

TRAVEL

A Special Advertising Supplement to the Daily Nexus

Key West

New York, New York

Having moved from the New York City area several years ago, I have found few Californians who don't have a decided opinion on New York. There are, simply, those who love New York and those who hate it. Those who love New York find it a wonderful but crazy place and relish in all its cultural amenities, its pace and its people. But those who hate New York tell horror stories — of exceedingly rude people, of garbage in the streets and of being afraid for their personal safety. New York, I have to admit, is a bit of both.

To the traveler, New York can be a wonderful place to visit. No city offers more. But an outsider has to keep in mind that the east coast is different from the west coast. When asked, I always describe my move to California as similar to moving to another country — a

different culture, climate and way of life. Keeping that in mind, the visitor to New York can have a great trip.

On Art

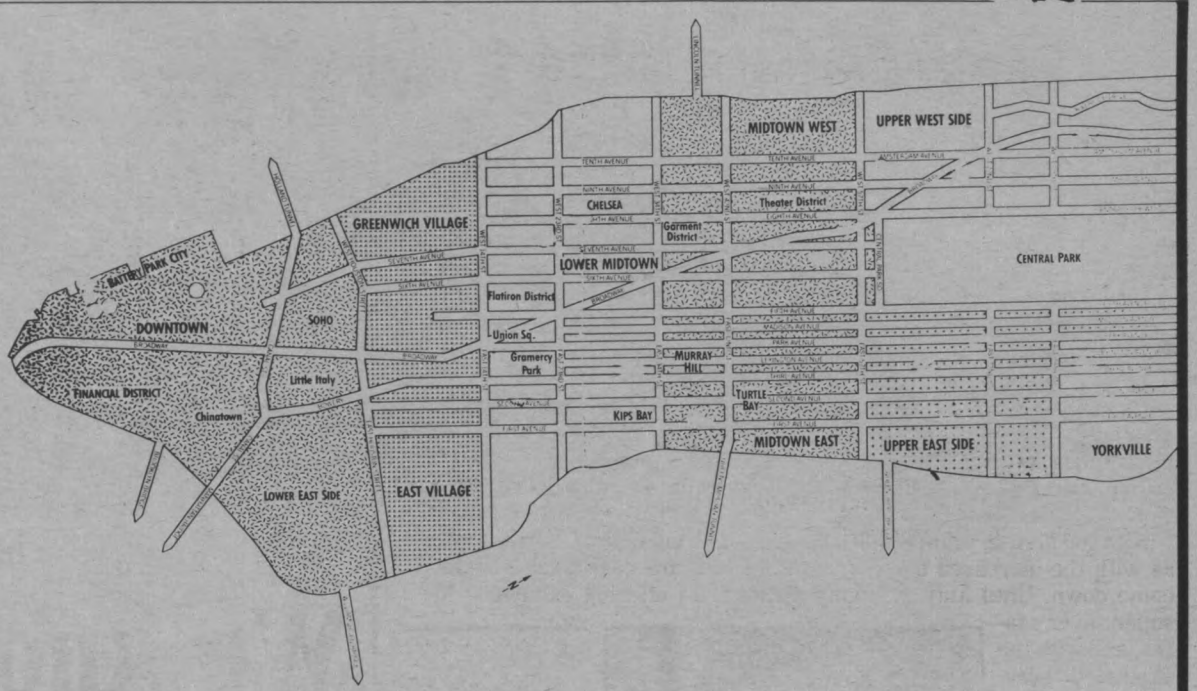
Art in New York is more than the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art. Don't get me wrong — definitely go if you've never been but be sure to catch some of the less known but just as intriguing museums and galleries around. There's the Museum of the City of New York, the Whitney the Guggenheim and the Cloisters, with its Medieval art — don't miss the Unicorn tapestries. The Studio Museum in Harlem is running the show "Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America" through August. There's also the New Museum of Contemporary Art, The American Craft Museum and the American Museum of Natural History. It's important to call ahead and find out what exhibits and shows are running. Most museums have days when admission is free and many have student discounts so again, call ahead.

Other interesting places are the Photography Center, the International Center of Design, The Museum of Broadcasting and the American Museum of the Moving Image. Societies and organizations like the French Institute, Asia Society and Japan Society often have art shows and movies so phone and see what's going on.

Galleries in New York are wonderful. Not only can you catch exhibits of famous artists such as Edward Hopper, Christo and David Hockney but you can get a chance to see and, if you have the money, purchase works of up and coming artists as well. Just wander the areas of SoHo, the Village and TriBeCa — they're chock full of galleries while the Madison Avenue and 57th Street have a healthy share as well. Galleries are generally open Tuesday-Saturday from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

On Dance and Music

It's possible in New York to see Twyla Tharp, Alvin Ailey, the American Ballet Theater, the Dance Theater of Harlem and the joffery all in one visit. Its also possible to hear the New York Philharmonic with Zubin Metha, the Korean Symphony, Stevie Wonder, the music of northern India and a jazz ensemble in the same visit as well. It just depends



on what's going on when you're there and most importantly how much you can afford to spend.

If you're there at the right time and can garner an expensive and scarce ticket to the Metropolitan Opera House — take it. Call Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Madison Square Garden, Radio City Music Hall and the City Center to see what's going on. The Bryant Park Ticket Booth can provide half-price tickets for same day opera, concert and dance performances depending on availability as well as full priced tickets for future performances. you have to phone and see what's available.

