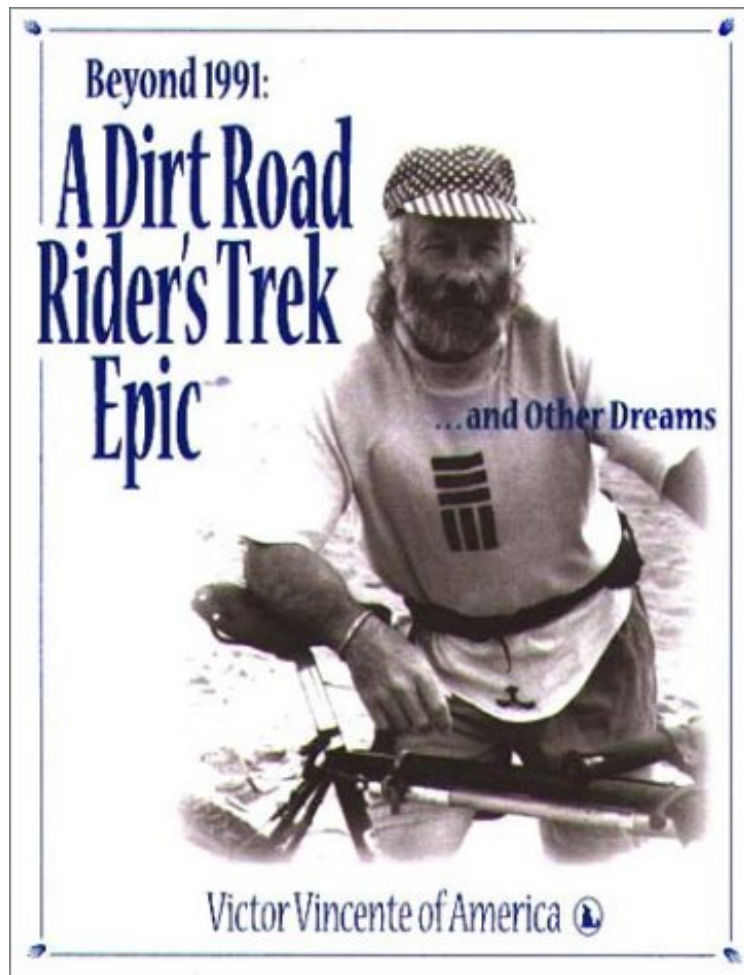


(Free pdf) A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic

## A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic

*Victor Vincente of America*

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**Victor Vincente of America : A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. If you want to understand what this "Most Significant Person ...By Karol Johnson If you want to understand what this "Most Significant Person (in the history of mountain biking) by Mountain Bike Mag (in 2000) thinks and why he is so unique. . .this is a must read. . .he is forever "Dancing on the pedals"

Cult followers of bike lore now have a chunk of gospel to chew on: Victor Vincente of America's classic 'world's longest prose poem'--'A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic.' VVA is one of the more mysterious founding fathers of mt-biking, as well as a source of the revival of road racing in America. He inspired Greg Lemond and others with his unsponsored, half-starved European and Olympic racing exploits. In the 70's, he set the first 'RAAM' record, riding

back and forth nonstop across the U.S., which was when he gave himself his name. He has hosted legendary offroad events some which involved prizes in the form of roadkill. His notorious newsletter of race results and stories was the first home of this long-running prose-poem about days and nights offroad, in the natural and cultural outback. These are put-you-there tales any cultural explorer can relate to--and be surprised by. The DRRTE--plus new episodes--is showcased here along with media-reprints from VVA's heyday and dirt road scene. Illustrated; with artful glimpses of his other projects, including coin art, t-shirts, posters, and stamps.

