

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

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

- **Big Swingin' Cycles**  
1122 Taraval, SF, 415-661-2462 (also 10% discount on labor)
  - **Road Rage Bike Rental and Repair**, 1063 Folsom, SF, 415-255-1351 (also 15% discount on labor)
  - **Freewheel Bike Shop** 1920 Hayes St., SF, 415-752-9195 and 980 Valencia, SF, 415-643-9213
  - **Pedal Revolution** 3075 21st St., 415-641-1264
  - **Cycle Sports** 3241 Grand, Oakland, 510-444-7900 (also 10% discount on labor)
  - **Missing Link** 1988 Shattuck, 510-843-7471, 1963 Shattuck, Berkeley 510-843-4763
- Other Established friendly(s)
- **Cassidy's Bar**, 1145 Folsom, SF, 415-241-9990— \$2 beer specials M-F, 6-8 pm for working messengers 21 & over
  - **The Sports Basement**, 1301 6th St., SF, 415-437-1415
  - **XS Bar**, 622 Polk St. \$1.50 Pabst for messengers
  - **Downtown Dawgs @ The Wall**, 1/2 price hot dogs, & 75 cent drinks and cookies and brownies \$1.
  - **Hotel Utah Saloon**, 500 4th St., SF, 415-546-6300 Happy Hour Specials and SFBMA band friendly

SFBMA LONG SLEEVE & SHORT SLEEVE T-SHIRTS AND HOODIES.... BLACK ON RED AND RED ON BLACK. SOMETHING PERFECT FOR A BIKE RACE, A ROCK SHOW, EVEN THAT SOMEBODY SPECIAL WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING. AND ! MANY THANKS FOR YEAR'S DUES: VINCE, ANGEL AND BOB NELSON! HEY! DON'T FORGET TO PAY YOUR DUES! DUES ARE PAYABLE TO YOUR OFFICERS. RECEIVE A FREE PATCH WHEN YOU PAY HALF-YEAR (\$25) AND A FREE T-SHIRT WHEN YOU PAY A FULL-YEAR (\$50)

BYTHE WAY:  
THE LEWD HAS A BUNCH OF UPCOMING SHOWS. ASK THEM ABOUT WHERE THEY WILLBE PLAYING! EE-ZEE TIGER IS PLAYING AT THE HEMLOCK WITH THE RED BENNIES AND COCKHOUND THE DATE IS SEPT 11  
ONGOING EVENTS  
SFBMA GENERAL MEETINGS ARE THE 2ND THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH.

WAY TO GO QUAKE CITY ORGANIZERS: RICHIE DITTA, DAMON VOTOUR, HO WARD WILLIAMS, JASON WHITEHEAD, KATIE HAMMONS, SAM LASER G, BRYCE, MIKE RAB, BRENDAN, CHALKHEAD, DIANNA, SPILLER, GINA, SARAH T., MIX MASTER METZ AND NICE TIM!

QUAKE CITY RUMBLE GIVES THANKS TO DAMON VOTOUR, RICHIE DITTA, JASON WHITEHEAD, NELLY NELSON, MISHKA, PANTS, ANNIE AT ANNIES CLUB, ERIC AND DARLA AT TEMPEST, CAROL AND JIMMY AT LENNON STUDIOS, CIMMON AND PADDY AT CASSIDYS, STEVE, JOHN AND ANDY AT SPEAKEASY, BERT AT CHROME, ELLIE AT RE-LOAD, THE S.F.B.M.A, PEPPAR AT THE LUSTY LADY, TEAM SATAN, CARLOS AND CHRIS AT FREEWHEEL, JON AT BAILEYWORKS, JAMI MARK AND CURTIS AT TKO RECORDS, THE APE MAN, DANNY BOY, MIKE RICHEY AND TRACEY AT LO-FI, PETE PISTONI, ROBO, MIKE OTROK, DAVE AT FASTSIGNS, BRETT AT LEATHER TONGUE VIDEO, NEAL AT PABST, BERNIE CORACE, ALL VOLUNTEERS FOR THE SHOWS AND RACES, NOMAD TATTOO, GINGER AN BRIDGETT, GODSPEED, CHEEZY TROLLZ, SANDY BLUMBERG AT SPORTS BASEMENT, BUMCO, MARKUS COOK, SAN FRANCISCO BICYCLE BALLET, JOHN SEAGRAVE, JOE AND LICIA CORIO, SARA KUNG, 39 AND AMANDA, VICTOR AT THE BIKE HUT, PAUL RUEBENS, AMERICA MERIDETH, JOHN KENDA, ALL THE BANDS, CROSSTOPS, BLOWN TO BITS, THE LEWD, THE SICK, CHIX-PACK, FREE CLINIC, LITTLE ARMY, CHUM, JESSELONG, JERRY RICE, CHARBO, MOLTEN GROG AND CHUMP (FROM L.A.). YOUR MOM, AND ALL MESSAGERS EVERYWHERE PAST AND PRESENT!!!!

