

INTELLIGENCER

Quarterly Brain Nugs From Surly HQ



SURLY



Special thanks to

MICHAEL DAMMER

CASS GILBERT

SHUJI YAMAMOTO

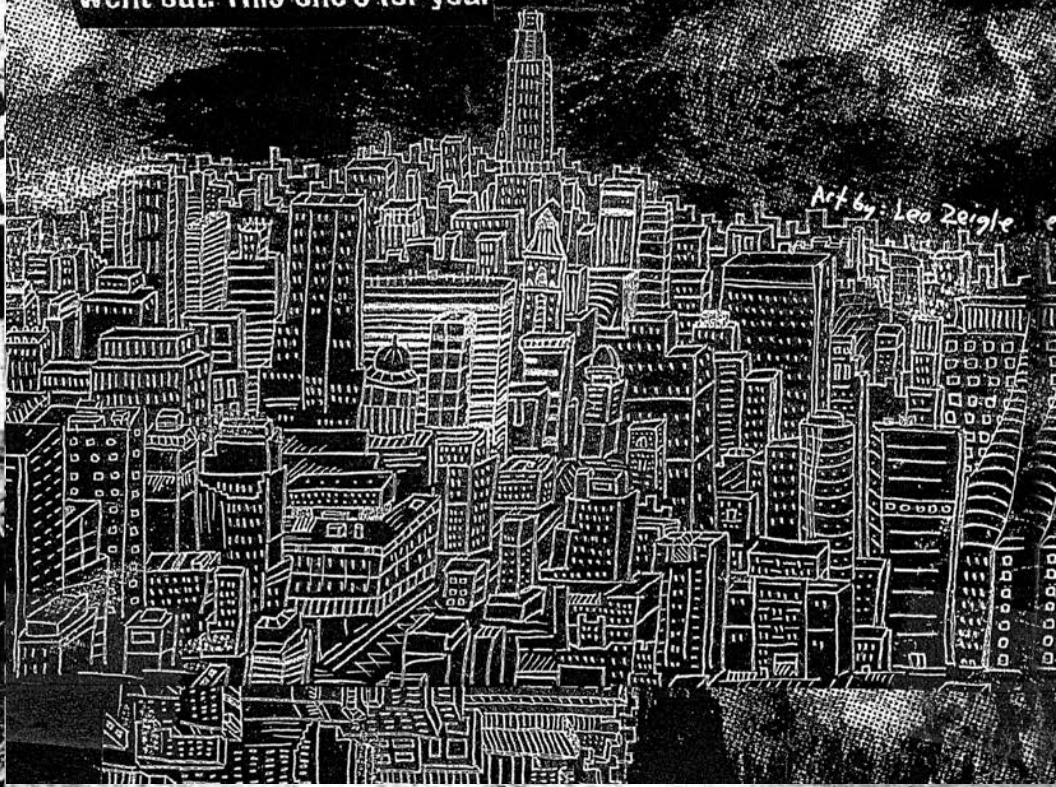
BJORN CHRISTIANSON

for letting us
use their photos.

The weak winter sun is making those slant angles that say we're in for another long cold one. But, we're ready. We'll just pull Grammy's quilt up a little tighter around our cracked, gnarly toes and reflect some on where we've been. This issue of the Intelligencer is dedicated to you and us and them and everyone who made the last trip around the Sun weirder than it would have otherwise been. Nice job.

We're thankful to have ridden bikes in different places with good people. We learned. We loved. We woke up in the yard. We invented Gnot-Boost. We woke up in the yard. Even the sideways horrific mistakes look a little rosier in hindsight. And that's what's important – not that we don't really recall the whys and the hows – but that relatively little of it was caught on video.

We couldn't do it without you, though. So, thanks for being there. And thanks for not charging your phone before we went out. This one's for you.



THE ZEIGLE HAS LANDED

They say that the more you do something, the easier it gets. They — whoever, they are — are full of shit. At least when it comes to the Arrowhead 135, they are. Each year, the Arrowhead 135 draws fat bikers, skiers, and runners to Northern Minnesota during the puffy midriff of winter to compete in a 135-mile ultra-endurance race.

