

ALL-CITY ANNUAL VOL.6

Cover Photo: Chris Lee

HELLO.

The annual is back. Last year we took a bit of a departure with our yearly printed piece of propaganda (what's up alliteration) in combining it fully with a product catalog. This year we're back to our old ways and have put the emphasis on photos and people. If you want to know the specs on all of our bikes, we've got a website for that. Go check it out. The Internet, of course, is the proper place for content that changes fairly frequently.

The expense, time and energy of print, however should be home to things that may forever hold value. Committing anything to the physical world is a huge process, and the Annual has always been a real point of pride with us, hence our decision to return it to its keepsake status. Hopefully the images and articles inside will age like fine wine, holding more interest as the years pass. Ideally they will strike a nerve with you and remind you of some good times of your own, or inspire you to get out there and create new memories. Maybe they'll give you a glimpse into our world and why we do what we do. Or maybe not, and you'll open this up disappointed that it doesn't tell you the band clamp diameter of a Space Horse front derailleur.
Hell, at least we tried.

Jeffrey G. Frane
Brand Manager

CX NA-TION-ALS



Photo: John Watson

TOO MUCH RAIN

The big hubub from the weekend was the last minute cancellation (which became a postponement) of the main races due to rain and local politics. With a city full of idle cross racers, a band of scrappy locals took the opportunity to throw a Bandit Cross. If you build it (on social media) they will come, and race, and have a blast.



Photo: Kevin Sparrow







BANDIT CROSS

All Photos: Chris Lee







In a world of bike industry bullshit, free racing for pride and smiles will save us all.

Bandit Cross, the universal force for good in a world gone mad. No entry fee, no prizes, no bad attitudes, and a way more fun course than the USAC would ever allow. Pick up a rake and shovel and make it happen in your city.

Pictured on the previous page: What do you do when you show up to race and discover that a sheer 10-foot wall of dirt has been plowed up by the city bull dozers over night? The only logical thing—make it part of the course and get over it by any means necessary.



Photo: Kevin Sparrow



"As an engineer and designer, I've always paid attention to elegance, doing more with less, and the details that bring product beyond functional and into the realm of emotional. Working with All-City is a beyond-perfect fit for both my passions and design aesthetic."

MEET RACHEL

A total newbie to Minneapolis (and the entire Midwest), I'm quickly falling in love with this crazy, bikeable city and awesome community. I've spent my whole life on the east coast, growing up in Rockville, Maryland, and finding my way north to Burlington, Vermont after college. That's where I spent the last 10 years riding bikes, snowboarding, and engineering killer product for Burton Snowboards. I studied product design and mechanical engineering in upstate New York, and a dream-job internship at Burton led to a lead role as a Design Engineer on the Bindings team. After 10 years at Burton, I was ready for a change of pace, a change of scenery and an opportunity to kick ass in a new industry. I couldn't be more excited to join the team here at All-City.

Although my father introduced me to bikes at a young age, I spent most of my school-age years focused on playing ice hockey, snowboarding, or painting and drawing. My real love for bikes didn't start until the summer after college, when my beater of a car died the day I moved to Vermont. That was late May, 2006, and I didn't buy another car until the following October. I had an old Gary Fisher mountain bike (my 13th birthday present), and it swiftly became my primary form of transportation. I biked to work along the Lake Champlain bike path, biked to meet my friends out for drinks, and I got to know the ins and outs of my new city in a way you only can by bike. That fall, I bought my first fixed gear from a friend and made it my own with gold deep-v's, purple-taped bullhorn bars and a pink chain. I fell deeply in love with riding, found myself at home in the Burlington bike community, and never looked back. I started playing bike polo the next spring, raced my first alleycat in fall '07, and threw my energy into organizing bike events and growing the number of bike commuters at my workplace, and later, my community.

Over the years, I built up, fixed and rebuilt my bikes, got super involved with bike advocacy and activism, organized all sorts of bike events, and let city riding serve as my gateway drug to road centuries, bike-touring and mountain biking. Now I find myself here in Minneapolis, with dream job number two, logging a ton of miles on my bike and exploring another new city my very favorite way. When I'm not engineering for All-City or riding the streets and trails of MPLS, you might find me brewing beer, playing in my garden, cooking around a campfire, or dancing at a concert downtown. See you out there :)

- Rachel Gitajn
  All-City Lead Design Engineer





Photo: Jayme Miguel

SUNRISE OVER THE CITY OF ANGELS

The famous "black top"
in Griffith park, LA.