Issue #39, Special Edition Pre Labor Day 2003

Free to Messengers All Over the World!



# COGNITION

**Q**uakecity Rumble racefans, muckrakers, bummies, and shit starters alike, take heart! A pre-CMWC plan is underway and from the rumblings that I hear, it will be like none this city has seen in the past seven years!

Anybody looking to extend his or her visit to the west coast should look no further because the Quake City Rumble is slated for Labor Day weekend and will prove to be a kick-ass (dual meaning here, I've seen some of the race routes) good time. This is a great opportunity for our friends from everywhere to stop through the city. It also gives those of us that live here to hang outside in beautiful weather without needing to work our asses off. Well, it may not be that great time for the organizers. You'll recognize them by their running around in circles and all of the smoke and blood spurting out of their ears. Some heads actually spin at high speeds, so keep your cameras handy. In a sense they will be working. But I have found in this age that is a hell of a lot more satisfying to donate time to your own projects than to your employers. With that in mind, I'm sure that the people running this thing will enjoy kicking their own asses, and that is to the benefit of all of us, especially me. It's pretty damn fun to watch.

The event promises the traditional alley cat madness, with a couple of new twists that are consistent with our community's pathological quest for originality. One example of this is the coincidence of the world welcome party being on the same evening as critical mass. On Friday night, August 29th, Everyone is encouraged to ride in critical mass, which starts approximately at 6pm at Justin Herman Plaza.



Logo: Danny Boy

Anyone around seven years ago will remember this same coincidence and the chaos that followed it last year when the bike community brought incoming and outgoing bay bridge traffic to a standstill in front of Maritime Hall. The week after that I swear I almost got ran over many times and cursed at by road rabid drivers, still pissed off that some bikers "made" their Fridays horrible. Local media didn't help assuage this rage by repeatedly playing that tired footage of some guy standing on a car and having sex with his bike. Okay, Maybe it wasn't sex, but dude looked ecstatic. I'm not a big fan of mass; there's a lot places I'd rather be than downtown at six o'clock on a Friday night. But that day a whole lot of drivers-most of whom tolerate sharing the road with other drivers more than bicyclists-Lost their driving privileges in our backyard. This huge coincidence still gives me a warm feeling. Our messenger friends came to San Francisco to rage and be entertained, and we stopped traffic just long enough to make a path to let them in. This worlds welcome party won't be as big as CMWC96, but will be just as fun, if even cozier.

The Tempest will be hosting the World Welcome Party/registration on Friday evening at Five p.m. Here you will get a chance to get acquainted or re-acquaint yourselves with all our fine visitors, as well as register for the race. Drink all you want at the Tempest, for the first race starts late the next day. For those of you unfamiliar (yahrite!), The Tempest is in South of Market at Mary and Natoma.

The Godspeed race begins Saturday at noon in the Dolores Park. If you've never raced a Godspeed race before, you're in for a treat. The race goes a little like this: it is a 4-hour alley-cat with a points system that is based on zones, meaning that the points you accumulate down town are a worth less

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## THANK YOU QUAKE CITY RUMBLE SPONSORS:

GO CMWC! GO SF!



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

**S F B M A**  
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SFBMA favorites, The Lewd, will headline at the Quake City Rumble Award Ceremony (On Monday night @ Lennon Studios).

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Our cream slid from my burrito onto my hands, wetting my band-aid and the cut on my thumb. I felt sick. Since I got up, cut my hair and met for four hours to fill the next two months with organizing work, I'd only eaten a plum. Now I felt choked with responsibility; I chewed my burrito conscientiously, but without appetite. It was slick and heavy in my stomach.

