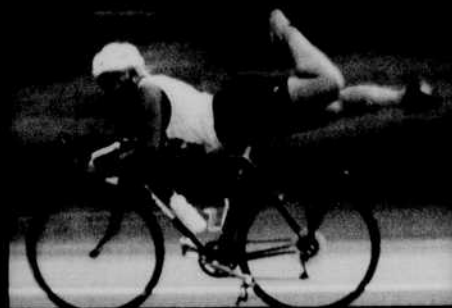


THIS IS NO Joyride

When I tell people about bicycle ballet, a lot of them think I'm making it up. But there really is such a thing. I saw it last summer when I cycled for a few days with a group on the 3,600-mile cross-country bike trek known as Bike-Aid. The stage was an eerily deserted highway in Minnesota, and the hour was . . . well, indecently early for a Saturday morning.

The exhibition began with Victoria Hackett, a 24-year-old teacher from Somerville, Massachusetts, executing a difficult, nameless maneuver that made her vaguely resemble a hood ornament. Her stomach resting on the saddle, her legs straight behind her, she rode parallel to the asphalt that whizzed beneath her tires. It was poetry in motion.



When you're cycling across the country to save the world, you deserve to have a little fun. Or so Marcia Miquelon says.

