

Paris Brest Paris 2011 - Trip Report

Jim Logan – Pittsburgh, PA USA – Frame #4601 - RUSA #3730

December 2011

This isn't one of those trip reports about how delightful it is to interact with the French people, or about bike vacations before and after PBP – this is all about 'PBP as a goal' and me – and not much else.

Summary

My goal was to "enjoy" PBP for two days, and then finish. I did that. I enjoyed it up to 2-1/2 days. I finished in 77 hrs 15 min (3 days, 5 hrs, 15 min). I was happily surprised to see my training and preparation work - I overall felt stronger and better than expected. I slept 4.5 hrs. I didn't become psychotic. We had one spectacular storm, but that was during the enjoyable time. I overstressed my legs completing the first 600 km, but I was pleased I largely recovered. It was a very different experience not leaving controls near control times - an order of magnitude or more less people visible around me, and no lines at the controls and cafeterias on the way back. I can now say "Bonjour" well enough people don't wince (though they still know I am an American that doesn't speak French). I bicycled to the Eiffel Tower, which I found most impressive, as well as the Arc'd Triumph. Because I wore US national jerseys at the end control, I was approached by a German and a Dane to trade jerseys, so I have one each of their national jerseys. If I ride PBP again, I'll consider riding with the 84 hr group, so I can ride 3 days and 2 nights versus 3 nights and 2 days.

Having started from scratch in 2007 and riding PBP and experiencing PBP this year as a more seasoned randonneur. I heartily recommend completing a grand Randonnée close to home (and learn to enjoy it) before investing to go to PBP. Give yourself a good chance of enjoying the investment.

The Decision to Go

Most of my grand-randonnees have been something of slogs or death marches (PBP 2007, 1000K 2008 (PA DNF and OH finish), Endless Mountains 1240 km 2009 (I was the Lantern Rouge for finishers within time), that I decided if I couldn't enjoy a grand Randonnée in the US, I wouldn't go. I ended up riding Natchez Trace 1000 km in September 2010 out of Nashville as my "enjoyment test ride." First day was brutally hot – I was lucky when I most needed fluids, there were volunteers on the course. I remember not enjoying day 1 and thinking my question was answered. The Natchez Trace is a long national park with a road down the middle of it. As a national park, the only visible facilities from the road are periodic national park rest-stops (businesses were off occasional exits). Trees, trees, and more trees. On day 2 I started several hours before control time with Tim Carol of Cleveland and another rider – that got me off to a good pace for several hours, but I then I let them ride off so I could ride my own pace. I ended up riding Day 2 mostly on my own. Rain started just as I arrived at sleep stop 2. The stop was a camp with a narrow windy road, with interspersed steepes – arriving in the darkest of night in the rain with the terrain, it seemed like some sort of initiation ritual, of being sent out in the woods to hunt snipe. Day 3 it rained in the morning (more my type of weather), and I teamed up with Joe Kratovil who was riding the 600 km version. In net, I found it wasn't a suffer-fest and I didn't wilt over the 3 days, so I passed that test. Day 3 with Joe over-shadowed day 1 in the heat and day 2 when I was alone with the trees all day.

Getting to PBP

For PNP 2011 I traveled with Claus again (Don Perez Travel). There is a lot to complain about with Claus, but I find my extremely convenient motel in Loudeac worth the other issues. Though with the 6 PM 90 hr start time, I slept on-course both day 1 and 2 in the late afternoon and was traveling again around sunset. I bet on the direct Pittsburgh-Paris flight and lost outbound - it was cancelled. However, I found flying out of Atlanta at 11 PM on my rerouted flight more conducive to sleep. I missed Claus's bus shuttle service, which means I missed an aggravation – the long wait for Claus's buses. I took a taxi - the net being my bike arrived before the bikes of others. Though as I was assembling mine the others arrived for assembly, so I got to meet other US riders we worked outside assembling our bikes. What really annoyed me with Claus is that he delivered the bikes late to the airport for the flight back - I lost any opportunity for duty free shopping, as I got through security at boarding time.