Surly's resident spoon carver, Paul Zeigle has attempted the event in all three disciplines.

Here's what Paul had to say of this year's event.

"The temps at the start of the race were in the mid 20's and foggy. Since I knew the trail conditions would be a factor, I opted to ride an Ice Cream Truck for maximum flotation. I felt pretty good on the relatively flat section leading to the first checkpoint at Gateway. I felt even better after stopping about 12 miles in to lower my tire pressure a smidge.

His first try in 2006, resulted in a 6th place finish on board a Surly 1x1 with Snow Cat rims and 3" downhill tires. Since that first year, Paul has returned to the Arrowhead three times, including this year.

After a short break at Gateway to cram some hot food down my face and refill my bottles, I headed out towards the second checkpoint: MelGeorge's lodge. This section was much more difficult. Doubts of finishing started to creep in as I needed to take frequent stretch breaks. I eased up my pace and found myself walking hills.

I made it to MelGeorge's and was met with more hot food and beverages. The race volunteers offered to dry my jacket, fleece, and gloves as they were all wet from the moist fog. I, of course, couldn't say no to that offer. With my gear drying, I laid down for about an hour to rest. I ate some more food, refilled my bottles, and pushed on toward checkpoint three, where the Surly crew was waiting.

After nine long hours, I was greeted at checkpoint three by my fellow Surly weirdos. They lifted my spirits and refreshed my confidence. I poured myself a hot coffee fortified with some whiskey and took refuge in the tipi to warm up, dry out my gloves, and thaw my Red Bull on the stove. I didn't stay too long since there are only 25 miles left to the finish. After filling my bottles one more time, I left to a small fireworks show set off by my Surly compatriots.

The last section of the course is mostly flat after the climb up Wakemup Hill and I was starting to feel better. After checking the time, I realized it might be possible to break thirty hours. This was just the motivation I needed to start pushing the pace whenever I could find a good line. After the last road crossing, I knew I was close to the finish and was looking forward to getting off the bike. After a quick gear check inside the resort, I was awarded the coveted Arrowhead trophy."

Great job out there, Paul.



ALL TRAILS LEAD NORTH TO DULUTH

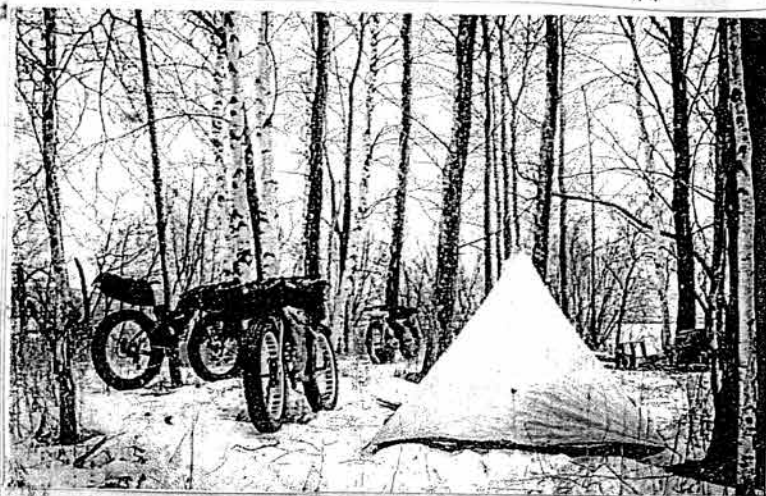


When someone like Cass Gilbert asks you to take him on a three-day bikepacking trip, you want to take him somewhere special. For many of us at Surly, that special place resides a mere 2.5-hours north of Surly HQ in the Lake Superior-adjacent town of Duluth. If you're unfamiliar with Cass, grab your favorite internetting machine and pay a visit to whileoutriding.com immediately so you don't have to live with that shame anymore.

