

THE RACING NEWS

APRIL - MAY
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Issue # 3

CYCLING TIMES

Pam Schuster's Log

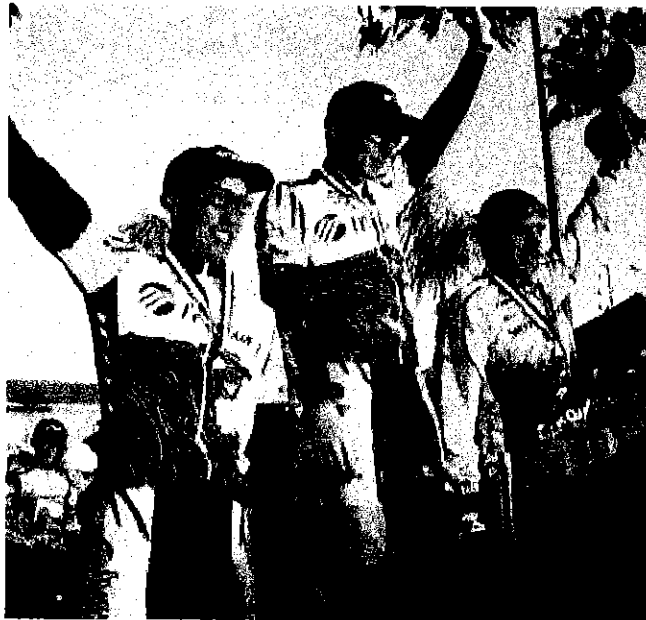
Report On REDLANDS BIKE CLASSIC

Max Kash Agro's Journal

Swap Meet June 7 Anaheim

Baja California Schedule

Chinatown Race May 17



MERCURY CYCLING TEAM
spends time on podium
at Redlands Bike Classic



Thurlow Rogers - Van Nuys
wears red jersey for Mercury.

Publishing Deadline
for Next Issue is
MAY 16

CYCLING Times

MAX KASH AGRO'S JOURNAL

SUBJ: BLOWN OUT ON THE VISEE TRAIL Wordin is a workhorse
at Visalia event of 3/14 & 15. Copeland victorious. Bike Scum Hal of Fame

Fred Peckers:

A philosopher once said that the, "ultimate state of satisfaction is equivalent to death." As long as I live and breath, I am not satisfied. By the above formula, after getting thrashed and trashed at Vizee, MaxKash is very alive, and very disgruntled.

STARTS WITH THE ROAD RACE.

Purported field of 100. Should be interesting. I've pegged the Aryan and Ricky Squeaker as the pace setters, along with Glen Twinkie.

First lap, steady as she blows. Second lap, John "Horseteef" Wordin attacks on the backstretch with MM Hackenflack in tow. It's early, nobody cares. Pack figures Horseteef is racking up glory points and, as for Mitch, you can never really know.

Apparently, MM Hackenflack doesn't know what he's doing either, as he promptly lets go of Horseteef's wheel and settles back in with the p-whackers. Twinkie is getting all nervous and admonishes the turds for clogging up his pipeline to glory. I want to tell him to "settle down, have a twinkie, a goo, something, but ferchrist cut the yammering." As it turns out, Twinkie's disgust was actually a warning. Later on, he would promptly get shut of the whiners and close the deal with the help of a NoCal cracker, goes by the name of Riddler.

SO LET'S GET TO THE MEAT OF IT.

Two to go, Horseteef is still out there getting stronger and making us look weaker and more pathetic. A group of 9 nims, including Twinkie, Riddler, Squeaky and Aryan, separate from the pretenders on the major climb. We ramp to the top. Bald Jones, Bookworm, NumbLutz, and Cochring are holding on for dear life. Max Kash? He's there, softly humming an upbeat pop tune he just heard on Ally McBeal sung by a wacked out shrink with horn rims, goes something like: "Tracey ... Bah-Bah Bah-Bah..... Where has all the Agro gone?