Photo: Chris Lee

2014 ALL CITY CHAMPION-SHIPS

Our Namesake race has been organized by Jeff and Bike Jerks for the past 9 years now. What started off as a single race on one day with 70 racers has become a sprawling multi-day, multi-discipline extravaganza and one of the largest urban cycling events in the Midwest. Pictured here are scenes from the alleycat.



Photo: Chris Lee









A/C GOES TO JAPAN

Photo: Shuji







NOBEYAMA

While the cities of Japan were stunning, it was the mountains and countryside that really sealed the deal. Nobeyama was the muddiest, most beautiful, and well-run cross event we have ever been to. Luckily for Jeff, the mud and running played to his strengths and he was able to accomplish a longtime goal and win his first ever cross race. Doing so on foreign soil and in such an amazing setting is something that will never be forgotten.







Photo: Shuji







Photo: Shuji



Photo: Lee Basford

TOKYO
NAGANO
NAGOYA







Photo: Lee Basford





Art by Mako

We only spent 10 days in Japan, but we checked so many things off our wish list. Experiencing a professional Keirin race. Check. Meeting a legendary NJS frame builder. Check. (Thank you Matsuda Shikou of Level). Visiting some of the world's greatest bike shops. Check. Drinking beers under a totally fake Eiffel Tower. Check. (Well that one wasn't actually on our list, but we totally did it and highly recommend it.)

So many amazing people and places, such a wonderful reminder that all around the world, we cyclists are family. Thank you to the shops, the riders, and the wonderful staff of Motocross Intl. (our distributor) for making our time in Japan a dream come true.

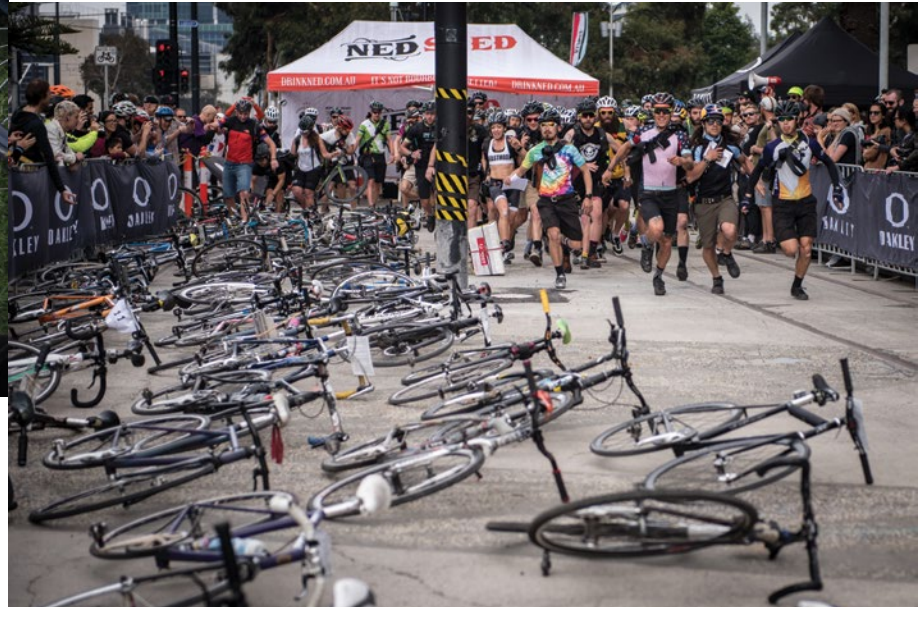


CMWCs MELBOURNE

Once more, the All-City courier team showed up strong at the Cycle Messenger World Championships. This year Nico, Austin, Christina, Fred, and Nikki made the trip to the other side of the planet to compete with the world's best. As usual, they proved that the AC Courier team is not to be trifled with. Austin and Christina repeated as World Champs and Fred took home the coveted "Most Professional" award.