Cass was in town for Frostbike this past February, so Paul planned a three-day jaunt to the North Country to give him a taste of Minnesota's greatest year-round attraction this side of the Spam museum. The trip began with a quick tour of Frost River Trading Co., an outdoor gear

manufacturer that specializes in bags of the waxed canvas and leather varieties. From there, the trio pedaled into the wilderness with the goal of exploring trails in and around Duluth while avoiding pavement as much as possible — a goal that's easily achievable in a city like Duluth.

A few years ago, some good folks up in Duluth hatched a plan to build a trail network that would traverse the entire city. The end result will be 100+ miles of trail that never leaves city limits, making Duluth a city unlike any other place in the world. Dave, Paul, and Cass spent the bulk of their three-day trip on many of these trails, riding Ice Cream Trucks and a Wednesday fully loaded with all the trip essentials.



The weather was about perfect for winter riding and they were treated to newly fallen snow crunching under their tires, bluebird skies, rolling hills, and spectacular views. Somewhere along the way, Cass managed to pick up a 4" nail on the snow-covered trails, but luckily that was the only mechanical

of the trip. The daylight hours were spent on snow-covered singletrack, snowmobile trails, and ice-covered rivers with a pit stop at a local watering hole for some hot food and barley beverages. The evenings were spent comparing scars, talking shit, and sharing Aquavit around the fire.



Every so often, we come across a Surly Superfan that is unlike any other. The kind that you just want need to know more about. The kind like Blaine. Blaine is about as analog as they come — he doesn't own a computer, can only be reached on a land line, and in general, has no presence or interest in the technological world. Many in today's modern, screen-driven era would probably wonder what the hell Blaine does with his time.

He rides his damn bike, that's what he does.

We recently spent some time chewing the fat with Blaine and we quickly learned there are a lot of layers to Blaine. Let's peel that onion, shall we?

Surly: Tell us a little bit about yourself, Blaine. What's your story?

Blaine: Oh it's pretty boring. Grew up one of eleven kids, very blue-collar. I was a high-rise window cleaner for 30 years...

Surly: High-rise window cleaner? That doesn't sound that boring. That actually sounds pretty dangerous.

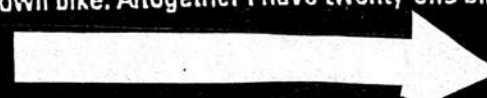
Blaine: It's extremely dangerous. In the news, literally every month, some window cleaner somewhere is killed. There's wind, there's rain — we were out there at -20 below wind chill, -30 below wind chill cleaning windows thirty stories up in the air. Eventually, after eight back surgeries I was forced down to cleaning three stories and under. Washing windows is really hard on the body.

Surly: Dang, that's a lot of danger. So how long have you been riding bikes?

Blaine: I started riding in 1953. I'm a born cyclist but I had to take a lot of time off over the years because of my back injuries. One January morning, I was out walking and I saw this cat riding a Pugsley across a frozen lake in a blizzard and my interest was piqued.

Surly: Let's talk about that for a second. You have a serious amount of bikes and they're all of the fat persuasion. Just how many Surly fat bikes do you own?

Blaine: Nine Moonlanders and five Ice Cream Trucks. I also have a few other fat bikes and an around town bike. Altogether I have twenty-one bikes in my apartment.



Surly: Jesus, that's practically the Surly demo fleet. Where do you keep them all?

Blaine: It's obscene, actually. I keep eight in the living room, ten in my bedroom, one in the bathtub, and two leaning against my apartment door. I can't access my door unless I move my bike first so I have an escape route through a window in case there's a fire. Being a window cleaner I know how to get the hell in and out of windows. Each night before I got to bed, I put all my essentials in a pouch next to my bed. I've done dry runs.

Surly: Looking at your bikes, it almost seems like you like accessories as much as you like bikes.

Blaine: When I was a kid, we had streamers to put on the handlebars. We had baseball cards to put in the spokes. We pulled chairs apart and used the pieces to make ape bars. We improvised. Now, I dress my bikes up with lights. I have 700 lights in my inventory. I just think there's nothing better than a fat bike with big f'n lights.

