencies and private property owners to coordinate the design, funding, construction, and long-term stewardship of the Greenway.

I began volunteering with the project almost six years ago because I thought a “greenway” sounded like a great idea, but I would have been hard-pressed to offer a definition. And, after many conversations with our greenway supporters, I've realized that its meaning is by no means set in stone. One of my challenges doing public outreach for BGI is that the definition of a greenway—in our case, the Brooklyn Waterfront Greenway—needs to be specific enough to meet individual needs, yet resonate broadly enough to build consensus and justify public funding. Joggers and rollerbladers, recreational cyclists and bike commuters, parents with strollers, kids with training wheels, people with impaired mobility, families out for a sunset stroll—each group needs to see itself as a greenway user in order for the project to be successful.

However one chooses to define a greenway—for BGI, it is a 30-foot wide path, physically separated from the roadway, landscaped, and with separate lanes for bicycles and pedestrians—it is hard not to agree on the broader public benefits. Some have measurable results, such as encouraging people to exercise, improving air quality, and offering new transportation options, but others are less tangible. When completed, the Greenway will connect Brooklyn residents to their northern waterfront, where for more than a century there were only four points of public access. It will be a unifying element, connecting neighborhoods, parks, and industries along the waterfront; yet the design of individual sections will reflect the distinct character of Brooklyn's neighborhoods, thus “connecting” the borough's past to its present.

Six years ago, I couldn't have imagined the complexity of this project, or the incredible number of people—contributing time, energy, expertise, and funds—that it would take to realize this vision. And today, even if I don't ride as much as I'd like, I always mark the arrival of spring by hopping on my same old bicycle and taking a long ride along the waterfront, visiting familiar sites, exploring new ones, and visualizing the future Brooklyn Waterfront Greenway. It's a long way from that first bike ride into Brooklyn more than a decade ago...or is it?

Meg Fellerath is Director of Programs for Brooklyn Greenway Initiative (<http://www.brooklyngreenway.org/>).

THE BRIDGES OF NEW YORK: A PANORAMIC DAY TRIP

For New York bicyclists, the city's bridges are crucial links to routes outside our borders. The East River bridges take us to the Rockaways and Long Island; the George Washington Bridge leads us to Piermont and beyond. Most days, we take them pretty much for granted.

In 2003, I began wondering what it would be like to ride many of these crossings in a single day. Armed with an NYC Department of Transportation cycling map, a Hagstrom NYC atlas, books on NYC bridges, and the Transportation Alternatives and Structurae Websites, I began researching bike-accessible bridges. Crafting a route required five solo field trips, by bike and foot, to get point-to-point mileage, plus deli/rest stops and bailout points for tired cyclists.

My inaugural ride was held in July 2003, starting from Manhattan's Chelsea Piers at 7am. As leader, I was assisted by five co-leaders from across the city, including a former US Marine from New Jersey. We had road, mountain, recumbent, and hybrid cyclists, ranging in age from their 20s to 50s.

We crossed 17 bridges in procession that day, beginning with the Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg, Pulaski, and Queensborough Bridges; the 63rd and Ward's Island Pedestrian Bridges; then the Tri-Borough, Willis Ave., Third Ave., Madison Ave., and 145th St. Bridges. These were followed by the Macombs Dam, University Ave., Washington, George Washington, and Bayonne Bridges.

The 60-mile route was no bed of roses. We flanked around broken bottles, potholes, and garbage. Some bridges were rusting and not so pretty. Some bridge paths were so narrow we had to ride single file, watching for oncoming pedestrians. The Williamsburg Bridge bike path was dotted with hazardous metal bumps (a design flaw since corrected). We rode intrepidly along stretches busy with traffic; ducked under the boom of a huge crane near NY Hospital; and assured the Bayonne police, who may have confused us with reckless riders, that we weren't exceeding some New Jersey vehicular speed limit.

Despite the obstacles, there were pleasures. We noticed the elegant designs of the Brooklyn, Manhattan, and George Washington Bridges—one rarely stops to look at them. The recently opened Harlem River Greenway, which catered to late 19th century high society as the Harlem River Speedway racetrack, was beautiful to ride on. We took in the majestic NYC skyline and neighborhoods such as Chinatown, Harlem, Riverdale, University Heights, Long Island City, Greenpoint, Williamsburgh, and St. George. Residents who asked what we were doing would applaud when we told them.

The 60-mile route was no
bed of roses. We flanked
around broken bottles,
potholes, and garbage.

We raised our own cheers as well, clinched by riding on the breathtaking Bayonne Bridge—my favorite, built by Othmar Ammann. We took the 6pm Staten Island ferry back to Manhattan. All of us were tired but happy.

Each year, I have added more bridges to my ride, which now includes—four Brooklyn Gowanus Canal Crossings (Union, Carroll, Third, and Ninth Streets); Roosevelt Island; an unexpected wooden span bridge on Ward's Island; the Broadway Bridge; the Inwood Field pedestrian crossing, and the Henry Hudson Bridge.

Riding across all of these bridges in a day was immensely satisfying, as we shared a new experience not found in any guidebook—yet. Biking is a unique way to take in our glorious town. NYC government should be aware that bicycles are a great means to tour the city for residents and tourists alike. And it must open more bridges, like the Verrazano Bridge, to cyclists.

Alfredo Garcia, a native New Yorker, is a cyclist, writer, and ride leader for various NYC bike clubs. He will reprise his Bridges of New York ride on Sat., May 26, 2007. (Email: cyclistxxxiii@yahoo.com.) This essay is dedicated to the memory of Julie Lobbia.

30,000 MANIACS? OR, THE FIVE BORO BIKE TOUR

"It's too dangerous!" my bike-club friends yelled. "Thirty thousand people who never ride bikes, riding bikes! Seriously dilapidated bikes! All trying to get in front of you at once!"

I knew. The first year I'd ridden the annual Five Boro Bike Tour in New York City, I'd avoided any snarls until the Verrazano Bridge, where a teenage hot-dogger on an El Clunko Special mowed me down at 25 mph. "Y'okay?" he hollered, speeding away before I could answer. I wasn't, really, and the fall had bent my left crank so out of shape the pedals couldn't turn. Fortunately we'd crashed at the top of the bridge, and I coasted to the finish line.

What was I doing two years later, volunteering as a front-line marshal? Overwriting an old disaster with triumphant new memories, or just tempting fate?

I wasn't sure, but I'd biked a lot in heavy traffic over the last two years, and the idea of leading an army of bikes taking over Manhattan for a day overrode fear.

On the big day, I was on the road by 4:58am. The air was spring-fragrant, and the city was mine: nobody else about. I rumbled over a deserted Brooklyn Bridge, Manhattan silhouetted against the dawn. All marshals arrived at Battery Park at 5:30 am, and stood around losing body heat until the start. At 8, we lined up right behind the pace car, and off we went.

The front-line marshals, nicknamed "Masi" after a brand of race bikes, are charged with making sure nobody gets in front of the ride. This means a lot of close riding, elbow-to-elbow, and the willingness to growl politely at riders trying to break through our line. From everyone's horror stories, I expected total chaos. It wasn't. OK, calm—not. There was jockeying for position. There were potholes. There were street kooks and obstacles and flashing police lights. But all the marshals were expert cyclists, so despite the tight quarters

nothing bad happened. To me, anyway. Somewhere behind, someone crashed, but you look, you're gone. The road demands undivided attention.

Riders and spectators yelled warnings and encouragements. We never had to stop for traffic, the police on our side for once, so we were pumped—even more so once we merged onto Manhattan's FDR Drive, then the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, high-volume roadways forbidden to bikes. This was glorious, the dream: a pulsating river of bikes sweeping the cement heights clean of motorized traffic. We flew up hills at breathtaking speeds, as the pace car had lost all inhibition and forsaken its 13 mph limit. Sun baked our faces, air sharp in our nostrils as we blasted up the BQE.

Then we soared up the Verrazano Bridge, no teenagers to crash into. I pumped up the ascent, bombed the downhill, and sped into the finish at Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. At the festival, we checked out everyone's bikes—many not dilapidated at all, but a crazy rainbow of differently configured human-powered vehicles.

Rides like this aren't everyday by any means, but a vision of a different everyday—one with thousands of bikes streaming down the urban thruways. Something to think back on in my daily dances with SUVs and trucks, and something to push towards in the future.

This was the dream: a pulsating river of bikes sweeping the cement heights clean of motorized traffic.

Natalia Lincoln is a ride leader for the New York Cycle Club and the Five Borough Bike Club. Her first novel, The Mirror (<http://myspace.com/themirrortale>), will be published in July 2007 by Space & Time Books. She plays keyboards for the medieval/folk group Unto Ashes.

Editor's note: The 30th anniversary of the Five Boro Bike Tour takes place Sunday, May 6, 2007. (<http://www.bikennyork.org/rides/fbbt/index.html>)

HOW TO PUT ON BICYCLE EVENTS FOR A LIVING: A USER'S MANUAL

I.

I have more fun at work than you do. On a sunny day I have the best job in the world.

I earn less than you do. On a rainy day I have the worst job in the world.

I can spot at 100 yards an unlocked public bathroom, electrical outlet, or water spigot—the basics of a bike ride rest stop.

II.

Gatorade: 181.794175 gallons

Bananas: 362.737864 pounds = 9.0684466 cases

Pies: 60

III.

I start rides at 31st St. & 8th Avenue because it's a transportation hub. I arrive an hour before anyone else, just to think the big thoughts. There I am again, at 2am, sleepless, with an illegally parked rental truck.

IV.

My tools:

Jetro & Costco cards

3 truck companies

4 bakeries

Custom sock-maker

Rented Nextels

15 Web sites

5 custom water-spigots

Names of permit clerks in six towns

Cell number of peach farmer

Photocopies

Volunteers

V.

Marking the route takes a couple of very long days.

It also means watching out for the cops. I put on jeans, a white T-shirt, and my best *I-work-for-the-city-so-don't-even-ask-if-I-have-a-permit* look. At day's end, I am exhausted and cranky, my car is littered with fast-food wrappers, and my sneakers are spray-painted pink.

Debbie and Marjorie are much better at this than I am, and I kneel at their feet.

VI.

I created the Boston Bicycle Show and the New York City Bicycle Show.

For me, they are a gathering of the tribes—the messengers and racers and commuters and century riders, and the bike stores and manufacturers, and the bike clubs and charity rides....

I thought that all I had to do was announce the shows and cash the checks from the bike companies.

Execs from the biggest bike companies say, "Nine

hundred dollars for a booth? Where am I going to get \$900?"

I've never been so proud, or so scared of winding up broke and homeless.

VII.

Money.

At a conference of 50 bike tour directors, someone asked, "How many people here get paid for what they do?"

Two hands were raised.

Every fall I sit down and think, "How am I going to pay next year's bills? I have one event that's doing great, another that's growing, and a third that bombed and needs to be replaced with...something...."

Ugh. All I want to do is have fun and ride my bike and sleep indoors in the winter-time. Money.

VIII.

Volunteers make these rides possible. They range from spectacular to gawdawful. Gawdawful volunteers are rare but powerful.

Then there are the event junkies—put a Nextel in their hands on a dark street corner at 4am, and they smile and twitch. Like me.

IX.

The customers—they pay good money, they ride hard, they laugh at adversity. I met a guy at the finish line who was soaking wet, cold, muddy, and bleeding. He said, "I had the BEST time today!"

On ALL rides, a solid 1% have a terrible time. They write to say that I am the worst guy in the whole world.

X.

My heroes:

Bill Graham, the rock-concert impresario. The man with the clipboard and the stop-watch standing in the middle of ecstatic chaos, trying to keep it on schedule.

Paul Sullivan. I'll never be as good a bicycle tour director as you were, but I'll try. Like you, I'm trying to do the right thing AND pay the bills, and you know how hard that can be. Wish me luck.

Charlie McCorkell. When things need to be done for the cycling community, he's always the first one to say, "How can I help?"

Ed Pino. We ran out of ice. So Ed took cash from the drawer and bought more. He didn't call to ask if we should buy ice. He didn't fill out a requisition form. He just bought the damn ice, because the customers wanted ice. Ed GETS IT.

