

LIMITERSTM



CALCULATED RISK

Most companies like to hide behind the 'closed course' nature of their photoshoots. Black-flagging the streets with pylons and city officials in an effort to provide the appearance of reality without the innate danger. But for Icon, crowded urban centers are the reality. Irate cabbies, unindicated lane changes, rim-flattening potholes, minivans and megatrucks. Icon lives life on the 'open course.'

Our urban track is constantly hot and the threats ever present. Aware, alert, and constantly balancing between aggressive and defensive, we turn lap after lap. Every day brings another chance for podium glory or a rushed DNF. Icon's sole mission is to provide the most protective motorcycle gear possible. Our mission is to help you better the odds of the calculated risk. Gear up, stay frosty, and **Ride Among Us.**

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5pointz

The structure before us is affectionately known as 5 Pointz. A name that traces back to blood-soaked streets, institutional corruption and violent urban rioting. Good times.

"What the hell is that?!" shouted Matt from the backseat of our borrowed sedan. We were deep in NYC, on a mission to find a location for our fall photoshoot. We needed something as brash and aggressive as the latest Icon gear collection.

"Damn, son, it looks like an old spray paint factory...that exploded!" Indeed. All fat-capped and fully blazed, we had found our location.

The overwhelming technicolor burst singed our optic nerves. It was as if a Crayola® box had gone critical. Our overloaded brains searched frantically for a singular focal point. No luck. Colors, cartoons and profane script all screaming at once. From every side of the block-long monolith, the visual intensity rained down.

The 5 Pointz building lies mainly abandoned within the confines of Long Island City, Queens. While its physical structure sits dormant, her walls are alive and flourishing with the Krylon® vine. Like an invasive species, the pigmented weeds climb the host and transform her into a cinder canvas. The graffiti has re-envisioned the purpose of the structure by providing a bizarre enamel camouflage. In a community with few options, it is both the problem and the solution.

Thinking of 'rattle-canning' your bike's roached plastics, but don't like the stock color selection on the shelf?

Check out LIMITER Digital to learn how to mix your own custom shade of spray paint:

www.iconmotosports.net/2011/08/huffdaddy





Alliance Torrent Helmet

available in White and Charcoal / \$200

The Torrent graphics are bombed across the side of the virgin Alliance shell. Tagged and dripping, the cranial fracas screams for attention. A remix from the Icon shells of yesteryear, the Torrent barks its profane ideology at 150 bpm. Gritty street vocabulary executed with monochromatic aplomb. Can you dig it?



Jason was voted the least likely Icon rider to run over a photographer. Which is pretty important when you're the photographer.

By the middle of the shoot both the bike and rider had warmed up sufficiently. Hands were off the bars and wheels were off the ground. The tight confines of our riding area were of little consequence to Jason & Eric. Like most of our product line, the Icon photoshoots are a careful balancing act. Violent enough to keep the kids amped, but restrained to the point where there will be a tomorrow. Actually this describes the Icon riding style in general. Misdeamnor antics performed just this side of a felony. Balance points - learned the hard way.



Contra Torrent Jacket available in White / \$240



The photoshoot was going pretty well until about five seconds after this image of Eric was taken. NYPD's finest rolled up with lights and siren ablaze. Luckily for us the NYC cops don't actually get out of their cars. Except for lunch. All investigations and interrogations are conducted through the squad car's open window. We smooth-talked our way out of it by denying everything (and by chucking Hoenshell under the bus). Mission accomplished; we will live to shoot another day.



Alliance Shakkii Helmet available in White / \$200

With it's vibrant characters encircling the helmet, the Alliance Shakkii proved the perfect lid for our 5 Pointz shoot. Each element drawn on the shell represents a different Japanese character or trait. The overall effect of the multi-layered composition is truly stunning.

Endurance - The Monk Mongaku tests his spiritual sincerity by standing under an ice cold waterfall. Exposure to the frigid water almost kills him, but he perseveres, showing his mental and physical endurance.

Bravery - Kintaro, also known as the Golden Boy, roamed the forests of northern Japan. He was renowned for his strength and mastery of the wild. Often his bravery is depicted by wrestling the feared giant carp.