Surly: Well said, Blaine. Do you ride every single day?

Blaine: I ride every day and I haven't missed a day in 803 days. I used to walk a lot too but after multiple back and knee surgeries, the bike is just better for me. I get the bike ready the night before with the light motif I want to use for the day. I'm usually out the door by 8. I'll ride for a few hours, then pull off somewhere and clean the bike, then ride for another couple hours. All told it's about 4-5 hours everyday.

Surly: That's a lot of time on a fat bike. Any parting words for our readers?

Blaine: I'm going to ride my bicycle until I take my last breath.

As you can tell, Blaine really likes riding his bikes. Chances are, if you try to call that land line of his, he'll be out on a ride. However, you'll be greeted by the outgoing message on his answering machine that he records each and every day. Why go through the effort of recording a new message with the day of the week and date in it? "It just shows you care."

Thanks for caring, Blaine. You're really the potato chips in our ham sandwich.



DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME

WTF WTF WTF
 WTF WTF WTF
 WTF WTF WTF
 WTF WTF WTF

(Woman Trans Femme)

To ready ourselves for this year's Surly Cyclofemme ride, we co-hosted an evening dedicated to the fine art of bike touring with our friends over at the Hub Bike Co-Op in Minneapolis. Surly pal and local bicycle badass Laura Moreno was there. Here's what she had to say of the evening:

"WTF Night at the Hub was a really refreshing and exciting experience. Avid tourers, weekend explorers, and folks like me who had no idea what all of the excitement was about gathered together with a common stoke on touring and bikepacking. The evening was mostly spent in a basement full of loaded-down bikes, the consumption of chili and beer, and stories about touring and bikepacking from experts on the subject. We also talked about favorite gear, on-the-go fix-it tips, and pro remedies for acute sunburn. As the night ended, everyone shared a collective sentiment: Get your shit, get on your bike, and GO!"

THE NEVERENDING LIST of How To USE The Junk STRAP

- 31 Bracelet
- 32 Beer Sling
- 33 Tying your pan-flute pipes together
- 34 Holding a spare tube underneath your saddle
- 35 Attaching your bite to your packraft
- 36 Clothes line
- 37 Suspenders
- 38 Shower curtain holder-upper



CycloFemme

This year's Surly Cyclofemme ride saw forty- one WTFriders converge at a local coffee haunt. Everyone was fully-loaded and ready to put all those precious nuggets of knowledge acquired at the aforementioned WTF Bike Touring Night to good use. After dumping some of our second favorite bitter beverage down our gullets, our group set off. We pedaled ten's of miles (about 40 roundtrip) to a park reserve for some camping, grilled meat consumption, beverages of the barley and apple persuasion, and a general good-times-had-by-all mentality. Here are some photos to serve as proof of those good times.



DIRT FEST

Sometimes you just love your job and you get tasked with something you know is going to kick ass. You know the work will not only be manageable but downright enjoyable. You know that when the "work" is done there will be beer, fire, camaraderie, and cheese balls. Best of all, you know you don't have to mind your language, be quiet, or pretend to be anything that you ain't for days on end. For me, Dirt Fest is one of those somethings.

Our old pal and photog extraordinaire Brad Quartuccio picked us up at the airport in Pittsburgh. Brad's old Subaru was already laden down and smelling like burning oil. We stocked up on oddities and ends at a remote Wal-Mart and burdened her with even more crap. As we lugged our haul back to the carriage, a shopping cart redistribution professional told us we were "the most mismatched group of dudes" he had had ever seen... ever. Needless to say we left feeling proud in our ability to weird out some weirdos..

Day one was bargin' with all our bikes checked out pretty much all day. Some folks took some pretty long rides on our rigs, which to me is pure flattery, because it means folks are enjoying themselves.

