BicycleTraveler

International Magazine on Bicycle Touring

Visas - China - Sleeping Wild - Surfing U.S.A. - The Alps

Maxwell

BicycleTraveler

ARTICLES

06 DON'T MESS WITH MONKEY *By Dan Harrison*
10 ADVENTURES IN CHINALAND *By Steve Turner*
22 THE FIRST TIME *By Tom Allen*
32 THE ALPS IN SLOW MOTION *By Chris Szczerba*
40 VISAS *By Mike Boles*

PHOTOGRAPHY

16 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - ICELAND *By Rudi Verhagen*
18 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - TAJIKISTAN *By Alena Pesavento*
20 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - TAJIKISTAN *By Paul Jeurissen*
28 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - KYRGYZSTAN *By Paul Jeurissen*
30 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - IRAN *By Pooyan Shadpoor*
34 PHOTO STORY - SLEEPING WILD *By Peter Gostelow*
45 SURFING U.S.A. *By Sean Jansen*
48 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - TAJIKISTAN *By Paul Jeurissen*
50 IMAGE FROM THE ROAD - AUSTRIA *By Maurizio Billo*
52 PARTING SHOT - SLOVENIA *By Chris Szczerba*

EQUIPMENT

24 TEST GEL HANDLEBAR PADS *By Alex Denham*
25 TEST WATERPROOF SOCKS *By Phil Cross*
26 TRIP GEAR *By Grace Johnson*

QUOTES

42 ON BICYCLE TRAVEL *By Various Authors*

UPS AND DOWNS

51 I EAT THEREFORE I AM *By Michael Tran*

Photo Left: WILLEM MEGENS *http://themeeg.nl*
Cover Photo: PETER GOSTELOW

KOGA

Photos: PAUL JEURISSEN

Editor's Note

"We hope you enjoy the sixth edition of Bicycle Traveler which we're sure will inspire you to go out camping! After just two years the magazine has more than 10,000 subscribers who motivate us to continue spreading the word on how fun and adventurous cycle touring is." ~ Grace Johnson

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The articles published reflect the opinions of their respective authors and are not necessarily those of the editor.