Paul Curley. I once saw him load 30 bicycles into a refrigerated truck because IT HAD TO BE DONE.

XI.

The best part of this job is doing things in my own wacky way. That style is not for everyone, but enough people out there feel the same. We all get together and have a blast. I'm the luckiest boy in the U.S.A.

XII.

Ride hard. Have fun. Don't act like a jerk.

Glen Goldstein owns Bicycle Shows U.S., which creates bike rides and events.

THE STORY OF TRACKSTAR

We opened the shop because we didn't want to deliver food anymore. Or we wanted wholesale. Or because we wanted to pick up hot messengers. That was three years ago, Trackstar has stolen my youth.

The beginning

I was working at this sweatshirt company, which was basically a sweatshop for recent art school graduates. Brad was delivering food for Mama's in the village. He was the one who got the big idea to open a bike shop. He came to me, and asked me to be his partner. He says that's the biggest mistake he ever made. I said no, I still had big dreams from art school. He asked many more times, eventually I said yes. Probably while I was under the influence.

My broken arm

In the beginning, the odds were against us. Before we opened, we were renovating the shop. I shirked my responsibilities one night, and ended up breaking my arm in three places while I was out partying. For awhile, I was all hopped up on painkillers, being totally useless. Not to mention that I refused to heed the good judgment of everyone around me and continued to ride my bike. I crashed two more times, first from riding drunk on someone's top tube and putting my foot through the front wheel. And then I got doored by a Hasidic man in a minivan, that's when I sprained my other arm.

We opened the shop because we didn't want to deliver food anymore. Or we wanted wholesale. Or we wanted to pick up hot messengers.

A can of whoop ass

About a month after we opened, the shop got broken into and almost half of our stock was stolen. A few months later, a messenger from the neighborhood came in and tried to sell us some of our stuff back. He said it was at his company's office. We played it cool, and pretended like we were interested. This guy had no idea it was ours. Later that day, some of the boys went over there and repo'ed it all back. You mess with the bull, you get the horns.

Brad's plight

Brad got in a bad accident where he ended up wrapping his bike around the front of some lady's car. His hip looked like a woman's, it was so swollen, and he couldn't really walk. Then he got dumped by his 18-year-old girlfriend. And then he got fired. That's about the time the shop got broken into, all within the same week. You can only take so much. We sent him away to Boston that weekend for a vacation.

The Head

So since Brad chose the shop instead of getting a new apartment, for the first three months he was sleeping on a dirty tore-up mattress in the back of the shop with his man-hungry pit bull, The Head. The Head was a fighting pit bull from up in Harlem that got pasted on to Brad through one of our other friends. They had to get rid of it because it killed their vet's cat of like 20 years and kept attacking her boyfriend's eight-year-old son. We eventually had to get rid of The Head too after he attacked a few people at the shop, including myself and the guy who came to set up our credit-card machine. We didn't have a credit-card machine for almost eight months because of The Head.

Man up

It was the Trackstar learning process, we had no idea what we were doing. Eventually we wised up and became business owners. And we're fucking huge in Japan.

Patty Bowman is co-owner (with Brad Baker) of Trackstar, a track-specific bike shop on the Lower East Side. She moved to New York in 1998 and has lived here ever since.

COMMUNITY RELEASE PROGRAM: THE FREEWHEELS BICYCLE DEFENSE FUND

It's the last Friday of the month: July 29, 2005. We make our way through the summer dusk to Manhattan's 7th Precinct on Pitt St., on the Lower East Side, and settle ourselves on the front steps with a sigh.

Inside, we know, are thirty-odd people who have been arrested by the police for largely imaginary crimes committed while riding their bikes during Manhattan's Critical Mass.

If the police were looking for "parading without a permit," they've certainly got it now, complete with a marching band.

We're here because we too know what it's like to be pulled from our bicycles and handcuffed. We've been bewildered by the cops' use of "terrorism prevention" equipment—from orange netting to helicopters—to hunt us down. We were just riding our bikes. But tonight we are at the precinct voluntarily, as members of FreeWheels Bicycle Defense Fund, and we're here to fight back.

We prepare to meet the arrestees when they are released. Blue sends me off to get food and drinks after unloading all of our paperwork from his bicycle trailer. We have fliers for the stunned arrestees, so they know where to call to get their questions answered. We will also offer them legal "scholarships" to cover the cost of defending themselves against the absurd charge of "parading without a permit." Dan is there to notarize forms that will allow Gideon, our lawyer ally, to advocate for the release of confiscated bicycles. We even have a fleet of bicycles (bought dirt cheap at police auctions) for arrestees to use while their own bikes are in police custody. We call our loaner bike program "Steal it Back."

With so many bicyclists relaxing on the sidewalk, our mood becomes increasingly festive. We know we will all be on these steps until very late; indeed, it will be nearly dawn when the last bedraggled arrestee is released. In the meantime, we have created a sort of autonomous zone on the steps of the precinct, where we laugh and talk, and even engage in friendly debate with a few curious police officers. Party at Precinct Seven.

Meanwhile, a few blocks away, another celebration is in full swing: the Critical Mass after-party at ABC No Rio on Rivington Street. Hundreds of people are dancing to the music of the Rude Mechanical Orchestra, a radical marching band with lots of attitude and FreeWheeler Rebecca as a baton twirler. This presents an interesting possibility. "I'll be right back," I tell the jail support volunteers with a smile.

I make my way to the party, where Rebecca's face lights up in a devilish grin as I explain my idea. She rounds up her bandmates, who agree that it sounds like marvelous fun. The band gets into formation, and we start down the street toward the precinct.

If the police had wanted parading without a permit, they've certainly got it now, complete with a marching band. But they have completed their evening's assignment of chasing down bicyclists, and are in no hurry to prolong their shifts by making more arrests. So we march around the station house, dancing and laughing. The Rude Mechanical Orchestra plays loudly enough that we are certain the cyclists waiting inside can hear the concert we are putting on for them.

Later, we will ride again, but for now we dance.

Gwen Kash is a founding member of the FreeWheels Bicycle Defense Fund (www.bicycledefensefund.org). Since February 2005, the Defense Fund has assisted bicyclists who are arrested, ticketed, or harassed by the City of New York.

THE ACCIDENTAL BIKE ACTIVIST

You have to outlast the bastards.

—Norman Siegel, civil rights attorney

At the time of the 2004 Republican National Convention (RNC), I had attended approximately 35 Critical Mass group rides, the monthly bicycle celebration that occurs in hundreds of cities worldwide. Even then, I didn't think of myself as anything more than a cyclist out for a ride. Nor did I think of Critical Mass as an overt political statement, but as an antidote to the perpetual malady of riding a bike in New York City—the daily gauntlet of cab doors flung open into bike lanes, of pedestrians stepping obliviously from the curb, and trucks imperiling my soft body with tons of steel. Critical Mass was my two hours of safety and fun.

The arrest of nearly 400 cyclists the week of the RNC—264 of them during the August Critical Mass ride alone—changed everything. From then on, the harassment, detentions, and vilification of cyclists by the NYPD became constant fixtures on the last Friday night of every month, throwing many of us into positions that would change our personal and professional lives.

At that time, I began working with several other volunteers from Time's Up!, a nonprofit environmental organization, on responding publicly to the police department's intimidation and abuse. We were counseled by Norman Siegel, a prominent civil rights attorney and former director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, who recognized in the NYPD's tactics a familiar scent from the civil rights struggle he had joined in Mississippi in the early 1960s. Norman encouraged us to prepare for more arrests going forward, and to frame the police actions against cyclists in a larger constitutional context.

Armed with an old press list from Norman, and with only a vague sense of how to write a press release, we in the Time's Up! media committee threw ourselves into the gathering storm. The morning before the September 2004 Critical Mass ride, we gave interviews starting with the 5am Early Show news cycle, then the regular morning programs, the noon news, the 6pm and 11pm shows. The next afternoon, we held a press conference to denounce the 37 Critical Mass arrests and the confiscation of bicycles as a violation of due process and other fundamental rights.

Each month afterward followed a similar process. The police deployed squadrons of scooter cops, arrest wagons, and several helicopters on every ride; arrested or ticketed scores of cyclists; and impounded dozens of bicycles—including those locked on the streets. The press team labored to take control of the NYPD spin machine that was now pitching cyclists as anarchists and radicals—or,

in the immortal words of Commissioner Ray Kelly, as "extremists" who had "hijacked" the ride. We quickly became familiar with assignment editors at various networks, and rarely went a week without calling them.

We made certain gains: After a year, most major media outlets understood that Critical Mass was a bike ride that people participated in for a variety of reasons, not a shadowy cabal of social miscreants bent on dismantling the capitalist order. Every new story required diligent reiteration of our talking points: Group bicycle rides are a significant factor promoting safety. The only thing that had changed from prior to the RNC was the level of enforcement by the police. And with its density and level topography, New York is an ideal city for cycling that should be embracing rather than demonizing us.

By early 2007, hundreds of arrests and a handful of federal and state lawsuits later, a new team of volunteers has taken over at Time's Up! to manage the occasional press spin around Critical Mass. More importantly, they are encouraging the local media to diversify the type of bicycle story it covers, with more print dedicated to events like club outings and the visually poignant Ghost Bike memorials.

With the NYPD losing time and again in court, the department has taken to rewriting the law around bicycles in the name of "public safety," in the form of the new parade permit rule. It looks like there will be no shortage of lawsuits and the attendant stories in the near future.

I don't often ride in Critical Mass anymore, in no small part because it has ceased to be fun. But what began as an accidental necessity for me has led to a career as an advocate for improved conditions for cyclists and pedestrians. I believe strongly that, once the police lose a few more legal decisions, or a new Commissioner takes over, the rides will once again become a celebration of bicycling and a respite from the monthly battle for space on New York City's mean streets.

Matthew Roth is Director of New York City Streets Renaissance, an advocacy group campaigning for the reclamation of city streets as lively public places.

A VIEW FROM THE STREETS

I ride a bike because I need to keep moving. I shoot video to celebrate the people I find moving. I started riding Critical Mass because I viewed it as a random, roving party that I could attend whenever I fancied.

In August 2004, it all changed. The New York City Police Department started to arrest anyone who rode on Critical Mass, along with any nearby people with a bike, such as the man on Second Avenue who was jailed while picking up dinner. These arrests became a consistent injustice that I just couldn't accept. And based on the outrage I saw in the faces and statements of passers-by, eyewitnesses couldn't believe what they were seeing either.

I knew the only way to reach the public with the truth about what was happening was through video. So I shot video. And soon I met others who shot video. We gave our videos to lawyers who used them to exonerate their clients. And we gave videos to mainstream press reporters to back up their stories, which otherwise might have been viewed as exaggerated.

I've learned that video can help bring the truth to the surface, and although this truth can be stranger than fiction, it just might set you free.

—Chris Ryan, punk rocker, filmmaker, bicyclist, NYC

I shoot video with the Collective because if my eyes could only tell you the vision they see from my bike it would be enough. So my camera becomes your eyes, and I can share a vision of how life could be.

—Nikita, neophyte videographer, Harlem

I shoot video for the Time's Up! Video Collective with the goal of defending New Yorkers' right to ride bicycles whenever and wherever they desire, in clusters of people as large as they like. In this pursuit, I am shooting video to improve the lives of every New Yorker, whether able-bodied enough to ride a bicycle or not.

—Sarah Phillips, artist, Brooklyn

I grew up here in the city riding my bike. I ride for fun, transportation, and more recently, for my health. In 2002, I had a heart attack. Realizing how fragile life is opened me to being more engaged with the world around me.

Cycling, my cardio exercise of choice, is very dangerous in our town. I see Critical Mass as a vehicle for raising awareness of a healthier lifestyle for everyone.

I began shooting the rides. As an artist, I find them to be a beautiful spectacle. A sea of bicycles coming up the boulevard, all ridden by different kinds of people, from messengers to parents with their kids, students and hipsters with their quirky outfits and cool bikes, to weather-worn cycling veterans. The rides show a diversity of who we are as New Yorkers. The juxtaposition of our landmarks and cityscape with our bikes and faces lends a unique visual charm that's incongruous with what we know to be the (car- and truck-filled) "mean streets" of New York.