Days two and three brought two straight days of rain that soaked the trails. In lieu of sending bikes out, we decided to get creative with how we distributed raffle tickets for our Ice Cream Truck drawing. We tasked people with "challenges" like: freestyle rapping about the Ice Cream Truck, dance a jig for our viewing pleasure, and — perhaps my favorite — eat last night's corn on the cob that sat in the rain all night... as fast as humanly possible.

After beers were drained and tears were wiped away, we led a dozen or so nitwits on our second annual "Rolling Fat" ride. There's something kinda awesome about knowing you're about to get totally soaked and filthy, but not giving a rat's ass. We pedaled into the rain, up a steep mother jugger of a hill, and down a sketchy mud luge of double track to the "skills course" — a massive mud puddle. Not surprisingly, this band of hardened criminals B-lined straight for said mud puddle to play like children for a half an hour or so.

Before last year's fest, I had never been to Central Pennsylvania. I didn't know Pittsburgh was a pretty cool town. Hell, I didn't know my shoofly pie from my scrapple! While I still don't know squat about the local cuisine, I do know Central PA likes to ride some mountain bikes and party their faces off. And that's what makes this event pretty special; its equal parts industry trade show/demo and a full-on celebration of the two-wheel tribe. Every interaction, every moment is laid back and genuine. Surly, needless to say, felt right at home in this village of idiots er... wonderful people and industry professionals.

On a more sober note I want to acknowledge that something very sad at Dirt Fest as well. While coming down that steep mother fugga I mentioned earlier, a rider struck a shuttle bus and was pronounced dead soon thereafter. We all know cycling is dangerous and that accidents happen, but when someone checks out because of it, it's especially hard to swallow. Raising my mug to you Mark!





LOOK!

GNOT-BOOST



Gnot-Boost is a 145mm rear spacing that is compatible with 12 x 142mm and 12 x 148mm Boost™ Thru-axle hubs as well as 10 x 135mm quick release ones with 10-12 adapter washers. In order to accommodate these different spacings, the stays simply flex a minimal amount. We've done the math, so each side of the dropout only needs to flex 1.5mm. That's less than the thickness of a nickel. If you're still lost, just trust us, it works and it's compatible with a lot of hubs and shit you already have laying around.

12mm

142mm

145mm

148mm

For the second year in a row, we joined forces with our friends at the Cuyuna Lakes Mountain Bike Crew to put on the Surly Klunkerfunk. Also for the second year in a row, we raised enough cash to stuff a beached whale. If you're thinking the name Klunkerfunk sounds dirty, it is -as long as iron dust counts as dirt. If you're thinking it sounds dirty for other reasons, well, that's on you.

Surly Klunkerfunk '16

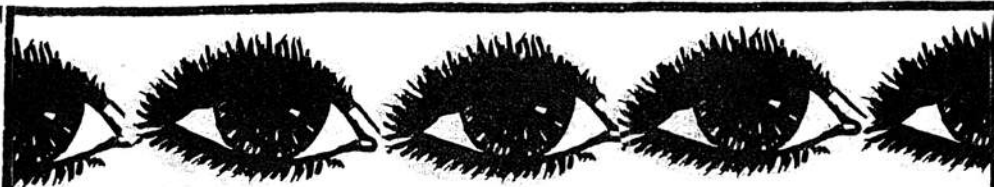


The visitors and locals got down with some classic bike limbo, jousting, and a bike crawl before the Klunkerfunk crit created mayhem in the streets of Iron-ton. The twelve-pack box skid blew minds and elevated high-fives. Malted lubricants were consumed liberally by those who do that sort of thing. We ended the day by auctioning off the Puglefunk-an unholy mixture of bike parts fit for Crom himself. That sucker raised \$2,200, all of which went directly bank into the trail fund kitty.

AMY & KATE GO TO **BABES IN BIKELAND**

Pull up a chair. It's time to tell you about one of the coolest events that Surly sponsors: Babes in Bikeland. While we've supported many iterations of this gathering, this year we were extra stoked. The ladies of Surly were finally getting to join in the festivities at the tenth running of the event. To celebrate ten years is a major milestone for these good folks and at one of Prince's favorite haunts, no less.