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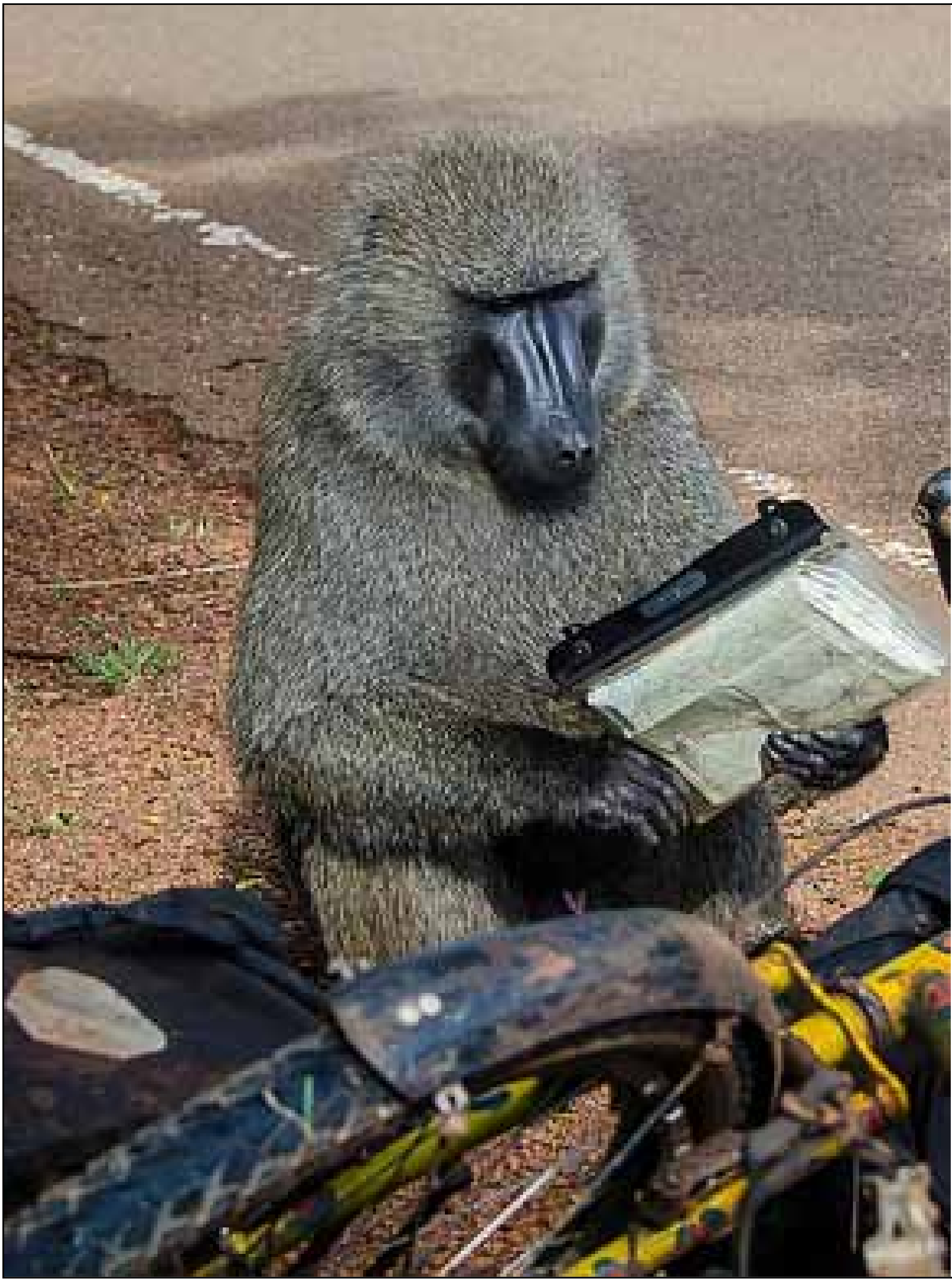
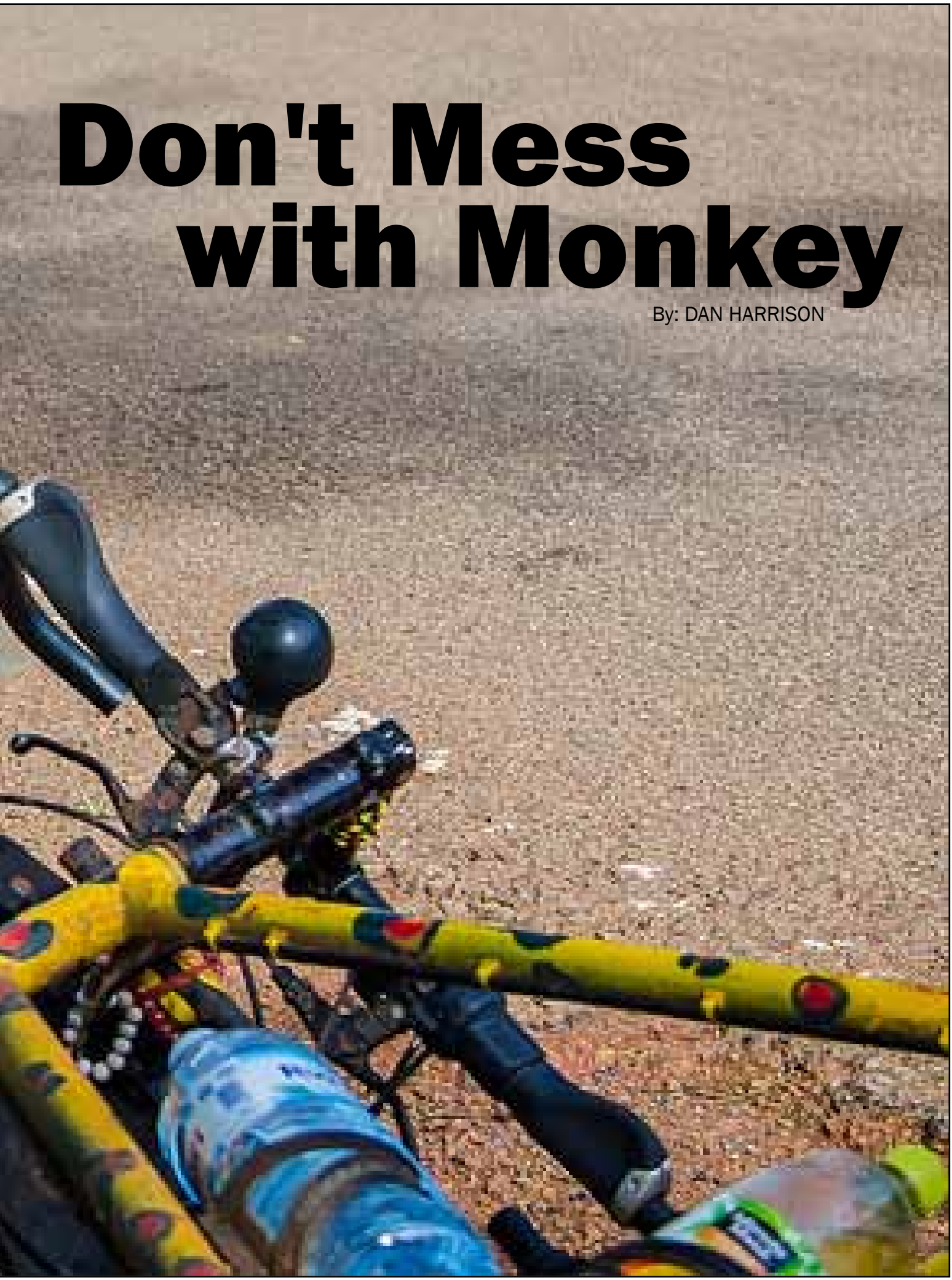


Don't Mess with Monkey

By: DAN HARRISON



During the final few kilometres en route to Fort Portal we passed through the tip of the Kibale National Park. Right on cue on the road ahead of us was a troop of baboons. We edged closer, gazing as they mooched around the roadside. They seemed quite tame and they wandered closer to us, seeming as wary of us as we were of them. Naturally I was snapping away; not one to miss a good a photo opportunity.