WE'RE APPROACHING ONE TO GO.
The chase group is lethargic. Too much

contentment, too much satisfaction. Hey kids, I made the break at Vizee, how 'bout a hug?" Tender, perhaps, but devoid of the nastiness it takes to pound peckers and pummel pretenders. Besides which, Horseteef is still out there and his feedbag ain't on empty and he's snorting fire. Twinkie understands this, and bolts with Riddler sitting in the sweet spot. Aryan and Squeaky? They make an occasional appearance, but basically nobody is terribly upset that we're about to be spanked by Horseteef et al. We waddle over the climb, the three man break a fart's throw ahead. On the backside, it's time to mount a serious chase. Hey guys, hope you like horseapples because that's what we'll be eating if we don't develop a taste for the lactic acid real quick-like. But like Ferdinand the bull, the freddies are happy just smelling the daisies.

EVEN THE ARYAN IS SITTING ON.

Squeaker is barking orders, but sounds like a neutered Chihuahua. Max Kash takes a hard pull up to the final climb, looks back, and there's a ten foot gap. Stupid idiots. Peckers don't even have the courtesy to exploit my all-for-one lunacy. There's more. At the base, the Aryan jumps. That's it, no more bubblegum music. I click it in my big daddy and give chase. Catch Aryan and Pritty at the turn, and keep on going to the top. We separate from the cheesedicks. Now it's time for the Simply Freds to bust a gut. We're about 12 seconds back.

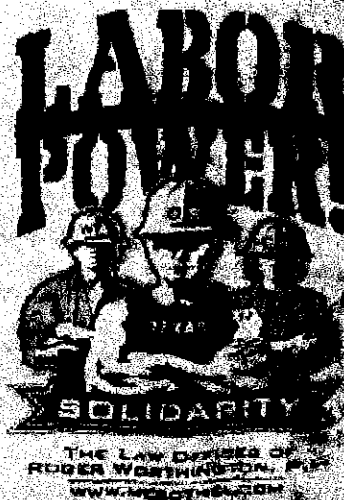
WRONG. Pretty goes to the front and I'm seeing that right flipper flap like a wounded shitbird. Isn't it time for Aryan the Titan among Turds to burn off a few brain cells? That would be a "no sir." The cheeseballs catch us and we commence to grooming like a pack of chimps. TEN SECONDS and we got 'em. Squeaky starts squeaking again, good, he's the Ambassador of the Sport -- maybe the doughnut eaters will respond.

NOTHING, so I bust again. For about 10 peddle strokes, Max Kash is dreaming about an epic bridge that catapults him past the gang of three. On the 11th stroke, reality sets in and I'm looking for a farm

truck to draft off of. I'm loaded up. The chase group of course catches but balls up upon contact. Ahead, Horseteef, Twinkie and Riddler are snaking and baking and going about 13 mph. I hear things. I can hear them snicker. A few hard pulls and they'd be sniffing my shammy.

NOT TODAY. We don't catch and at the end Squeaky and Aryan come around Max Kash at the line for 4th, 5th and 6th respectively. Thankfully, Twinkie robs Horseteef of the Vee, and the Riddler, who later that night boasted that he was easily the strongest of the three, settles for third.

Although painful, credit must go to Horseteef. No teammates. He soloed for about three laps. He dropped MM so harshly, MM packed up and went home. He confronted his accusers, burped, turned around, dropped his drawers and blasted us with his foulness, as any champion would. The worst thing was the post-thrashing excuses. The consensus seemed to be that Horseteef's performance doesn't really count because he trains more than the rest of us. Same half-baked, pathetic, crybaby whining we heard when Perturbo was pounding us. Same tired refrain about the trials of having a real job, a family, a tumor on the nutsack, a beer gut and a craving for jelly donuts.



