FROM THE EDITOR

THERE WOULD BE gravel roads crossing streams of glacial meltwater. Big skies. A camp kettle boiling water for coffee outside a solo tent. That was as far as I got in my expedition across Iceland almost 30 years ago: imagining it. Earlier that summer, I’d rediscovered how brilliant cycling is with a youth hostelling tour of Ireland. Where next? Iceland…

Only the ferry tickets were out of reach for an overdrawn student, and the days of cheap flights hadn’t dawned. I went to Norway instead because you could book a reclining seat on the boat to Bergen for a fraction of the price of a cabin to Iceland. It was a great trip nevertheless, with mountains, a glacier, aquamarine rivers, gravel roads, and all that.

It wasn’t hard to choose what bike to use for that trip. I owned one: a rigid steel mountain bike with a rear pannier rack. It was my bike for everyday transport. It did everything because it had to.

Three decades later, much has altered. Yet when I was looking for one bike for everything (for the feature on page 44), I found myself pretty much back where I’d started: on a rigid steel mountain bike with a pannier rack. Plus ça change.

I don’t know that the one-bike experiment has taught me anything. I’ve always felt: that what really matters about any bike is that it can take you wherever you want to go.