A Couple Excerpts... Part 22 Climbing now towards the ridgeline overlooking Sylmar, stopping at viewpoint, trying to pick out in the checkerboard far below the building wherein at 4:05 a cup of hot chocolate-coffee was consumed in preparation for this Fishday adventure. No pacesetter companion today, no riding partner. Instead, memories of fragments of conversations heard earlier: "What is that you are. . ." ". . . , saying to me?" "Kelvin Siu, extension 333, please. Kelvin Siu, twee twee twee." And "Don't forget my armies!" This road is below flight path. Airliners arriving from the north descend, cruising easy into the valley. Afternoon sunlight glints. Reward for reaching the summit: sunstruck blue-gold mist filling Santa Clarita valley. A setting for ardent sun. A jewel-laden bed, scattered glimmerings of sunlight on water. See to learning something today. In the steep scary downhill; rocky, sandy turns; outside pedal down, then just 1/8 turn backwards and the front wheel accepts more easily the curve, turns into it as though unbidden. Turnaround point by washout on unmaintained fork of road. Stop for a bite to eat and a bowlful by Monkey Trumpet growing right out of rock, and thistle, and small five-petaled lavender blossoms of name unknown. Under a large rock, a small scorpion, rare and willing to sting, awaits cooling-down of evening. Arthropod scuttling, alien thought patterns. . . \*\*\* FINAL System message from root @ freebird \*\*\* System going down IMMEDIATELY System shutdown time has arrived syncing disks . . . done Unix Halted Part 23 Hang glider takes a couple of steps off the steep hillside, then is supported on wings of nylon and aluminum held together with steel cabling. Circling above, singing to the crows. Diving, swooping, the harnessed gymnast freed, through technology, like the red-tailed hawk. Below, on technology more akin to the mountain lion, we lope along trails and old roads where wild cucumber "de vine" sprouts through November green carpet. Descending from the ridge, through winding switchbacks, under powerline towers; it's so hard to use tactics when everyone has left you behind. "Hey, wait for me; I dropped my water bottle!" Descending like crazy, dicing with soul-mate, continually on the outer edge of control; laying life on the line, withholding nothing, neither skill nor recklessness. "Hey, it's dangerous up ahead. Slow down!" Scramble across washout that strains agility to the limit. Cross over canyon bottom at the boulders permitting stream-hopping; up the embankment and into the clearing where the old cabin still stands, the ancient pay phone still buzzes its dial tone . . . . . Car wreck must be pulled out of the canyon, but the tainted money father refused was spent on booze. Now, reaching down into the pocket of poverty and finding not a penny, but a token, which allows for one local call; hoping for some companionship. But "Suzi's dead", so there's no running to Arizona this lifetime . . . Up the moist sandstone roadway, climbing the opposite hillside. Sprint 'til you pop~ Death is certain, life is not. Practicing a non-interference policy toward death: Let the diseased die. Let the suicidal die. Let accident victims die. Not afraid to die. Not afraid to live. Not afraid to kill somebody. Got to think about getting this life together. After this ride, must get off cycling; say "No!" to hot tea and a place beside the fire. Just say "No" to cycling. Just say "No!" to life. ---- from the "DRRTE" An Excerpt... Part 24 Glint of gold in the roadside berm, half-mile south of the old stagecoach road. Thirty feet further down the road, figure: might as well take a look, though it's probably just some junk brass. U-turn, go back plenty beyond, turn again to approach the same way, so the sunlight will glint off it the same way. There, the same glint of gold in the berm. This time, stop straddled, bend down, touch the glint with a fingertip. Move it, eyes scanning minutely, brain analyzing every visible detail, mind and belief system having a wild time, approaching overload. . . . It is a gold coin! Take a close look (glad the magnifying glass is in the pack). . . . 3 dollars, 1891, CC. Well, this is serious! Dismount, throw the bike, derailleur side down, out of the way against the embankment. So many questions: How long has this gold coin been here in the bulldozed berm, how long had half of it been exposed to the sunlight? Who lost a gold coin on this remote dirt road? Kneeling now, carefully brushing the last of the dust from the wreath of tobacco, wheat, corn and cotton. This is in very fine condition. Now, clutching the gold in the left hand, beginning to wonder if this is a singular occurrence. Raking at the sandy dirt with the right hand fingers, mindful to move only enough dust with each scraping to uncover just the surface. Continuing this for some time, a couple of feet up the road satisfied to turn up another two gold coins, and then one more close by. Comparing them all, all the same: 3 dollars, 1891, CC. This means something. Looking around a bit, what is this? Right hand curve in the road, sandstone outcrop up the hillside on the right. Twenty miles from nowhere. Carefully scramble up the embankment, arriving at the top of the cut just above the gold. Start searching in earnest, finding a couple near the edge, a few more upside a large grass clump, others further up; a veritable trail of gold leading up to the sandstone. Up there, still stuck between two parts of a split boulder, a leather pouch, rodent-chewed, spilling out the last of its cache onto the steep, eroding hillside. Gold certainly not lost; more likely hidden there by the outlaw who robbed the stage bringing payroll from Carson City. ---- from the "DRRTE" An Excerpt... Part 25 Leading a life somewhat misshapen, mistaken, misplaced, or unreal. Rabbits dying, funeral pyre in the fireplace. No sign of productivity from any representative of the sisterhood of the egg.

Winged beans, supposed to fill the cornucopia of Africa and the world, barely presenting three juvenile leaves to the sun who brought them forth. Bicycle suffering from need of new components and the desire to ride it fading as all of life fades during the dreary winter days. Sky of grey, night of black and cold that requires a steady fire, more energy than burned by one's self during the dreary winter day's ride. Does one deserve the warmth of fire? Pure maple syrup? Palestrina singing of holiness in Latin? Warming ones self by the funeral pyre, gaining warmth and life through the sacrifice of a small furry creature. Memories of old thrashed Huret, which through careful and precise hammering had had most of its usefulness restored, while gaining a well-used patina achievable only on quality merchandise. How many times, the Huret retrieved from the trash barrel? Thrice-purged through ordeal of fire and saved to die death upon death again. There comes a time when one cries out for permission to use that forbidden tool; that one which has the power, but was not designed for, not intended for, this task. Crying out for permission, so that once again the machinery might be restored to its functioning existence. But final verdict: Beyond retrieval. ---- from the "DRRTE"