My father left early and my mother raised me. The INS was after my father anyway for working illegally on a student visa. For maybe \$300 a month, he came home after I was asleep and left before I was awake, and all of the time, he was on call. He belonged to the company 24 hours. Then they wanted him to work in Taiwan and my mother believes they called the INS on him.

After the INS raid, my mother stayed in America. It was still the land of opportunity--for me, not for herself. She worked illegally at the same tourist agency, sold garish aloha shirts under the Waikiki night lights and peddled homemade dumplings and scallion pancakes to acquaintances. America threw in food stamps.

Years later, my mom received a green card and she worked legitimately as a bookkeeper. When I went with a friend's son to the Punahou entrance exam and unexpectedly got in, it was our American opportunity: while I went to a private school where they would notice if I lost my textbook and didn't do my math homework for months, my mom waitressed evenings after bookkeeping, then stayed on her feet all weekend in a flowershop.

I stopped fighting kids who crossed over our street and threw down at my new school by reading War and Peace. Always, my mom had encouraged me to do well, to succeed. She lived, bled, to tend that red-flowered hope. But for this particular kind of success, which my mom couldn't show me, my school now led me in hand.

I was terribly unhappy at Harvard. Sophomore year, I paid my couple

thousand dollar tuition bill (after financial aid) and escaped Harvard by working at a supermarket in Central Square. Shannon worked at Star with me and lived in the projects nearby. That night her mom--the midnight cashier at Star--was working, so we did drugs at their place.

When I got back, my Harvard room-mates were laughing about the ugly and poor places one of them had to go into as an EMT. Places like the projects, or apartment complexes built with cinderblocks. When I understood what cinderblocks were, I realized I'd lived in those apartments most of my life.

My best times at Harvard were the three weeks I lived in the university president's office. Protesting the poverty wages Harvard paid its cooks, security guards and janitors, 50 students rushed into Massachusetts Hall, ready for arrest or a long occupation. Over the days, the twenty people rallying outside grew to crowds of almost two thousand. From our window we saw banners, signs and a city of tents occupied by more protestors overrun Harvard Yard. Famous politicians visited, as well as the Boston Globe, New York Times and CNN. We cared more for the janitors marching across campus and the hundreds of dining hall workers who roared into the Yard after authorizing a strike. Leaves began showing on the trees. Finally, we came out. Constance, a janitor active with the campaign, cried and gave us each a red rose. We had won. From waiting for my father to come back or my mother to get off work, to seeing the world's second wealthiest institution, America's first corporation, pay other mothers and fathers seven dollars for an hour of work, I had never felt this before. Standing outside with workers, students, and residents, I felt a power over the conditions of our own lives.

Two years later, its still difficult for my mother to give up on me going back to school. Her hard unrewarded work has paid my entrance,

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# COGNITION

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## ESTABLISHED 1990

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

## WHO WE ARE

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

## WHAT WE WANT

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

## HOW WE WILL GET IT

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

## WHAT YOU CAN DO

Volunteer for the SFBMA. You can leave a recording that 415-626-1912. Dues are \$5 each month/or \$50 a year and may be paid to Sarah, Howard, Dave and Carey. Attend as many events as you can without becoming obnoxious as starlings.

# 2003 INDEPENDENT'S DAY ALLEYCAT

BY CHRIS STEVENS

**7/5/03** The first annual Independent's Day Alleycat and picnic were a flaming success. Twenty teams of two raced, one team disappeared somewhere along the way, another two were disqualified for technicalities -- like missing a checkpoint or not showing up at the end -- and meanwhile, at Golden Gate Park, seven kegs were knocked and many crawdads were slain.

They alleycat started at Alamo Square, when the racers chose a teammate and puzzled over the manifest, dividing up the 11 checkpoints between themselves however they wished, as if they were covering the entire city with a two-person messenger company. The checkpoints were: Hangah Alley, Ferry Building, Good Vibrations on Valencia, Rainbow Grocery, the Lusty Lady, Horseshoe Pits, 200 Folsom, Harrington's, the north side viewpoint of the Golden Gate Bridge, The 500 Club, and the Palace of the Legion of Honor.