—Peter, video designer, NYC

I ride a powder-blue Raleigh, skinny wheels, tall, upright handlebars, and 10 speeds. I found her abandoned and alone, cast off because someone stole her front tire. A little love from me and she shines so European.

The reasons I ride are many, but it really comes down to being able to truly see and feel the world around you. When you walk, you see people. When you take the subway, you see subway. When you bike, you travel just fast enough to see the world as a complete organism. You can see how the big and small pieces fit together. You can feel the sun and the rain.

I shoot video about biking because people need to be informed. They need to know what they're missing, rushing to the angst-fest that awaits at each red light. And they need to know what these cars take from me, as I tremble, so vulnerable next to them, so flesh-and-blood against their metal-and-oil.

—CA, Time's Up! volunteer, from the Bluegrass State, now living in NYC

The Time's Up! Video Collective comprises people who document cycling activity in New York and the behavior of police who harass cyclists. Formed in 1987, Time's Up! is an all-volunteer, grassroots environmental group dedicated to educating people about how their everyday choices affect their environment. (www.times-up.org)

STILLNESS PURSUED

I had been cycling for a long time before I saw my first fixed-gear bike. It was as foreign and strange to me as my neighbors' fancy new 10 speeds, with their weird, curved handlebars and dark cluster of gears, had first appeared when I was a kid patrolling the streets of my Jersey suburb on my Rollfast coaster-brake bike. Shortly after college, a mechanic friend showed me this newest wonder. "See?" he said as he lifted up and spun the rear wheel of his fixed gear, the pedals and crank arms turning around by themselves, like a player piano. "It's a direct link. No freewheeling." "You can't stop pedaling?" I sputtered, unable to believe what turned out to be true.

An 80-dollar secondhand frame built up into the prettiest bike I have ever had, my first fixed gear. I put an old red suede saddle on it and took it around the city and learned to ride it. Paused at a stoplight on Fifth Avenue, I leapt out ahead of the buses and taxis when the light turned. Pedaling so fast my legs were burning a block later, I tried to coast. I was yanked up and forward out of the saddle and started bouncing around on the bike suddenly gone wild, but I hung on and regained control.

As if honed by the infinite loops traversed on the track, the fixed-gear bike is stripped down to the essential, an economy beautiful to behold. There are no loops of cable, no brakes, no hidden mechanisms, no multiple gears, only a streamlined housing, room for the engine and space for the pistons: a cockpit for the will to drive it.

A ride on the track, or velodrome—a steeply banked oval, the best ones built of wooden boards—is one of the best things you can do on a bicycle. The lines of the track bike, angled steep for agile handling, are echoed in the imposing, G-pulling swoop and thrilling head-on rush of the velodrome's banks and straightaways.

You played this game as a child, putting colored glass marbles in a jar and swirling them around, faster and faster—a dazzling spectacle of speed, color, and blur.

Riding on the track is a lesson in physics. A downtrack roll from the outside rail gives the engine time to master the monster gear. Then you explode out of the saddle and drive! drive! drive! you enter the banked corner at top speed, leaned way over, and are pushed down into the boards as in a centrifuge and then, fighting to hang tight to the fastest line are slingshot out of the corner and down the straightaway, before being scooped up by the next curve. You played this game as a child, putting colored glass marbles in a jar and swirling them around, faster and faster, zipping around and climbing the sides in a game of follow-the-leader, a dazzling spectacle of speed, color, and blur.

You come full circle on a fixed gear. Having known flat-out speed, what remains is the mesmerizing art of moving slow, the penultimate step to perfect stillness. Standing on the pedals, you begin to rock gently backward and forward, like a fish moving to remain motionless in the pull of the current, your shoulders and hips dipping in counterpoint: bars right, body left, then the opposite way, as if walking, footsteps without landfall, back and forth, searching for the center, weaving hypnotically like a charmed snake, brushing closer and closer with each pass over the point of an invisible fulcrum, swaying less and then less until the mirror images begin to fuse, and the idea comes forward, the possibility of your remaining upright, frozen forever, like a photograph, the childhood lesson perfected, a picture of you on a bicycle, perfectly balanced.

Joshua P. Rechnitz is an independent animator living in New York City. He races bicycles on both the road and track and rides his fixed gear to get around town.

TAKING FLIGHT: MY ROAD TO BIKE RACING

My midlife crisis hit when I turned 50. When I was younger and skiing a line of moguls, my legs would talk to me. Now they would scream. Then my friend David asked me to ride bikes with him in the Catskills. We rode about 20 miles, stopping several times for me to rest—I was not feeling great. On one downhill, we passed a guy riding uphill, fast. I wanted to ride and look like him: fit, fast, and focused.

I lubed up my steel city bike and began riding Catskill roads, timing myself to see whether I was improving. I began shopping for a better bike. In one bike store, the employees were admiring a racer who had just won a race. I began reading cycling magazines. With a vague idea about the Tour de France, I bought my first cycling jersey. It was yellow. The fantasies began: *I'm Lance Armstrong*. Fantasy and denial conspired in a beautiful way. I threw myself into riding at higher intensities for longer periods. I was King of the Road. I went to see a bike race in Central Park. Reality crunch. These guys were serious. They talked the talk and rode the ride and looked professional. I was hooked. I wanted to race.

I trained all that winter, got a USCF racing license, and mustered the courage to enter my first race, sponsored by New York's Century Road Club Association (CRCA) in Central Park. As I lined up with the other novice racers at the top of Cat's Paw Hill, near the Boathouse, I remembered my cross-country running races in high school. How I had hated those races, which I entered because my father expected it of me. This was different. My heart rate was high, I was anxious, but the dread was gone.

The starter said "Go!" and we were off, clipping into our pedals, shifting gears, and spinning our pedals to match the speed of other racers. Thirty-odd bike chains whirred around their sprockets. As we rode together in the peloton, I remembered the film *Winged Migration*, where an ultralight plane flies next to a flock of birds. As in that scene, every racer had the same frame of reference: The bikes and riders seemed still, but the landscape was moving. Racers changed position a bit, but not much. In that thrilling moment, I felt like I was part of something that was not complete without me. I belonged.

That same day, a new racing term entered my vocabulary: "dropped." On the second lap around the park going up the dreaded Harlem Hill, I could not keep up with the peloton. I tried not to be noticed as I crossed the finish line alone. Fantasy and denial had gotten me into the race. A single, thrilling moment galvanized me to persevere.

Since then, I've joined one racing team and have gone on to help start another. After each race, my teammates and I share reports of what happened that day: the great moves (usually by our team), the breaks, the crashes, the stupid moves (usually by the other teams), and the drama on the road.

As a source of inspiration, denial has been replaced by a proper training regimen that allows me to achieve my objectives. However, fantasy remains a key ingredient. Who knows? Perhaps 2007 will be my breakout year.

Reed Rubey, a resident of the Upper West Side, is an architect (www.reedrubeyarchitect.com). He races for the Avenue A / Razorfish Cycling Team (www.avenuearazorfishcycling.com).

Every racer had the same frame of reference: The bikes and riders seemed still, but the landscape was moving.

UP, DOWN, AND AROUND: THE BEAR MOUNTAIN CLASSIC

Every spring and fall, the Century Road Club Association (CRCA), a New York City bike racing club, stages one of the most testing open races in the tri-state area—the Bear Mountain Classic. From the starting line at Lake Welch in Harriman State Park, racers follow a 14-mile course that drops down an exciting 50 mile-per-hour descent, climbs up a four-mile hill, and circles two roundabouts in the process. The 56-mile route tests your ability to survive climbs, descents, and fast sprints on the flats—all within the first six miles.

I arrived on the glorious morning of September 10, 2006, to race the course for the fourth time. It was the second running of the fall race in memory of Nancy Morgenstern, a passionate bike rider and racer who perished in the September 11th attacks.

My field, consisting of 120 Category 4 (nonprofessional) racers, were itching to start and finish in the Top 10. The official lead car led the field down the first descent, all contenders pedaling with gusto. I was about seven men from the front; my team, Jonathan Adler Racing, had five men in this field. Already teams were fracturing as racers' speeds accelerated.

The first descent was a cracking test of bike handling and the ability to streamline the body into an arrow-like position by putting one's weight toward the front of the bike. At the bottom of the hill, a U-turn required us to come to a near stop, and then pedal four miles uphill. My team moved to the front going 16 miles per hour. We turned our competitors' dream of a "nice and easy" first lap into a nightmare. (In their frantic bid to catch up, two of our competitors began vomiting on the ascent.) Our strategy split the field apart, dropping about 60% of the racers. Laps two, three, and four tired out the rest.

With five miles left, about twenty-five racers remained. I broke away, and another rider joined me. We were ahead by a massive 40 seconds. I looked over my right shoulder; the field were not chasing. They were cooked!

Then disaster almost struck—my left calf cramped. Two racers caught up with us, and we rode together in rotation. But I vowed to get onto the podium—where there is room for just the first three finishers. I rode harder and drank more water. The cramp eased.

The finish line loomed ahead. As the sprint began to wind up, all changed into higher gears. I gave one last monstrous effort and came over the line in third—my best finish so far.

I shall treasure my moment on the podium for years to come. Leading a climb to the top, with a team that passionately applies its energy to achieve a win, is a feeling second to none. Standing on the podium—with my teammates cheering, competitors clapping, and my muscles contracting—makes the effort worth the immense energy expended. Such are the reasons why I ride, train, and race.

We turned our competitors' dream of a
"nice and easy" first lap into a nightmare.

Anthony O'Malley is a writer and lecturer, living in New York City for the past 14 years. He races on Jonathan Adler Racing Team, and is a member of the Century Road Club of America, the oldest bicycle racing team in the United States.

Editor's note: According to the rules of the US Cycling Federation (USCF), which licenses and regulates competitive cycling, there are seven categories for men: Pro, 1, 2, 3, 4, Masters (35 and over), and 5. Only Categories 4 and higher may enter the Bear Mountain Classic.

MY TRIBE

It's a Sunday morning, and I grew up Catholic, so of course I'm getting on my bike. Sundays are my holy days of cycling obligation! I'm late to everything, and I live at the northern tip of Manhattan, so it's 35 minutes of fast and sweaty pedaling to make the eight miles from home to the Boathouse in Central Park, our inevitable meeting place. And the guys are waiting for me. We exchange pleasantries, or a hug and a kiss, or all three.

"Honey, have you been snorting meth again, you're skinny as a rail!"

"I started going to Front Runners. Christ, those kids are all 22 years old. They could be my grandchildren!"

Camp is our currency. The Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert communicate with clicks. We communicate with hyperbole.

And who are we? I think of us as a tribe, my brothers and sisters. These are the people I hold close to my heart, my gay family. Family are the people who come to visit you in the hospital, and these guys have had plenty of occasion: forearm fractured when I was hit by a car, leg infection from a severe case of road rash.

And what is this tribe? My tribe is Fast and Fabulous, the queer bike club in New York. A few of us do actually ride our bikes; many more are those who show up for the monthly dinners. When folks ask about us, I tell them that we're an eating club with a cycling disorder.

And who's in the tribe? Paulette, who grew up on the island of Jamaica, is a veteran bike racer with thighs so big they have their own nicknames. She was once kicked out of a women's race because the officials thought she was a guy. Mike, a new guy in the club, sent me flowers when I was recovering from my most recent surgery. John and David, my queens from Queens, are a big help running the bike club. Mark and I used to get up early on weekdays and bike a loop in New Jersey as the rising sun turned the great gray bridge a rosy shade of pink.

Terry is an internist, Neal a dentist, and I'm a physical therapist, so we joke that the three of us could handle any medical emergency. Eric and Gerry are partners and culture vultures, but Eric is the champion punster.

"It got lost in the male? Oh, Bob, that's rich. No, I like the one about the club scene. He got lost in the maelstrom!"

