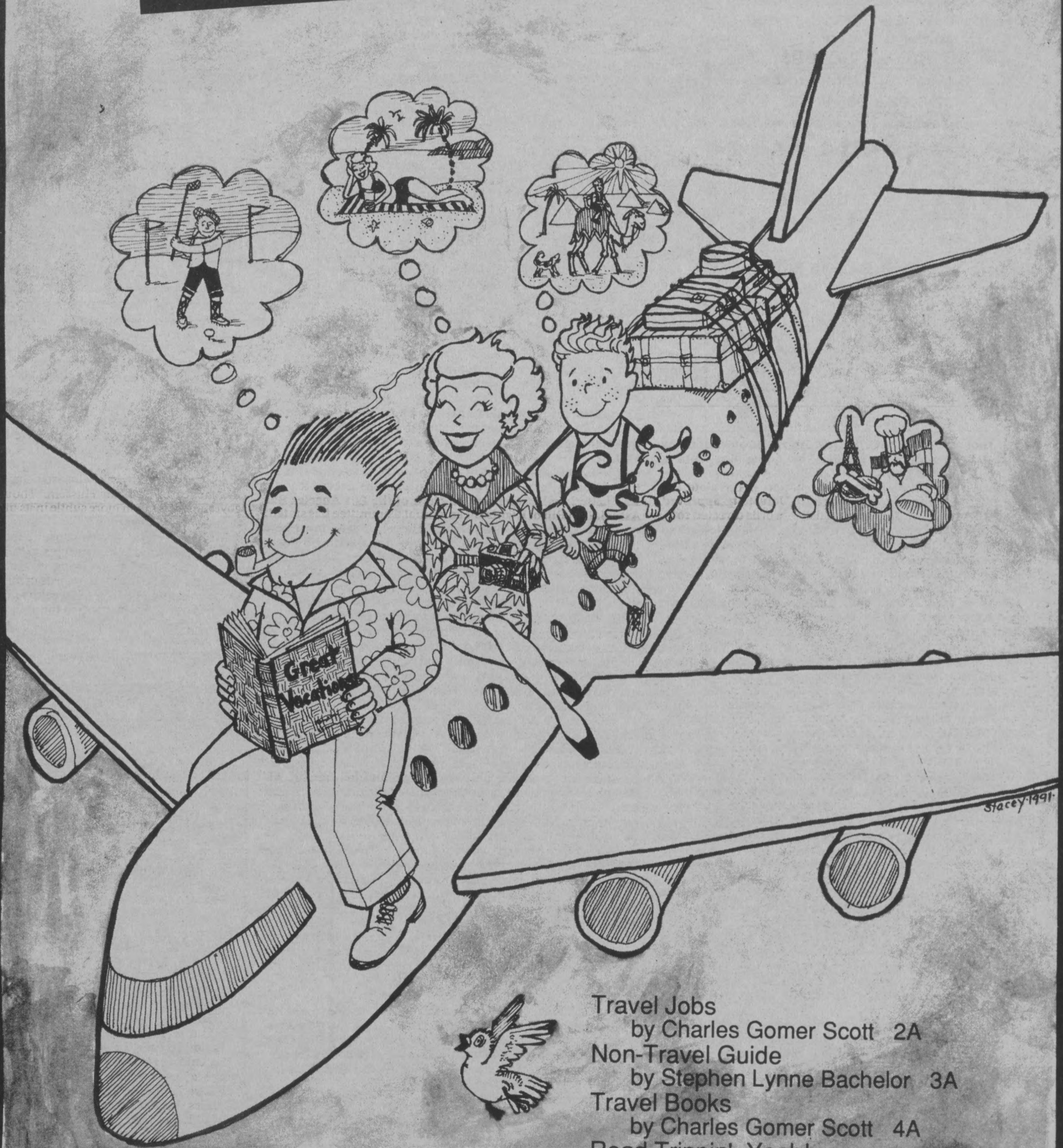


Travel 1991

a supplement to the daily nexus • february 13



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Travel Jobs to Make You Money, Honey

By Charles Gomer Scott

A few years ago I was traveling around Europe. I wasn't the most experienced traveler and hadn't planned on everything.

To be honest, I hadn't planned on stuff being so expensive over there; you know, things like food and blister pads and train rides and beer and ...