After a few minutes the stage was set to get to first base; we fed them a few bananas. The boundaries of interspecies interaction were now down.

The dominant male started exploring my bike and pulled off my map pocket, deftly opened the Velcro and proceeded to examine the map closely; unfolding, sniffing, and gnawing. His tooth marks are still imprinted in Lake Victoria's bottom.

At this point – I now realise – the front of my bike became his territory. He soon came back to start pulling off my handlebar bag, where my passport, phone and money are kept. Needless to say I wasn't so keen for him to disappear into the forest with this, so I tried to shoo him away. No this belonged to him now. So I tried again, this time more forcefully. "Woooo!" To which he replied: "WOOOOOOO! WOOOOOOO!". He bared his sizable incisors and stared at me intently; lurching forward to test my ground – my sphincter tightened with considerable force.

Having salvaged my map a few moments earlier, I was now using it as a barrier against his advances; a matador of misfortune. Trying to look macho while flapping the sheet of paper for protection is not easy - I did not pull it off! The head honcho baboon I was facing does macho full-time; he knew a pretender when we saw one and wasn't about to back down.

My cycling partner Malte smiles at our new 'friends'.

Photos: DAN HARRISON

As I dallied, three of his loyal comrades emerged from the trees and began to circle us. At this point there was a definite sense of internal panic - the kind primal survival instinct that would have served our predecessors well dodging dinosaurs. I was manoeuvring double-time to make sure we weren't surrounded. Luckily for Malte – my cycle buddy - they were more interested in me.

So there I stood, solo, map in hand, in the middle of the road, surrounded by menacing mandrills, a refined sense of fear running through my veins - much like a first-time tourist nervously preparing to ask some locals for directions. Now here's a conundrum: how do you placate a troop of baboons intent on applying the full force of their teeth to your bones armed only with a map? I'll allow you a moment to think about that one, while you imagine four determined looking primates circling you baring their teeth.

Luckily Malte's bike held the answer. A machete! Malte was 'tooled up' for the occasion and when it dawned on me, his blade was just a triumphant unsheathing away – out it came with a pleasingly zestful 'ziiiiiing'. Mercifully monkey recognised said weaponry and scarpered back a few meters – enough for my sphincter to relax from a level where, for that excruciating 45 seconds, it would comfortably have been capable of crimping off a length of steel pipe. I've never felt so good to have an oversized knife in my hand.

Map in one hand, knife in the other, baboons on their heels, I was a whip crack away from being Indiana.

Lord only knows what would have happened if he hadn't recognised the machete; brawling with baboons was not a box I'd been planning to tick.

The baboons hadn't totally fled however and I still had to free my hands to pick up my bike (now weighing close to 70kg) and cycle off... while remaining threatening enough to keep 'Alpha 1' at bay. He was still looking mighty pissed off; he could have had me. I'm inclined to agree.

Normally I'm a little anal about folding my map up neatly. This time the roads and contours of Uganda flailed behind me like the skirts of a runaway bride.

We retreated a few hundred meters down the road, arms trembling with adrenaline, fear and at this point, unbridled relief. Nervous laughter broke out. "S-sh-shi-shit that was close".

Today's lesson: unless you fancy fisticuffs with a fanged primate, don't let a large male baboon think he owns your bike. If he thinks he does; he does.

You won't catch me saying 'boo' to a goose or 'woooo' to a baboon anytime soon. **BT**

"Don't let a large male baboon think he owns your bike. If he thinks he does; he does."

Dan Harrison set off for Capetown, South Africa to help satisfy his wanderlust and raise money for charity. You can follow his journey at www.betterlifecycle.com.

Wang Fu & the Girl Wonder

Adventures Chinalan

in
d

BY: STEVE TURNER
PHOTOS: PAUL JEURISSEN

They knew it deep down, though they didn't speak of it. The next couple of weeks to Chengdu would be tough. Wang Fu (Steve Turner) and the Girl Wonder (Steve's wife Kat) loaded up their tandem, Hooch, and left the comfort and security of the youth hostel with its soothing sounds of spoken English, the city's tranquil parks, lakes, bars, cafes and the guilty pleasures of ordering KFC, safe in the knowledge it would look just like the picture with not a chicken foot in sight. They smelt clean as they left and it felt good. Just maybe this was a new dawn as they ventured deeper in to planet Chinaland. Maybe they were now on easy street.

The Tandem Duo were back on the road with less than an hour to enjoy the simple luxury of cleanliness. They mulled over the logic of Chinese infrastructure expansion, of destroying old roads to lay new roads that remained half built, with dust, mud and chaos. That grannies on scooters and businessmen in Mercedes tolerated these conditions baffled and amused. Girl Wonder squealed each time they played puddle roulette. Would this one have a brick in it? Would Hooch keep going as the thick chocolate lapped at the panniers? Wang Fu had in recent weeks affectionately referred to Girl Wonder's weathered toes as her 'peasant feet'. The Kunming mud took them to a new level…

Eventually the sprawling city limits gave way to quiet paved country roads again and the sun came out, the tandem leaving a trail of rusty clay nuggets in its wake.