In the summer many free concerts take place in New York City. Central Park usually has something going on and you can find out in the local paper. Pack a picnic with stuff from famous gourmet food stores like Zabars, Dean and DeLuca and Balducci's.

On Theater

The one area that New York can claim an absolute hold on is theater. Broadway is truly like nothing in the world. It's expensive but really if you can afford it you have to see something on Broadway. This summer absolutely nothing is hotter than *Les Miserables*, a musical based on Victor Hugo's novel about a fugitive pitted against a cruel and self-righteous police inspector in a lifelong struggle to evade capture. But *Blithe Spirit* with Richard Chamberlain and Geraldine Page and *Fences* with James Earl Jones have garnered great reviews. The final installment of Neil Simon's autobiographical trilogy *Broadway Bond* stars Linda Lavin. One can still catch *Cats*, *La Cage Aux Folles*, *A Chorus Line*, *42nd Street*, *Oh! Calcutta!* and a revival of

South Pacific.

Don't forget about Off-Broadway and Off-Off Broadway where you can catch great plays and actors at more reasonable prices. Also keep in mind the many theater companies, both New York based and visiting from other cities, that are playing. It's important to pick up a local paper to keep up on what's playing and available. Often half-priced tickets are available the day of the performance for Broadway and Off-Broadway plays.

On Food

You can find a meal at four in the morning; you can eat Ethiopian, Jewish deli, Soul, Portuguese, and French bistro all within the same block and you can pay a fortune to do it. New Yorkers love to eat and it is very easy to get carried away.

Where to begin? Ok, the Carnegie Deli in mid-town for those who haven't had real chicken soup with outrageous matzo balls will give you a taste of Jewish deli. Sylvia's in Harlem is the place for hot, hot, hot ribs with black-eyed peas and collard greens. If you're looking for the "in" spots to be seen Sam's Cafe (owned by Mariel Hemingway) is great if you're looking for yuppies, while the beautiful people in Manhattan dine at *Indochine*, *Mezzaluna* and *Acme*. You will probably see a ton of Form and Casablancas models there. *Amsterdams* is the bar Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman filmed their upcoming movie *Ishtar* in and it has been packed ever since.

The Spanish tapas (small hors d'oeuvres) at the *Ballroom's* bar are delicious and *Pig Heaven* is the place to go for barbecue and silly decor. The *Oyster Bar and Restaurant* in the Grand Central Terminal has great seafood and *Caribe* is fantastic with its West Indian-Caribbean style cuisine. Caribbean food has definitely been the hot food in New York recently. America is crazy with its peanut butter and fluffernutter sandwiches, sushi and hamburgers. Andy Warhol used to frequent *Serendipity* for hot fudge sundaes and frozen hot chocolate. Although formal and expensive, *Windows on the World*, atop the World Trade Center building, affords a visitor to New York with the view of the city.

Check out anything in Little Italy or Chinatown — be sure to see the chicken that plays tic-tac-toe at the Chinatown Fair on Mott Street and don't forget that some of the best food is sold on the street — Nathan's hot dogs, pretzels with mustard, a real, genuine bagel and New York pizza (don't ask for pineapple and canadian bacon — that's strictly a California item!).

On Nightlife

Yes, the saying "the city that never sleeps" really is a reality in Manhattan. The nightlife is outrageous. The *Studio 54* disco days of the late '70s are gone (thank God) but there are still plenty of hot clubs to hang out in in New York. Ranging from intimate and dimly lit to noisy and druggy,

night life in New York is an experience.

Nells and the Tunnel are yuppie type places to hang out. The *Palladium*, owned by Steve Rubell of *Studio 54* fame, is hot. The *Pyramid Club*, the *China Club* and the *Save the Robots Club* are all "in" places to hang out as well. For Jazz the *Blue Note Jazz Place* is great. Its important to ask around and realize that you might have to pay a cover charge and if it's packed you wait awhile. Dress outrageously and black is definitely the color of choice.

On Shopping

If the store exists Manhattan has it. There are certain stores that a visitor to New York shouldn't miss — *Bloomingdales*, *Saks*, *F.A.O. Schwartz*, *Bendels*, *Barneys* and *Tiffanys*. The new *Ralph Lauren* store is housed in a renovated mansion, so its a lot of fun to check out. Fifth Avenue is great for browsing and people watching but for a more affordable shopping spree New York offers a lot.

Small boutiques and interesting shops abound on Columbus Avenue and in the Greenwich Village and SoHo areas. *Agnes B.* is just one of many great clothing stores, *Orchard* and *Bleeker Streets* are great on weekends. One can find cool second hand and antique clothing at great prices — the streets are usually blocked off and bargaining is a must.

