

**SPITTING ON AN IGRAVE**  
**MIKE DAISEY DOESN'T CARE**  
**THAT STEVE JOBS IS DEAD**  
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**THE WEE HOURS**  
**DINNER AT THE LIAR'S**  
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**AND THE HAYES GO BY**  
**MSNBC'S YOUNG MAN**  
**ON THE MOVE**  
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# NEW YORK OBSERVER

\$3.50 OUTSIDE THE GREATER NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA

\$2.00

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

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," he added.

The painting in the lobby of the Core Club shows Ms. Perry sitting, wearing a cupcake-rapper dress. Mr. Cotton said it will be up as long as **Mary Boone**, his dealer, lets them keep it.

At a talk last Tuesday about his work in a small theater at the Core Club, Mr. Cotton discussed his style and how it has progressed. If anything, he has become increasingly ambitious. In May, he will have a solo show of paintings at Mary Boone gallery's Fifth Avenue space—his first exhibition with her since 2009. And in November, he will participate in the Performa triennial. The piece is still coming together, but he asked **John Corn** to compose music based on cotton candy and **Charles Skegard** to choreograph three ballet dancers in a large set built by Mr. Cotton. In the theater, he was showing the audience slides of his work. He came to a painting from 2010 called *Apennine*, which features a woman lying in a pile of vanilla ice cream.

"Is she in real ice cream?" someone in the audience shouted.

"Yes," Mr. Cotton said. He chuckled and then sighed, his face looking like he was recalling the day the model came to his studio to pose. "*So much real ice cream*," he continued. "She was a good sport." —*M.H.M.*

## Bespoke Blokes on Spokes

His glasses were brown, semi-rimless and matched the crisp white gloves he wore to replace modern-day fingerless bike gear. He had a black bowler hat with a tiny brown feather tucked into the lip and a red bow-tie complemented his brown, red and tan checkered suit. And, as he whirled a woman around, moving with broussierous live swing



Let the olde times roll.

music, the rest of the sidewalk crowd watched, dazed by the energy of his impromptu dance.

**Samuel Coleman**, straightening his so-called "loud" suit after the dance, said he commutes by bike from the Bronx into the city everyday for work. But that never stops him from looking his best.

"I'm always wearing a suit," Mr. Coleman said. "I love to see women and men dress up to go to work. You hear people in suits say, 'I'm going to change into something more comfortable,' but, for me, dressing up is just as comfortable as wearing pajamas."

In their 19th-century best—blazers, plus fours, loafers and vests abounded—the modest crowd of stylish cycling enthusi-

asts like Mr. Coleman gathered for the Rugby Ralph Lauren Tweed Run Saturday in front of the Rugby store on the corner of East 12th Street and University Place. The day's participants in the New York City Tweed Run were here supporting not only city cycling, but also the elegance of breeches and junipers.

"I really think sophistication is coming back," said Mr. Coleman about the event.

**Ted Young-Ing**, Tweed Run founder and British cyclist, organized the first run in London, England, in January 2009. **Mr. Young-Ing** said the event intends to encourage casual cycling.

"My theory on cycling is that you don't need special equipment. I ride in tweed all the

time. It's safe to do that, it's fun to do that," Mr. Young-Ing told *The Transom* at the run, occasionally sipping from a delicate ceramic cup of tea, naturally.

The "metropolitan bicycle ride with a bit of style" featured live bands, a Van Leeuwen ice cream truck, barber grooming by Murdock Barbers, saddle polishing by Brooks and a Pashley bike raffle to support the World Bicycle Relief. Contests were also held for best-dressed and best moustache, with Rugby gift card prizes. A collection of old-school carnival games, including a somewhat out-of-place "Tip Trolls" booth, were set up across from a table serving tea by Jeeves & Jericho and biscuits by Woolmark.

**Jacqui Shannon**, Mr. Young-

Ing's partner, said the run expanded to New York because of the city's growing bike movement.

"New York is phenomenal," said Ms. Shannon, who wore a tweed blazer and dark brown plus fours. "The city has really embraced cycling."

Bike marshals, along with British members of the St. John Ambulance Cycle Response Unit, led cyclists on a three-mile ride throughout Manhattan. The run's organizers decided to change the route, which was supposed to circle downtown before crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, because of the Occupy Wall Street protests as well as other events in the city.

"Under advice of the N.Y.P.D., we decided to make it shorter rides," said **James Fry**, Tweed Run spokesman. The *Transom* mentioned the situation's irony—preppy bike riders accommodating the 99 percent—and Mr. Fry responded that the protests were a "really complicated issue."

Though different from the organizer's original vision, no one at the Tweed Run seemed to mind. **Allan Aughey**, who traveled over 8,000 miles from Australia, came to New York for the first time to partake in the event because of what it represents.

"It goes back to a time when grace and good values were highly valued," said Mr. Aughey, major of Clare and Gilbert Valleys Council back home. Dressed in tweed plus fours and sporting a tidy white beard, Mr. Aughey decorated his limited edition Rugby Pashley bike with a kangaroo toy holding an American flag. "Australia and America, we're great allies," he said of the bike.

Mr. Aughey also explained his love for tweed. "Tweed is natural, it lasts longer and is environmentally friendly," he said with a smile. —*Anna Sanders*