**MAX KASH IS SICK OF THIS STORY;
SO LET'S GO TO THE CRITERIUM**

Big field. Evander Testicles before the race all fired up, smacking his rear wheel into dumpsters and banging his head against wrecking balls. 45 minutes. Plenty of action. Walsh up picking up a few primes. Lots of single file big ringing. The moment of truth is with about 12 minutes left. Max Kash is closing gaps at the front, breaks are forming and disintegrating, the field is all strung out. Perfect conditions for a closer to step up.

Former pro with BRB's Jim Copeland bolts. Squeaker, ever the savvy opportunist, falls in behind. I see it unfold to my left. But Max Kash is fried; wants to believe that one of his skinny teammates will exploit the chaos. Seconds go by. Nothing. Two man break with about 4 to go and it's basically over. Last lap is a feeding frenzy for underfed hippos, narwhals, potato eaters and Hank Hill Gas Blasters. The corners clog up like a fat man's arteries. Last turn is a beauty. Vinny the Hack is all gawdawful fired up. He attacks the turn wide from the right. I'm on him and back off. Where we supposed to go? Like a linebacker plugging the gap on the goal line, Vinny puts his head down and launches into the maw. Good enough for 10th, so you gotta give credit.

TWINKLE IS ON. He stuffs all comers in the sprint, despite best efforts by Meathead to grind him into the curb. Family Mann 4th, Evander 5th and Whitebread 6th. Copeland wins and Squeaker holds on for 2nd. Squeaker made THE move. It goes to show you don't need a big team to win races. Five mediocre racers does not equal one hard charging closer. Simply Fred pulled this off with only the Aryan for support (by his own admission, Salt 'n Peppa was worthless after a decent showing in the 45 plus race). In fact, all weekend the winners had no teammates to speak of.

BIKE SCUM HALL OF FAME UPATE: One more thing. On Friday night, we go to the Race HQ at Holiday Inn to sign up. Hoverhawk, the Virus and I are walking through the lobby. We are ambushed by Joyzee Dave, aka, Bah Bah Booley. Joyzee Dave is, in his lexicon, "a Cat 1 on points but a cat 2 on paper." He also purports to be on the Navigator's farm team. He left Jersey with big dreams of picking up the coveted 12 K contract. Anyway, Joyzee asks us if he can crash on our floor. Sorry, all filled up, we did sort of plan for this, ya know. Well, he sighs, can you ask around for me? Sure, no problem. Oh, one other thing, I haven't eaten

since 10 o'clock this morning.... So Hoverhawk goes out to the car and brings back a bag of take out spaghetti. "Oh, another thing, I don't have a ride back, do you have room?"

THE NEXT DAY. I see Joyzee at the road race. I don't want to get sucked into a hard luck story, but I can't help myself. "So, Joyzee, you find a dump to bed down in." He's all bright eyed and happy: "yeah, about midnight nothing's going on soze I ask the promoter whatz up and what not and he comped me an extra room! For tonite too!" Rally?

Q - "Did they throw in a continental breakfast, too?"

A: "Yeah, but they forgot the chocolate on the pillows and I had to tip the driver of the limousine who took me here this morning."

One more thing, how'd you do?

A: "Flatted on the second lap."

Bikescum translation: "I got dropped on the first climb and let the air out when nobody was looking."

Also, if you see Radar, ask him why shedding the Simple Fred J for the Soyilent Green J was "good business and good for the sport."

Max Kash Agro

Subj: BEDLAM AT REDLANDS The Dragon Slayer shows his power and triumphs. Victory is reminiscent of deed in slaying 30 headed monster, a few years ago

SnapBackers:

BADLANDS. The very name embraces human conflict. Badlands. A forum in which the forces of good and evil wage war, where sworn enemies take up arms, where the fires of century-old vendettas are fanned, where the gutters are stained red with the blood of lions and lambs, where a cloud of bitterness hangs so thick you need a coffee grinder just to breathe.