ARRIVING LIKE creatures from a sun-baked billabong, Wang Fu managed to convince a friendly hotelier in the city of Songming to provide lodgings for the night. As the pair had become well accustomed, he flashed a look of horror when they didn't produce standard Chinese identity cards but instead strange looking red books called passports. He began to make some phone calls as the duo went to their room and washed away a hard day's cycle.

The plan was always simple in the evenings. Walk down the street, get stared at, point at some food they thought looked good, get stared at, eat the food presented that didn't resemble in any way what they had ordered, get stared at and have

米线 面条 炒饭 水饺

photos taken by passers-by, try out a Chinese phrase like 'that was delicious', get laughed at/stared at, then wander 'home'…getting stared at. But things were rarely that simple in Chinaland.

TONIGHT, WANG FU and the Girl Wonder were greeted as they left by a friendly, yet flustered policeman. They were asked to sit and wait. And wait they did for a very long time as the officer presumably googled what to do with aliens who arrive in town. Meanwhile, friends and relatives of the hotel owner passed by to stare and talk at the hungry pair and point out to Wang Fu that he had a beard. The pair smiled and laughed along; it was now second nature.

The Girl Wonder was not concerned about the policeman for this is the way in Chinaland. In fact she had become suspicious on the nights when they didn't have a banging on the room door to be faced with a group of policemen requesting her passport, asking questions, filling in forms and photocopying pages. But when, after an hour of staring and hunger pangs, the officer ordered the pair to follow him to his police car, she felt a little uneasy. Wide-eyed locals gave each other knowing looks that said, 'We won't be seeing them again.' Wang Fu had forgotten his hunger for a second and with a grin said, "This doesn't look good… but it could be great for the blog!". Girl Wonder rolled her eyes at her hairy side-kick, who really could be an idiot sometimes, and tried to work out where the hell they were going and why.

The officer made a call on his mobile and pulled over a few minutes later in a more remote part of town. A woman

Chickens packed in plastic.

Enough clay to build a terracotta warrior!

got in. Who was she? Surely the station isn't out here? Was she a plain clothes officer? The officer spoke to her as we drove on. She seemed very nice. Actually he seemed very nice…or was he? Girl Wonder pointed out that interrogations normally have a 'good cop' and a 'bad cop'. Wang Fu reminded her that this is Chinaland…

"MY NAME IS Angela. My husband asked me to help as I speak a little English. Welcome to Songming. You must be very hungry and you don't know this city so I am going to take you for dinner while my husband goes to the station to register you. He will pick us up later and drive you to your hotel. Burger and fries OK?" That was Chinaland – weird, frustrating, lovely, exhausting and…never over.

On returning to the hotel and thanking the police officer's wife, the only thing on Girl Wonder's mind was the safety and sanity of the simple hotel room. They were almost there. Then, what is this? The officer marches up behind them with the hotel owner who opens their door. The policeman walks past the untidy piles of sweaty clothes and inspects the bed. Then he instructs Wang Fu in how to open and close the window. He flushes and peers into the squat toilet and checks the lights work. Girl Wonder is not impressed; this is our room, just leave us alone, it is late and we need some space, her mind pleads. He shows her how to lock the door and close the curtains. Without a knock he bursts into the room opposite. A poor chap relaxing in his boxer shorts is briefly terrorised by the officer, no doubt told to be on his best behaviour as there are visiting aliens next door. But at last it's over for another day in Chinaland. **BT**

Steve and Kat Turner are cycling from New Zealand back to England. As Steve writes; "this trip is a plan of epic proportions beyond my experience and I can't believe that Kat agreed to it." www.tandemturners.com

Image from the Road: Iceland

RUDI VERHAGEN
http://themeeg.nl

Image from the Road: Tajikistan

ALENA PESAVENTO
www.frischlufttour.ch

Image from the Road: Tajikistan

PAUL JEURISSEN
www.pauljeurissen.nl

BY: TOM ALLEN

THE FIRST TIME

My most memorable night beneath the stars was not in the Sahara Desert. It wasn't in Outer Mongolia, nor in the Scandinavian Arctic. No - it was when I took the plunge and attempted to wild camp for the first time - in the middle of a small English village.

SEARCHING THE countryside that first night for a place to hide three tents and three very conspicuous bicycles we finally found the perfect stealth camping spot: Deenethorpe Village Green. As well as being surrounded on all sides by the mansions and meticulously tended gardens of the local gentry, we were also clearly visible to anyone passing through the tiny village. Despite Andy's complaints, Mark and I decided that the green was absolutely ideal. A fantastic find – I'd been looking forward to wild camping for so long.

Dumping our bikes on the grass, we nervously unpacked our new tents and tried to remember how to pitch them. We'd chosen this particular model of tent for its natural shade of green that would blend into the foliage, and I had been looking forward to putting them to the test. I hadn't expected the reality of it to be so fraught with worry. Looking up from the instruction manual with a mouthful of left-over cake from our farewell party, I saw with horror that a passing middle-aged couple had noticed us.

THEY SLOWED their Sunday evening walk; muttered something to each other. Then the wife quickened her pace while the husband crossed the road and marched onto the green with a look of intent.

I gulped down my cake and hissed a warning at the others.

Shit.