The several days before PBP

We had an interesting crew at the Holiday Inn Express – unfortunately I am not a name person:

- A small collection of California riders - a father and son team (Lee and Dustin), and a fast tandem team (Craig Robertson and Lori Cherry). Lori was on a 4 person RAAM team that set a new women's record this year for women of any age.
- A collection of Texas riders, including Dan Driscoll and Pam Wright
- The Philippine team, aka "Dave's Salon".
- A couple of DC riders – Greg Conderacci and Andrea Matney
- A NJ couple and a Connecticut couple, both that have done Eastern PA brevets.

Overall, the Holiday Inn Express was quieter than 2007, when we had Australians. The most likely people to find in the small bar were the Green's from Connecticut and me.

The day after we arrived a group of us traveled to Cyclo Mundo, a bike store about 5 miles away. Our first guide got disoriented, so I used my GPS to get us to the right town, then our guide found it. I asked the mechanics to replace a lost fender bolt - they found my other fender bolt was short too, and replaced both. They also found a bad brake cable and replaced that. They take good care of international PBP riders.

For sightseeing this year, I decided to bicycle to the Eiffel Tower. Before I left Pittsburgh, I programmed the Eiffel Tower into my GPS. I rode there on Thursday. Arrived around 9 AM. Each tower had its own line. But first, I had to find a place to park my bike, which was harder than I thought, since anything close had signs for no bike parking. I found a sign with the remnant of bicycle lock cable on it in an adjacent park and parked there (I bought a cable lock the prior day). I stood in a couple of different lines as I figured things out by talking to other tourists. The long lines were for elevators to the lower platform - after standing in two lines, I saw the kiosk to walk up the steps. That was a much shorter line. I walked up the two lower platforms in bicycle shoes. Then I took the elevator to the top - that was a thrill ride: I was next the crack in the glass door with nothing to hold onto, and the elevator feels like it is travelling through air. I took pictures, and stopped at the cafe on the lower-platform on the way down. Then on to the Arc'd Triumph. I tried to find the Louvre, but didn't.

My Bike and Equipment This Year

Overall, my bike worked well. The crank creaked, as it has recently, but nothing bad came of it. (After the ride Bilenky found the left crank-arm had two cracks – I was lucky). Similarly, the rear derailleur

didn't shift cleanly, and sometimes jumped out of gears. I just lived with both. I weighed my bike after assembly with nominal gear - 39 lb, and also with all food and water (including camelbak) - 49 lb at start. I used one pannier.

The Festival the Night before the Ride

Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines has a festival the night before the ride at the start location, in the center of the roundabout. And fireworks in the evening. I went to the concert. An interesting Celtic band. What was fun, that rather the alternate language being sung at times being Gaelic it was English. So very simple refrains, that are beautiful for their sound rather than their content, were in a language I could understand – I forget the exact refrain, but something of the order of “I’m going from here to there,” repeated many times over. I went behind a barrier to clog a bit. The fireworks were too late for me, so I returned to my motel before they happened

Pre-event Meal at 1 pm and Awaiting my Start-Time

I attended the pre-event meal, but I would have enjoyed a good restaurant as much or more, since I didn't know anyone. They did serve Paris Brest cakes – though the local version is more utilitarian than Jean Marc's in Pittsburgh). <http://jeanmarcchatellier.com/>

Rather than sleep or rest in my room, I decided to sit out under the trees near the start, and enjoy the ambiance, starting around 1:30 PM. I did enjoy the ambiance, and saw the first cohort of 80 hour riders go off. Both a Breton band (two horns and a drum) and stilt-walkers with a saxophone player accompanying strolled to amuse. Then I went toward the area to line-up. I was prepared for a wait, and carried an extra bottle of water just for the wait. I ended up in the third wave going off. I purposely dehydrated so I wouldn't have to go to the bathroom in line.

Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines to Montagne-Au-Perche

I had a flat after the first three miles - I either bent or loosened the stem in a tube so it leaked, and my tire nearly rolled off my rim on a roundabout. I stopped and replaced the flat in about 10 minutes. I lost contact with my wave, but that was perhaps for the good - I wasn't setting my own pace rather than trying to stay with people faster than me. I did push hard after that, but I started to catch the last groups in my wave within 1/2 hr. I then started hopping from one group to the next. MY CO2 didn't fully inflate my tire, but I found a spectator in a PBP jersey taking photos at mile 18, and he understood international sign language for a floor pump in use - 'whoosh whoosh whoosh" with hand motions - and my bike was good to go again. I stopped at small store around mile 35 as dusk approached - water, chocolate, and my only orangina. Riding steadily with various groups by this time.