These are the conditions under which Labor flourishes. All week the tension had been building. At the center of the hurricane: Evander Testicles, Labor's newest set of BRBs (Big Round Balls). It all starts with MM Hackenflail and Fabio, two perennial malcontents who decided to jump ship without first arranging a landing pad. Labor was approached; negotiations ensued; pitches were made; a primrose path was proposed; rivals were consulted, and in the end, Labor stayed the course. Labor was not broke, so why break it?

So Fabio and Hackenflail, like a couple of working girls, in a span of 7 days are sighted at various venues wearing first the Simply

Fred teddie, then a medieva | Labor Power cod piece, then a Circle Jerks bunny suit and finally, on the day of the event, back to the Simply Fred nightgown. In fact, on the day of reckoning, nobody is quite sure what our favorite trolls will be wearing. What everybody is sure of, is that they will be **DRESSED TO KILL.**

AND WHO IS THEIR TARGET? Labor. More specifically, Evander Testicles, an enigmatic sort who is at once brutish and sensitive, powerful yet fragile and ill-tempered yet kind-hearted. ET spent the week deflecting all sorts of slings and arrows. One second he's an ass for allegedly snubbing Hackenfail. The next he's a bum who is threatened with legal papers and eviction. And then he's a lovelorn crumb who rides roughshod on his girl friend's 9-spot. I won't even mention his episode of pseudo-menstruation insanity on the Saturday ride when the big bad brutes from Soyilent Green were purportedly picking on him. Before the race, I don't know whether to stand by my man or suggest he get a sex change and move to Hollywood.

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THE STATE IS SET. All the big dawgs, salivating at the line. 40 minute crit. Ricky Squeaker looking very glamorous. Kress Toothpaste very lean, a cross between a Boy from Brazil and an albino doberman pincher. Todd Schooler, a.k.a. Salt-n-Peppa, looking like a grouchy old german shepherd with yellow teeth. Mark Herniator, the incubus, in the middle of the pre-show -down fracas, cyberslamming the dingbat duo in the interests of Big Business and bikescum prevention. Clipboard Engineer and Ayatollah of Rock-N-Rolia, Ed "the Demon" Beamon from Joyzee, all pasty and unpretty.

Assorted starchy food product consumers like Mark Leadhead, John Walshout, and Family Mann. Newcomers Stanley Runtz and old timers Bolshhevik, Scrapmetal and of course the Labor F-truckers, Hoodee Hoverhawk, Ricky "The Little Engine Who Could" Virus, and our own butt-fugly beast, Vinny the Hack.

Max Krash designated attack tick, duty bound to chase and stick to any rabbit who runs. First lap, I'm doing the break dance,



ET and RW at Redlands



D W keeps Simply Fit in line.



My prizes, please-E T

very tentative around the turns, inhaling carbon fiber smoke, contemplating lawsuits. I'm tempted to remind the pack of hungry wolves around me: "Golly Gee, Fellas, please don't touch my eggshell shoulder, I might break." Really? Pathetic prettiness lasts about 3 seconds and the bitterness rushes back in. These are your mean streets. This is a dogfight and Labor don't roll over.

LOTS OF ATTACKING, lots of single file romp, romp, lots of duck and cover. Side-note: MM Hackenfail does a solo routine about 10 minutes in. Hey Mitch, I know you want to show your FredHeads that you can be a teamplayer, but does that mean you have to commit suicide? MM Hack stupidly burns off his big tanks early, flails about forlornly and disintegrates upon rear entry.

Next?

Max Krash takes notice of Stanley Runtz, who is a hard-charging dynamo on a mission. He bolts and Max gives chase. Hey, I'm not gaining. This pony's got legs... Breaks form and fizzle. Looks like your basic mad dash, cluster fudge field sprint unfolding. Glory pulls by Horseteath through the start finish, carefully timed with sound effects of Mr. Ed braying and hogs feeding on brittle corncocks. I am both amused and sickened.

