



Big Trip
Part four

San Fran to LA

The final leg of Rosie's American tour takes in Highway One, Laguna Seca's corkscrew and a meeting with a motorcycle legend.

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Day 10 San Francisco

The ancient wooden tram car strains to the top of the rise. Slowly, with a painful creaking noise, like a hundred noisy parakeets in a suicide pact, about to expire. Full to the brim, with tourists packed inside and hanging off the side. It feels like chucking a can of sardines down a waterfall. As we reach the crest, everyone sort-of gulps in unison. The descent we are about to experience is steeper than some roller coasters without the safety bars, height restrictions or, thankfully, the cheesy photograph of your wide eyed terror. Oh, and the added excitement of oncoming traffic should it all go wrong.

Collective stomachs bounce off windpipes as gravity takes hold. If it feels like this at 5mph in a tram car, I don't think I'll bother with the Bullitt tribute in a rented Mustang.



Man and machine in perfect solitude. Except that's Julie and there's a crowd off camera