All Photos: Chris Dilts




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STADIUM





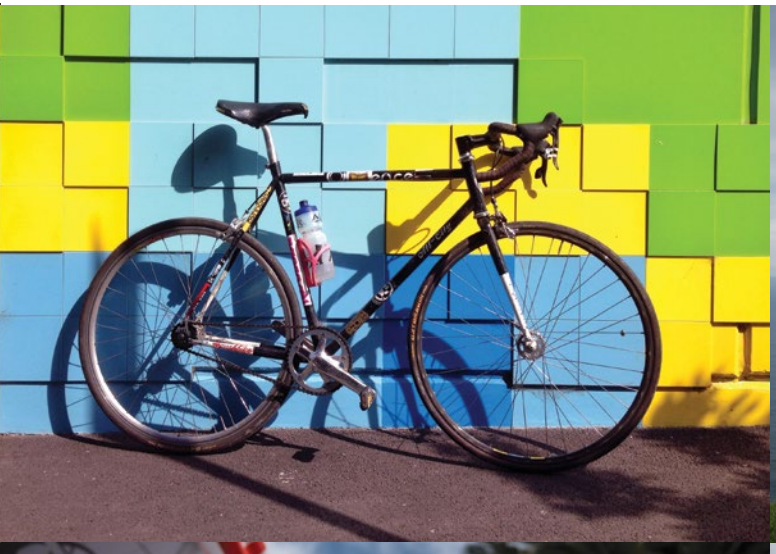

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"It's about the race, it's kind of about bragging rights, it's mostly about seeing the amazing community of messengers from all over the world..."






ALL-CITY


ALL-CITY


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DAY IN THE LIFE: A/C MESSENGER CHRISTINA PECK

I quickly step into my client's office and pick up the large manila envelope off of the front table and load it into my bag. I'm almost off when she steps outside, "That needs to be in Union Square as close to 3pm as possible." I glance at my watch, it's 2:38pm and I'm out on Ocean Ave, which is only 6.5 miles away, but on the other side of the giant hill that constitutes the base of Twin Peaks. "Oh, it'll be there right on time," I say confidently. "Really? You'll make it there in 20 minutes? I know they said you were some kind of super woman, but..." trailing off, looking at me skeptically. "Well, maybe 25," I falter a little, "I should get going."

It had been an odd day. By 10am, I had gathered my first Heights run, picking up in the Marina, meeting up with two of my co-workers in the Civic Center and heading out; a pick up in West Portal, a delivery on Ocean, a delivery on Junipero Serra, and a pick up on Monticello. As soon as you get over Market St. and onto Portola, the city becomes largely residential. Many of the streets become a little twistier as they conform to the make-up of the hills rather than strategic city planning that involves intuitive grids. Luckily, I have spent a fair amount of time in the area, and while I still can't claim to know all the streets out there, I can confidently navigate through. From Junipero Serra to Monticello, you can take the frontage road, or cut through the neighborhood which adds a few minutes but is far more enjoyable. I rode past the odd giant sundial off Urbano Drive and the awfully painted bright orange-gold-yellow house, and the house with the funny little drawbridge in the front yard. I jump through a couple 2-way stop signs that never seem to be in your favor. I'm about to depart Ingleside to make my final delivery out just past the Daly City border when my

"I rode past the odd giant sundial off Urbano Drive, the awfully painted bright orange-gold-yellow house and the house with the funny little drawbridge in the front yard."

radio goes off, "47, hold up, hold up. We have a rush pick-up on Head St., you're actually right around there I think." I hit the brakes. Amazingly, I'm about 15 blocks away and arrive at their front door in 10. The resident looks a little surprised when she opens the door, "I didn't think you'd be here so quickly!" as she finishes writing the check and rummages around for an envelope. I didn't think so either, we rarely have someone that close by, but occasionally the timing just works.