Raijin - With his ability to create the most powerful storms, Raijin rains down deafening thunder from his multitude of drums. Usually depicted as a red demonic demon, he is both feared and admired as a predominant deity in the Shinto religion.

Fujin - Shouldering his bag of wind, the disheveled Fujin has the power to both create and destroy. As the god of wind, he is among the oldest of the Shinto gods, and helped create the world itself.



THE HEARTBREAKER & THE SIDEWINDER

She was not the kind of girl that took no for an answer. In fact, she rarely 'took' answers at all. She also rarely asked questions. In their line of work, the less questions asked, the better.

This night was shaping up to be a real peach. They had barely caught the last train of the evening. Good thing, too, because she hated walking. It was the 'F Line,' headed out of mid-town and straight into heaps of trouble.

Her partner for this evening's ride left quite a bit to be desired. He had been on the sharp end of one too many bad deals and had the scars to prove it. He didn't talk much, but his knuckles spoke volumes.

All aboard for a ride on the crazy train...





She had read about these limestone tunnels. They were some kind of an abandoned subway line that pre-dated the London Underground. Supposedly John Wilkes Booth's diary was hidden down here. Freemasons, bootleggers, and the requisite body or two. It was all very fascinating, if you were a scholar.



Hella Heartbreaker Jacket available in Red and Black / *235

It was the classic American love story. Girl meets boy, girl gets boy, girl rips out boy's still-beating heart. It's a messy business, best left to those with a penchant for the stage. And the Hella Heartbreaker oozes drama. Patched appliques, overprints and full back embroidery demand as much attention as a pistol grip pump. The fitted textile chassis, custom metal trims and quilted leather overlays speak to the true nature of the Heartbreaker. She was built for the wild ride. Ironically, the jacket's princess cut seams couldn't be further from the truth. This jacket was a love story. Brooklyn style.



Piracy always sounded so much more romantic when it involved a triple-masted frigate.

*A couple of fast-lane cowboys
looking for anything heavy.*

Back outside the tunnels, it was just as dark. It was quiet, too. Actions speak louder than words, and their evening had already seen plenty of both. They had always worked much better together at night. The New York chill softening their more abrasive qualities. Not to worry: by daybreak she'd be back to her old charming self.



Brawnson Sidewinder Jacket available in Black, Red and Orange / *\$230

Posted up against the '49 Mercury, the Sidewinder plays his role perfectly. His jacket hails from the same Detroit lineage as his chopped Merc. Equally adept in lowbrow bars or highside tumbles, it's a garment built for the grind. Just as dirt ovals gave way to asphalt super speedways, so the Sidewinder evolved from the original Brawnson chassis. The textile body features patterns and function developed from decades of long, sweeping left-handers. The inner vest liner incorporates a ribbed crew neck to seal out the elements while the plumage of embroidered patches - Barnett, Champion, Wiseco, and K&N - complete the jacket with the historical signatures of America's finest. Just like the toughest street brawler, the Sidewinder earns its respect one stitch at a time.