Lots of our banter has to do with manly cyclists cruising by. Geez, did you see the butt on him? Oh, baby, stuff him, but check out the rear end on Miguel Indurain! ¡*Dios mio, las nalgas tan amorosas de este hombre!* We repeat sprinter Marty Nothstein's indelible words to *The New York Times*: "My butt is so big that I have to buy pants two sizes too big and wear a belt." Who but gay men and bikers get to talk about how big their asses are? And we, doubly blessed? We get to talk about ass all the time!

Bob Nelson has been a member of Front Runners New York, the city's LGBT running club, for 21 years, and founded the Fast and Fabulous Cycling Club, a subgroup of Front Runners, in 1994.

BIKING IS LIKE CHRISTMAS

As an urban cyclist, I don't let cold weather deter me. I dress in layers and I'm good to go. I also like to dress up my bike. Those are two reasons I love Time's Up!'s annual "Lights in the Heights" ride, a leisurely bike ride to see the over-the-top Christmas decorations in the Dyker Heights section of Brooklyn.

The afternoon of December 14, 2006, was particularly balmy, so a big crowd turned out at the ride's first meeting place at City Hall. I cruised up on my bike, Maid Marian, with my pug dog, Olive, in the front basket. Everyone loves my bike, dolled up with a Christmas tree, wreaths, bells, tinsel, and a NOEL sign on the front basket. And everyone adores Olive too. (She's fantastically cute.)

So a feeling of joy is kicking in, even before the ride starts. To spread it further, I have brought bicycle carols for everyone to sing. In years past, we have made up lyrics to Christmas carols en route. By the end of the ride, we've come up with some good stuff, but because no one writes it down, we have to re-invent the wheel the next time around. Well, this year I'm ahead of the game. I hand out a smattering of copied lyrics.

The sun hasn't set yet, but I'm already wearing my blinking red nose à la Rudolf, Olive has her antlers, and we are READY! Don't you just LOVE the Christmas spirit! Trudy, the ride leader, discusses the ride's route and rules, and we are off over the Brooklyn Bridge.

No matter how many times I bike over the Brooklyn Bridge, I'm always amazed by the splendor and resilience of the bridge, the faces of cyclists and pedestrians sharing a center path above the automobile traffic, and the dramatic views. The struggle on the way up makes the coasting down all the more fun—as long as the tourists remember to stay out of the bike lane.

CYCLISTS ARE MISSING THE REAL, AUTHENTIC NEW YORK EXPERIENCE

So, over the bridge, through Brooklyn Heights, to Prospect Park we go. I always huff and puff a bit coming up Third Street (my bike, after all, is a three-speed Raleigh loaded down with Christmas decorations and a 20-pound pug dog). But I'm happy to remind my fellow cyclists that "they don't call it Park *Slope* for nothing."

We get to Third Street and Prospect Park West, where we meet up with another group of cyclists—double the number as were at City Hall. Fabulous! It gives me a powerful sense of community: Ah, these are my peeps. Candy canes and bicycle carols are distributed, greetings exchanged, and photographs taken. Then off we go, singing "Bicycle bells, bicycle bells, ringing all the way!"

It's dark when we reach Dyker Heights, and the Christmas light displays are spectacular. The owners of these phenomenally decorated homes seem delighted to hear us sing, "We the cyclists from Manhattan are, pedaling our bikes from boroughs afar."

The ride home brings another opportunity to revel in the beauty that is the Brooklyn Bridge. The lights of Manhattan float like the Emerald City in the distance, and the spirit of Christmas sparkles in the chill air. Why do I ride? Because biking is a celebration of love and joy—for me, it's like Christmas all year 'round.

Nadette Stasa is a casting director, actor, writer, and on-camera commercial teacher and coach. She has cycled in Cuba, Vietnam, Quebec, Prague, Paris, and Cordova. In 2008, she plans to cycle in the Middle East. She lives for her pug dog, Olive, and her fiancé, Jon.

You wait and
wait for a bus.
Here come
several at
once—
a four-pak,
traveling as
one, nose
to tailpipe, like
circus elephants.

This is addressed to you New York City bike riders. Yeah, okay, so you get around without obstruction, delay, or reliance on anyone or anything else. That's good...but you're missing sights and experiences that make people true, authentic New Yorkers.

For instance...you take a bus. Well, you wait for a bus. And wait. And, uh, wait. Here comes one! No, check that: here come several. All together. A four-pak, traveling as one, nose to tailpipe, like circus elephants. Driver No. 4 pours through a red light to join his buds, blocking a cross street, obstructing cross traffic, making people very cross, and giving new meaning to the term "cross training."

And people say New Yorkers aren't social. You just tell them about bus drivers. They wait for each another so they can play leapfrog up and down the avenues. Give one another a big wave. Yell something to their bro' when one pulls abreast of another. Now you just know that's fun! And, best of all, they can skip stops which makes their routes easier for them which is, after all, their real goal.

Listen to the cell phone conversations on the bus (as though you could help it). Suffer the "likes": "...so I'm like," "...so he's like." See the elderly passenger standing. See the pregnant passenger standing. See the mom with young children standing. See anyone offering them a seat? All these are, like, New York experiences you don't get on your bike.

You wait for a train. And wait. And...plug your ears against the screeching (unintelligible) station announcement! Here comes the train. Plug your ears against its screeching brakes! The car is crowded. The door opens. You get the last space. Oops, no, not quite. As the doors close, someone shoves you to make room for himself. Now you're surrounded by people in more intimate proximity than you ever imagined short of a sexual experience.

The train arrives at a stop. Not at a station. It just stops. Between stations. The brother of that squawking station announcer, whose announcement you couldn't understand, pierces the air: "We'll be moving shortly." And, sure enough, you are...10 minutes later, but not before you've had a chance to fully appreciate the full range of early 21st Century literary wit and graphic imagination known in New York as art, but elsewhere as graffiti. You finally arrive at your station. You'd get off except people are pushing in before you can push out.

You have a car. After circling and circling...and circling the block looking for a parking space, you give up and go into your wallet for 25 bucks to park it. Nah, no you don't. You just park it illegally. Not to worry: likely you won't get a ticket. Now it's morning and you're on your way. Not. See that dog walker, up just ahead? You passed him a few blocks back. Ditto that old man with a walker.

You're in a cab experiencing the thrill of watching the meter move while you don't. The driver doesn't acknowledge your tip any more than he does the red lights...or the cyclists in his way. OK, so you share in *that* experience.

Look, I know you suffer plenty for riding in the city, but how can you call yourself a real New Yorker when you don't regularly suffer these New York experiences?

Richard Rosenthal never rode a bike in his adulthood until he was 40. He has solo ridden the Alps in 14 summers; originated the expression, "One Less Car"; and is responsible for the curb cut onto the GWB.

NEW YORK CITY BIKE ADVOCACY A PRELIMINARY TIMELINE

LATE 1960s

NYC bicycle advocacy emerges from the environmental movement. Car-free weekends piloted in Central Park during summer, later expanded to Prospect and Forest Parks. Urban Underground, a group of dissident city planners, forms as part of larger Movement for a Democratic Society, a kind of post-graduate Students for a Democratic Society.

1972

November 4: Demonstration by Action Against Automobiles (AAA), environmental/cycling group founded by Urban Underground; demands banning private cars in Manhattan, among other things; about 150 people attend.

NY State Department of Transportation (DoT) proposes Westway, a \$2 billion sunken roadway in Lower Manhattan.

Muggings rise on Brooklyn Bridge (30 in May) as traffic grows to an est. 300 cyclists and 500 peds per day, *Times* reports. Stairs increase danger for cyclists. In response to complaint, NYPD tells T.A. president John Benfatti to form a civilian patrol.

Inspired by Beijing trip early in year, Mayor Koch orders buffered bike lanes on Broadway and Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Avenues between Greenwich Village and Central Park. Taxi, trucking interests protest; garages and other businesses sue to stop construction; suit dismissed in September.

October: Bike lanes fully open. Built without educating public or consulting bike community, lanes are chronically blocked by pedestrians, food vendors, and trash, and shunned by some cyclists; T.A. says lanes are not properly policed. NYC DOT reports cycling traffic up 50% without increase in crashes.

November: Due to business opposition and public controversy, including charge by Governor Hugh Carey that Koch has a bicycle "fetish," Mayor orders removal of bike lane barriers. Cyclists argue trial period too short. Remnant survives on Sixth Ave. at 34th/35th Streets.

1973

AAA leaders form Transportation Alternatives (T.A.), with Kaplan Fund grant. AAA disbanded.

April 7: T.A.'s first action, "Ride and Rally for a New York bicycle lane network." Pete Seeger performs; crowd numbers 400, according to *The New York Times*.

1974

Congressman Edward Koch (D, NY 1969-77) obtains funding bikeway

demonstration project—the first time gas tax money could be used for nonautomotive projects.

1975

May: In T.A.-sponsored "bike-in," 3,000 cyclists ride from Central Park to Battery Park, calling for "safe and separate bike lanes" on NYC streets.

1975-77: T.A. works with the City Council to force the New York City Dept. of Transportation (NYC DOT) to develop a citywide bike lane plan.

DOT reluctantly agrees to develop a plan in exchange for the Council's agreement to not push legislation proposed by Councilmember Stern. Resulting DOT plans are undramatic.

1975-82: Advocates launch fight for what becomes the Hudson River Greenway. City kills Westway project in 1982.

1976

North Bronx Bikeway created from Pelham Bay Park to Jerome Ave. via

MID-1980S

After T.A. organizes community and files lawsuits to force City to ramp the Brooklyn Bridge's 83 steps (six flights), City agrees to build ramped access from downtown Brooklyn (in addition to the stairs from DUMBO).

1987

Time's Up! Environmental Education and Direct Action Group formed. Objectives include increasing use of nonpolluting transportation.

Mid-August: Due to collisions, City bans bicycles from Fifth, Madison, and Park from 59th to 31st St., between 10am and 4pm. Police and traffic officials blame bike messengers (estimated at 7,000) for the "majority" of ped

injuries, *Newsday* reports. (In 1986, bike/ped collisions injured 668 people and killed three; vehicle/bike crashes injured 2,954 people and killed nine.) The Association of Messenger Services, T.A., and League of American Wheelmen file suit in state court.

September 8: State Supreme Court in Manhattan strikes down bike ban, ruling city failed to give public adequate notice.

1988

T.A. ride to River Road (across the GWB from Manhattan, under the Jersey Palisades) ends when Palisades Interstate Park Commission (PIPC) police arrest one rider and detain 10 others.

1989

April: Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-NY) introduces legislation that becomes Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act of 1991 (ISTEA), opening way for highway trust funds to pay for pedestrian and cycling projects.

July 4: Cyclists gain full-time access to River Road, after T.A.-led coalition, including New York Cycle Club, AYH, and Bicycle Touring Club of North Jersey, lobbies PIPC. Presentation by volunteer lawyer from NYCC, on liability issues regarding bicycle crashes, helps to overcome ban.

1990

T.A. campaign wins cyclist right to ride on south

Pelham Pkwy., Bronx Park, and Mosholu Pkwy., using federal funds obtained by Koch. Bikeway linked or expanded paths in and around parks with a new path on northern median of Pelham Pkwy.

Bike lockers and parking installed at three subway stations, including Port Authority, to showcase intermodal transit. Partial repair of Bay Shore Discovery Trail along Plum Beach in Brooklyn, and of Belt Highway path from 69th St. to Coney Island (partly fallen into bay).

Alliance spearheaded by T.A. urges mayoral candidates to support cycling facilities. Thousands of petitions gathered.

1977

NYC DOT paints city's first bike lanes on Sixth Ave. (8th St.–59th St.), Broadway (23rd St.–59th St.), and Fifth Ave. (8th St. to 23rd St.) Stretches on Broadway unfinished as Barnes & Noble spearheads business opposition.

(ramped) path of GWB. Previously, cyclists risked \$65 ticket for not walking bike on either south or north path (which has five flights of stairs).

T.A. launches Campaign for Car-Free Central Park with rally at Columbus Circle.

T.A. stages 30 weekly car-blocking demonstrations to assert cyclists' right to use the South Outer Roadway bridge path. In October, six T.A. protestors (the "QB6") are arrested for disorderly conduct. Their March 1991 acquittal was first successful use of a necessity defense in NY State.