Photo by Chris Stevens

Among other challenges and hazards, racers had to have a Polaroid snapped while teeing off at the Horseshoe Pits, and have their "filings" stamped at Harrington's, a.k.a. SF Superior and in "Marin County Superior." At the 500 Club, racers had to suck down a pint and tell a joke. We made an audio tape of the jokes -- the less offensive ones, anyway -- and you can hear one racer, who will remain unidentified, radioing his partner to ask, "The north side of the bridge -- that's the other side, right?"

Both members of a team had to finish before the team could get a time. Allie and Chops arrived at Lindley Meadow first, then had to harass their teammates Ginger and Griffin by Nextel as they pedaled back over the Golden Gate Bridge. Griffin finished two minutes before Ginger, clinching first prize and a Chrome backpack, while his partner Allie chose the ever-stylish and rare Cupid sweatshirt.

Jakob broke his handlebars and finished the race on a loaner, getting third for his time, while Becky managed to get the Purple Heart for crashing, and achieve the unusual feat of hitting a Horseshoe Pits native on the ass with her golf ball. Checkpoint officials Fred and Jeannette smoothed things over with cans of PBR.



Photo by Chris Stevens

# What's Cookin'?

LAURA INGALLS WILDER'S GINGERBREAD RECIPE

HERE'S A PORTABLE AND QUICK TREAT THAT MAKES EVERY DAY FULL OF SPICE

i n t h e k i t c h e n

1 CUP BROWN SUGAR BLENDED WITH 1/2 CUP SHORTENING.  
 1 CUP MOLASSES MIXED WELL WITH THIS.  
 2 TEASPOONS BAKING SODA IN 1 CUP BOILING WATER (BE SURE CUP IS FULL OF WATER AFTER FOAM IS RUN OFF INTO CAKE MIXTURE) .  
 MIX ALL WELL.  
 TO 3 CUPS OF FLOUR HAVE ADDED ONE TEASPOON EACH OF THE FOLLOWING SPICES: GINGER, CINNAMON, ALLSPICE, NUTMEG, CLOVES AND 1/2 TEASPOON SALT.  
 SIFT ALL INTO CAKE MIXTURE AND MIX WELL.  
 ADD LASTLY 2 WELL-BEATEN EGGS.  
 THE MIXTURE SHOULD BE QUITE THIN.  
 BAKE IN A MODERATE OVEN FOR THIRTY MINUTES.  
 RAISINS AND, OR, CANDIED FRUIT MAY BE ADDED AND A CHOCOLATE FROSTING ADDS TO THE GOODNESS.

Prizes were donated by Chrome Bags, Road Rage, Fat Wreck Chords, the Sports Basement, and Red's Java House, and Cupid. If anyone wants their race manifest back, stop by the SFIMC at 200 Folsom.

The alleycat and picnic were planned and paid for by the owner/couriers of Zoom, Quake, Theresa's, Docket Rocket, Dragracer, and Cupid as an example of what messengers can do when they cut the absentee owners out of the loop. When's the last time 1st Legal bought anyone a keg?

## COMPLETE ALLEYCAT RESULTS - 7/5/03:

- 1st - Griffin & Allie, 1h 29 min
- 2nd - Ginger & Chops, 1h 31 min
- 3rd - Benjamin & Jakob, 1h 36 min
- 4th - Chuck & Ethan, 1h 41 min
- 5th (1st mixed) - Dan & Angel, 1h 44 min
- 6th - Aaron & Eric97, 1h 47 min
- 7th (2nd mixed) - Jeni & Grady, 1h 54 min
- tie 8th (1st women) - Courtenay & Sarah, 1h 55 min
- tie 8th (3rd mixed)-  
 Mike & Jodi, 1h 55 min
- 9th (2nd women) -  
 Melissa & Sarah, 2h 1 min
- 10th (4th mixed) -  
 Diana & Brendan, 2h 4 min
- 11th (3rd women) -  
 Bridget & Sarah, 2h 17 min
- 12th - Miles & Maestro, 2h 19 min
- 13th - Dustin & Rob, 2h 24 min
- 14th - Allen & Brian, 2h 29 min
- 15th (4th women) -  
 Sierra & Nellie, 2h 39 min
- 16th (DFL) - John & Becky,  
 2h 44 min
- DQ - Josh & Paul
- DQ - Rob & Andrew



Dustin Photo by Chris Stevens