FIVE TO GO. Single file craziness. Evander Big Balls lurking in the shadows, like a badger with a Grizzly sized chip on its shoulder. Davis Phinny all pumped up on the mike as the snake streams by: "There's Richard Meeker sucking wheel, Pretty Boy of the 1980s, PR Bar Poster Boy, and Ambassador of Grease!"

THREE TO GO: Max Krash burns out on the front, Hover Hawk bolts, a little premature, but with conviction. Pack kicks in their collective afterburners, Hover Hawk plucked and feathered with two to go, and the stinky Red Tide festers at the front, looking formidable, smelling like rotten mackerel.

UH-OH, LOOKS LIKE A SIMPLY FRED SWEEP UNFOLDING.

Fabio sacrifices all in one lap tractor pull.

One Lap to go! I'm flailing.

Dry mouth. Fingers weak.

Please, Lord, take me now, for I cannot bear the humiliation of a Simply Fred thrashing. We head into the S-turn snake alley, where dead men lost their bones.

CRASH BANG! @ # % & !

Salt n Peppa says "hello" to Mr. Blacktop. Max Krash instinctively looks for huge body to land on. Fortunately, Whitehead in front, looking very large, yellow and soft. We scrape through unscathed.

Two turns to go, I know Evander is up there, but my worldview has become dark, and I fear the worse.

FEAR NOT, FOR LABOR IS LARGE. Evander shrugs off all the stains and stupidity, digs deep and unleashes the wicked sprint for which he is infamous. ET rockets over the line for the VEE. Bunny hops over a row of naked strippers, catches rear wheel on silicon implants, explosions result, and Max Kash has signed up another innocent victim of reckless corporate misconduct. ET closes deal by popping a wheel for the entire victory lap with Birn on the handlebars cradling our hero in a stunning rendition of Shakespeare's two backed monster.

THIS IS LABOR'S FINEST HOUR. All the naysayer's, the doubters, the posers -- eating baked crow. Post race commentary: Hackenflack issues classy denunciation: "Bunch of Orange County Political Pussies... How much did you have to pay Evan?" Squeaker: "Evan owes the win to us, did you see us lead it out?" After 6 months of toodling, four fractured ribs, a fractured scapula, and a punctured lung, finally, the music for which I live. Stupid, brassy, self-serving, non sequitur... Feels like home.

But there's more. Labor ain't done. Next race is the 2/3 flackfest. 100 plus screaming idiots in pursuit of \$30,000 prize money (bikescum conversion: \$1 in real money equals \$10 in bikie funny money). Huge load of cheesebutts and rosehips bunching and balling in every turn. With two to go, Max Krash moves to front. Evander lets me in the train (thankfully). One to go, Max Krash is five back with ET in tow. Backstretch. Grease Monkey nimrods "get tactical" and pinch off their point man. Stupid. Max Krash dashes

around the nosepickers, goes down the alley after the runaway chimp. "Hey, I might be able to pull this off," I whisper to myself. But there is no upper body, no sprint, and no God as I come around the last turn and throw myself at the mercy of the pack.

No matter for my man EVANDER LARGE BALLS is lapping this up. He is on. He shakes, rattles and rumbles to the line and gets nipped for second, edged by a repugnant human-type creature known only as "Five Dollars" (which is roughly the

SUBJ: FEED THE BEAST

dragon slayer.

Chest Beaters

There is a Beast that lurks just under the blacktop beneath every cyclist. A hungry, reptilian creature that feeds on the blood of hackers and hackjacks. You cannot outrun it. You can try. But eventually the Beast gets fed. The lucky ones lose only a little skin, maybe a laceration, perhaps a broken helmet, flat tire or mangled rim. The unlucky ones donate bone fragments and/or chunks of flesh. The truly unfortunate don't walk away at all.