Babes in Bikeland is an inclusive, supportive, choose-your-own-adventure style alley cat that goes down every August in Minneapolis. This ride is focused on supporting WTF-identifying riders — that's women/trans/femme — in a safe space. No matter your riding style and experience, there are tons of different ways to unleash your inner Babel Fire on all cylinders to win the distance and speed related categories. Throw your energy into making the raddest costume and spend the day rolling around the Twin Cities with a squad of friends. Join the ranks of volunteers to support all the radical riders. There are even pre-race wanderabouts and brunches to give those that are new to the race an opportunity to make friends and have any question under the sun about the event answered.



At the First Avenue race finish, we cracked some brews alongside local Surly shop friends and high-fived beaming riders of all ages. Local talent DJ Seven and MC Sweetpea kept even the most tired legs moving at what turned into an epic dance party. People were excited to find out that we had donated a complete bike to the raffle. Surly supports equal-opportunity prizes, so everyone that took part in Babes had an equal shot at getting a sweet new steel ride. Our awesome winner Jaime took home a new orange Cross-Check. She told us it was "love at first pedal stroke" so we think it worked out okay.

In all, a record 670 participants rolled as part of Babes this year, making it the largest WTF only alley cat in the WORLD. If the latest numbers are any indication, WTF riders may one day simply take over the bicycling galaxy. We'll be right there with them cheering them on as they do and supporting them however we can.



MOTOCROSS JAPAN VISITS



SURLY SURLY SURLY



だらけ。深い森の奥へ進むと、怪人が現れた。
 角が二本。巨漢だが、足が悪いのか杖を
 ついてい子。見くはない。するとつとむい
 る。しともの怪人は、優しく迎えてくれた。
 そこで、オールドボーイスカウトが登壇し、
 手際よく焚火を仕じめ子。ビールヒグトリ
 として笑い。自転車乗は、仲間とつながるた
 めの道具。ボーイスカウトは、とう話してワ
 イスキーを薦めた。世界には未知の自転車
 文化がある。俺たちを自由に生きようぜ。
 (傍)

それが二〇一六年秋のこと。花火男や怪人
 が棲むというミネソタ州サーリー村にしか
 た。壁面の男たちに敬待され、ゴン太のタイ
 ヤを履いた自転車をあてがわれた。そして森
 へ走り出す。美しく色づいた木々。その村の
 トレイルは、まるで映画のワンシーンのよう
 なんて感傷に慕っていったら、ヒュッ、ドッカ
 ーン!! 轟いてお具合。花火男がぶちかます。
 奴のバッグの中は、すべて花火の弾薬だ。ち
 なみとほかの男たちのバッグの中は、ビール

It was in the fall of 2016. I visited Surlyville in Minneapolis which was said to be known as the habitat of Firework Man, various phantoms and monsters. Heavy-bearded men welcome us and let us ride some bikes with craggy tires, and we rode into the woods. Trees in amazing colors..... the trail was like an awesome cutout from a beautiful scene in a film. Before I began to feel sentimental about the nature's beauty, my ears were hit by huge blasts that Firework Man kept exploding. I had a glance into his bag which was all filled by powder and balls. I also peeped in the bags of other guys...

all filled by beers. Deeper into the woods we went, a phantom appeared. He was huge with 2 horns and was walking with a cane. Maybe he was a limp. He didn't stink. He gently asked me "would you like some beer?" making fires, and gave us a feast of delicious burrito with beer....and lots of laughter. He murmured "Bicycle is just a tool for connecting with your friends." when he offered me some whiskey. I had a glimpse of some bicycle culture in the woods, yet to be unveiled to all of us in the world to help us get off the leash. Let's live free. Shuji

YOU KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.