And I ran out of money. Just imagine that: You're thousands of miles away from home, in a place where you can't speak the language and even worse, you don't like the music, and you're stone cold broke.

So you have to get a job — at least that's what I did. First I was washing dishes in a restaurant. Lasted about three days doing that. Then this funny man who ran a laundromat saw me looking wistfully into a grocery store and asked me if I'd help him move some furniture.

That turned into a week-long tour of the city — I'd rather not mention the city, because you're likely to ask me why I'd ever go there in the first place. Not to mention several run-ins with the local police (I'm not sure if we weren't supposed to be in the back of the truck or if the furniture wasn't his).

Then I was broke again. A guy I met told me to hitchhike to Greece. "Plenty of jobs there," he told me. Sure.

I'm not going to put you through the agony I went through during those two weeks. It's cost me enough already. And between you and me, my therapist says I'd be better off trying to forget it.

I got to Athens with a backpack full of dirty clothes, cassette tapes that didn't work, an empty water bottle and some worthless addresses of friends of friends in Albania — "in case you get there," they'd

told me.

All stories have a happy ending, right? Well this one does too, sort of. I headed straight for a youth hostel and spent the next month living there. I made beds and cleaned bathrooms. I cooked. I met other travelers at the train station and dragged them back to the hostel. It wasn't paradise, but it was a job. And I finally made enough money to get out of there.

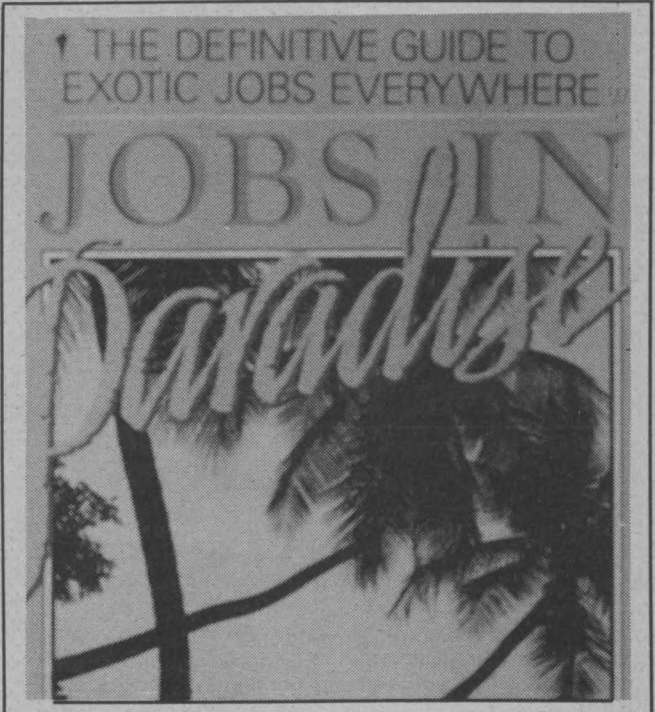
If you're looking for adventure you can go ahead and try that. You might even get a memory or two out of it, but I can't guarantee it.

On the other hand, if you want to have a good time, a really good time in a great place where you actually want to be in the first place, plan ahead. There are scores of travel books out there, not to mention several manuals specializing in how to find travel happiness and make oodles of dough at the same time.

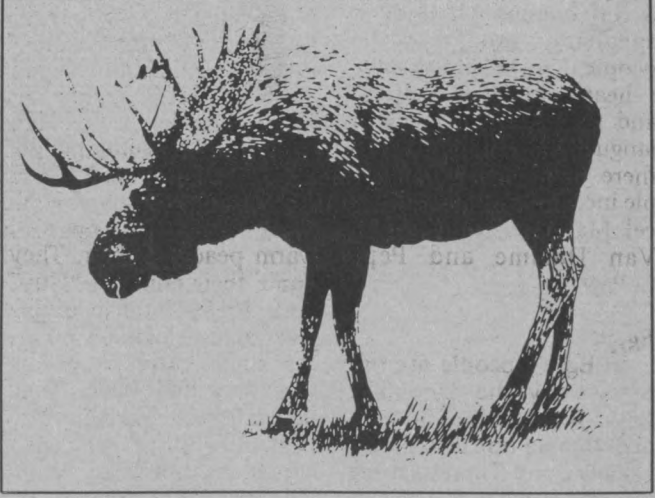
One of the best is Jeffrey Maltzman's *Jobs in Paradise*. Maltzman is a self-declared travel nut who's spent a good deal of his life traveling. He's lived in Malibu and Hawaii, on board 17 different cruise ships and even in Beijing. The great thing is, he managed to work while he travelled, and that is, in a way, what the book is about.