One of the first groups I passed through was a group of English/Breton riders that I was invited to ride with. I was told they were sensibly paced, though the women were known to sing at times. That didn't sound bad - but I was looking to ride my own ride. Before sunset, the wave behind started to catch up, and I did some opportunistic drafting. I saw very little organized pace lines at this stage – just opportunistic drafting. We had a tail-wind and made good time. The day had been hot, but the evening was most comfortable.

I completed the first 100 km in 5 hrs 10 min – Better than my nominal plan pace of 5.5 hours per 100 km over the first 4 controls. This is a good time to introduce the printed plan I carried on my handlebars

(along with an official version of control open and close times). Rather than an optimistic plan, both years I planned what I hoped would be plans to beat. I based them on the time to travel 100 km (in 2011 - 5.5 hrs for the first 4 controls, 6 hours for all controls after). I beat this plan mainly by not sleeping after Loudeac on the way back – which turned the last 12 hours into a suffer fest.

Jim Logan Pittsburgh, PA USA	DISTANCE			PLAN - TIME			CUM	CLOSE	
	CUM	LEG		LEG	When				
Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines	MI	MI		HRS	S	18:00		S	18 h 00
Montagne-Au-Perche **	87	87	5.5	7.7	M	1:42	7.7	M	03 h 20
Villaines-La-Juhel	137	50	5.5	4.5	M	6:09	12.2	M	08 h 44
Fougeres	193	55	5.5	4.9	M	11:03	17.1	M	14 h 40
Tinteniac	226	34	5.5	3.0	M	14:01	20.0	M	18 h 38
Loudeac	279	53	6	5.1	T	19:07	25.1	T	01 h 08
Sleep and such				3.5		22:37	28.6		
Saint-Nicolas-Du-Pulem	306	27	6	2.6	T	1:15	31.3	T	04 h 31
Cardhaix-Plouguer	326	47	6	4.6	T	5:49	35.8	T	06 h 59
Brest	384	58	6	5.6	T	11:24	41.4	T	13 h 19
Cardhaix-Plaouguer	437	53	6	5.1	T	16:30	46.5	T	19 h 51
Saint-Nicolas-Du-Pulem	457	21	6	2.0	T	18:28	48.5	T	22 h 24
Loudeac	486	29	6	2.8	W	21:14	51.2	W	01 h 56
Sleep and such				3.5		0:44	54.7		
Quedillac	523	37	6	3.5	W	4:16	58.3	W	06 h 37
Tinteniac	539	16	6	1.6	W	5:50	59.8	W	08 h 47
Fougeres	572	34	6	3.2	W	9:04	63.1	W	13 h 04
Villaines-La-Juhel	627	55	6	5.3	W	14:21	65.1	W	20 h 12
Montagne-Au-Perche	677	50	6	4.9	Th	19:13	70.0	Th	01 h 56
Sleep and such				4.0		23:13	74.0		
Drux	724	47	6	4.5	Th	3:43	78.5	Th	07 h 12
Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines	764	40	6	3.9	Th	7:37	82.4	Th	12 h 00

A few spats of rain as we arrive arrived at Montagne-Au-Perche. I started drinking all of soup (electrolytes), beer (comfort), and coke (caffeine) at this control and most controls thereafter. I got my first chills even though I changed into my wool jesej when I arrived. I ate a pasta dinner.

For nutrition on course, my main fuel was Perpetuum solids – pellets of balanced diet (carbs, protein and fat). I ate one every 20 minutes. Three pellets are 100 calories. Every 30 minutes, I took an electrolyte capsule and short-chain amino acids capsule. Aside from eating, this schedule, gave me something to do 5 times per hour.

To Villaines-La-Juhel

Nothing too remarkable – we still had a tail-wind, which we had until about 20 miles from the coast. I had trouble finding the US bag drop, but I bumped into Pam Wright, and she directed me back to it.

To Fougeres

My only note here was that I had some teeth chattering.