VICTORY

HARD LUCK



100

LIMITED PRODUCTION OF 100

Victory Hard Luck Jacket / \$777

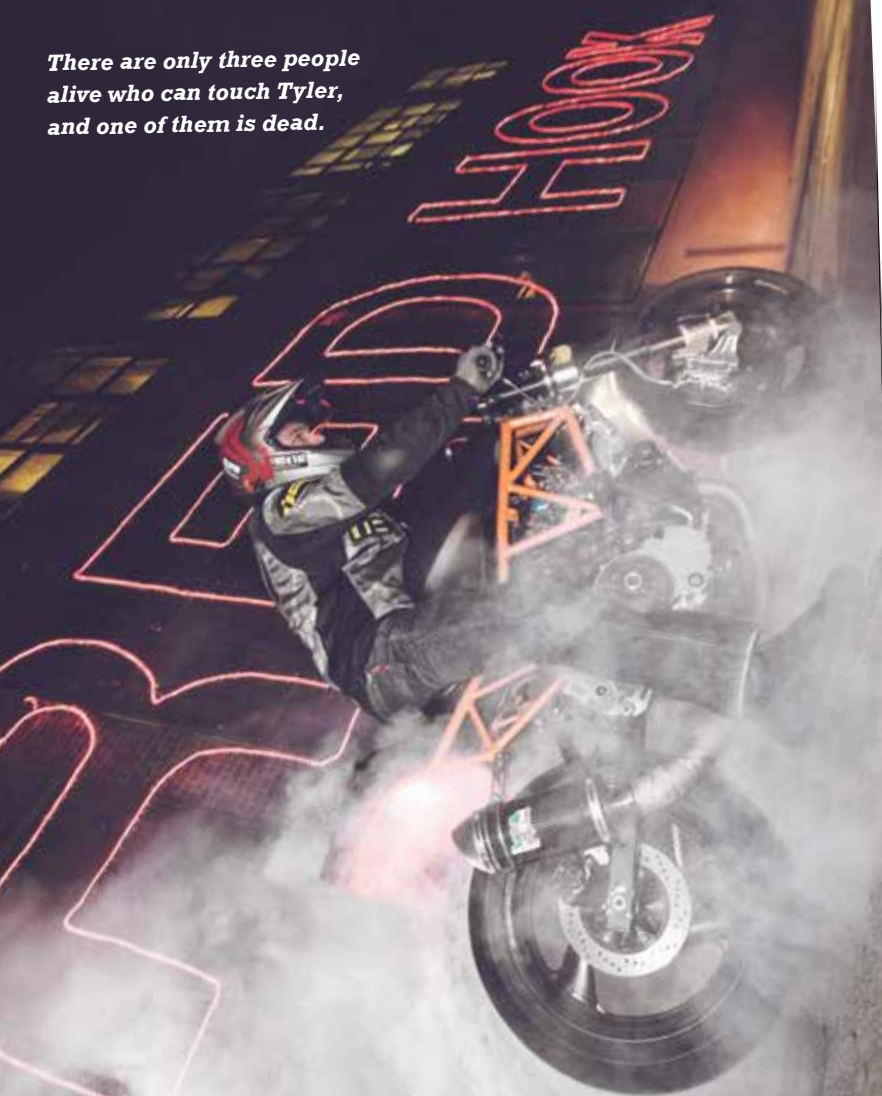
With its vintage leather chassis, harvested from the most distressed of bovine, the Victory Hard Luck stands tall against the grain. Hand crafted by flop-eared Dutch monks in the Himalayan subbasement, each stitch is an opportunity for chanted penance. Revel its wool hound's tooth lining. Gaze slack-jawed at its obtuse footless mascot. Loose yourself within it's limited edition splendor.

Sound your fancy horn, Mr. Cottomtail, the trail waits for neither hare nor hound. Buckles asunder, appliques announcing the predestined outcome, the Hard Luck is worth its weight in reclaimed dental gold. She is an American story of crushed dreams and busted bones. She knows the soft whisper of sheared bolts and the harsh cough of a popped motor. She is Hard Luck, and if you're a lucky one of one hundred, she can be yours.



Where's your feet, Little Guy?

There are only three people
alive who can touch Tyler,
and one of them is dead.



Overlord Type 1 Jacket

available in Black, Grey, White, Blue, Red, Green / #215

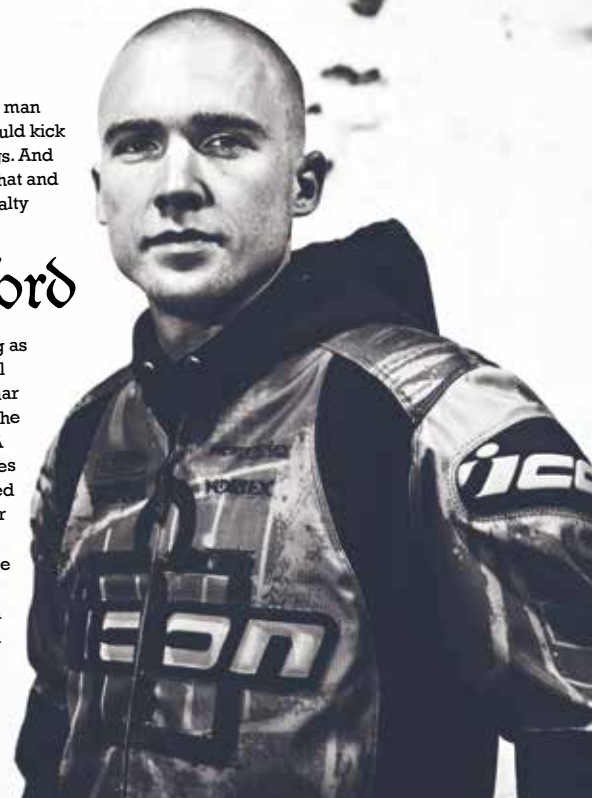
When the time comes for street fighting, and the time will come, you'd best come correct. The Overlord Type 1 has been trained in the art of the asphalt brawl. It's a fifth-degree black belt in the discipline of the tuck and tumble. External plates, battle tested textiles and the fit of a Norse god. If that sounds like a myth, we can most assuredly tell you that it is not. The Overlord Type 1 will see you victorious.