1991

T.A. convenes "First International Conference for Auto-Free Cities," attended by 400.

May: T.A. and DOT partner for first time on Bike Week NYC—a week of bicycle-related programming.

October: Through Parks and Recreation Commissioner Betsy Gotbaum, city imposes 15mph speed limit on bicyclists in Central Park in response to complaints about speeding riders. Lawsuit organized by Charles Komanoff, with T.A., NYCC, et al., as plaintiffs, issues procedural challenge; cyclists lose.

June: American Youth Hostels launches first Five Boro Challenge. Later becomes annual Five Boro Bike Tour, largest one-day ride in US.

1978

Transition team of Mayor Edward Koch (1978-89) meets with T.A. Bicycle Advisory Council begins meeting monthly. NYC DOT consistently hires T.A. advocates to fill Bicycle Coordinator position. Council disbands after several years due to lack of results.

1992

After three-year T.A. campaign, NYC Transit Authority issues new bike policy permitting bikes on subways provided no hazard created for passengers.

Williamsburg Bridge promenade opened. Access is an improvement, but poorly lit path has 83 steps. (Over next decade, north and south paths are used alternatively during bridge construction. Both have 83 steps.)

1993

T.A. publishes *Bicycle Blueprint: A Plan to Bring Bicycling Into the Mainstream in New York City*, laying groundwork for the city's 1997 *Bicycle Master Plan*.

T.A. activists take to streets to connect bike lanes; DOT agrees to finish job.

City closes Queensboro Bridge bike path during reconstruction; path not permanently reopened for 21 years.

1980

April 1-11: New York Transit Worker's Union strike shuts down buses and subways. Bike commuters rise significantly to 200,000, according to T.A.; to 60,000, according to the

Times.) After strike ends, *Times* estimates daily bike commuters at 30,000+.

July: In five weeks, three pedestrians killed in bike crashes. Bicycle Commuters of New York, a biking organization, proposes licensing riders with state DMV to "promote responsible cycling." Koch considers plan, but declines after study finds it costly and ineffective; favors stepped-up traffic enforcement instead.

The Department of City Planning (DCP) produces *A Greenway Plan for New York City*, 350-mile master plan of car-free biking/walking paths; becomes active in the planning, design, and implementation of new greenways.

Time's Up! organizes weekly traffic calming rides in Central Park; rides spread to other boroughs.

April 16: First NYC Critical Mass assembles at Washington Square Park. No group organizes the rides, but T.A. promotes them later that year. Rides struggle until late 1990s, when environmental group Time's Up! promotes them and introduces afterparties.

1994

First Central Park Moonlight Ride inaugurates tradition of nighttime group rides.

Recycle-A-Bicycle founded; youth program promotes cycling and environmental education in public schools.

1995

T.A. helps City secure federal funding for its City-Racks bike rack program. By 1996, T.A. volunteers have suggested 200 sites. Contract technicalities delay installation until 1998.

Time's Up! begins publishing monthly events calendar to increase bike riding in city.

Pedicab industry in NYC founded by Time's Up! and the Hub Station, beginning with purchase of 12 pedicabs.

MID 1990s

T.A.'s "Light It Up" campaign rallies nighttime crowds of cyclists with blinking lights to draw attention to dark, dangerous conditions on the Williamsburg Bridge and promote low-cost safety measure.

1996

Right Of Way inaugurates Street Memorial Campaign, marking outlines of pedestrians and cyclists killed by drivers at 250 sites over 30 months.

1997

T.A.'s pilot Safe Routes to School program uses computer database and graphical system to analyze crash patterns around schools and recommend safe routes. Later expanded by NYC DOT to 135 "priority schools" and adopted in cities and states across the country.

July: Ramped access for cyclists opens on Manhattan Bridge.

August: First Brooklyn Critical Mass.

August 27-29: Bike rides held during Republican National Convention, including monthly Critical Mass and two Bike Bloc protests, result in arrests of some 400 cyclists by NYPD. Initiates period of conflict between Manhattan police (under leadership of Assistant Chief Bruce Smolka) and Critical Mass cyclists entailing hundreds of arrests, dozens of lawsuits and settlements; ongoing.

September: Police cut locks and seize bikes after Critical Mass, resulting in the *Bray* case. City seeks legal injunction against Critical Mass.

October: In *Bray v. City of New York*, federal judge William H. Pauley rules against NYPD injunction and directs department not to indiscriminately seize bikes. After Halloween Critical Mass in Manhattan, police close Houston St. to traffic, post rifle-bearing officers outside Time's Up! building, try to force entry to a party in progress, and seize bicycles locked outside. Attorney Norman Siegel arrives after midnight to negotiate a truce.

November: City publishes *Manhattan Waterfront Greenway Master Plan*. Though portions are off the waterfront or existing greenways, plan envisions improvements over five years.

Time's Up! begins Memorial Stenciling Campaign to raise awareness of deaths by automobile in city.

DOT publishes first NYC Bike Map.

May: DCP issues *The New York City Bicycle Master Plan* for network of 909 miles of bike lanes and greenways.

November: NYPD creates unit of 10 bicycle officers to keep cyclists off Midtown sidewalks and cars out of designated bike lanes, according to the *Times*.

2005

Petition drives obtains 100,000 signatures for a car-free Central Park. Pressure builds on City Hall for car-free summer trial.

Roughly 20 NYC bike and community groups form New York City Bike Coalition. To advocate for improved conditions, group writes and sends to City Hall the *New York City Bike Safety Action Plan*.

First Ghost Bike memorials (bikes painted white and left chained on streets where cyclists were killed) created by Time's Up! and Visual Resistance, an artist collective. Rallies and rides held for three cyclists killed in less than six weeks.

NJ resident Arthur Kaye, leaving an Upper West Side restaurant, is struck by food delivery cyclist on sidewalk and killed—the second such fatality in 1997, according to the *Times*, and one of 11 pedestrians killed by bike crashes during 1996-2005, according to NYC DOT.

1998

February: Mayor Rudy Giuliani proposes "civility campaign" that would, among other things, require police to enforce vehicle speed limit of 30 mph (through a "one-day crackdown") and mandate licensing of bicycle messengers.

City removes bumps on Williamsburg Bridge bike path.

February: FreeWheels, an organization providing legal support to arrested cyclists, is founded by 14 Critical Mass arrestees.

May: Premiere of *Still We Ride*, documentary of RNC arrests and crackdown on cyclists.

August: Police arrest Critical Mass bicyclists stopped at red lights and tackle a woman after she informs them she's pregnant.

December 20-22: Strike by NYC Transit Workers' Union shuts down buses and subways. Bike commuting increases, though numbers on East River bridges from 6-10am down 44% from April

1999

After 21 years of unreliable shuttle bus service, detours, closures, and agitation by T.A., City opens dedicated bike/ped path on north roadway of Queensboro Bridge.

Killed by Automobile: Death in the Streets in New York City, 1994-1997 published by Charles Komanoff and Right Of Way; statistical analysis of pedestrian and cyclist deaths.

December: Mayor Giuliani erects Midtown pedestrian barriers costing \$136,000, according to the *Times*.

1980, to 4,892, likely due to cold weather (in the 20s on Dec. 21).

2006

January: State Court rules that Critical Mass does not violate parade permitting scheme.

First Memorial Ride sponsored by Time's Up! and Visual Resistance. Five-borough ride honors 24 cyclists killed by motorists in 2005; 300 cyclists attend.

February: Criminal Court judge rules parade permitting scheme unconstitutional, leading NYPD to propose revisions in August 2006 (abandoned) and January 2007 (imposed).

June: Facing a legislative showdown with T.A. and City Council over a car-free parks bill, Mayor Bloom-

2000

Right Of Way publishes *The Only Good Cyclist*, study of cyclist fatalities and driver culpability.

2001

July 25: Manhattan Bridge south path opened to cyclists and peds, with no ramp and 23 stairs on Brooklyn side.

August: Hudson River Greenway officially opens on Manhattan's West Side, becoming nation's busiest car-free biking and walking path with 1,000+ users per hour at peak hours.

2002

T.A. and NY Metropolitan Transportation Council release *Bicycle Parking Solutions: A Guide for Installing Indoor Bicycle Parking*, a resource for landlords, tenants, and businesses.

Renovation begins on Kissena Velodrome (built 1962, one of only 14 in US), with \$192,000 in public funds and \$80,000 in private gifts.

berg launches pilot program for additional car-free hours. During rush hours, one side of Central Park is closed to automobiles; Prospect Park opened to cars on one side during mornings only.

September: City issues a multi-agency study of the last decade of bicycle crashes: *Bicyclist Fatalities and Serious Injuries in New York City*. Among its findings: crashes with motor vehicles seriously injured 3,462 NYC bicyclists during 1996-2003, and killed 225 bicyclists during 1996-2005. NYC Depts. of Transportation, Health, Parks, and the NYPD jointly announce "action steps to improve city cycling"—a direct response to the bike coalition's *Bike Safety Action Plan*.

September: Work begins on additional 240 miles of new bike lanes, routes, and paths by 2010—a 50% increase over 2006. T.A. estimates that 120,000 New Yorkers bike daily, of whom 40,000 commute to work.

November: Time's Up! publishes study finding NYPD spent \$1.3 million on surveillance and arrest of Critical Mass cyclists since September 2004 (*i.e.*, excluding RNC).

2007

January: NYPD publishes revised parade permit regulation requiring groups of 50 or more cyclists to obtain permits in advance of biking together, effective late February. Bruce Smolka retirement announced.

T.A. launches Working Cyclist Safety campaign (in Chinese, English, and Spanish) to improve safety of working cyclists and relations between walkers and bikers. Riding on sidewalks, disregarding traffic rules, and disrespecting peds continue to fuel public opposition to proposed bike improvements, according to T.A.

August: Mayor Michael Bloomberg launches interim Manhattan Waterfront Greenway, a route by which users can circle the island and the first mayoral bike project since Koch's 1980 bike lanes.

February: City Council passes bill capping number of pedicabs in city at 325, banning pedicabs from bike lanes, and requiring \$2 million insurance, among other provisions. Operators argue it will destroy entrepreneurial, carbon-free, tourist-friendly industry. Legislation to take effect in April; Mayor vetoes it in March.

March: In preparation for NYC DOT/T.A.-sponsored Bike Month, T.A. asks organizers to consider new parade permit rules in planning bike rides for May.

March 27: Five Borough Bicycle Club, Columbia Univ. professor Kenneth Jackson, and other plaintiffs, represented by Debevoise & Plimpton, file lawsuit against NYPD's parade permit regulation.

Dec. 12: Ramped Williamsburg Bridge bike/ped path opens. Its 26 expansion-joint covers prove treacherous to people on bikes or using canes or wheelchairs; T.A. begins campaign for their removal.

December: Bike commuting gets big boost when newspapers highlight bike transport during threatened transit strike; Mayor Bloomberg makes *Daily News* cover buying new wheels. Media and local wags deride Mayor for being out of touch with "the average New Yorker" (*Times*) for purchasing \$663 Cannondale (US-

Citing First and Fourteenth Amendments, filing asserts "Plaintiffs' right to engage in group bicycling activity that is constitutionally protected as speech, expressive conduct, association and travel."

made) mountain bike. (Bike shop prices generally run \$300-\$6,000, according to Bicycle Habitat.)

2003

Time's Up! leads organization of Bike Summer, month-long celebration of bike culture.

2004

NYC DOT announces extended car-free hours in Central Park, 7pm to 7am; closes four vehicle entrances; and lowers speed limit to 25 mph. (Studies show nearly all drivers still exceed 25 mph.)

May: T.A./NYC DOT Bike Week becomes Bike Month.

Editor's Note: This timeline was compiled by T.A. staff, with contributions from Jym Dyer, Rebecca Heinegg, John Kaehny, Charles Komanoff, Charlie McCorkell, Ed Ravin, Richard Rosenthal, and others, and edited by Carol A. Wood. Produced in two weeks, it awaits further research and broader representation of NYC cyclists. A longer version may eventually be published at www.whyiridenyc.org. A separate timeline about Critical Mass legal cases is the subject of an art work in this catalogue, by Will James, FreeWheels; and Fred Askew; see also www.onNYTurf.com.