The thing is, we don't need to help the Beast. The Beast will get fed. He is very patient. Soon enough, he knows some rider above will lose focus, roll a tire, bang a bar, cross a wheel, snap a crank arm or even inexplicably plow into a curb. When these events unfold, the Beast will surface, like that subterranean snake in the movie "Tremors", and snatch a little snack.

Last Sunday in the Ontario crits, the BEAST was very fat and very happy. In the ill-fated race, I saw a gruesome pile up in turn no. 1 on the last lap that left bodies strewn and oozing. In the Pro 1-2 race, with only a few laps to go, as the pack bunched up through the start finish, the earth suddenly opened up and bodies slammed hard against the announcer's deck. I don't know if it happened, or if it was just my imagination, but my head fell into a wicker basket as the guillotine's blade came to rest. I saw puddles of blood quickly form, and just as quickly, they disappeared. My nose burned from a foul odor that seemed to hover over the race course. Some say it was the methane gas wafting over from the stockyards. But I believe the gas emanated from the bloated, bike-filled bowels of the subterranean Beast.

I do know this: Evander Testicles, Labor's man with the BRB, does not gladly suffer the Beast. Best bike handler I've ever seen. Only rider I don't fret about when he chooses not to wear a helmet. His bunny-hop and

equivalent of this rodent's valuation of the life of another racer).

The 2/3 Board (edited for relevance):

1. Five Dollars, Team Body Disfigurement
2. Evander Testicles, Team Labor Poodle
5. Max Krash Agro, Team Labor Pooper

Results from 35 Plus Crit:

1. Evander Testicles, Labor Power
2. Kress Toothpaste, Aryan Red Army
3. Ricky Squeaker, Simply Pritty
4. Stanley Runtz, Lexus

At Ontario 3/22/98, the day had misery for the Medi Vac calls plenty were necessary.

beer-can-flick maneuvers are legendary. So the question is: Did Evan feed the Beast, or was he offered up by a human accomplice?

LETS GET TO IT. 30 PLUS CRIT. 90 pecker field.

All the hammers, bread pudding eaters, pretties, and quarter pounders. Tight course. Four turns. I smell a field sprint from the git go. 45 minutes. The first 43 minutes are pure boilerplate, full of sound and fury, signifying zippo. The tedium is pierced now and then by a blistering attack by Fabio, who resembled an African wildebeast on the rampage. In the end, you knew he would tire and the pack of dingo dawgs, hyenas and jackals would close in and cackle over his carcass.

LAST LAP. Like it was written, HoverHawk goes to the front. Evander is within flicking distance. Squeaker sitting pretty. Family Mann in tow, along with Mark LeadHead. A legion of CumDix soldiers, led by international arms trader and all around, good guy Kevin Baby Squeal Krueger, consolidate at the front, apparently in an effort to lead out God's Gift and Frank "the Stank" Fartman with the furry legs. Max Kash is way too far back flailing about miserably. The pack moves to warp speed around turn no. 2, I decide to get shut of it and move up the left gutter. Hover Dave is still on point, Evander BRB on his wing. Just before turn no. 3, Max Kash cuts in front of Hover.

"I'll swing wide," Hover whispers. Max Kash chops on the inside and commences to ramping speed. Hover has swung wide, leaving only enough room for Evander and Squeaky to pinch through. Max Kash is all alone now. And it's peaceful. I hear only the sounds of a rattlesnake digesting a rat as I head into the final turn. I reach for the stick and go to shift into overdrive.

ENGINE FAILURE!

ABANDON SHIP!

MAY DAY, MAY DAY!

5. Mark Herniator, Soyilent Green Meanies
6. Henry Scrapmetal, Soyilent Green Toxic Waste Haulers
7. Horseteeth, Mftr of Air Pollution Technologies
8. Stout n Tout, Team Hobbitt

Max Krash Agro
Post Ventilator Blues

EAS POWER PRODUCTS RULE!