If Tyler Lunceford was a one-legged man in an Alaskan ass kicking contest... he would kick your ass. The only thing is, he has two legs. And that's what makes him very dangerous. That and the fact that he builds some of the most salty Ducatis this side of Bologna.

Tyler Lunceford

Tyler's background is as unassuming as his builds. Raised in the scrub of central Oregon, he grew up as a farrier. Unfamiliar with the term? We were too, until we saw the horseshoe clue inked into his forearm. A farrier is a craftsman who trims and shoes horses' hooves. In an era of catalog based bike builders, men of the iron & hammer are a rare commodity indeed.

A Greyhound bus took Tyler from the realm of single horsepower vehicles to those of triple digits. A world away from his pioneer roots, he now calls Brooklyn home. Posted up at *Moto Borgotaro* on Union Street, Tyler continues to trim and shoe, or at least the modern mechanical equivalent.





If you have an Italian thoroughbred in need of some hoof-work or want to see more of Tyler's work, you can find him at: www.motoborgotaro.com

Most custom Supersports have an interesting story to tell. Treated as the step-children of the Ducati line, they fall somewhere between the flamenco Superbikes and the bourgeois Monsters. Their elegant skeletal forms were often cloaked in less than desirable slab-sided fairings. Their honest air-cooled powerplants lacked the overall horsepower numbers en vogue with the water-cooled masses. But those in the know have always appreciated what the SS has to offer.

Tyler Lunceford's custom 900SS is a prime example. Substantial engine work, along with a myriad of carb wizardry, have brought the HP up into the triple digits. Suspension components grafted from Ducati's finest impart the SS with legs of a racehorse. And the orange trellis frame lets everyone know that this is the meanest 'Super Duke' on the streets of Brooklyn.



You can't mount radial calipers on conventional forks - Tyler's got a chunk of billet that says, "poppycock."



Billet case and valve covers courtesy of BCM. The exposed STM slipper clutch keeps the chatter confined to the internet haters.



One side-draft carb and one down-draft feed the 944cc motor a tasty mixture of atomized petrol and bitter Brooklyn air.

1975 BEVEL DESMO

The bike. A bevel-driven Supersport, from a decade when that title was actually true. In her day she was desirable; thirty years on, the Desmo still turns heads. An air-cooled bombshell, replete with the body of a French stripper and the torque of an East German shot-putter. She was a whirling cacophony of precisely angled teeth inside a sculptured alloy chest. The Americans had always insisted on rods, while the Japanese preferred chains. Both were mechanically correct solutions that were either simpler or better. But both lacked the mechanical panache of the bevel. A watchmaker's solution to the fundamentals of rotational timing. But for all her grandeur, she would be the last of her kind. Her mechanisms would evolve into a cogged rubber belt for efficiency, but would never be matched for sheer elegance.

Womens Overlord Type 1 Jacket available in Pink and Black / 215
Alliance Enchanted Helmet limited quantities available / 200
Note: Don't ride motorcycles in miniskirts. (Sexy but painful.)

RISKY BUSINESS



The fully dime'd Marshall half-stacks serenaded the mangled Porsche carcass. She was the ultimate symbol of 80s indulgence. A champagne 928, replete with phone dial wheels and pop-up bug eye headlamps. She was the epitome of vulture capitalism, good taste, and cosmopolitan flair. Kinda like Icon.