On Other Stuff to Do

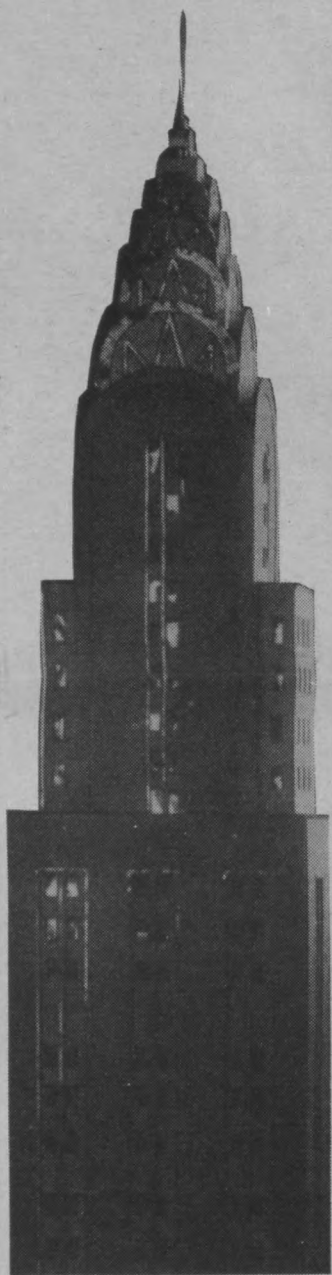
Although I hate tours, they are a great way to get acquainted with the city. Unusual and fun ones are the tour of *Radio City Music Hall*, *Central Park* and *Lincoln Center*. Two tours in Harlem are worth noting — both include a church service with gospel singing and others include lunch or dinner. The 92nd street Y offers both regular sightseeing tours and theme tours such as "A Day in Irish New York" so its important to call and find out what's going on. The *Circle Line* is a boat that circles Manhattan — although touristy it is an absolutely wonderful way to see how truly beautiful New York City is. The *Statue of Liberty* and *Empire State Building Tours* are fun if you've never done it — just be prepared for a hundred camera carrying tourist types.

If you're a baseball fan be sure to catch either a *Mets* or *Yankee* game. Be sure to sit in the cheap seats, the nose bleed section or the bleachers — the real fans hang out there.

Central Park is great to wander in. The lake, the zoo, and just the people who hang out there are alot of fun. Don't miss the mosaic memorial and garden area for *John Lennon*.

This concludes your insider's guide to New York, so when you go, don't say you don't what to do, or that there's nothing to do. New York has it all.

—Karen Schulman



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Santa Barbara Airport

It used to be that Santa Barbara used to be a sleepy little town a couple of hours by car from L.A., with a disturbing town on the north-side playing host to drunken hordes of wild students.

The drunken students may still be here, at least on weekends, but as this year's successful Santa Barbara Film Festival has shown, this town is one to be reckoned with, both culturally and as a travel destination.

The Santa Barbara Airport is growing to meet the demand for area air traffic, and the location that once hosted but a few minor commuter lines, now includes the likes of Delta, Continental, United and American Airlines. It's no longer an uncharted by-way; connections listed in the most recent American Airlines timetable, for example, include international locations like Paris and Zurich, or domestic locations sounding just as exotic like Monroe, Louisiana or Hilton Head Island, North Carolina.

With the greater competition in the airlines industry at-large, as well as with the increased number of Santa Barbara carriers, fares have come down. Until May 20, many airlines are offering extremely low super-saver fares, and with the expanded service offered at UCSB's next door neighbor, you don't have to go all the way to L.A. to take advantage.

American's new Ultimate Super Saver (USS) fares like most of the others, are non-refundable once purchased, but for one sure of the travel date, they're pretty good. Round trip to Cincinnati can be had for \$238. San Francisco is \$78 Mon-Thu and Sat, \$98 on weekends. All USS fares require a Saturday night spent at the destination in order to apply. American's lowest L.A. fare is \$82 RT with 30-day advance purchase. USS fares do not apply for all routes, so to find the best price, American's automated 800 number should be able to answer any questions. Just dial 1-800-223-

5436. In all, the combined American and American Eagle Santa Barbara schedule lists 135 possible destinations.

Continental is no slouch either in the super-saver fare wars. The Cincinnati round trip price clocks in at \$198, beating American by \$40. The same fare applies to round-trip travel to La Guardia Airport in New York, a full \$50 less than American's price. The same restrictions apply to these tickets. Although Continental has better deals on trips to these far-away domestic places, the closer cities, notably L.A. and San Francisco, are not on the list. The information number is 1-800-231-0855.

United Airlines has been in Santa Barbara longer than any of the major four, and as the world's largest airline, it's no wonder that they list almost as many foreign destinations as American. Sydney and Beijing are among the cities listed as departing from Santa Barbara, via San Francisco. United does come three cities short of besting American's stunning 135 cities served from Santa Barbara. It's important to remember that these big numbers are achieved because most of them require a plane change at the carrier's hub city, or in the two larger California airports, LAX and SFO.

United's Max-saver fares to San Francisco, Cincinnati, and NYC meet the lowest fare quotes of the other carriers, with the same two-day advance, no-refund policy. Their incredible deal flight is actually the LAX run, which can be had for an amazingly low \$38 round-trip, but they only fly to L.A. on Saturday at 7 p.m. If it meets your schedule, it's the way to go. United's information number is 1-800-241-6522.

After merging with Western Airlines April 1, Delta Airlines was quick in putting up their corporate banner at Santa Barbara. Their commuter affiliate here is Skywest airlines, who are not participating in Delta's Instant Saver fare program in this area. Skywest still has some fairly good prices: \$238 RT to Cincinnati for Tuesday and Wednesday departures, \$258 for NYC, same days. The drawback is that these prices are only good for 30-day advance purchases. More information is available at 1-800-221-1212.