To Tinteniatic

In this or the next section, I rode with Nick Bull and George Moore from Washington DC. I was feeling pretty strong, so I worked to pull a sensibly paced pace line to restore my pace line karma after sucking opportunistic wheel the first night. I parted from them after a few hours. Then on a short climb I found myself in the midst of a European club. My first direct experience of seeing someone rotated out of a club. What they do is a mildly complex rotation, so the 'not club' rider is gently pushed to the back and ends up behind the club.

To Loudeac

I believe in this section I fell in with Texans - Dan Driscoll, Pam Wright, and several others. It was mid-afternoon, and perhaps I was fading after almost 24 hrs. I enjoyed riding with other US riders. One rider was out of water, and I was able to share a full bottle of water with him. I arrived in Loudeac mid-afternoon, perhaps 4 PM. I had my hotel – Les Voyageurs, programmed into my GPS, so I found it without trouble. I remember my room was hot, but the window opened. A bit of extra fussing, since I left my camelbak in the cafeteria, and had to go back. A quick beer at the hotel, then I slept for an hour. As I was leaving, the two riders from Singapore I met at the Holiday Inn had just arrived. They seem surprised when I said "Good morning" (it was 5 PM).

To Saint-Nicolas-Du-Pulem

Since I expected cold and wet as well as climbing I left behind all nonessentials - including voice recorder, camera, and anything but food and clothes. So no documentation notes of this section from my voice recorder.

I left Loudeac circa 8 PM. On the ride out of town I briefly met up with Nick and George again. The direction we were riding had a dramatic electrical storm lighting up the sky. It exhibited first as heat lightening, lighting up half the sky. Then, when the lightening got within 1-2 miles, I started to hear thunder. I few strikes within a quarter mile. A pretty healthy downpour for several hours. Saint-Nicolas-Du_Pulem was a bit bleak - the food was in a tent, and the floor was mostly a sandy swamp. A good number of riders sitting around in emergency blankets. I had sufficient clothes (too many actually) I forget the exact details but the temperature was 10 degrees warmer than forecast.

TO Cardhaix-Plouguer and Brest

After the rain, we had about 6 hours of heavy fog, and I got my clothes exactly wrong going over the one mountain. Overdressed going up, took off extra clothes within 1/4 mile of the summit, and then froze as I descended. Due to the fog and fogged glasses, I wanted to hang with a group in front of me. I eventually stopped to put clothes on.

Outbound secret control - 5 people standing on road to funnel people in - I had sufficient supplies so I got my control card stamped and moved on.

The organizers took a lot of effort to give us a tour of the Brest waterfront this year. I was sufficiently goal focused that I didn't really appreciate it. While I found no control really backed up, from Brest on I

really had no lines at all for either the control or cafeteria. By Brest, I was well established drinking soup, beer, and Coca Cola at every control - plus a meal.

We had "pea-soup" fog in the forests before Brest in the dark of night, and it continued as we hit the ridges near Brest. Again, I wanted to hang with the group to keep speed up in the fog, so I turned myself inside going over numerous small hills in the suburbs. I expected that due to this over-exertion, that it would hit me and suffer the second half. Fortunately, I recovered within the first several controls – fitness apparently works. I arrived at Brest soon after sunrise.

Note – The part of the report up to now I wrote within days of PBP. What remains I added in December, many months later.

To Cardaix-Plougher

We now had a tail-wind leaving Brest, and the wind has shifted about 20 miles before I reached the coast. In this section I overlapped with the fast riders in the 84 group that had started from Paris the morning after I did. So there were a fair number of riders on the road. Going back up over the mountain, I had my second flat near the bottom. This one I fiddled much more than necessary, and it took about ½ hr to change. Just as I started again, an organized Spanish club went by. They had a rag-tag group behind them, so I joined that. They paced going uphill so they kept all their riders together, riding nominally a double pace line. This is where I really got to see how such a club would absorb other riders as they passed them, and purposely but non-confrontationally slowly rotate them through and push out the back. For those in the rag-tag tail, we had to learn our own maneuver so we didn't get stuck behind same, and stay with the club. At the top of the mountain, we had a good tailwind, and the Spanish club had a great high speed paceline (35-40 mph) that again I was rag-tag on.

To Loudeac

I again arrived in Loudeac in daylight – 5 PM. Whereas I slept one sleep cycle the first night (1.5 hrs), I decided to sleep two sleep cycles (3 hrs) this night. That went according to plan.