Rob launched the 600-pound beast up the alloy hood with a sickening thud. The aluminum roof of the Porsche buckled beneath the enraged Dunlops. Balanced firmly astride the magnificently endowed German bonnet, Rob laid all 75HP of Milwaukee fury into spidered windshield. Achtung Baby! It was a metal versus glass versus metal showdown.



Alliance Harbinger Helmet available in Black / \$200

Just when you thought death had been done to death - we went ahead and drew this. The Harbinger. Pronounced Har-Binge-Er, his toothy grin is but a sly reminder of every man's eventual fate. Scythe at the ready, he reaps what others have sown. The final harvest. If this is your style of graphic, you will absolutely love this lid. If it isn't, please address your vitriolic disdain to our home office at rideicon.com. Drawing skulls is our business, and business is ridiculous.



We had boosted* the 928 two nights prior. The 1980s era ignition system put up no resistance to Slabtown Joel's magic fingers. The following night was a joyride of Bueller proportions. With a vintage mixtape blasting out our 80s favorites through blown 6x9s, we rallied the darkened streets of NW industrial. The Porsche boasted an aluminum blocked V-8, pumped through a slush box 3-speed transaxle. Supposedly she was a supercar, but we saw no evidence of that.

Putting the wood to her bulbous aft, we were able to coax some mild performance from the German beauty. Donuts, or cookies as they are inexplicably called here in Portland, were laid across every abandoned parking lot in sight. Drinking the gas as if it were still 95¢ a gallon, she lived a lifetime in that night. At dusk the following evening we filled her full of diesel baggies and torched her. Sometimes you just gotta say, "WTF!" To watch the full destruction of the 928 check out the video at:

www.rideicon.com/riskybusiness
Auf Wiedersehen, Champagne Supernova.

*We actually bought the mint 928 from a mad Turk, who was in need of a quick buck for a sloe gin fizz.

The 1WR Sportster looks kinda stock, no? And that's the way the boys like it. It gets the H-D faithful all wet when they watch the 1200cc 'girls' bike 12 o'clocking through the franchise dealership parking lot. But look close and you'll see the host of non-Bar & Shield approved mods: Full skid plate, uncorked D&D carbon can, freestyle forwards, foot hoop, and sprocket that would make your momma say, "Hush yo' mouf." Stock is for suckers; real men ride Sporties.



Just to clear up some confusion - the XR1200 is actually just a re-skinned Sportster marketing ploy. And Santa Claus isn't real. Sorry. But that doesn't mean the XR isn't cool. Wicked cool. Especially when you mod it with the patent pending 1WR 'Doomsday' kit. Full skid plate, crash cages, overlengthed Progressive piggybacks and +10HP Yellow Galfer braided lines. This XR1200 eats Porsches and sh*t's Hybrids. We've seen it.

BEG TO DIFFER

www.1wheelrevolution.com

One footed standups aboard 600 pounds of Milwaukee pig iron isn't for kids. It isn't even for most grown men. But Rob Carpenter and Chris Rayburn of 1 Wheel Revolution have yet to grow up. They swim in the murky waters between full-time hooligan and respectable citizen. Which is partially why they chose the air-cooled twins as their stunt platform. It's an honest motor from a respectable manufacturer - that the boys have strong armed into the most obscene of performance art.



They've tried to kill their Sporties on more than one occasion - the Sporties have responded in kind. But even through the vulgar displays of power, the charred clutches, and the cooked oil, the guys and their push-roddeed beasts have managed to coexist. A symbiotic relationship where one hand washes the other, but only after high-siding the former into a curb. They say that which doesn't kill you only makes you angry. Rob and Chris beg to differ.



“The most significant sign I ever received was tied to the most important motorcycle I ever owned.”

SIGNS AND NUMBERS

AN EXCLUSIVE MEMOIR BY JASON BRITTON

The shrill pitch of the truck's backup alarm sliced through the quiet summer morning. I shielded my eyes from the sunshine and watched the driver maneuver the semi into place behind my shop. The doors swung open and my heart beat faster. I've owned many motorcycles in my life, but I still get a rush when a new bike is delivered. I carefully inspected each motorcycle, looking for damage incurred during transport before waving the driver to take them off the truck. The first two were perfect. I turned my attention to the third. Blue - nice color, clean. Then I checked the VIN number. My stomach turned over. "This one goes back," I said, and jumped off the truck. The driver started to speak but I was already rolling a bike into the shop. "Take it back!" I yelled over my shoulder, leaving the driver confused in my parking lot.