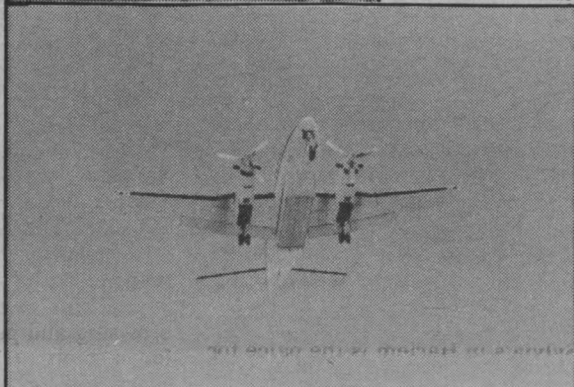
Even if you're not in the market for airline tickets, the Santa Barbara Airport may have something you can use. Three major car rental companies have outlets at the airport, and if you ever need to rent a convertible VW rabbit for a weekend jaunt, Avis is the Place. The price is pretty steep though, and if all you're looking for is a clunker to get you through the lean times or when your other car's in the shop, some of the rent-a-wreck places listed in the friendly yellow pages are probably more in keeping with a college budget.

For those not travelling anywhere, the airport has a lovely Carrow's restaurant and a gift shop.

—Mary Hoppin



MARY HOPPIN/Nexus



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Taking the Road

A Travelogue

MARY HOPPIN/Nexus



Ohnooo," Whalen moaned. I turned my numb neck to squint in his direction. He was shaking his head strongly through the shivering and looking down at his sweats.

"What is it?" I inquired, even though I knew damn well what was the matter. Whalen pointed down at his soaked pants. A fine layer of ice had developed there.

We never thought it would be this bad. We had been shivering and not sleeping in rainy below-freezing weather in Santa Cruz for more than seven hours. It was oh, oh so cold. We couldn't take refuge in our sleeping bags; they were sopping. All our clothes inside our backpacks had been equally drenched. The only clothes we could wear were the cruelly wet garments we had on us.

Not 24 hours earlier we had been in Santa Barbara, making last-minute preparations for our Spring Break vacation. Our plans for the trip were impeccably unorganized, just the way we wanted it. The goal we wanted to achieve was to get as far away from the day-to-day sludge and drudgery of college life as possible, and go out and soak up big doses of life. Our first two quarters at UCSB had warped us so badly we had forgotten how to appreciate the good things in life, like sun, green hills, weird people, normal dogs, big cities and small towns.

Our makeshift solution to our sickness was to hitchhike north up Highway 1, with Berkeley as a general destination. We brought only the bare essentials with us: two small backpacks, two borrowed sleeping bags, one basketball named Roscoe, a small kitchen knife for emergencies and eighty bucks between us. We managed to get a ride out of UCSB to downtown Santa Cruz, and we spent half the day there wandering, meeting people, drinking beer on a cliff and playing fiercely competitive basketball on every court we came across. Things were fine until we crawled in our sleeping bags in a shaggy meadow a block from UC Santa Cruz.

Then things got Evil quick. The Santa Cruz campus sits on a rather high hill looking down on the rest of the neo-resort town. The scenery there is filled with redwoods, lush greenery and rich brownery. Unfortunately, the place is possessed by a demon, a demon which did not like us or our basketball one damn bit.

As soon as we were inside the bags, a torrential typhoon-like downpour started beating down upon us. We hunkered down deep inside, but after an hour Whalen's bag failed him and he started to freak. We scrambled up in search of any kind of shelter. After following misleading signs for what seemed like miles, we flopped down, frightened, freezing and befuddled, in a little bus shelter. That's where we stayed, for the nine most miserable hours of our lives.

In the morning, a small gleam of sun poked over the hills. We stood up and began worshipping the warmth like indentured servants. And then, the demon took control once again and started pouring his putrid filth on us. Cursing life, we limped from bus stop to bus stop until we hit the nice and warm UCSC Library. That's when the feeling started coming back a little bit in our fingers. Some guy sitting next to us mentioned something about a bus line running, so we rushed out into the howling cold to a bus stop. When we entered the sacred bus, Whalen remembered that we had forgotten Roscoe,

one of the main inspirations for the journey. After a brief discussion, we realized that we had to leave the demon then, or maybe never get out alive.

Once downtown, things started to get better. We ate a lot of Jack-in-the-Box, read the *Chronicle* and were a little drier. Another low-flying storm cloud was heading our way, so we decided to walk 100 feet across the street to the Holiday Inn for some coffee. Two seconds after stepping outside, it started to hail golfball pellets on our head. Santa Cruz was trying to crush us, but it ended up falling just short.

After some wonderful coffee, things started clearing up. We went to the laundrymat and dried everything we owned, bought some cigars and some Copenhagen, and suddenly we were back on top of the world. We felt so good, in fact, that we bussed back up to the Evil University to reclaim Roscoe. There was no sign of him. The bastards had taken him hostage and were probably burning him on a stake.

By 4:00 p.m. we were walking backwards with our thumbs out for the first time in our lives on Highway 1.

We had been on the highway not longer than 10 minutes when we got our first ride. It's a wonder it took us that long to get one. Without question, we and the road were one. Spitting sunflower seeds, feeling rugged, the wind whipping our hairs like banshees and screaming Abbey Road at the top of our lungs. We had found The Answer to The Question.

His name was John and he pulled over in some kind of Dodge contraption, circa 1961. We're pretty sure it was the same car used in *Repo Man*. John was on his way back from K-Mart in San Jose, and his car was crammed with different junk-items and about 38 2-liter bottles of Pepsi. Soon, the air was filled with lots of good, superficial babbling, mostly from us, who were posing as UCLA basketball players on an illegal recruiting mission for the Golden State Warriors.