We'd been busted on our first attempt, and were about to be booted out into

Photo: TOM ALLEN

Sleeping under the Sahara stars - a far cry from Deenethorpe Green

the night!

"Just here for the night, are you?"

"Uh. Yes. Hopefully. Or something. We're – uh."

Ridiculous!

"We're cycling round the world."

"Right..."

A pause.

"So when did you start?"

"Erm... this morning..."

"Well, I guess you'd better come in!"

IT WAS WITH more guilt than pleasure that I found myself sitting in the newly renovated kitchen of Mr. Look-Of-Intent and his wife. As it turned out, the lady who had hurried away from the malevolent-looking bicycle-gypsies was none other than my primary-school teacher Mrs. Chamberlain, who I hadn't seen since I was eleven. She slid another helping of strawberry pavlova under my nose, while a nearby platter of assorted cheeses eyed me in a seductive fashion. Despite being wracked with guilt at my wild camping failure, I couldn't quite believe our good fortune.

We did manage to salvage some kind of credibility as adventurers by politely refusing an offer of sleeping on the conservatory floor, Deenethorpe Village Green being far more appropriate for our first night in the wild. **BT**

Tom Allen has travelled four continents by bicycle and on his adventure cycling blog http://tomsbiketrip.com, you can read about his book 'Janapar' and documentary film of the same name.

Gear Reviews

Gel Handlebar Pads

By: ALEX DENHAM

These gel pads are a real wrist saver and we would never ride without them again!

They will do more for your hand/wrist comfort than any other part on a touring bike (eg. a touring fork with a lot of rake, fatter tyres, a slightly lower tyre pressure).

They are designed to be cut down to suit many different types and shapes of handlebar, but they are primarily designed for road bike (drop) handlebars.

The why:

- Smoothens out even the roughest roads for your hands and wrists.
- Really cheap way to improve the comfort of your bike.
- Not a one-use product, we have transferred our pads successfully over to different handlebars a couple of times.

The why not:

- We can't think of any reason why you would not use these on a road handlebar touring bike! **BT**

Alex and Kat's site www.cyclingabout.com is both a personal travel blog and an informative resource for people who prefer to travel with the freedom of their own two wheels.

Fizik Gel Handlebar Pads

www.fizik.it

Waterproof Socks

By: PHIL CROSS

We love merino wool! What's not to love about it, an all natural material that out-performs many over engineered man-made fabrics; it's warm, it doesn't smell, it's not itchy… it's simply brilliant. So how could its incorporation into these 'SealSkinz Mid Thermal Waterproof Socks' go wrong? Well you'll be happy to know that it hasn't

If you do a lot of riding during the winter months or you live somewhere perpetually wet, the fairly hefty cost of these socks will be a small price to pay for warm dry feet.

Also great on tour when you've been caught short in a shower and your shoes are soaked – just slip these on and hey presto… dry feet.

They are a bit pricey for a pair of socks and you'll need to be sure you get the fit right with your cycling shoes, (they are slightly bulky) but overall we think these SealSkinz are some of the best socks we've tried.

Pros:

- Warm
- Fit well
- Waterproof
- Comfortable

Cons:

- Quite pricey
- A little 'bulky'

Features:

- Nylon outer doesn't absorb water
- calf length
- Seamless
- Merino wool sock lining **BT**

Phil and Kat cycled a winding, roundabout route from London to Australia. You can read about their trip at: www.cycletouringreview.com.

SEALSKINZ MERINO WATERPROOF SOCKS

www.sealskinz.com

Trip Gear

A look at equipment for bicycle travelers.

By: GRACE JOHNSON

The North Face Mica FL 2

The very lightweight North Face Mica FL 2 tent has two entrances, 28.3 ft2 (2.6 m2) of floor space and 10 ft² (0.93 m²) of vestibule area.

Weight: 3 lbs 10 oz. (1.64 kg.)

Price: $ 379. U.S.

www.thenorthface.com

High Visibility Panniers

These new waterproof panniers from Ortlieb are interwoven with a highly reflective yarn which in the dark renders each bag into a reflector.

www.ortlieb.com

Chain Lube

Chain-L is a longer lasting, cleaner chain lube which will help silence your drive train.

Price: $12. U.S.

www.chain-l.com

SteriPEN Freedom

This lightweight UV water purifier has an internal USB-rechargeable battery which allows you to power up from a wall outlet, computer or solar panel.

Weight: 2.6 oz. (74 gr.)
Price: $119.95 U.S.
www.www.steripen.com

Coffee / Tea Filter

The MugMate reusable filter lets you brew up a cup and can be stored in a coffee mug or camping pot.

Weight: 98 oz. (28 gr.)
Price: $16.95 U.S.
www.cascadedesigns.com

Swiss Army Bike Tool

The Victorinox bike tool contains two detachable tire levers plus a collection of torx, screwdriver, and allen heads.

Weight: 3.5 oz (100 gr)
Price: $ 48. U.S.
www.victorinox.com

Image from the Road: Kyrgyzstan

PAUL JEURISSEN
www.pauljeurissen.nl

Image from the Road: Iran

POOYAN SHADPOOR
www.facebook.com/PooyanShadpoorPhotography

PEJWAK

The Alps
in slow motion

BY: CHRIS SZCZERBA

Going uphill on a bicycle can be scary. What's the gradient? How long is this thing? Will I make it? Will somebody see me not making it? These are the questions that any self-respecting coward would ask themselves. And so it was when we approached the Alps on our loaded tandem. We set off tentatively, which is another word for slowly but somehow sounds better.