Max Kash is hit in the face with a headwind; so strong, I'm thinking perhaps a nuke just ahead exploded, and I'm like in one of these mock villages that gets blown to bits all on video in the interests of army intelligence. Anyway, I know ET is back there and he's a closer. Labor will triumph and the Angels are calling and good seems to have a headlock on evil for the time being.

AND THEN I HEAR A SOUND, actually a series of sounds. A scrape, a bang, another scrape, a thud, another thud and Christ, I don't know what. All I know is about 100 meters from the line a flash of idiots pass me and I'm not seeing the red, white, and blue that is Labor. I limp through the Finish line, barely strong enough to lift my head up to see who's in front of me. There's Squeaky, Family Mann, Meatloaf, couple other guys; No ET, no Hover Hawk. Word catches up that ET has gone down.

I kid you not there were puddles of blood. I kid you not there was a 4 inch gash in ET's left arm. I kid you not, there was a broken collarbone fragment trying hard to peak through ET's armor. I kid you not Stanky Fartman's carbon forks were cut clean in half and his rear tri-spoke was pretzled. I didn't see how the carnage happened. Max Kash only saw the aftermath. Maybe I've seen Apocalypse Now too many times, but my first impression was to start screaming, "MEDI-VAC, MEDI-VAC. I WANT THOSE CHOPPERS NOW AND I WANT MY WOUNDED AIRLIFTED BEFORE I FINISH MY BUDWEISER." You know, some day this bike race carnage is going to end....

The issue was and remains: was the Beast helped? Did Meatloaf chop ET? ET was in a position to file a protest. He chose not to. But that's ET. He's old school. What comes round goes around. But I do know this: Meatloaf is either the most unfairly persecuted man in America or he needs a full time P.R. agent. At Vizee, there were stories about a

chop-chop in the last turn involving Meatloaf, ET and Twinkie. A racer should not be condemned simply because of his reputation. My instinct is to back up the guy in the Black Hat. But I'm starting to see a trend, a very ugly trend.

In the end, ET is left to nurse a broken collarbone, a nasty gash and too much roadrash. All preventable. And I'll say this: Labor HAD the Race WON and ET will be back.

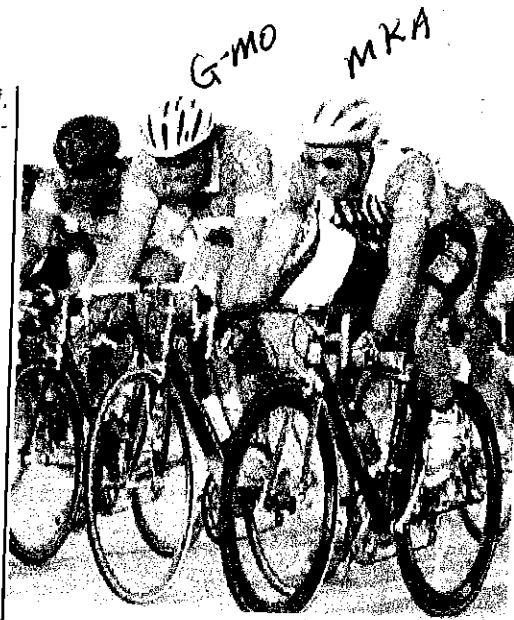
The Board:

1. Kojak, Plymouth Pretenders
2. Meatloaf, Extra Onions
3. Family Mann, Soylent Green
4. Ricky Squeaky, Simply Red
5. Fred Kim-ball, Simply Red
6. Max Krash, Labor Plunder

Max Krash

"There has been too much violence, too much pain. We have all lost loved ones. Just walk away, leave the pumps, the fuel, the whole compound, and I spare your lives."

Lord Humongus, Ayatollah of Rock 'n Rolla



At Ontario, R W is getting into shape.



A case of road rash for E T



He smiles. Tough guy




Wrapped in ice. What would you do?



is a mountain biker. day is coming when they beat the roadies.



Vaughters solos to win at RR.



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