John was only able to take us about 12 miles up the road to a little Haven on the Coast called Davenport. But before he dropped us, he gave us his life story, but not really. Secretive for some dark reason, John said he had lived in Davenport for about 12 years, and beyond that he had no comment. But that's all it took. We understood, and he knew we understood, and it all made perfect sense.

As we were bidding him farewell, he suddenly became very frenzied about where we were going to stay that night. We informed him that in fact we were doctors, and not to worry about it. But as a precaution, he gave us a map and his number at the Wrigley Chewing Gum Plant where he worked as a night watchman, and said to give him a call if ran into any difficulties. We thanked him for his services, and suddenly we were totally enthralled at the Mecca where he had deposited us.

Across from Davenport, population 200, lies probably one of the most lush and beautiful stretches of land in America. Greeting us with wide, open arms were redwoods the size of skyscrapers, surrounded by large rushes of evergreen grass dotted with purple and yellow flowers. Two warm and happy Golden Retrievers frolicked lovingly in the expanse, their tongues lolling about in joyous rapture. Without hesitation or conversation we glanced at each other, nodded, and sprinted at full speed across the road, our faces split with large pie-eating grins.

We came to a stop at the edge of the cliffs and were immediately thunderstruck by the view. About 200 feet below us were tremendous whitecaps, foaming and swirling and smashing into the cliff-face in a god-like fashion. Yes, we thought, there is a God, and he lives here.

After a about 10 minutes of staring and watching the waves roll in from Japan, we noticed a small trail leading down the cliff 50 feet to a plateau-of-sorts. We slid our way down the steep embankment, took a seat, and sat motionless reveling in the religiousness of it all.

Soon, we scrambled back to the top and sauntered down through the trees where we looked down at a pier that used to exist about 75 years ago. All that was left of it was the iron base structure and some cement, and upon the iron sat about 400 black birds of prey, flying about in strange patterns.

We both agreed we could have stayed for maybe a week here, but the road was calling. We packed some more seeds in our happy jowls, said goodbye to the glorious wonderment, and were once again thumbing.

In five minutes we had flagged a dirty white pick-up truck, and driving



was a thin man whose long grey hair was bobbed in the front seat, smiling. No word into the back.

The back of the truck was filled just the right size to make a wonderful California Coastline but to don some shades and take rolled through small towns filled us spoke a word. We didn't h

The driver took us about 35 miles up the dirt-road turnoff. We busily profused our knowing wave and drove off. In a sense, he our journey.

Twenty seconds after hopping out the back of the highway from the same road as the other named Ray told us to "hurry up and get the our way. Ray had worked in Oakland only living in the countryside to get away from t "I had to get out," he told us, before going hoedowns and Irish Jazz band festivals.

Ray probably hadn't talked to a couple of while, and he clearly relished the opportunity he told us about the ins and outs of Half M port) and other mini-metropoli. Ray was ju the pouring started again. Laughing at ou few more miles to relative safety.

This time we walked almost a mile be delivered us from the impending thunderst lot to say, but he had hitched from Frisco to drove us about six miles, where we found th

By the time the Scientist picked us up, chiking had long been destroyed. We had who live life on a basis of trust. You just do

The Scientist didn't give us a name: H had great rock & roll playing, and he was meet his girlfriend. He spun us wild storie D.C. and Europe, and we countered with tales of woe.

When he dropped us off at the southern cisco, he looked at us, smiled, and said "I Dream."

"I think it's right here in front of us," Wh

So ended our hitchhiking endeavors. The fi City was search for an appropriate tree to on Sunset Boulevard, and we sat there and Soon I had a crazed notion about seeing th Gate Bridge. I neglected to take into phenomenon of Golden Gate Park.

We scrambled down a gully into the par from the Western sky. For the next two through the totally unlit park. Strange bu rituals only added to our funk. We found ou that dungeon, all of it uphill. No matter Berkeley, you always walk uphill.

We finally emerged, frantic and on the McDonalds. We managed to get on a bus

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hair was tied in a pony-tail. A small child
No words were spoken as he signalled us

was filled with dirt specks and iron chips,
make all eyesight impossible. With the
Coastline rolling by us, we had no choice
and take in the breathtaking view. As we
towns filled with berry stands, neither one
didn't have to.

up the Highway and dropped us off at his
fused our thanks but he just gave us a
sense, he was the purest man to drive us on

at the back, a King Cab pickup turned onto
the other truck. A 35-year old contractor
and get the hell in," and we were quickly on
and only six months before, but now he was
and from the hustle and impurity of city life.
before going off on a delightful spiel about
ivals.

couple of city boys about hick-towns for a
opportunity. Without much prodding at all,
of Half Moon Bay (which has its own air-
way was just about ready to drop us off when
ing at our obvious cringes, he drove us a

a mile before a young guy in a compact
thunderstorm. He was quiet, didn't have a
Frisco to L.A. before so he understood. He
found the Scientist.

ed us up, our initial uneasiness about hit-
We had met four totally different people
u just don't find that anymore.

ame: He didn't have to. He was about 17,
and he was on his way to San Francisco to
ild stories about decadence in Washington
red with all kinds of bogus L.A. nightlife

southernmost point of western San Fran-
said "Do it guys. Go find the American

us," Whalen replied. We all understood.
rs. The first thing we did upon entering the
e tree to smoke Backwoods in. We found it,
here and watched the Bad People walk by.
seeing the sun set standing on the Golden
ake into account the mad and twisted

o the park just as the sun started to fade
next two hours we staggered helplessly
range burial grounds and flower-planting
found out later that we walked 30 blocks in
o matter where you go in Frisco or in

d on the point of breakdown, at a strange
n a bus (if you can call it that. The driver

hid behind bulletproof glass while crazed drunkards molested tourists from
(Germany), got on BART, and spent the night with a friend in Fremont. We
went to Berkeley the next day.