I am not superstitious. But I believe there are sign posts along life's road. One says you're headed in the right direction, another warns you to think twice. That VIN ended with a bad combination of numbers. It wasn't a good sign. And the most significant sign I ever received was tied to the most important motorcycle I ever owned.

I was born loving motorcycles; wheelies came to me like walking. I had to ride. But when my daughter was born I realized life was no longer about me. I sold my bike and bought a car. Then my son was born, and every dollar went to formula and diapers. But the gnawing hunger for a motorcycle remained. I was convinced I could make a living riding. I was working at a dealership, trying to make ends meet, when a crashed bike came in that I knew I could fix. But I didn't have the money to buy it. So I approached my dad.

To me, my dad was almost superhuman. In fifteen years he never missed a day of work. He was fair and honest. He wasn't the rock in my family - he was the island that supported us all. When I lost my sister, it was my dad who kept us from crumbling. Now I turned to him. My dad had this uncanny way of looking at you so hard you felt like he could see your soul. He was looking at me like that as I finished telling him about the crashed bike. "Okay, I'll loan you the money." I couldn't believe it. "Really?" "You really believe in this," my dad explained gently, "and that makes me believe in you."

JKAZRCD19AA102668

So just like that I had the bike. I was working on it with my dad when he told me to look at the VIN number. A funny feeling crept over me when I got to the last six digits. 102668. My birthday. I looked at my dad, and he looked at me. "Don't worry about paying me back," he said. "This is your bike." I started to protest. He held up his hand - meaning not another word on the subject. "There are signs in life," he spoke quietly. "If you're smart and look for them, they can guide you. This is your sign. This is what you're meant to do."

We started shooting my first DVD immediately. Those days I woke at 5 am, we'd shoot till 8, I'd head to work for nine hours of backbreaking labor, then care for my kids at night. We released *Urban Assault* and I started making money riding. I was on my way.

Then I got the call. I was at the dealership. "Come home," my mom's voice was shaking. "It's your dad". It was like taking a blow to the gut. I jammed on my helmet, grabbed my jacket and was on my bike without even thinking. I broke every traffic law. Sweat streamed down my forehead, stinging my eyes as I careened into my parents' road and almost hit the ambulance. As the flashing lights passed me, I saw the neighbor gesturing furiously. I jammed on the brakes, slid into a 180 turn and rolled on the throttle. I chased the ambulance all the way to the hospital. They rolled my dad through the emergency doors as I pulled into the parking lot. My heart was pounding. The ocean was about to burst through my ears. Suddenly I was fighting with nurses trying to block me from seeing my dad. I broke through the tangle of arms and bodies and into the room.

Everything was still. My dad just lay there.

Where were the doctors? Where were the tubes, the equipment, all the medical stuff from the movies? Slowly I started to understand. He was gone. My knees buckled and I was falling to the floor. I thought I was going to be sick. The sterile white room spun around me. My dad, my hero, my anchor was gone, and I didn't even say goodbye.

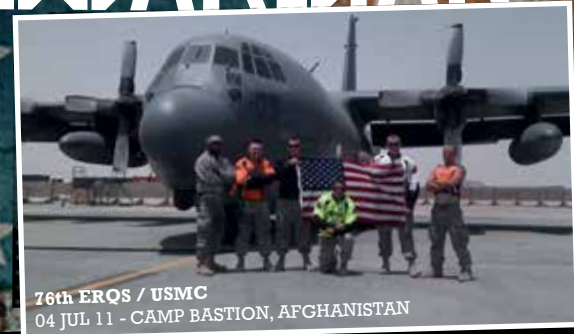
Riding slowly home, I never felt so horribly alone. I was on my own. I had to be the island, I had to become the man and the father my dad was. The sense of responsibility was crushing.

Later that year I started work on my second DVD with the same grueling schedule. We rode hard in the canyons one morning. I got home, parked the bike, pulled off my leathers and lay down on the couch for a minute. I woke up two hours later with a sense of panic. I was late for work, but something was wrong. I threw open the front door: my bike was gone. While I slept someone plucked it from my driveway. Sitting at the police station, I knew they would never find it.