I continue on my way out to Daly City, deliver, and turn back towards downtown. After a climb and a long descent down the freshly paved Market St., I pick up in the Castro, another on the 900 block of Market, drop on the 800 block. On Market, I'm weaving through pedestrians who are window shopping and not paying attention as well as the guy who is always selling knit items next to the Bart Station entrance. It quiets down once I arrive downtown—easy picks and drops until I'm holding one back out to Monterey Blvd. I start to slow roll out; I have plenty of time before that delivery is due. I am keeping an ear open to the radio chatter in case anything else pops going my direction; it's not too often I ride out with only one job. A pick out on Ocean Ave. is called out, "47! I'll be headed out after I swing by the office for my paycheck." I also make a quick stop by Arizmendi for a snack. I have not eaten anything substantial since 8am and am feeling a little low. Out on Monterey, I enter my POD and look at the Ocean St. job for the first time. Called in on a one-hour, deliver by 3pm. It's 2:25pm.

I start hustling. Down Gennessee, around the city college, and straight out on Ocean Ave. I pass the bustling section with Whole Foods and a variety of small produce shops, nail salons and bars, the quiet residential section, and finally make the pick up.

Now I am moving, hustling because I want to do a good job and because it's my fault for dawdling when I should have been paying attention to the due time. Mashing up Portola and the second time descending Market St. Then, Castro, when you start hitting lights every block. I'm trying to time it and am able to make most of them, thankfully getting the full green at the giant intersection across Van Ness. Now I'm cutting through commuters who glance back when they hear my radio blare, down to Mason where I head north. "Hey Base, could you give this guy a call and have him meet me in the lobby?" I call in. My watch reads 2:57p.m. Right turn on O'Farrell, and a quick lock-up on a pole at the corner since all the parking meters have been removed. As soon as I walk through the front door, a gentleman waves his hand, "Here!" I move quickly towards him, and hand it off with a smile. I enter my POD exactly at 3pm.



Photo: Chris Dilts




All-City
TEN
CANE CREEK
SSIMS
FOREVER




ALL-CITY

Los Angeles never ceases to amaze. For all of its terrible reputation—traffic, smog, and such—the cycling is just unbeatable. The mountains surrounding the city offer unlimited paved, trail and dirt options.

These photos represent one afternoon in the saddle, covering around 50 miles of easily-accessible goodness. With Kyle Kelley from GSC as our guide, we're pretty sure we had ALL the fun.







CALIFORNIA DREAMIN



Photo: Kyle Kelley

MPLS NACCCs

The NACCC's, or the North American Cycle Courier Championships (if you're not into the whole brevity thing), took place in Minneapolis for the first time since 2000 last September. The MBMA absolutely crushed the event organization game, building an industrial race course with skyline views, organizing several after-hours swimming excursions, and providing an abundance of beer. The AC team, of course, was in heavy attendance with Christina and Austin both bringing home titles.






NAGG
MINNEAPOLIS






Chill-City


KEEP
CROSS
WEIRD



Photo: Kyle Kelley





Photo: Paul Westbrook



Photo: Eisuke Sekiguchi

WELCOME: TEAM RIDER, JURI HANAZUMI

We'd like to officially welcome our first Japanese-based courier to the team. Juri is one of Tokyo's best, and took home the CMWC title in 2009. We couldn't be more excited to add him to our family of messenger heavyweights.



Photo: John Watson

WHAT IS A SPACE HORSE?

Is it a road bike or is it a touring bike? Maybe a cross bike? It handles the mountains quite well, but I don't think it's a mountain bike. If I had to guess, I'd say everyone who owns a Space Horse probably has a different answer to this question.

While it might seem like a cop-out, I'm going to go with all of the above. I've owned my Space Horse for just over two years now and I've ridden more miles on it and covered more ground than any other bike I have owned.

At first I would've called it my around-town commuter: dynamo hub, front rack, and platform pedals. At the time I could not have been happier with it in that capacity. But as I began to ride my trusty steed more and more, I started to recognize its full potential. It soon became the go-to for the dirty roads and hidden campsites of the Angeles Forest. From bushwhacking to brapping, the Space Horse was handling anything and everything I threw at it.

I'd outfitted it with the largest tire it could possibly fit, even larger than All-City recommends for the bike. With the extra rubber it now rode like a dream on the pothole-ridden streets of Los Angeles and the rambling washboard jeep trails of the San Gabriel Mountains. It was slowly becoming the only one I wanted to ride.