And all those switchbacks. How many switchbacks has this mountain got? What's that creaking noise? Should we take a break after the next bend? It was hot, 40 degrees Celsius and we dripped sweat all over the beautiful landscape. There were springs every few miles and I'd pull off my t-shirt and throw it in, pull it back on without wringing it out and 10 minutes later it was bone dry.

And this was us on our overweight tandem, dressed to sweat on the Cols and in the valleys, every metre pulling on the muscles or the brakes, breakneck descents or back-breaking climbs. We were pedalling the Alps in Southern France, a rollercoaster of rocks and tarmac, blisters of boulders bulging under a clear blue sky.

But every routine has it's beauty and we settled in. All the ingredients for the spice of life were there on a plate. Appetites whetted everyday by the fresh mountain air and the views. And before long we were tasting the rush of the endless downhills, feasting our eyes on the beauty of Nature, and gorging ourselves on those beautiful Gorges. We ate well in the Alps.

We had the highest of highs and the lows were only gradients. We pedalled on roads where a mountain hung a metre above our heads, where sheer cliffs climbed skywards to our left and our right, where the only sound was silence and where the rivers rushed by without a moment to spare. We camped under clear skies unbleached by lamplight and climbed out of the tent onto a carpet of green looking up at a blanket of blue.

Each leg of the journey held new life; trees with outstretched limbs, an ancient rock face, the eye of a storm that breathed cool air, rivers running to the sea, and everywhere the mountains shouldered the weight of life within the Alps.

The village shops were tiny and the shelves were under stocked. The traffic on the roads was sparse and more nervous than us. Whether you're climbing or falling, you can't rush the Alps, and it makes no difference whether your vehicle is powered by diesel or croissants.

All good things come to an end is what they say and the Alps ended for us at the Grand Canyon du Verdon. Perched high on a mountain we looked down at the rolling hills of Provence waiting in the distance in hazy sunlight. Sometimes you have to be breathless before your breath can be taken away. I wiped the moisture from my forehead and some more from my eyes and we began the descent.

Then gradually, very gradually, we came down from the high that was the Alps. **BT**

Chris and Janyis never set out to be tandem riders yet the shared journey creates unique experiences plus the battle with a headwind or a steep gradient remains a personal affair. You can follow them at: www.thespokeandwords.wordpress.com

Photo: ARTUR STASZEWSKI *www.flickr.com/photos/arturstaszewski*

Sleeping wild

A selection o
favorite camp
his 'A long rid

Sunrise over the Himalayas, Nepal

f Peter Gostelow's
oing spots from
e home' trip.

Above: *Bactrian camels pass me by in western China*

Below: *A view of Karakul Lake and Mustagh Ata (7500m) in western China.*

Above: *Camping attracts a lot of attention in Nepal.*

Below: *Sleeping beneath ruins in southern Tibet.*

Above: *Peter poses for the camera in eastern Tibet.*
Left: *Enjoying the sunset in eastern Iran.*

Peter Gostelow cycled from Japan to the U.K. (A long ride home) and from the U.K. to Capetown (The big Africa cycle). You can follow him at: www.petergostelow.com

Visas

(Or how I learned to cut red tape)

By: MIKE BOLES

Remember that part in The Wizard of Oz when Dorothy arrives in Emerald City? She knocks on the door, giddy with excitement, and asks to be let inside. Remember what the moustached guard says?

"Ain't no way, ain't no how!"

Applying for visas is kind of like that.

Take my Turkmenistan stamp, for example. I arrived at the embassy in Tehran only to find that the address had changed. When I went to the new building, the staff refused to see me. I telephoned from the street and the director told me, in English, that he didn't speak English.

It took me a full week to receive service, though I'd hardly call it customer care. My passport was thrown back at me and I was instructed to pick up my visa in Mashhad.

IT MIGHT BE THERE, I was told. Then again, it might not. It all depended on the whims of the powers that be in Ashgabat – the Turkmen capital.

So I cycled 900 km through the desert not knowing if my visa would be waiting on the other side. I had no choice.

Without a Turkmenistan stamp I would be forced to fly to Uzbekistan. The only problem: I didn't have enough cash for a plane ticket.

Because of sanctions, there are no foreign banks in Iran. It is most definitely not the land of Western Union. Tourists have no option but to enter the country with a wad of bills and make it last until they leave.

I planned well. I had plenty of money, more than enough to see me across the Turkmenistan border – just not enough to fly me over it.

Everything was riding on that stupid little stamp. With it, I'd be on my way across central Asia. Miss it, and I'd be stuck in Iran with no way out. There was nothing to do but bike and pray.

The road to Mashhad was long, full of camel crossings, dust storms and a wind so fierce I had to walk my bike across huge tracts of desert.

IN THE MORNINGS my nose bled. My skin turned red, my lips cracked. It was exactly what I needed.

All I want from this journey is sensation, feeling, knowing that I'm alive.

