

It's my intention that this idea should be a part of the public domain and should never be patented.

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This document is approximately 851 words long.

I believe that there should be a coast-to-coast network of paved bicycle paths. The paths should be physically arranged in such a way as to discourage motorized traffic on them. They should be arranged with appropriate tunnels, bridges, and fences so that a bicyclist would never have to cross paths with motorized traffic. A good place for some of them would be alongside of the railroads. The grade of a railroad is seldom greater than 2%. Bicyclists would find it easy to get through mountainous regions on such paths.

A whole new commercial sector might develop along such bicycle paths. Every few miles, about as far apart as a bicyclist pulling a trailer could easily travel in one day, there might be bitels, that is, bicycle hotels. The word *motel* was originally a portmanteau word formed from *motor* or *motorist* and *hotel*. The bitels could cater to the needs of the bicyclists who used the paths.

Other benefits of such a network of bicycle paths might be more important than were the so-called benefits of the interstate highways. Those highways, allegedly for the sake of efficiency, made travel faster. They also made it more boring, more sterile, and more artificial. We didn't need little televisions in the car to entertain us when I was a kid. We watched the scenery, the little towns, people's houses, and so forth. Today, everything's a blur. Worse yet, it's a monotonous, uniform blur.

The bicycle paths might make travelling more pleasant, more interesting, more healthful, and more natural. People taking trips on bicycles instead of in cars would get some fresh air and some exercise. They'd get wet in the rain and tanned in the sunshine. They'd see the scenery. They'd hear the birds and smell the flowers. They'd meet the local people.

Using the bicycle paths, people could travel without the onerous requirements of a driver's license or vehicle registration. They could avoid the expense of auto insurance. They wouldn't have to endure the insulting arrogance of gestapo thugs masquerading as legitimate policemen, pretending "To Protect and to Serve". The only thing that those thugs protect and serve is the police state.

Such a network of paved bicycle paths wouldn't replace the interstate highways. It would provide an alternative, a whole new choice for travel. Such travel would be slow but, as Gandhi said, there's more to life than increasing its speed. Eventually, such a network of bicycle paths might lead to the emergence of a whole new culture. It might encourage a whole new way of thinking and a whole way of life. It might help to lead to the restoration of liberty, self-reliance, and hope for the future on this continent.

Bicycle Dreams

A Few Extra Personal Observations



Crazy Horse and the Global Cooler

Crazy Horse is a Diamond Back Fleet Streak. I changed him a bit from his original configuration. He started out as a mountain bike but now I refer to him as a cargo bike. He has sealed bearings in his wheels and pedal crank. I rode him more than hub-deep in muddy river water during the 1997 Snake River Flood, in southeast Idaho, and he's never been any the worse for it. He has Sun Mistral rims and Bear Trap pedals. He has BMX handlebars and a padded seat. He has fenders and a luggage rack. I have a trailer that I call the Global Cooler, that I pull behind him. It'll carry things that are too big to fit into a backpack or onto the luggage rack.

Fanatic bicyclists think that I'm crazy for riding such a bicycle. That's fine with me. I think that they're crazy for insisting that we all have to ride on the right-hand side of the road, where the traffic comes at us from behind. Maybe they just have delusions of adequacy. Whatever the case, as with walking, you should ride on the left, facing the oncoming hazards, where you can see them coming.

I've had Crazy Horse for all of the years since I lived at Mere Keep and I expect to keep him until the day that I die. Since I had to move to Georgia, I live too far from town to use Crazy Horse as my main transportation. For a while, I rode a little scooter, believing that it didn't require a driver's license. Eventually, I learned that even scooters require the license. So, I don't ride it any more. If I ever again live closer to town, and if I'm not too old and decrepit by that time, then Crazy Horse will again be my main means of transportation. He never failed me, although he threw me a few times. So far, I've always been able to get back on again.