To Quedillac - To Tinteniatic - To Fougères

I left Loudeac in the dark. While I certainly had other riders within sight by this time, that typically would be 5-10 people, scattered in the distance. We had good weather, and riding at night is generally peaceful. The first leg outside of Loudeac has hills and rollers, but the second is flatter.

A US rider had been killed the night before – we never got the details, but it was dark, perhaps rainy, and involving a truck. The volunteer probably at Tinteniatic on the return trip looked at my card, and asked via the volunteer interpreter where I was from in the US, which was most unusual. He also scrutinized by control times, and asked if I was stopping to sleep, since I didn't have any long sleep stops recorded. I said no, but I was looking forward to a good meal. I think the death hit the volunteers hard, and they expressed in more concern for the riders.

I remember the stage between Fougères and Villaines-La-Juhel as hilly and quite wearing on me - this was on a sunny morning. I had my nutrition a bit wrong, and I was weary. A cultural blunder: At a roadside stand someone had in their garage, I thought the vendor said "Coca" – i.e. coca cola. He

actually had crepes. I was running on Perpetuum solids, so I didn't buy crepes from this pleasant French elderly gentleman. Actually I probably should have, and I would have suffered less in the next section.

To Villaines-La-Juhel

I arrived here at noon. I had a hotel reserved, but it was a mile out of town, the weather was good, and it was only noon. Although my mind was a bit foggy at this point, I decided to push on, working to avoid a third night. I remember the weather as pleasant as ever, and the festival as festive as ever. Villaines-La-Juhel treats PBP as a bike race festival – they have wooden racks for bicycles on the streets, fences to keep the non-cycling festival goers off the street, and music and announcements blaring

To Montagne-Au-Perche

This is always a fun section. Riders have just left the festival at Villaines-La-Juhel, it is clear we are on the home stretch, and riders become more talkative. I teamed up with a young international rider – at this point I can't remember from where. I was riding strong, and perhaps a bit too strong, as we had rollers to power up, and I was having fun do it. I arrived at Montagne-Au-Perche about 4 PM.

To Druex

I didn't connect with my pleasant companion from the last stage, so I took off on my own. As soon as I started, I knew I was fading really fast. Right after Montagne-Au-Perche are repeated ridge climbs. Being on the road for 24 hours was also catching up with me. A few miles out of Montagne-Au-Perche I tried to stop and sleep on a bench. I couldn't sleep, though I got a nice picture of my bike standing against a tree here.



So I suffered on – at least I am used to suffering on ridge climbs. What happens after these rather brutal (for our condition) ridge climbs, the route gloriously flattens out. Here what I described as “pace-lines of the wounded” started to form, and it was as funny as heck. There was a French rider helping a buddy, and me, both of us would set reasonable paces. However, most other riders had delusions of grandeur of what their bodies were capable of (and what everyone else was capable of). The proper speed was 16-18 mph. But people kept attempting to pull over 20 mph, and they would pull the line apart (and perhaps blow up as well). There was one eastern European rider weaving a good bit, and perhaps a bit disoriented. In that situation you just looked out for him and for others, and that he didn’t weave into you. The group was perhaps 10-20 riders. At one point I was on the front trying to set a sensible pace after the group had been pulled apart for the umpteenth time, when a small group of 3 that had been among those pulling the line apart took off. I decided to stop being sensible and go with them. It was fun for a while, but a big mistake. Off course I blew up. I believe the rest of the group eventually caught me again.

I did discover in Druex that I didn’t fill my water bottles from the urinal in Druex in 2007. The urinals do look like the sinks, just low. But I had filled my bottles from the higher ones, which are sinks.

To Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines

This last section became a death march for me. The final fast peline before Druex blew me up, and I didn’t recover. The temperature dropped this evening. The route has hills, and the route meant as a glorious entry into the Paris area, going through a number of different areas. I stopped once along the road to rest sitting against the edge of ditch, but I didn’t have much of a choice but to keep moving - the temperature dropped quickly after dark. In a do-over, I would have taken a more extended rest probably at Montagne-Au-Perche. On the plus side, I got back to finish at midnight.