Turkey was an overload and I could only cope by shutting down. Eastern

Iran brought me back. The desert was an eight-day dogfight and I loved it.

I had no energy to waste thinking about a stamp in my passport. Truth be told, by the time I arrived in Mashhad, I didn't even care. It was the ride that mattered, and never on this trip have I been more proud of the miles behind me.

ONE WOULD THINK it impossible, but the inane bureaucracy at the Turkmenistan consulate in Mashhad was even worse than that in Tehran.

The clerk demanded I speak Farsi. I spoke Farsi. He insisted I attach new passport copies to my application. I attached new copies. He refused to accept my money because it was too wrinkled. I gave him new notes.

I told him to give me a transit visa. And he did.

Now, with reams of red tape behind me, I point my bike east, not knowing what tomorrow will bring. And I wouldn't have it any other way. **BT**

.

Mike has been cycling around the world for four years and has no plans to stop anytime soon. Follow his journey at http://mikeonbike.wordpress.com.

Quotes

By: VARIOUS AUTHORS

"You never have the wind with you - either it is against you or you're having a good day." ~ Daniel Behrman,

"It always rains on tents. Rainstorms will travel thousands of miles, against prevailing winds for the opportunity to rain on a tent." ~ Dave Barry

"There are no road signs to help navigate. And, in fact, no one has yet determined which side of the road we're supposed to be on." ~ Steve Case

"During one of my treks through Afghanistan, we lost our corkscrew. We were compelled to live on food and water for several days." ~ W.C.Fields

"Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely, in one handsome and well-preserved piece. You should slide broadside across that finish line, thoroughly used up, worn out, leaking oil, and shouting 'Geronimo!'" ~ Anonymous

"Marriage is a wonderful invention; but then again, so is a bicycle repair kit." ~ Billy Connolly

"Sometimes the road less traveled is less traveled for a reason" ~ Jerry Seinfield

"Dairy Queen. God I dream about Dairy Queens." ~ Greg LeMond

"One only needs two tools in life: WD-40 to make things go, and duct tape to make them stop." ~ G.Weilacher

"Just one more hill to climb, it's all flat from here…." ~ Anonymous

"Of the gladdest moments in human life, methinks, is the departure upon a distant journey into unknown lands. The blood flows with the fast circulation of childhood." ~ Sir Richard Burton

Photo: PAUL JEURISSEN

“What we get from this adventure is just sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live to eat and make money. We eat and make money to be able to enjoy life. That is what life means and what life is for.” ~ George Mallory

“Only he that has traveled the road knows where the holes are deep.”~ Chinese Proverb

“The everyday kindness of the back roads more than makes up for the acts of greed in the headlines.” ~ Charles Kuralt

“If bike touring taught us one thing, it taught us passion. When we were on our bikes, we felt truly alive.” ~ Friedel Grant

“Nope, never took it out of the box. But, the salesperson said this tent was super easy to set up; even in windy conditions...” ~ Anonymous

“If we all, mountain bikers, cyclists, multinational companies, Jo Public, respected the and like old civilizations we wouldn’t get so many punctures. Earth's revenge.” ~ Jo Burt

“There is no real hope of traveling perfectly light in the mountains. It is good to try as long as you realize that like proving a unified field theory, mastering Kanji, or routinely brewing the perfect cup of coffee, the game can never be won.” ~ Smoke Blanchard

“Duct tape is like the force. It has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the universe together.” ~ Anonymous

“I’ve never been lost, but I’ve been a mite bewildered for a few days.” ~ Daniel Boone

“A road map always tells you everything except how to refold it.” ~ Anonymous

“Things look different from the seat of a bike carrying a sleeping bag with a cold beer tucked inside.” ~ Jim Malusa

“If you don’t know where you're going, any road will take you there.” ~ Anonymous

“Really steep climbs are not my forte, so I always dread that lowest gear because I figure, god, I’m doomed.” ~ Juli Furtado

"If you look like your passport photo, you're too ill to travel." ~ Will Kommen

"How is it that one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?" ~ Anonymous

"When preparing to travel, lay out all your clothes and all your money. Then take half the clothes and twice the money." ~ Susan Heller

"An adventure is simply a well planned trip gone awry." ~ Anonymous

"A bicycle ride around the world begins with a single pedal stroke." ~ Scott Stoll

"One always wonders about roads not taken." ~ Christopher Warren

"A bicycle does get you there and more And there is always the thin edge of danger to keep you alert and comfortably apprehensive. Dogs become dogs again and snap at your raincoat; potholes become personal and getting there is all the fun." ~ Bill Emerson

"The bicycle has a soul. If you succeed to love it, it will give you emotions that you will never forget." ~ Mario Cipollini

"On my tenth birthday a bicycle and an atlas coincided as presents and a few days later I decided to cycle to India." ~ Dervla Murphy

"Camping: the art of getting closer to nature while getting farther away from the nearest cold beverage, hot shower and flush toilet." ~ Anonymous

"Bicycle touring is travel's live theater." ~ Tom Hale

"It is by riding a bicycle that you learn the contours of a country best, since you have to sweat up the hills and coast down them. Thus you remember them as they actually are, while in a motor car only a high hill impresses you and you have no such accurate remembrance of country you have driven through as you gain by riding a bicycle." ~ Ernest Hemingway **BT**