AMY BOLGER



No Guts, No Glory
2005
Digital print
18"x10"



Stephi at Monster Track
2003
Digital print
16"x20"



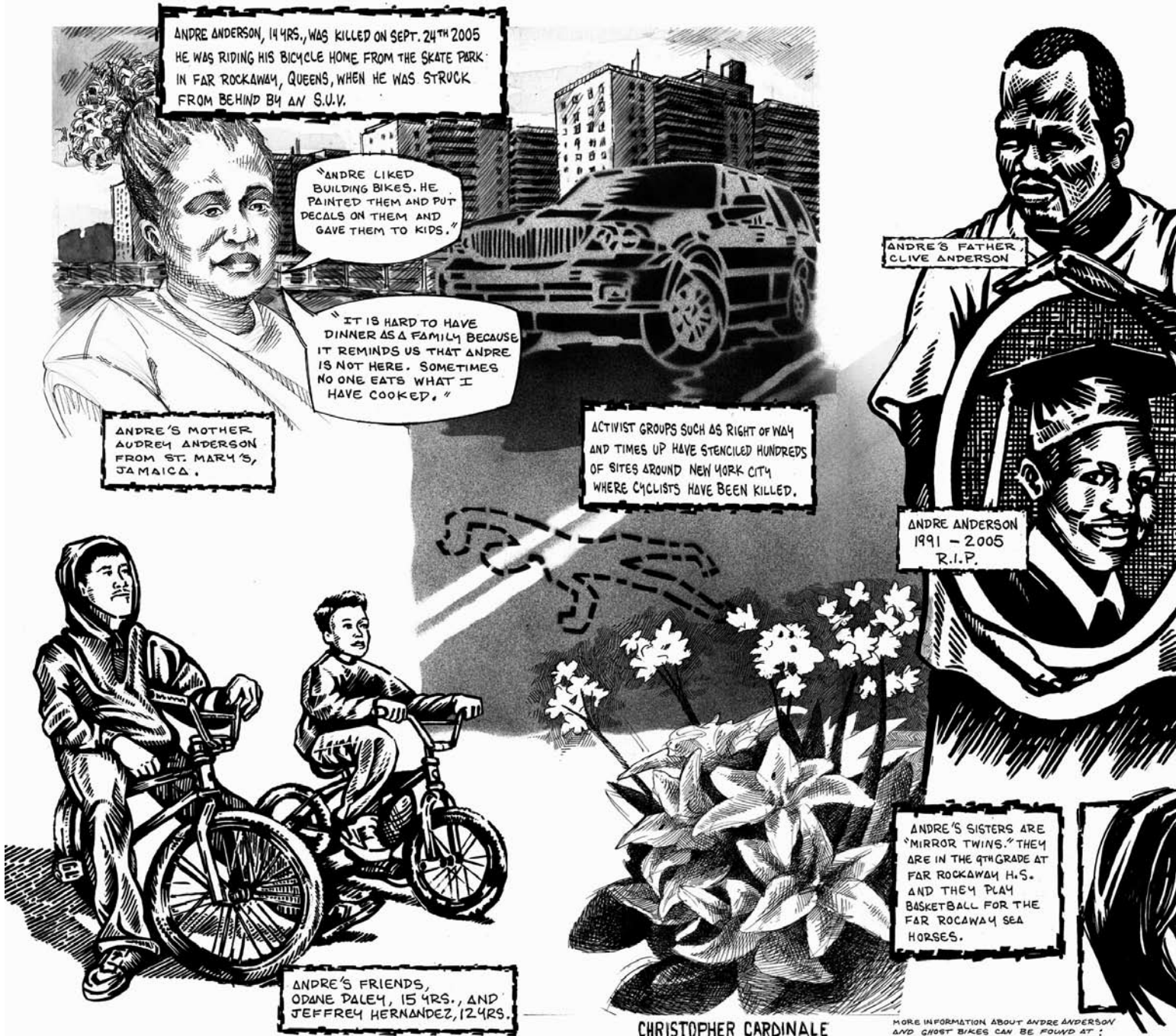
I started shooting street photography when I started working as a bicycle messenger. It was 1998, and I needed a summer job. All I really liked to do was ride my bike and take pictures. Something about it made me feel alive. I thought if I could make money doing it, I'd be feeling better and paying rent at the same time.

I became more involved in the messenger community and my friends became the subjects of my art. I kept shooting and racing for the next few years and eventually had enough photos of Alleycat races to put a small book together.

Racing and shooting have always gone hand in hand for me. Doing both is a challenge, and I always felt like I could get better photos or be a better racer if I just focused on one or the other. I can't do that though. They'll always go together because I have a passion for both. My hope is that I can continue to explore cycling through photography, and vice versa. The best part is that I get to help people with the photos I take. Whether it's the New York Bicycle Messenger Association, my husband's team, or the global community. I love letting others use my images to get sponsorship or promote an event. That's really what keeps me shooting.

*Massamba leading paceline
2006
Digital print
16"x20"*

CHRISTOPHER CARDINALE



ANDRE ANDERSON, 14 YRS., WAS KILLED ON SEPT. 24TH 2005 HE WAS RIDING HIS BICYCLE HOME FROM THE SKATE PARK IN FAR ROCKAWAY, QUEENS, WHEN HE WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND BY AN S.U.V.

"ANDRE LIKED BUILDING BIKES. HE PAINTED THEM AND PUT DECALS ON THEM AND GAVE THEM TO KIDS."

"IT IS HARD TO HAVE DINNER AS A FAMILY BECAUSE IT REMINDS US THAT ANDRE IS NOT HERE. SOMETIMES NO ONE EATS WHAT I HAVE COOKED."

ANDRE'S MOTHER
AUDREY ANDERSON
FROM ST. MARY'S,
JAMAICA.

ACTIVIST GROUPS SUCH AS RIGHT OF WAY AND TIMES UP HAVE STENCILED HUNDREDS OF SITES AROUND NEW YORK CITY WHERE CYCLISTS HAVE BEEN KILLED.

ANDRE'S FATHER
CLIVE ANDERSON

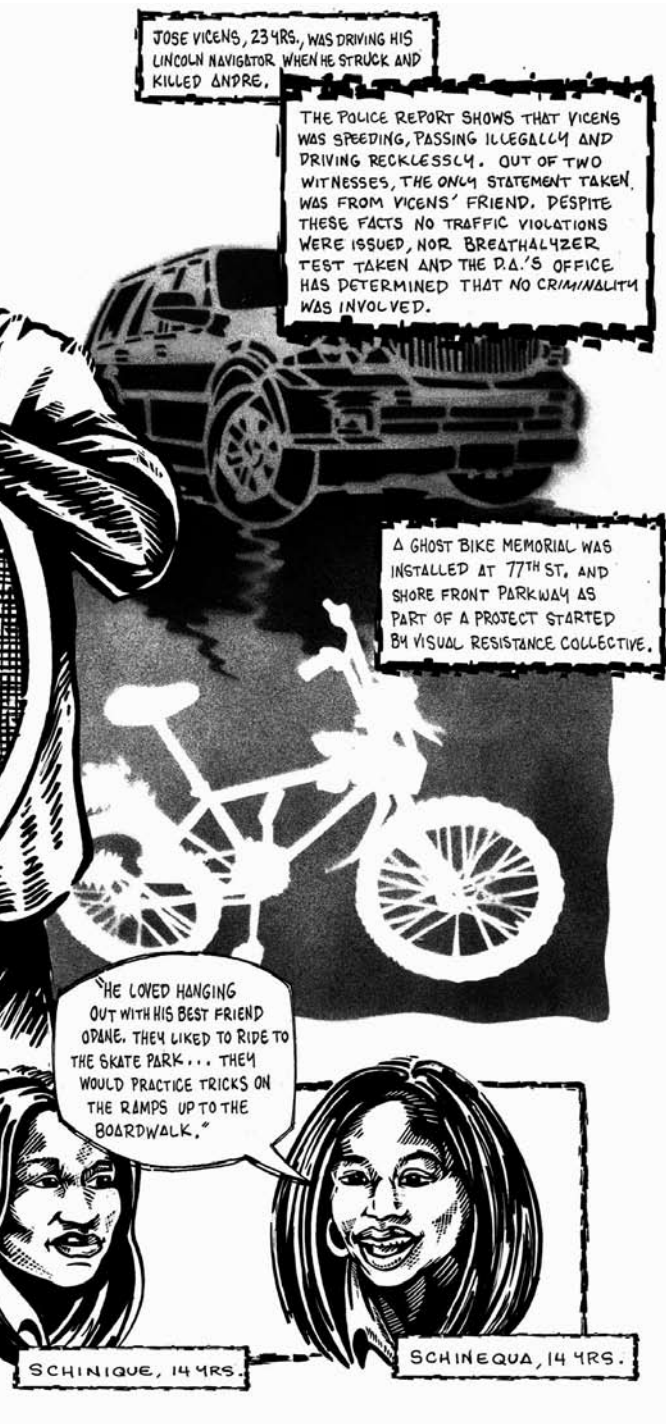
ANDRE ANDERSON
1991 - 2005
R.I.P.

ANDRE'S FRIENDS,
ODANE DALEY, 15 YRS., AND
JEFFREY HERNANDEZ, 12 YRS.

ANDRE'S SISTERS ARE "MIRROR TWINS." THEY ARE IN THE 9TH GRADE AT FAR ROCKAWAY H.S. AND THEY PLAY BASKETBALL FOR THE FAR ROCKAWAY SEA HORSES.

CHRISTOPHER CARDINALE

MORE INFORMATION ABOUT ANDRE ANDERSON AND GHOST BIKES CAN BE FOUND AT: TIMES-UP.ORG ; VISUALRESISTANCE.ORG AND CARS-SUCK.ORG



Andre Anderson Memorial
 January 2007
 Mixed media
 19"x13"

Christopher Cardinale grew up in the deserts of the Southwest surrounded by folk art, Chicano culture, punk rock and skateboarding. In 2000 he moved to NYC where he paints community murals and contributes his political comics to numerous publications.

Shortly after I moved to NYC I decided to give up riding the subway as my primary mode of transportation and got myself a used bicycle. I've ridden in drunken celebration with old friends, and alone on windy rainy nights. I was on my bicycle when the first plane flew into one of the WTC buildings, and I rode together with my sweetheart when she was carrying our child in her round belly. I have woven through midtown gridlock with friends who are no longer with us. I know that thing which makes me feel most alive could easily lead to an early grave. Those who ride bicycles in the city are the most vital people I know. Numerous cyclists unnecessarily lose their lives in car accidents every year. I want to honor the people who have had their lives cut short in this tragic way by showing that they lived passionately, were loved and are deeply missed. Hopefully these images can be used in the fight to make the streets safer for all of us.

DOUG DALRYMPLE



Negative Space Analyst
2006
Digital photograph
Dimensions variable



Madison and 59th
2006
Digital photograph
Dimensions variable



Fast Break
2006
Digital photograph
Dimensions variable



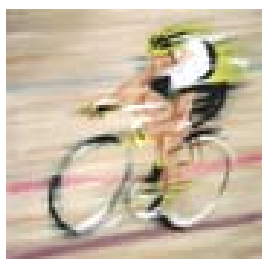
Messenger on Fifth Ave.
2007
Digital photograph
Dimensions variable



I was born in Dayton, Ohio, and live in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn. I work on my bike, I eat lots of chocolate. I read children's books and I take photos of my friends.

Alleykitten Start
2006
Digital photograph
Dimensions variable

STEVE DENNIS



Chris at Herne Hill
2003
Acrylic
24"x24"



Levi Leipheimer
2006
Acrylic on wood
24"x24"



Keith at Goodwood
2004
Acrylic on canvas
24"x24"



Wesseman
2007
Acrylic
28"x22"



Jalabert
2005
Acrylic
28"x48"

I spent my youth cycling the green mountains of Wales. Having married a beautiful American, I now find myself riding in the concrete jungle.

