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Intersection

Invariably, when I meet friends and acquaintances, the same question comes up: what car are you driving this time? After seeing me swagger around in a seemingly never-ending succession of (borrowed) Aston Martins and Rolls-Royces, their expectations are high.

Alas, most days I'll be on two wheels, enjoying the freedom and simplicity of my fixed-gear bicycle. Inspired by bike porn (nothing involving seat posts or pointy saddles—just the extensive amount of pictures of track bikes displayed online), I decided last year to build myself one of these nihilistic machines. No gears. No brakes. No cables, levers or mudguards either.

Shamelessly hopping on a trend, I ended up vaguely joining a community and became a "fakenger". Mocked by real bike messengers for adopting their outfits, riding their bikes and entering their races, I also get redirected to the delivery entrance when arriving for appointments at ad agencies. But I love the efficiency and simplicity of riding without a freewheel, I love the impression of being on top of the urban food chain, dodging drunk pedestrians and lazy drivers, crossing London faster than most, and repeatedly puzzling people ("How do you stop without brakes?" comes rather often).

Although I've been riding bikes all my life, this is the first time the influence has extended into so many aspects of my life. I meet bike-related people, dress in bike-adapted clothing, organise bike-focused fashion shoots for Intersection, spend bike-filming afternoons.

Fixed-gear bicycle