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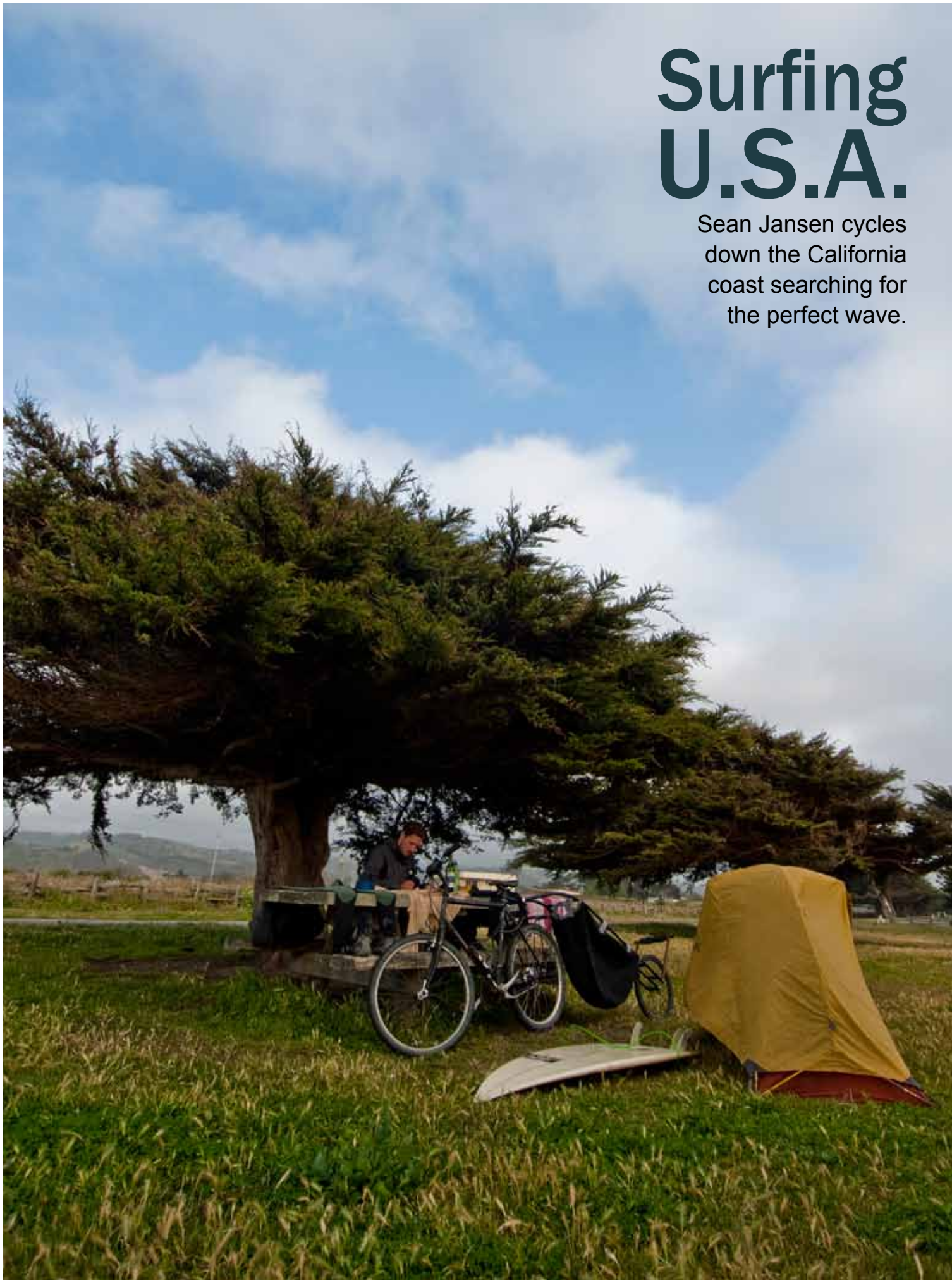
Surfing U.S.A.

Sean Jansen cycles down the California coast searching for the perfect wave.



Photos: SEAN JANSEN

Sean Jansen's passions are cycle touring, surfing and photography. You can view more of his images at: http://seanrhjansen.wordpress.com

Image from the Road: Tajikistan

PAUL JEURISSEN
www.pauljeurissen.nl

Image from the Road: Austria

MAURIZIO BILLO
www.billo.net

UPS AND DOWNS

I eat therefore I am

If a fast-food restaurant wanted something different to name their biggest offering, instead of XXXL, they should really use bike tourer size.

"Ups and Downs: A Cycling Journey across the Alps" by Michael Tran tells the story of his bicycle journey from Paris to Munich. This humorous and entertaining book combines two of the author's greatest passions in life, bicycle touring and graphic design. For more infromation see: www.facebook.com/BicycleTouringVisualStory

Parting shot

Photo: CHRIS SZCZERBA

"Taking solace with a cup of coffee waiting for the rain to stop... After a month of heavy rain in northern Europe we were heading south in search of the sun only to find more rain in Ljubljana, Slovenia.." ~ Chris Szczerba

BicycleTraveler