At Saint-Quentin-En-Yvelines

Getting back at midnight, I didn’t have a motel reservation that night. So I went to the food tent and ate a meal. We had a drink ticket, but when I asked for wine, I accidentally bought a bottle of wine, which turned out to be a good thing. I went back in the gym, found a spot on the wooden benches, and settled in for the night. Finally, this is the first time I used my emergency-blanket bivvy sack in 5 years. The bottle of wine was good for medicinal purposes. I had my US wool jersey laid out next to me, so a German ride came up, asking if we could swap. So I got a German national PBP jersey. I slept somewhat till close to morning, though waking up on occasion from the hard surface. In the morning, I went to the Holiday Inn. I confirmed I indeed didn’t have a motel reservation or they space, so I slept on the couch in their lounge for several hours more. I rode back to the end control of PBP. I realized the easiest way in was to ride in as if finishing. So I did, getting daylight cheers, though I felt a bit guilty. The volunteers could easily see I wasn’t finishing – perhaps I didn’t have that catatonic ‘I’m about to fall off the bike’ look. But I got in easy. I went back to the food area. This time I was wearing the US printed jersey. I was approached by the English-speaking daughter of a Danish rider to swap, so I did. I threw in my RUSA cycling cap. That I was wearing a Danish jersey confused the other Danes – more than once I had to explain I didn’t speak Danish, and was an American rider in a Danish jersey.

Dave’s Salon

Dave’s Salon was the team from the Philippines. Dave actually has many salons, with thousands of employees. He told his headquarters staff if they qualified, he would take them to PBP. So Dave’s Salon

was Dave, a mechanic/coach (who also rode and that also coached the Philippine national racing team at racing events), and a small gaggle (10-12) of Philippine women. They were interesting hotel mates. Sadly, they underestimated the terrain and weather on their first attempt. They had 4 finishers.

About Compressions Socks:

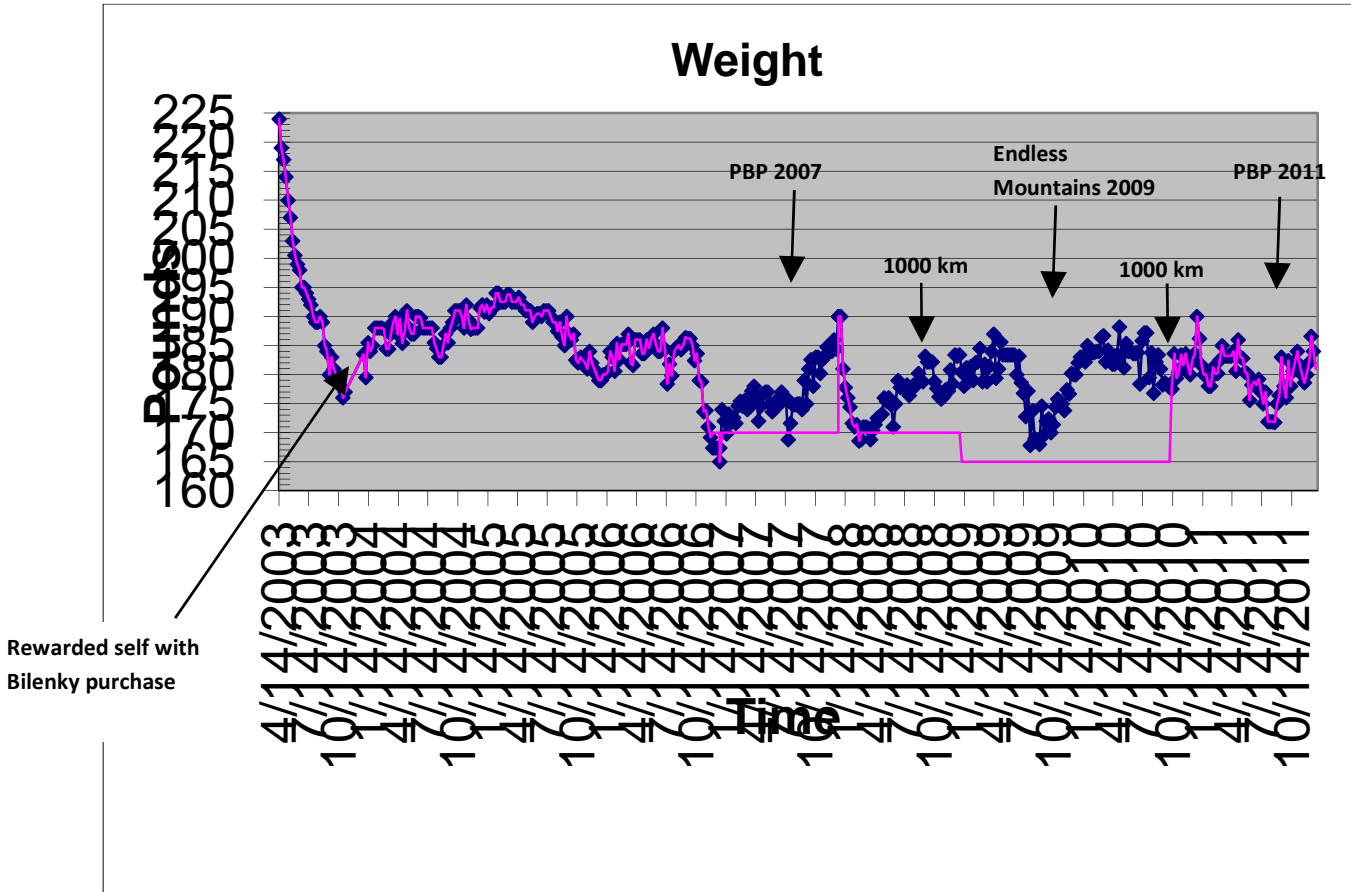
Generally, cyclists use compression socks for recovery and air travel. However, my online/video coach Graeme Street (www.core.com and www.cycle-club.com) showed up in recent videos wearing compression socks during workouts, so I thought I would give them a try. I've noted veins standing out in segments during ultra-rides. Also, my first two years of riding grand randonnées I lost my big toe nails from feet swelling – so I know my feet/legs gather fluids. I wore compressions socks riding day 1 and day 2 of PBP, and not day 3 and not the day after arriving, but the day after that. Definitely, I didn't have veins standing out in my legs on day 1 and 2, and I did on day 3. And I felt unusually good on days 1 and 2 – at this point an observation rather than a correlation. I used the socks on day 5, because by then (a) I did laundry, and (b) my ankles had greatly swollen. Speaking of swollen ankles, I found it really cool that if I lay on my back with my feet up in the air against the wall, the fluid would indeed drain out of my ankles in about 20 minutes.