One particularly dismal winter in the UK led to the first of many hours painting what I was unable to be out there doing. That's how it started.

From paintings of teammates forging alone in a break to pro's in their moment of glory and reflection, I paint moments that appeal to me — that capture some spirit, emotion, and passion of cycle sport.

RENÉ FAN



Double Decker Tour Bus
May 27, 2005
Digital photograph
5"x7"



Javits Center
November 19, 2005
Digital photograph
8"x10"



Lisa
September 25, 2006
Digital photograph
5"x7"



Sunset on 42nd Street
May 27, 2005
Digital photograph
5"x7"

Experiencing New York by bike is one of the things that makes me feel most alive. I know whenever I meet another intrepid rider that I am meeting someone who shares the same sense of adventure and thrill for discovering the nooks and crannies of this great city.

René Fan works in the restoration of historic buildings, and has traveled abroad doing architectural documentation of the mud-brick architecture in Yemen, and a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in China. She lives in Brooklyn, and in her spare time enjoys taking drawing classes and playing her accordion with the Main Squeeze Orchestra.



Times Square
2005
Digital photograph
15"x20"

Times Square was taken during a Critical Mass ride in the year after the infamous RNC. Despite the policing and arrests, the May 2005 ride still managed to make it to Midtown where we stopped at Broadway and 42nd Street. For me, the ride and the photo express the spirit, freedom, and power of biking in the city.



Reverend Billy and the
Church of Stop Shopping
Gospel Choir
May 27, 2005
Digital photograph
5"x7"

SARAH HAUSER



Born to be Wild
2002
Hand-colored
solarplate etching
6"x6"



Discovering Liberty
2002
Mixed media drawing
5"x7"

Sarah Hauser works in drawing, printmaking, sumi-e painting, mixed media and sculpture. She is represented by Woodward Gallery in New York City.

The works in this exhibition are from my series of toys going on adventures. I have always been fascinated with small, old, unusual toys. I collect them and set them up in ever-evolving miniature landscapes in my studio. Recently I began to draw them. As I experimented with various combinations and juxtapositions of these toys, they began to evoke still lifes and scenarios. Many of these works also evoke a feeling of "old New York," a part of our landscape that is quickly disappearing.



Harold and Ernst Cross 34th Street
2002
Solarplate etching
9"x 8"



*The Miracles of Hare-Boy:
Hare-Boy and the Glory
of the Carrot*
2007
Silkscreen, paper litho,
gouache and colored pencil
10"x7"



*The Miracles of Hare-Boy:
Hare-Boy, the Carrot
and Truth*
2007
Silkscreen, paper litho,
gouache and
colored pencil
8"x7"

*I own a well-loved,
run-down bicycle which
I have had for about 20
years, which I ride all
over Manhattan.*

WILL JAMES WITH FREEWHEELS AND FRED ASKEW

Fred Askew is a freelance News and Editorial photographer based in New York City. His work is published internationally in journals, newspapers and magazines. His photographs have appeared in *Time*, *The New York Times*, *Le Monde*, *El Pais*, *New York Magazine*, *Artforum*, *The Village Voice*, *Clamor*, *YES*, *Index*, *The Independent*, and other publications.

FreeWheels Bicycle Defense Fund is an organization dedicated to assisting bicyclists who are arrested, ticketed, or harassed by the City of New York.

Will James runs an interactive consulting boutique and publishes the NYC blog www.onNYTurf.com and enjoys weaving between buses on his cosmic yellow Trek.

The timeline project tells the story of the rise of Critical Mass in NYC from a minor, and mostly overlooked summertime activity, to a key litmus test of our changing civil rights. In NYC there is an ongoing effort by the city administration to assert more control over public activity, from where we can ride bikes to when we can protest. The city is using a variety of tactics, including litigation, arrests and ticketing, and new laws and police regulations, to redefine the terms by which we may use public space. Critical Mass is now an activity upon which the city does some of its most bold experimenting of these tactics. This timeline journals the key events, court decisions, and characters in this unfolding drama.

Editor's Note: This project, comprising historical notes and documentary photographs, was in progress as this catalogue went to print.





Critical Mass Timeline (detail)
2007
Mixed media

TALIAH LEMPERT



Ceya's Gianni Motta
2005
Oil on panel
24"x36"

Taliah Lempert started cycling for transportation and found a culture. Her paintings are a celebration of cycling, bicycles and the people who ride them.

www.bicyclepaintings.com

Painting pictures of bicycles satisfies what I want to say. Structurally beautiful & symbolically positive, I am exploring what each is specifically to the person who rides it.

Most bikes I paint are, or have been, used daily for transportation, messenger work and/or for racing. They are worn and customized uniquely, through use, being at once a specific bike and a collective symbol of empowerment.



Jared's Bike
2006
Oil pastel on paper
22"x30"



Roberto's Rain Bike
2006
Oil on panel
10"x16"



Greg's Bike—Sketch
2006
Acrylic on paper
27"x39"

JESSICA LEVEY



F_CK the RNC #1
August 2004
Black and white fiber print
11"x14"
Taken at the RNC Critical
Mass protest

Jess Levey was born and raised in Park Slope Brooklyn and currently lives in Carroll Gardens.

She received her BA from Barnard College and is currently getting her Masters in Fine Art.

She works as a photo editor full time, but photography is her foremost passion. Her conceptual images are more representational of her true work; however she also enjoys shooting NYC streets, especially at night and while riding, as a way to escape from her often tireless mind...

Please view Jess's work at www.jesslevey.com.

There are few actual occurrences in my life when I feel completely in tune with what is going on at that exact moment. Photography and Riding are two such moments. There is a sense of freedom when riding that is unexplainable, add the chaotic adventure of the NY city streets and there is no time or yearning to be anywhere but right here.

Shooting while riding helps me to capture this moment, it helps me to further develop this feeling of absolute existence.

During the Critical Mass/RNC protest we took over the streets, all 2,000 of us, to express our outrage at the Republican party's ignorant values, and to express our anger towards our Mayor who invited them into our home.

NYC has always been my home, and when I ride on these streets I feel connected to the stimulating energy that it beholds.

KATHLEEN MIGLIORE NEWTON



Winter
2003
Oil paint on linen
40"x56"

Why I Ride

Walking is ok.
Riding is better.
My legs are useful
for this circular motion.
My comings and goings
are quiet as a whisper.
Crosswalks a pause—
A recognition of the pedestrian.
A change in direction
is no problem for me.
The wind on my face.
And my eyes
on the back of my head.

I am a painter, and I have always loved to draw the figure. I studied at Pratt Institute. When I lived in Los Angeles and became involved with Womanspace and Woman's Building, I used unorthodox materials and created clothing as art, using plaster, fabric and ceramics. I exhibited at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art Rental Gallery, and the Arco Center for Visual Arts. This work was also shown in New York at the Alternative Museum, The New Museum, and Westbeth Gallery.

I returned to painting, a medium that was challenging and offered a deep and varied tradition of possibilities. I have been particularly attracted to the figurative painting of R.B. Kitaj and other contemporary artists who are interested in the urban environment.

I have shown the paintings at various alternative spaces in New York and Washington, D.C., including PS 122 and the Henry Street Settlement. I was part of a summer group show at Denise Bibo in 2003 and I had a one-person at the Opera House in Hudson, NY in 2004. My paintings are presently exhibited at CB Richard Ellis, arranged by the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council.

SARAH PHILLIPS



Tattoos and Rainbows
2007
Aquatint, etching and
felt-tipped marker
9"x7"

Tattoos and Rainbows pays homage to the chain-ring grease tattoo that stains the calves of cyclists. The tattoo is a mark of camaraderie that unites cyclists everywhere. One can discern a cyclist in the crowd by noticing signifiers such as the tattoo, rolled up right pant leg and helmet hair, often prompting the exchange of knowing looks and gentle smiles between complete strangers.

The rainbow rising above smoggy clouds refers to cyclists' commitment to making this world a better place by choosing to use a form of non-polluting transportation. Many cyclists will recognize the ubiquitous colors of the "rainbow jersey" gracing bicycle gear everywhere.

Sarah Phillips is a Toronto-born, Brooklyn-based visual artist who has exhibited widely in Canada and the US. She is currently taking part in a year-long artist residency at the Lower East Side Printshop.

Check out her website at: www.sarahnicolephillips.com/

ELIZABETH PRESS & OLGA M.



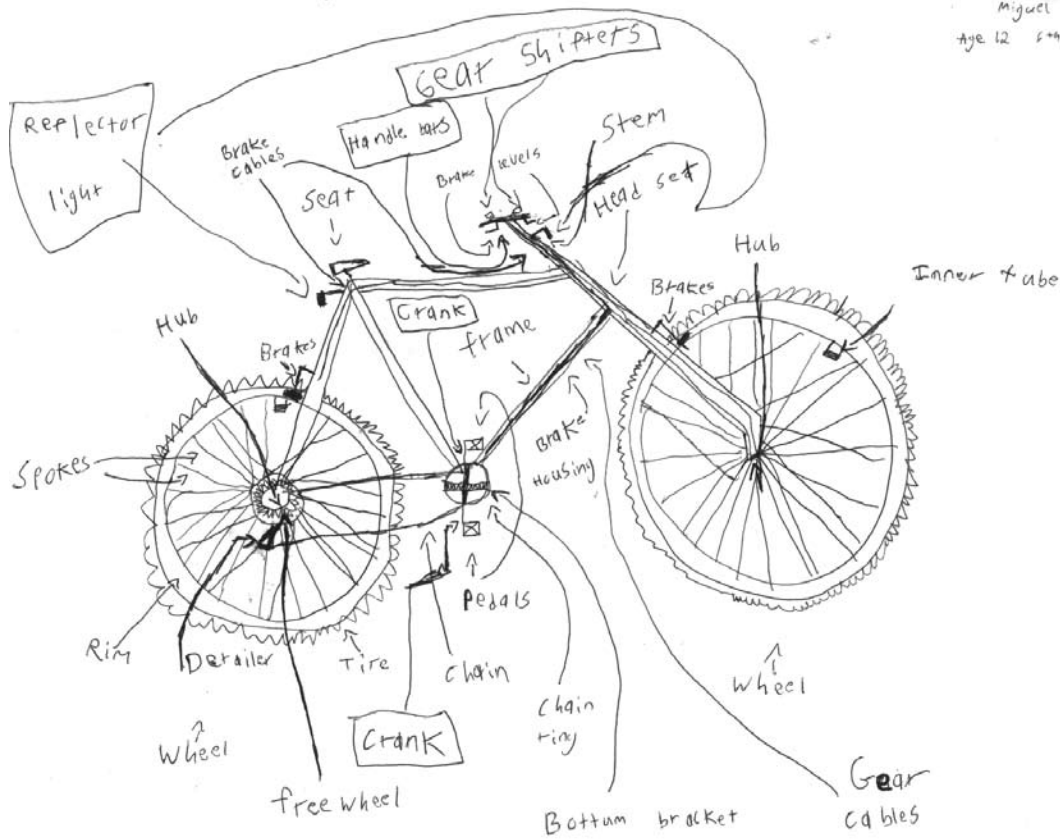
Olga Mazurkiewicz is a zen-punk autodidact working in the audiovisual medium who has focused her wits on socio-political work particularly on policing of activities and public spaces since her return from audiovisual mayhem on the other side of the Atlantic.

Elizabeth Press is mainly a video artist, who dabbles in stop animation and still photography. Although Elizabeth spends the majority of her time working as a TV producer for the independent TV/Radio program *Democracy Now!* she finds time to make art about biking in New York. She is co-director of the documentary *Still We Ride*.