> "As I began to ride my trusty steed more and more, I began to recognize the potential that this bike actually had."

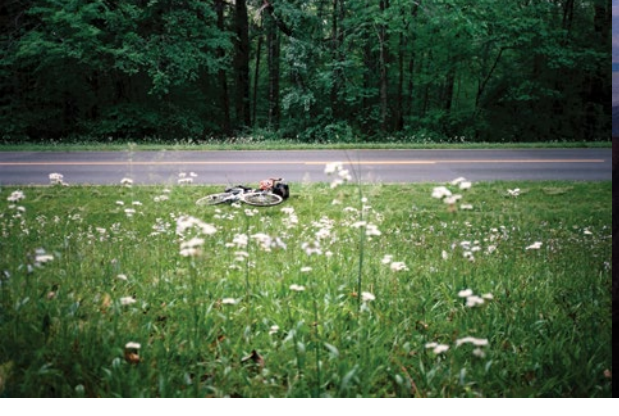
So much so, that when two friends and I decided to ride our bikes up White Mountain, the highest peak in North America you can summit via an actual road, the only bike that even came to mind was the Space Horse. The trek to the summit went according to plan, however, we were shortly chased off the mountain by lightning bolts dancing across the horizon, searching for something steel to strike. My companions had nothing to worry about on their carbon jammers, but even with the increased danger I still knew I had made the right choice. No other bike in my stable would have done better and I now have the bragging rights of owning the world's highest Space Horse—it's partied at 14,252 feet!

Since that day it has and will forever be my all-time favorite. We've now traveled across the country, toured the Natchez Trace, hauled more beer up to the infamous Griffith Park blacktop in Los Angeles than any other bike. And it can still can be seen locked up outside Trader Joe's while I am in inside picking up the weekly groceries.

This is the bike that put the party in #partybrand !!!

- Kyle Kelley, Owner, Golden Saddle Cyclery







Photos: Kyle Kelley


YES IS FOREVER


ALL-CITY


ALL-CITY



INSPIRATION

by Nick Pagila
All-City Product Manager

Inspiration. It's a funny thing. It comes in many forms, from unexpected places, and often appears as a result of being in the right place at the right time. As the product manager for All-City, I pull a great deal of inspiration from experiences. Sometimes those experiences are my own, sometimes they are photos, letters, or Facebook posts from people sharing theirs. Experiences provide the right perspectives on big-picture items like industry trends, brand identity, and future direction. All-City grows and evolves as a collection of our experiences, and I believe this is the reason we continue to expand the bounds of urban cycling.

For me, moving to the Twin Cities was an amazing culture shock, but not for the reasons you might expect. Cycling here opened me to the experience of starting a ride in the city and ending up in some of the most amazing rolling farmland one could ever hope to see. With the changing scenery comes changing road surfaces and what starts out glass smooth, can quickly turn to chip-seal and then eventually to dirt and gravel. Our bikes, although designed with a specific use in mind, shine at providing the right feedback and ride quality required for these rides. I believe the rapid changes in surface and scenery, in such a compact scope, to be fairly unique to the Twin Cities and gives All-City the advantage to really make a unique product designed around that experience.

The complexity of these rides provides inspiration for choices such as tire size and compound, and can help answer the more difficult questions of tubing choice and material.

The details count, too. What do we expect an All-City signature braze-on to look like? When do we use the Hennepin Bridge in the design? How do all of these choices add up while maintaining beauty through simplicity? Being a gearhead means that





sometimes the answers come from automotive and motorcycle influences. Having the chance to own and experience a Ducati Monster left a lasting impression on my psyche. The early models were so visually balanced. They blended clean lines through the top of the tank and seat with the strength and mass of the trellis frame. The engine was not only placed in the frame, it played an active role in ride quality and rigidity. I strive to achieve the same goals with All-City products. I believe we all expect them to be high-performance and engaging. The ride or user experience is a representation of the overall design, ascetics and component choices.

> "I'm not talking about that janky rack setup you bolted to the fender mounts or the tires you stuffed into the frame that are way too big."