About Clothing:

I spent the first two days of PBP over-dressed. There had been a forecast of “50 and rainy”, and it didn't really get that cold until near the end. I carried my raincoat (and used it in the rainstorm), but my notes say I wanted a vest more on much of the ride. I don't think I could decide on leg warmers and arm warmers, so I carried two sets of each. Strangely, I didn't use the leg warmers I bought at PBP '07 and were nearly ideal – the ones I used in 2011 were too warm.

Preparation:

Nothing helps me lose weight like the fear of imminent suffering ... and Jenny Craig. Fortunately, I timed my weight loss right in 2011, and that last dip in my weight graph below was for PBP. What everyone wants to see <TOO MUCH INFORMATION ALERT> – my multi-year weight chart...



As to other preparation, I rode the Pittsburgh spring series on my Bilenky, then rode the first two (200k ride and 300 km pre-ride) of the Allegheny Mountain Cruel and Unusual Punishment brevets on my carbon bike. But when the riders on the AMCUP day-of 300 km ride rode away from as I rode my Bilenky, I felt the need for me and my Bilenky to suffer and bond more. So I rode the AMCUP 400 km on my Bilenky – I rode just outside time (27 hrs+), but riding up extended 15+% grades on my Bilenky was excellent training and preparation for the more moderate grades at PBP. I wouldn't had enjoyed PBP nearly as much if I hadn't suffered through the AMCUP rides in the Pennsylvania mountains first.

How is my Relationship with my Bilenky steel sports-touring Bike?

You know, I seem to only ride it on brevets. In Western PA, weight matters when climbing hills. The drive train was mildly trashed, and the paint had some nicks, so that sounded like a good excuse for a rebuild. As of this writing, my Bilenky is getting a new head tube to accommodate more modern 1-1/8" forks, a carbon fork, carbon handlebars, and my triple crank replaced by a wide range double crank. I am also replacing my down tube shifters with STI shifters. My 2012 goal event is the Tejas 500 at the

Texas Time Trials (500 miles within 48 hours). Of course, I'll lever the fear-of-pain so I lighten myself up even more than my bike for next September?