Behold, the Big Fat Dummy - our newest and girthiest long tail cargo bike. Big Fat Dummy, or BFD if you're lazy, can haul a lot of things to a lot of places over a ton of different terrains. It might look an awful lot like we just took the Big Dummy shoe shopping but we assure you, that ain't the case. While it has some similarities to Big Dummy, it also features a lot of the same attributes as some of our other new models - thru-axle compatibility, 44mm headtube, internal dropper post routing, to name a few - in a stretched out package with a massive 5.25" tire clearance. Simply put, the Big Fat Dummy is different enough from the Big Dummy to call it a new bike, but not different enough for us to think of an entirely new name for it.

Big Fat Dummy has already been earning its keep on an organic farm in Ecuador. The folks that run the place have been keeping it busy hauling tools, compost bins, scores of vegetables, people, water, and other things you'd normally need a motorized vehicle to move (like a hundred pound stack of adobe bricks!) Now, you're probably thinking that you can carry all of that on a Big Dummy and you'd be right - as long as you're on pavement or a sturdy trail. Across a field, a snowy glacier, or a sugar sand beach, however, you need a different kind of Dummy.



Sometimes you feel like heading to your favorite watering hole to roll some blank tape for a few hours. Or, maybe you're fresh out of Tampico and Pringles and need to hit the bodega. Or, perhaps you have a job which requires your attendance. Steamroller can take you all those places and more!

As one of the first models we produced, the Steamroller is truly a member of the family. And, despite being the age of a shitty, resentful teenager, it's a member of the family we actually like. For this reason, we recently decided to bring it back as a complete bike after only offering a frame and fork option for a couple of years!



When we first unleashed the Krampus unto the world five years ago, it was a breed apart — the first "plus" bike on the market. Now there are a whole hell of a lot of them but we still like Krampus the most. Similar to the way that its namesake eats children and strikes fear into everyone that lays eyes on it, the Krampus commands a similar response from every trail that it encounters. This year's Krampus has our Gnot-Boost rear spacing meaning you can cram a number of odd hub sizes into it. This means more options for meaty tires and greater opportunity to ride over/through/off of just about anything you want.



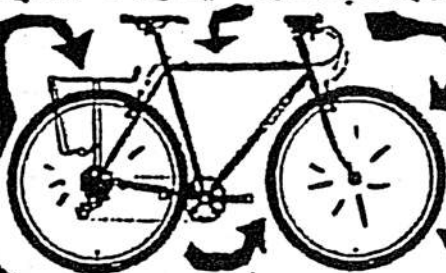
WHAT'S

SURLY BIKES

6400 WEST 105TH STREET
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GREAT
FRIGGIN
DEAL!

FLAT BAR CROSS-CHECK



COMES WITH A RACK SO YOU CAN GET LOADED!

TRUCKER HATS

MAKES
YOU
LOOK
COOL!



27.5

AND
SINGLE-SPEED

29ER

KARATE MONKEY

HECK
YES!



NEW?!?

ET (EXTRATERRESTRIAL)

26" AND 29" x 2.5"

- HIGH-VOLUME
- HEAVY-DUTY
- OFF-ROAD
TOURING

WE GOT PATCHES!



SCREEN PRINTED T-SHIRTS



STRAGGLE-CHECK BAG



FITS
ON YOUR
STRAGGLER OR
CROSS-CHECK

JUNK BAG



NUF SAID

**HOLY
CRAP**

THERE'S MORE!?!

REDESIGNED!

TROLL & OGRE

BUILT TO EXPLORE THE
DEEP DARK WOOD



**MY OTHER
BROTHER
DARRYL**



TUBELESS
FRIENDLY

PORTEUR HOUSE



FITS LIKE A GLOVE



**MOLOKO
BAR**

IT JUST
FEELS
RIGHT.

GET HANDSY!



GIT YER
**LOOP
STYLE**



**JUNK
STRAP**



WOW

WEDNESDAY

#&KIN'

BRUTAL



DIRT WIZARD

26/27.5/29

PLUS
MAGICAL TRACTION!



MORE NEW JUNK ALL THE TIME
CHECK US OUT ON THE INTERNET



SO LONG
2016
IT'S BEEN A
TRIP



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save. share. repurpose.