We were supposed to meet our friend in Berkeley Tuesday, but it was only
Sunday at the time. So we broke into his deserted dorm, commandeered a
fifth-floor lounge and set up shop. Whalen had never been to Berkeley before,
so I showed him some of the sights.

We did the traditional campus tour stuff, like go up the Campanile and
gawk at the bay, but the real fun came in watching the weird people work.

At 11:30 a.m. Monday, we walked by a man in purple sweats with large
pink polkadots. We had heard of the "Polkadot Man" many times through
local mythology, but we'd never seen him. We quickly sat down close to
study his habits. He first lay himself down on what appeared to be chunky
sacks of jack cheese in the middle of the square. A few minutes before noon
he jerked up, checked his watch feverishly and stood motionless facing the
tower. When the noon bells rang he started a methodical walk around the
square, periodically checking his watch and telling women passersby that
Jesus loved them. And then Whalen started barking at him.

The polkadot man could not deal with a grown human being barking like a
dog on an emotional level, so he took to turning us "off" with curious hand
gestures. Then he split.

The rest of the day was naturally an anti-climax. We putted around a little,
but the energy wasn't there. Later that day we met up with our friend, and
the next day two more high school buddies showed up. We all kicked back for
a day, and then we took a basketball and invaded San Francisco once again.

The first phase of the Frisco invasion was the conquering of
Haight-Ashbury. Welch had never been there, but I was a vet.
We walked the entire expanse of Haight street, stopping often to
gawk at wanna-be head shops, groovy poster palaces, used-
record stores and comic book shops. Contrary to massive
multimedia myth, The Haight is still a very cool place. There
are some bad streaks of yuppiedom here and there, but it ain't Westwood.

One of the weirder things we picked up was a local newsletter which had
an ask-the-people section. This one asked "What Time is It?" None of us
could really figure it out, nor did we want to. One guy answered by saying it
was time to use condoms, and went on to talk about 18 friends who have died
of AIDS in the last 4 years. That brought the shit home quick.

It took us a couple hours to cruise the whole street, and when it ended we
found ourselves at the same weird McDonalds that had plagued us just a few
days earlier. After chow we looked for Immediate Hoops.

Golden Gate Park is a huge monolith of a forest, yet there's only one damn
basketball court there, which took us a couple hours to find. There were

three teams waiting to play ahead of us, so we waited expectantly.

"Hey Danny Ainge, BYU," they jeered us as we took to the court. We were
in Golden Gate Park again, prepped for some Serious Hoops.

The wait had been long: ever since the abduction of Roscoe, we had been
thirsty for some slam-and-jam. But we almost had it taken away from us.
The first time we went on the court, we were preempted by a team who
'swore' they had been there before us. These guys were very angry and
they wore big belt buckles, so the atmosphere was ripe for violence. But we
had left our only weapon, our kitchen knife, somewhere on the beach in
Santa Cruz, and we opted against it.

The rules at Golden Gate Hoops, Inc. are vastly different than those in
Long Beach (our hometown, man): they play by twos, switching baskets
when one team reaches 18, and the first team to 32 wins. Also, per usual
street ball, no lacerations, no foul.

We were ready now, though, and our main tactic was confusion. As the
caliber of athlete we were playing against far and away surpassed our
relative talents, our strategy was a two-three zone. And they weren't ready
for it. Unbelievable amounts of adrenaline coursed through our virile ar-
teries as we leapt out to an amazing 18-2 lead. We had them on the rocks, and
they knew it. We switched baskets, our cheesy grins graced with sweet
sweat.

Maybe we got cocky or maybe we realized we were on the verge of turning
one of the greatest upsets in the storied history of Street Ball, but after a
couple of turnovers it was suddenly 18-16. The momentum was definitely not
ours anymore, yet we weren't quite done.

Playing far above our heads, we clawed our way back into it at 28-24, but
two successive alley-oop ThunderDunks squelched our destiny. Minutes
later we walked off the court, our dreams of stardom stomped like so many
dead mosquitoes on the dusty pavement of Golden Gate Park.

But alas, we were victorious in our quest for respect and good fun. The
five of us, sweaty and fulfilled, strode through the streets of Frisco like we
owned the damn place. In a sense, we did.

International Job News

Debra Peters and the Career Center were very helpful to the last
special supplement by contributing a great deal to a story on in-
ternational job opportunities.

For those interested in not only in travel but work abroad as well, be
sure to attend "Let's Go International," a Counseling and Career Ser-
vices presentation taking place Wednesday, May 6 from 3 to 5:30 p.m. at
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By Matt Welch
And
Pat Whalen



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The Visitor's Information Bureau will tell you that Arizona is a scenic wonderland, a "Diamond in the Rough" according to the literature, but take it from one who knows: it's actually true.

Most people associate Arizona with the Grand Canyon, which draws thousands of tourists annually to the northern Arizona National Park, but the state, with its diverse terrain and other tourist related bounty, has much more to offer than a big hole in the ground.