What the thief didn't know was the real value of his prize. He didn't steal my bike. He stole the manifestation of my dad's faith in me. He took the one reminder that my dad knew I could do it, that he believed in me till the end.

The next year *All Twisted and Pucked Up* was released successfully and my sponsors bought me a bike. I've been careful of signs ever since. Mostly I am looking for a bad sign, but a part of me will always be searching for the bike with the VIN number that ends with those six digits. And a part of me will always be looking up, hoping to see my dad. □

AIRFRAME GUARDIAN



76th ERQS / USMC
04 JUL 11 - CAMP BASTION, AFGHANISTAN

Pictured above is a HC-130P 'King' aircraft, call sign Fever 11. This mighty vessel is active in Combat Rescue Missions in support of Operation Enduring Freedom.

On 4 July 2011, the boys in the 76th ERQS flew an American flag onboard Fever 11 during one such combat rescue mission. We recieved this American flag with a certificate "in honor of Icon Motosports." Our sincere thanks and appreciation to the 76th Expeditionary Rescue Squadron and to all of those like them.



Airframe Guardian Helmet / \$345

Somewhere just over the horizon lies the threat. An evil singularly committed to destruction of freedom and peace. An allied force of ground and air combatants will be summoned to confront this threat. The Guardian is a graphic depiction of these frontline American troops who continually put themselves into harms way. The crew at Icon greatly appreciates the warmth from the blanket of freedom they provide.

anatomy of a stunt bike



Stunt bikes are the pariahs of the motoworld. Most of their kind are born only after the complete demise of their former beautiful selves. Mechanized lepers prowling the parking lots and after-hours interstates of Anytown, USA. And we love them all. We love them for their purpose-crafted hideousness. We love them for their 'attitude' and primed plastics. We are endeared to them because they speak volumes about the street struggle.

But theirs is not the first struggle. Many years ago there was another battle taking place around the sprawl of the LA basin. Its champion was Jason Britton. Piloting Gixxers and TL1000Ss, he helped lay the groundwork for a paradigm shift in the sportbike world. He changed the way certain, more progressive manufacturers viewed their engineering and marketing programs. Ultimately, he helped change the fundamentals of what was possible aboard a sportbike.





D



E

Jason's ZX6 was factory clean and precisely palletted when it arrived at his shop. Kawasaki has been Jason's ride of choice for the last four years. They've been one of the few (only) manufacturers to remove the blinders and accept that sportbikes are living primarily on the streets and parking lots, with nary a track in sight. Jason's recognized this as well - which is one of the primary reasons he moved to Team Green. The company renowned for its heavy industry has been the first to formally support ours.

A Full cage setups keep the damage to a minimum. Freestyle Ingenuity is the cage of choice for Team No Limit, and is widely recognized as the premier stunt cage manufacturer.

B Big sprockets make short work of tall wheelies. Jason runs a 55 tooth Vortex. That's shark numbers, people.

C GPR steering stabilizers are a must for headshake elimination during high stoppies. If you've ever tucked front during an endo, then you know of what we speak.

D A shorty Two Brothers Elite pipe is tucked as far inboard as possible to reduce damage from the daily drops. Even so, rashing is inevitable.

E The HT Moto rear seat is designed to allow for sure foot placement when the bike is in an upright position.

F Flattened gas tanks have been de rigueur for stunt bikes since Moses was an altar boy. Usually they were created with a rubber mallet (or a looped wheelie). Jason has taken his stunt tank to the next level by creating his own design. If this looks like your cup of tea, Britton's shop can build you one. Prices start at \$500 (plus your tank core). Drop *No Limit Motorsports* in Huntington Beach a line to inquire: (714) 891-8600.

G Strategically placed HT Moto Traction Pads keep Jason securely planted during seated tricks.

H 12 o'clock bars are things of the past - Jason runs a small custom scrape plate which provides the requisite tail coverage in the smallest package possible.

I The tri-force combination of Dunlop tires, Marchesini wheels and Brembo brakes provide all the grip, spin and stop requirements that Jason's aggressive riding style demands. Dunlop Sportmax Q2s are his tire of choice.