*Resist: The Critical Mass
Mugshot Project*
2006–2007
Digital photography
40"x36"

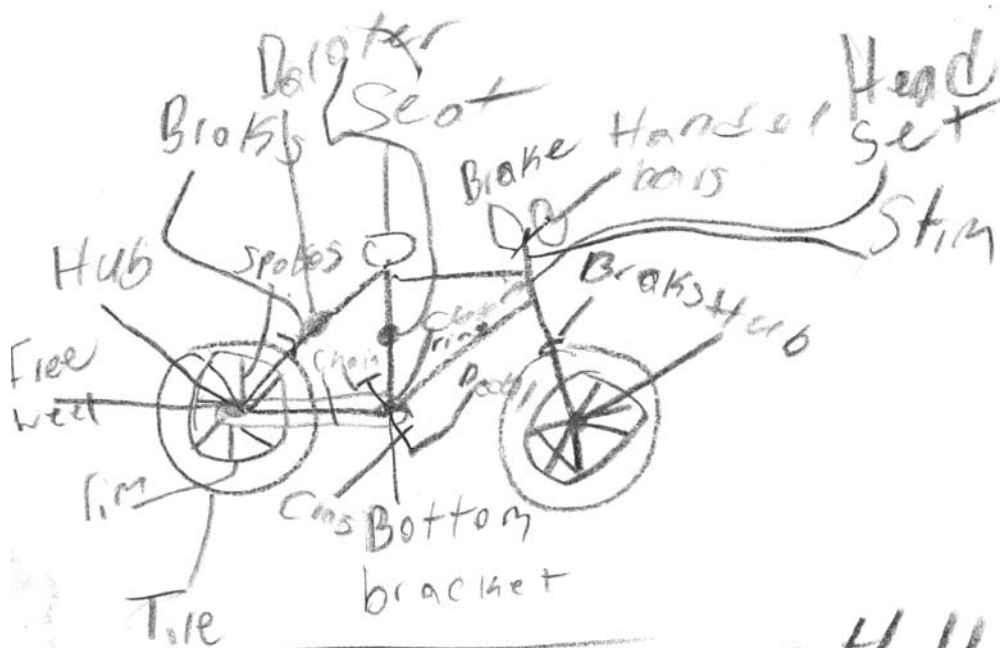
RECYCLE-A-BICYCLE



Miguel Walle
Age 12 5th grade

Miguel Walle is 12 years old and lives in Bedford Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. He likes working with his hands to help the community. He is currently working on earning his second bike.

Untitled
2007
Ballpoint on paper
8½"x11"

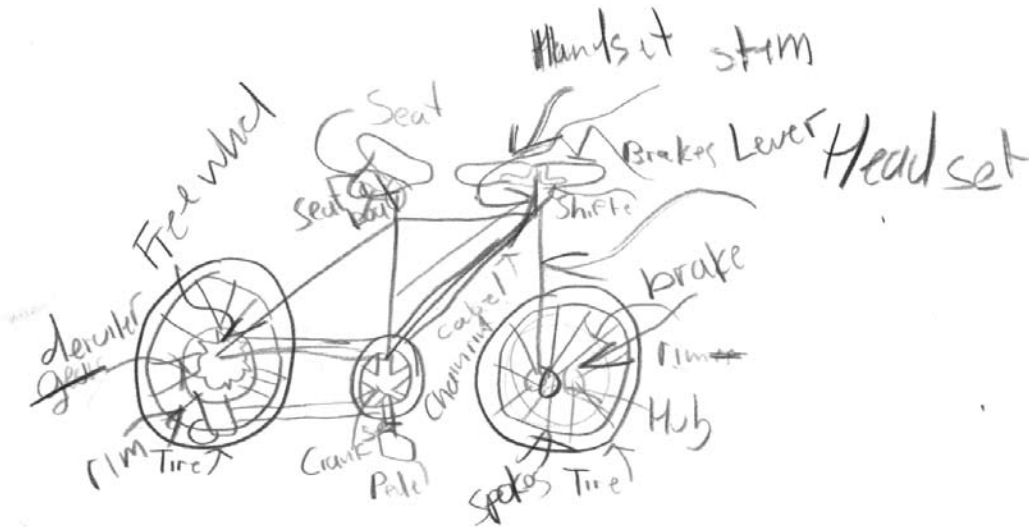


Tristen Saunders-Hall is 12 years old and lives in Bedford Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. He enjoys fixing things. That is why he joined Recycle-A-Bicycle.

Untitled
2007
Crayon on paper
8½"x11"

Tristen Saunders-Hall
12

Donovan Lynch
Age 11



Donovan Lynch is 11 years old and was born in Brooklyn, NY. He enjoys learning the different parts of the bike. He enjoys that he was able to earn a bike, through Recycle-A-Bicycle.

Untitled
2007
Pencil on paper
8½"x11"

These drawings were part of the workshop for the Recycle-A-Bicycle program at the Urban Assembly School for the Urban Environment. The students were given a list of bike parts and asked to draw them as part of a bike. The completed works express not only their talent with drawing but the knowledge they received as students in the class.—Rich Krollman

Recycle-A-Bicycle is a youth training and environmental education initiative that has taken root in New York City public schools and after-school youth programs. Recycle-A-Bicycle promotes everyday bicycle use, sells bicycles, and offers bicycle mechanics classes and a place to interact for positive, forward-thinking NYC youth.

VELOPROP

Bicyclists & the NYPD's "Parade Permit" Regulation

Since February 25, 2007, the New York Police Department has required bicyclists in groups of 50 or more to obtain a permit in advance of riding together. Failure to do so may result in our arrest for "parading without a permit."

For law-abiding cyclists, the permit rule poses thorny practical (not to mention constitutional) questions. If you're a bike commuter, or riding with a bike club, or in a park, you could easily find yourself counted among 50 cyclists on a busy day, or just by passing other groups on the street. Forget about spontaneously riding with a crowd because you feel like it.

We think the City should be spending its limited resources (our taxpayers' dollars) on improving the transport infrastructure overall—instead of deterring bicycling through baroque, cumbersome regulations. In how many other countries is riding a bike a crime?

We also think the City should be asking bicyclists a whole different set of questions than what is on the NYPD's bizarre permit application. So we've appropriated the permit for our own use, adding some of those questions.

We've asked a range of people for their thoughts on the situation. We hope the City will listen to what they say.

Editor's Note: The work was in progress when this catalogue went to print.

David Neff would describe himself as an avid cyclist and user of all modes of transportation. A working photographer who wants the world to be a place where everyone smiles a bit easier and not just for the camera.

Elizabeth Stuelke (formerly Donovan) is a freelance curator and editor and currently lives in Manhattan with her husband Satre, daughter Morgan Jet, and soon-to-be born son Fisher.

A painter at heart and scribe by trade, Carol A. Wood is a distant relative of Roger Williams, freethinker and founder of Providence, Rhode Island.



APPLICATION FOR PERMIT TO RIDE BIKE IN NEW YORK CITY

APPLICANT NAME/ALIAS: *		BOROUGH OF RESIDENCE:	
CHARACTER OF CYCLIST: SOCIAL ___ / ANTISOCIAL ___ / POLITICAL ___ / APOITICAL ___		VELOPROP CYCLIST ID NO. (IF YOU DO NOT HAVE AN ID NUMBER, ONE WILL BE PROVIDED TO YOU.)	
NAME OF ORGANIZATIONS, CLUBS, OR FRIENDS YOU RIDE WITH SO WE CAN FOLLOW THEM TOO:			
HAS ORGANIZATION FILED WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE A SWORN COPY OF ITS CONSTITUTION AND OTHER DOCUMENTS, INCLUDING MEDICAL RECORDS, PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE, SAT SCORES, VOTING HISTORY, TISSUE SAMPLES, AND MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME? Yes ___ / No ___ / SEE NYPD FILE ___		ARE YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN, A MEMBER OF A CRITICAL MASS RIDE? Yes ___ / No ___ / I PLEAD THE FIFTH ___	
DESCRIPTION OF PARADE ROUTE <i>(Where do you ride?)</i>			
DESCRIPTION OF IDENTIFIABLE UNIFORM OR EQUIPMENT <i>(Tell us about your bike and gear!)</i>			
NUMBER OF CYCLISTS ANTICIPATED WITHIN ONE-BLOCK AREA		WILL RIFLES OR SHOTGUNS BE: CARRIED: YES / NO FIRED: YES / NO (IF YES, INDICATE QUANTITY OR TYPE)	
PURPOSE OF PARADE <i>(Why do you ride?)</i>			
MEETINGS BEFORE OR AFTER EVENT, WHO YOU WILL TALK TO, WHAT YOU WILL SAY:		NAME OF GRAND MARSHAL, RIDE LEADER, OR ANARCHIST-BENT-ON-MAYHEM IN CHARGE:	
DEPOSES AND SAYS THAT ALL THE ANSWERS TO THE FOREGOING QUESTIONS ARE TRUE. PENALTY FOR FALSIFICATIONS: FALSIFICATION FOR ANY STATEMENT HEREIN IS AN OFFENSE PUNISHABLE BY A FINE OR IMPRISONMENT OR BOTH (NYC ADMINISTRATIVE CODE [10-154].)			
SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT: _____			
SWORN TO ME, THIS DAY _____ OF _____, 2007 BY: _____			
(MUST BE SIGNED BY NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, MAYOR, POLICE CHIEF, OR ANYONE ELSE WHO IS REALLY HARD TO GET A SIGNATURE FROM.) NOTE: 24 HOURS NOTICE REQUIRED FOR PERMIT BEFORE RIDING. NO PARADES ARE PERMITTED ON SUNDAY BEFORE 2PM, OR WHEN MRS. RAYMOND KELLY MUST BE DRIVEN TO AN IMPORTANT MEETING, UNLESS ATTENDED BY CIVIL SERVANT GS-9 OR HIGHER.			
OPTIONAL: IN ACCORDANCE WITH MAYOR BLOOMBERG'S DEPARTMENT OF SUSTAINABILITY AND PLANYC 2030 DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM, THE CITY OF NEW YORK WANTS TO MAKE YOUR BICYCLING EXPERIENCE A PLEASANT ONE IN ABOUT 23 YEARS. PLEASE ASSIST US BY ANSWERING THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS. WE WILL RESPOND WITHIN 5,980 BUSINESS DAYS.			
<i>What do you think of the new NYPD parade permit regulation?</i>			
<i>How can the City improve bicycling conditions?</i>			

WHY I RIDE: THE ART OF BICYCLING IN NEWYORK

May 3–June 3, 2007

List of Works in Exhibition

Amy Bolger

Massamba Leading Paceline, 2006, digital print, 16"x20"

Stephi at Monster Track, 2003, digital print, 16"x20"

No Guts, No Glory, 2005, digital print, 18"x10"

Christopher Cardinale

Andre Anderson Memorial, January 2007, mixed media, 19"x13"

Doug Dalrymple

Approximately 20 digital photographs, 2006-07, 5"x7"

Steve Dennis

Keith at Goodwood, 2004, acrylic on canvas, 24"x24"

René Fan

Times Square, 2005, digital photograph, 15"x20"

Sarah Hauser

Discovering Liberty, 2002, mixed media drawing, 5"x7"

Harold and Ernst Cross 34th Street, 2002, solarplate etching, 9"x8"

Born to Be Wild, 2002, hand-colored solarplate etching, 6"x6"

Will James with FreeWheels and Fred Askew

Critical Mass Timeline, 2007, mixed media

Taliah Lempert

Jared's Bike, 2006, oil pastel on paper, 22"x30"

Jessica Levey

F_CK the RNC #1, August 2004, black and white fiber print, 11"x14"

F_CK the RNC #3, August 2004, black and white fiber print, 11"x14"

Kathleen Migliore Newton

Winter, 2003, oil paint on linen, 40"x 56"

Sarah Phillips

Tattoos and Rainbows, 2007, aquatint, etching, and felt-tipped marker, 9"x7"

Elizabeth Press & Olga M.

Resist: The Critical Mass Mugshot Project, 2006-2007, digital photography, 40"x36"

Recycle-A-Bicycle:

Tristen Saunders-Hall, *Untitled*, ballpoint on paper, 8–1/2"x11"

Donovan Lynch, *Untitled*, pencil on paper, 8–1/2"x11"

Miguel Walle, *Untitled*, crayon on paper, 8–1/2"x11"

The Lower Eastside Girls Club Girls, *Untitled Sculpture*, 2007

Tom Vanderwall, *Musical Bike*

Veloprop (David Neff, Elizabeth Stuelke, Carol A. Wood)

Bike Permit Survey, 2007, printout