The climate of California's eastern neighbor has long been associated with temperatures hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk, yet move farther north when the beauty of winter is on display ready to cover a holiday greeting card, and Arizona takes on a whole new face. Skiing is a prime source of revenue for the Native Americans who operate the Snow Bowl resort north of Flagstaff; other seasonal attractions include the autumn leaves of Sedona, just an hour and a half north of Phoenix, and the spring flowers that blanket desert areas, many just a half hour outside of the major metropolitan centers of Phoenix and Tucson. Although the summer temperatures in desert areas top 110 degrees, the warm, temperate winters attract "snowbirds", refugees from the frigid midwest.

Sand dunes and sidewinders are frequent visions the uninitiated have of the desert. But there's no Sahara in Arizona, just the Sonoran desert the state shares with northern Mexico. There aren't any dunes to speak of; a vacant lot here and there in the city is about as close as the state comes to offering barren sand. The Arizona desert is unlike any a Californian has probably ever seen. The myriad Palo verde trees of the desert get their Spanish name from their green bark, and their yellow and orange Spring flowers resemble tiny orchids. The flowers add a golden glow to the desert spring.

Prevalent as these beauties are, the state flower is that produced by that trademark of old western movies, the Saguaro (pronounced SAH-wa-ro) cactus. Another state symbol, the cactus wren, builds its nest in the stately giant; Indians native to the area harvest its fruit and have traditionally used the rib poles in a variety of ways including construction.

Arizonans respect the old as they look to the future. As two of the five fastest growing metropolitan areas in the country, Phoenix and Tucson seem literally to be bursting at the seams as their boundaries spill constantly outward, consuming more and more land to accommodate the thousands who move there yearly. Even with the unprecedented growth the state is now experiencing, 90 percent of the land remains under federal, state or tribal control. From any point in the state, it shouldn't take more than an hour by car to shake the city from your boots and find solitude in the desert lowlands or the forested highlands.

Travel to Phoenix takes about eight hours by car from L.A., but is only one hour and five minutes away by plane. 30-day advance bookings ensure the lowest fare, currently \$25 one-way on a number of competing carriers, notably PSA and Tempe, Arizona-based America West.

From the man-made surf parks to mountain camping to the college towns surrounding ASU and University of Arizona, the 48th state offers something for every adventurer, large or small, year-round.

The Grand Canyon is Arizona's oldest claim to fame; its only recent infamy comes in the person of the state's new governor, who came to the national limelight just one week after taking office when he rescinded Martin Luther King day for the state. The literature now being distributed by the Tourist Information Bureau still bears the photo and greetings



of former governor and presidential hopeful, Bruce Babbitt, but Meecam's one-page message is inserted inside.

The lesser known treasures of Arizona are far away from the turmoil in the state capital. They lie in all points outward from Phoenix; the most dramatic are in the north country. In the region near Four Corners, the people of the Navajo and Hopi Nations enjoy some of the most beautiful vistas anywhere. One of the most dramatic, in two senses, is the Big Mountain area. Further east, the sweeping vistas of bare red rock delineating canyons and forming timeless natural monuments are a beauty to behold.

The Native American legacy remains throughout the state. The cliff-dwellings at Canyon de Chelly just west of the New Mexico border, and Montezuma's castle, south of Sedona on I-17, are testament to the ingenuity of the earliest Arizona inhabitants. At least 12 tribes live on reservations throughout the state; the largest ones belong to the Hopi, Navaho, Papago, and Apache. Those interested in finding out more about Native American history and art can visit museums on many reservations that are open to the public. Throughout the state, many shops catering to tourists sell Kachina dolls, but this practice is offensive to Native Americans, and in the interest of religious sensitivity, prickly pear candy might make a better souvenir.

In addition to the Native American tradition in Arizona, there are a variety of interesting, if not amazing, natural wonders to behold. Anyone who saw *Starman* will remember the couple's final parting at the Meteor Crater. It wasn't Hollywood magic that caused that big hole to form; it was naturally caused by something from the heavens that hit long ago at incredibly high speed. The crater lies about 25 miles west of Winslow, 45 miles east of Flagstaff, along I-40.

The Painted desert is another beautiful attraction for the desert enthusiast, as well as the Petrified Forest (I was kind of disappointed that the trees weren't standing anymore). No hiker worth his pack could visit Arizona and not hike down Havasu Canyon.

Obviously, the list goes on and on. For those without the time to get off the well-worn paths around Phoenix can still find a little desert solitude at the Desert Botanical Garden, near the Phoenix zoo.

—Mary Hoppin



MARY HOPPIN/Nexus



MARY HOPPIN/Nexus

Japan's Not Just Tokyo and Kyoto

Regardless of the high cost for dollar-carrying tourists, Japan remains a popular destination. As fascinating as Tokyo can be to the traveller who steps off the plane for the first time there, it is but one of many fascinating cities in the land of the rising sun.

Hiroshima is a name we associate with the atomic bomb, one with which every American should be familiar. When I planned out a trip around Japan for my family, Hiroshima was the only city I told them we had to visit. And so we did.

With five people's expenses to cover, my dad was interested in economy. He had bought two-week rail passes in the states, which ended up saving us a lot of money after we had exhausted ourselves trying to travel to as many places possible during that time. For those not planning to see 20 cities in 14 days, buying a single destination ticket is probably cheaper. A one-way trip from Tokyo to Hiroshima costs about \$120 on the *Shinkansen* (Bullet Train); on the regular trains it costs about \$70.

Once there, Hiroshima looks like any other industrial Japanese city, bustling and active in the shopping districts; sleepy and subdued in the suburbs and farm areas. No building in town is older than 42

years, because after the bomb destroyed most of the city, every structure but one was ordered torn down so the city could be re-built from the ground up.