We also draw inspiration from photos and tales of mischief. It's the handwritten letters talking about "that time you hid from the cops" or "rode past the alley a thousand times but finally decided to see where it lead." Maybe it's that photo of your first alleycat or the character of your well-used paint, only to be matched by the scuffs on your trusty u-lock, and never to be duplicated. We enjoy seeing the alternate uses of our bikes. I'm not talking about that janky rack setup you bolted to the fender mounts or the tires you stuffed into the frame that are way too big. It's the Macho King with the frame bags parked at a campsite or the Big Block with an IGH and 30c skinwalls. Your All-City is a prized possession, a representation of who you are and what you stand for. We're into it and we can't wait to see what our next bike, part, accessory inspires you to experience. Stay rad.









Photo: John Watson







Photo: Marty Wood

NSC VELODROME OPENING NIGHT

This year's opening night was an emotional one, as most of the off-season was spent in limbo. The riders worried they would never get a chance to race their beloved wooden oval again. In true fashion, the MPLS community rallied together. Money was raised and repairs were made, guaranteeing outdoor racing for at least a few more years on one of the most beautiful tracks on the continent.




FLANDERS
SECOND CHANCE
LAZER
KOOCHELLA





Photos: Marty Wood

Top 10 Summer Albums

As you may be aware, the foundation of any solid summer outing is a killer soundtrack. Here then are my top ten picks to enhance any social gathering.

Remember, this is a summer album article, it's not about showing off knowledge or obscure titles. It's about setting the mood.

CYMANDE - CYMANDE

This is the one. Someone once said it better, so I'll leave them to it: "Happy, positive, full of amazing hooks and melodies, this island-jam pop-funk album is the distillation of the best joint you ever smoked, or a sticky drink with an umbrella in it being sipped at a poolside-bar." - Sean Beaudoin

SHUGGIE OTIS - FREEDOM FLIGHT

This Shuggie Otis pairs with Cymande's S/T to form the twin towers of Summer Funk. Strawberry Letter #23 is the most well known, but every song is a stone cold classic.

DIGABLE PLANETS - REACHIN

This record is the height of hippy feel good rap. Despite the fact that I just labeled it as "hippy feel good rap," don't sleep on this album. "Rebirth of Slick" is the most well known track, however "Where I'm From" is the best.

STEVE EARLE - GUITAR TOWN

I have a van, an '85 Volkswagen, and the title track of Steve Earle's first record is my van's favorite song. Nothing gets me as excited to hit the road and put down some miles. It's a blast of pure sunshine.

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL - CHRONICLE, VOL. 1

Technically not an "album" but a greatest hits. Who cares? If you don't dig Creedence then I'm afraid I just can't help you.

SNOOP DOGG - DOGGYSTYLE

This could have been any of the Dre produced masterpieces: The Chronic, 2001, or the DOC's: No One Can Do It Better. However, despite my personal bias toward 2001, there just isn't a better hangout rap record than Doggystyle. The production still sounds amazing 20 years on, and everybody in the world age 25-40 knows the words to every song.

GRATEFUL DEAD - EUROPE 72

They're the American Band and summer is the American season. Like ham and eggs and peas and carrots, a cross country cruise in a sweaty car with a busted AC unit calls for one thing: good ol' Grateful Dead. Rather than select a bootleg, this commercially-available live double disc features mostly tight examples of their early classics. The Pig Pen era will always be my favorite, and this collection of their trip through Europe at the end of that era is an outstanding eulogy for their early body of work.

MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC COMPANY - TRIALS AND ERRORS

When it's late at night on a long drive, the caffeine is just barely working for you and things are starting to get weird, put this on, skip to track two, and just let it happen. RIP Jason Molina.

NEIL YOUNG - ZUMA

Also the soundtrack to your next breakup, this one's a rocker.

BLACK HEART PROCESSION - AMORE DEL TROPICO

This is the best summer make-out record I've ever heard.

BONUS ALBUM

BUDOS BAND - BURNT OFFERING

This one's too new to know if it's going to be a permanent summer rotation staple, but so far it's my leading candidate for Summer Record 2015. Modern afro-beat inspired instrumental get down.



Photo: Manuel Velez