What Training regimen(s) do I use?

I use three:

1. Monthly centuries – you can only go so flat if you ride at least one century every month
2. Riding brevet series – It's amazing how much fitness you gain by spending 20+ hours on a bike – every muscle gets its due.
3. Cyclo-Core – I started on Cyclo-Core off-season back in 2004, when Graeme Street pretty much has only one video – Cyclo-Core. Now he has oodles of videos and multiple variations of plans – a bit overwhelming actually. In short, they combine core workouts, yoga, and on-bike exercises. Graeme targets "every-day cyclists," and his videos and plans overall work for me. I do best in the off-season with his plans.

OK, I also ride the Dirty Dozen each November, which is my *de facto* annual strength training and muscle endurance training. Before both PBPs I also rode Florida Hell Weeks (8 sequential centuries in 2007, 5 in 2011, straddling New Year's). String enough events and event prep together and you get an annual training plan.

Will I Go Back in 2015?

I got much of the PBP experience this year – seeing the European clubs, a bit of interaction with spectators. I've seen the spectacle of the event. I completed in 77 hrs, which is a respectable time, showing I can readily start in the 84 hour start if I want. In 2007, I didn't feel a need to repeat, but ended up there again regardless in 2011. If I went with a cadre of Pittsburgh riders – maybe.

Appendix A - Relevant Links:

'It's all about Jim links:

My photos from PBP 2011 on Facebook (open to all):

<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.2008167290121.2102307.1421877476&type=1&l=04f25276b5>

My 2007 PBP trip report:

<http://www.jameslogan.me/pittsburghrandonneurs/files/Download/PBP2007-JimLogan-RUSA3730-Frame4874-PittsburghPA-VerF-WPW.pdf>

My 2011 Endless Mountains 1240 km trip report:

<http://www.jameslogan.me/pittsburghrandonneurs/files/Download/JimLogan-TripReport-PA1240k-2009A.pdf>

'It's all about randonneuring' links:

Paris-Brest-Paris 2011:

<http://pbp.kcorp.be/pbp2011/index2.php?lang=en&cat=accueil&page=edito>

Pittsburgh-Randonneurs: www.pittsburghrandonneurs.com

Randonneurs USA: www.rusa.org

Appendix B –My Control Times

Contrôle	Heure	Cumul		Intermédiaire	
SAINT-QUENTIN-EN-YVELINES	21-08 18:50	0h00	0 km/h	0h00	0.1 km/h
VILLAINES-LA-JUHEL	22-08 04:52	10h02	22 km/h	10h02	22 km/h
FOUGERES	22-08 09:48	14h58	20.7 km/h	4h56	18 km/h
TINTENIAC	22-08 12:46	17h56	20.3 km/h	2h58	18.2 km/h
LOUDEAC	22-08 17:07	22h17	20.1 km/h	4h21	19.5 km/h
CARHAIX-PLOUGUER	23-08 01:41	30h51	17 km/h	8h34	8.9 km/h
BREST	23-08 07:11	36h21	17 km/h	5h30	16.9 km/h
CARHAIX-PLOUGUER	23-08 12:41	41h51	16.8 km/h	5h30	15.5 km/h
LOUDEAC	23-08 17:03	46h13	16.9 km/h	4h22	18.1 km/h
TINTENIAC	24-08 03:06	56h16	15.4 km/h	10h03	8.5 km/h
FOUGERES	24-08 06:22	59h32	15.5 km/h	3h16	16.5 km/h
VILLAINES-LA-JUHEL	24-08 11:31	64h41	15.6 km/h	5h09	17.1 km/h
MORTAGNE-AU-PERCHE	24-08 15:52	69h02	15.8 km/h	4h21	18.6 km/h
DREUX	24-08 20:04	73h14	15.9 km/h	4h12	17.9 km/h
SAINT-QUENTIN-EN-YVELINES	25-08 00:05	77h15	15.9 km/h	4h01	16.2 km/h
Kilomètres parcourus: 1230					