The one pre-blast building remaining is the Industrial Promotion Hall. The bomb exploded almost on top of the hall, which now stands as memorial and testament to the destructive power of nuclear arms. It sits at the northern boundary of Peace Park, which can be reached easily by trolley. The stroll south from there along the river takes the visitor past other memorials, and offers a chance for quiet introspection amid the lush greenery of the park. After passing the eternal flame, the low white figure of the Peace Memorial Museum comes into view, a must for anyone with the chance to visit. In addition to the various relics and displays housed inside, the museum presents two movies, shown throughout the day, about the bomb's effects on Hiroshima and its people.

The destruction the bomb visited on the city itself did not destroy one of Japan's most famous and important shrines, which was spared devastation because of its location in the Inland Sea just off the coast near Hiroshima. Miyajima

(literally "Shrine Island"), is noteworthy for the beautiful architecture of Itsukushima Shrine and the *torii* gate standing just offshore that many are familiar with from travel brochures. A warning to those who want to see Miyajima at its most splendid: check the tide tables and visit the island when the tide is high. The shrine hangs over the waters edge when the water is up, but sits on mudflats when the tide is out. We were disappointed when we went and saw mudflats, although the shrine is beautiful regardless.

Tame but voracious deer wander throughout the shrine areas. They're cute, but likely to snap if you don't buy deer food for them from one of the many souvenir shops. From the ferry depot, the main road takes the visitor through a grove of souvenir shops. Further along the road is the shrine itself, which presents a breath-taking contrast to the lush green of the forested hills. The bright orange of the wooden pillars against the white walls shows one of the most colorful views of Japan aside from the neon of downtown Tokyo. It is a very quiet place, one where contemplation comes easily and the feel of old Japan is ensured. No matter how many other tourists take the ferry to Miyajima

on a given day, all will respect the serenity of the shrine.

There is a rather pricey youth hostel on the island, but most make the trip to Miyajima for just the day. We stayed at a very reasonable (\$20 for a single) *minshuku* (people's inn) located within walking distance of the Peace Park. The proprietor was a nice guy with great English who ran a pretty nice establishment. The rooms had traditional Japanese *tatami* floors and *futons* instead of beds; the bath was down the hall.

—Mary Hoppin

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Owing to the devaluation of the dollar — up to 40 percent against some major currencies — foreign travel is a topic many have placed on hold. The purpose of the devaluation is to decrease the U.S. foreign trade deficit; Japan has been especially targeted. At the present exchange rate of about 145 yen to the dollar, there are no bargains left for the budget traveller. A basic meal is at least six dollars and an average one-night stay in a youth hostel is about \$15 per person. These are just the budget estimates; those looking for elegance and geishas are going to be spending many times more than that.

Americans' fascination with the east began with our involvement in World War II and has been fueled not only by subsequent military involvement in Asia, but also by the region's growing economic strength. This fascination has been limited in most cases to Japan, but just across the stretch of sea that separates her from the Asian mainland, is an emerging economic power and a fascinating travel destination — Korea.

Korea has been overlooked for the most part by travellers to Asia, but when the doors are thrown open next year when Korea hosts the '88 Olympics and the world's attention is riveted on her through the miracle of television, the peninsula will no longer be the unexplored byway it is today. Now is the time to make the trip, and owing to the fact that Korea's currency is tied to the dollar, the price is well within reach of most who are interested in exploring the possibilities.

A round-trip ticket from L.A. to Seoul can be had

for as little as \$599; domestic travel there by train or bus is very cheap. If you know what to look for, inexpensive accommodations are also easy to find.

What to look for is a *yogwan* or *yoinsook*, traditional Korean inns. Western accommodations are also available, but are much more expensive. You can look around on your own for one, but another good way to get the low-down on those in the local area is to inquire at local restaurants that cater the inns. Other helpful tips can be found *Korea and Taiwan — a travel survival kit* published by Lonely Planet.

Hong Kong has long been thought of as a shopper's paradise, but even as land prices in the colony have escalated, prices for consumer goods have risen as well. Because labor and land costs in Korea are cheaper than Hong Kong, prices are too. Some of the shopping inclined who went there last summer came back with pairs of \$7 Reeboks, and similarly cheap clothing.

For those bored stiff by the mere thought of America's second favorite indoor sport, Korea offers a wide array of sites of scenic and cultural significance. Ancient temples still stand today as evidence of Korea's strong Buddhist tradition. Hiking possibilities are endless, as well as chances to visit a country-side still retaining much of the traditional flavor of Korea. The people are friendly and helpful to the confused traveller who may have taken the wrong train.

So take the hold of those foreign travel plans. Korea is waiting for you.

—Mary Hoppin

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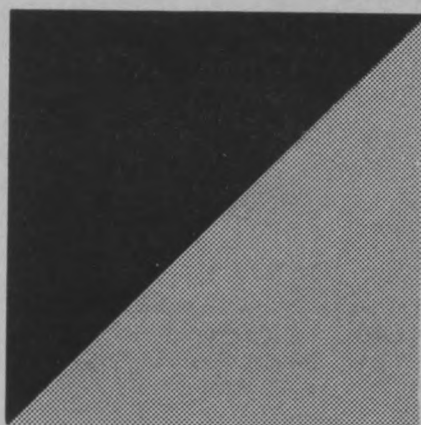
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