F/G



H



I



When it comes to his personal bike setup, Jason will be the first to admit that he is particular. Very Particular. Whether it's his stunt bikes or his stable of roadrace and dirt bikes, setup is everything to Jason. And appearance. Maintaining a clean and professional bike is a huge part of Jason's marketing plan for his No Limit freestyle exhibition team. His bikes feature a slew of the industry's tastiest components. If a part exists that can help elevate his game, you can bet that you'll find it on Jason's bike. Oddly enough, for a rider that spares no expense when outfitting his ride, Jason runs completely stock suspension components. He claims that the factory Kawi suspension is bomber quality stuff and capable of handling the abuse that his riding levies on the bike. After four years of watching him punish his Ninjas, we believe him.



Justice Leather Glove available in Stealth, Grey and Tan / \$85

Riders like Jason Britton rely on their gloves to provide precise feedback and control interaction. They also rely on their gloves to provide adequate hand protection should it all go awry.

The Justice Leather glove is built on our pre-curved pattern which helps reduce hand fatigue while allowing excellent control interface. Our exclusive longitudinal expansion panels further enhance the incredible fit characteristics. Every level of detail has been considered with the Justice Leather glove. True street justice has arrived.



No other modification has changed the sport of stunt riding so much as the rear hand brake. Earlier versions of the rear handbrake piggybacked on the existing rear master cylinder circuit. Effective, but it could quickly overwhelm the single rear caliper's capabilities.

The current version, manufactured by Ho Hey Design, uses a completely separate hydraulic circuit driving an additional rear caliper. Usually this is a 4 pot caliper, formerly used for a front brake application. Jason prefers the HHD system as it provides equal braking power and lever feedback between either the hand brake or the foot brake.

For more info check out: www.hoheydesigns.com

The left-side, clutch over brake, dual lever setup is a dead giveaway to the intentions of this bike.

LET IT REIGN.

It was coming down in sheets. Biblical levels of water sent to separate the core from the non. It was a cold, dark, grey reminder of our Northwest climate. This wasn't just a shower or even a downpour, this was pure evil. Impossibly thick raindrops felt like a thousand small watery punches. Every manhole cover spelled potential disaster. Every streetcar rail beckoned to our front tire with the most unkind of intent. But on this open course there would be no red flag. No restart. No rain delays. There is just the destination and the need to finish. For the Icon team, based in Portland, Oregon, rain is a fact of our riding life. Gear up like you mean it.



REIGN WATERPROOF BOOT available in Stealth / \$160
PDX WATERPROOF GLOVE available in Black, Grey, Red, Blue / \$55



STUNTGP (Poland)

Deep in the heart of the European theatre gathered a group of elite Icon special forces. A crack stunt team consisting of five Icon riders from four member nations. Nick Brocha and Leah Peterson from the USA, Shin Kinoshita hailing from Japan, Guy Guy repping France, and local girl Ewa Pieniakowska. The mission was the 2011 Stunt Grand Prix taking place in Bydgoszcz, Poland. And the mission was good. Well, mostly good, anyways.

Both Nick and Shin had managed to acquire local bikes for use in the competition. The unfamiliar machinery, combined with a massive dose of jet lag, left the guys slightly off their 'A' game. Even so, Nick managed a podium finish with a 2nd place, and Shin pulled in a very respectable 6th among the heavy international competition.

Guy Guy rode in his typical manic fashion. Though we are still not quite sure how to properly pronounce his name, the man from France laid down smooth combos across the Polish tarmac.

The two women on the Icon squad, Ewa and Leah, faced a major challenge before the green flag even dropped. Shady event promoters (is their any other kind?) canceled the entire women's category without notice, leaving the Icon women without a class in which to compete. But the girls soldiered on and put together their own performance for the Polish fans.

Look for more coverage of Team Icon's exploits at **LIMITER Digital**.

Two thirds of the Icon Womens team punishing their Pirellis.

Nick does his best 'Cobra Kai' for the stunned Polish crowd.

Guy Guy getting knee down - French style.



Apparently Guy Guy didn't get the 'girl hair' memo...



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A gas can for a pillow and the lot for a bed - Shin is a silent warrior.