It is divided into sections. The first is an introduction on how to find your job in paradise. (Yeah, so it sounds a bit corny — so what.) That's pretty boring — the good stuff comes next.

You want to get a job at a ski resort for the winter? This book is full of addresses, contact names, explanations of what jobs are offered and the perks you'll be entitled to at upwards of 50 resorts. Everywhere from Lake Tahoe's Heavenly Valley to more obscure listings like Skiing Louise in Al-



Here is a book that this writer recommends. He also likes Sidney Sheldon and early Dean R. Koontz.



This is a bull moose. If you travel to Alaska you may see one. Would you be happy then?

berta, Canada or New Zealand's Fox Peak Ski Field. And skiing is just one of the dream job sections. There are cruise ships, lots of 'em. Jobs in the desert, jobs on tropical islands, jobs at amusement parks, jobs in national parks ... jobs, jobs, jobs.

The most important stuff in the book is what it tells you about planning: Plan ahead. Don't do what I did and run out of money and have to take a job. Figure out what you'd like to do before you go, set it up and do it because life's too short to be an accountant.

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A Travel Guide For The Non-Traveler

By Stephen Lynne-Bachelor

When the time comes for travelling, most people like to go away from where they were at. They go to exotic countries, strange towns, sundry shores — in a word, they travel.

When these people return, they bring back photos, memories, souvenirs, rare diseases, a bad credit rating and an elitist attitude that lasts a lifetime.

But if you must go, I understand. This is why I have compiled this smart little travel guide. Granted, I haven't been to any of these places. I have, however, seen pictures and heard some stories that make me fairly knowledgeable on the subject.

So, here it is:

France

They have a big thing called the Eiffel Tower that is very famous. The food is apparently good, but the people there are pretty rude, I hear. France is cultural and foreign. They speak a language called "French" there. Famous French people include Napoleon, Marcel Marceau, Jean Claude Van Damme and Pepe LePew.

Egypt

In Egypt, people are impressed by the pyramids. Egypt is mysterious and exotic. People ride around on camels a lot. There is a big river there called the Nile. It is hot and the people are often thirsty. The Sphinx is very famous because it is a "mythical man/beast" that is large and made of rock. Famous Egyptian people in-

clude King Tut, Cleopatra, Anwar Sadat and the snake that bit Cleopatra.

England

The people there speak English, but with a funny, foreign accent. They eat a lot of fried foods, I understand. They have a clock called "Big Ben" that you might have seen before in a picture. It is very famous. They have a queen who is also very famous. Famous English people include Benny Hill, Winston Churchill, Mary Poppins and the Pet Shop Boys.

Mexico

Mexico is located "south of the border." They invented the taco, the Chiclet and the big ceramic frog. Strangely enough, the people there speak Spanish, and they're not even in Spain! Lobster is cheap and if you go, your mother wants you to be careful. Famous Mexican people include Senor Naugles, Charo, Fernando Valenzuela and three members of Menudo.

Canada

In Canada, some people speak English and other ones speak French. Everybody likes hockey and warm peach cobbler. They name their children "Guy" and "Ricky" almost exclusively. Home of many popular rock bands such as Loverboy and Rush. They have dollars but they are funny looking and not worth as much as ours. Famous Canadian people include Bryan Adams, John Candy, Wayne Gretzky and my ex-stepfather, Les.

Germany

German people don't

have speed limits on the freeway. They are a hearty, robust people who enjoy many sausages. In September, they hold the Oktoberfest, in which they drink big steins of beer and wear mountain climbing clothes (called "Lederhosen") even when they are not climbing mountains. Like England, Germany has a famous clock, but it is called the "Glockenspiel." Famous German people include Franz Kafka, the Scorpions, Hermann Hesse and the East German weight lifting team.

Italy

Italy is famous for their food, art and Popes. They have a tall building called the "Leaning Tower of Pisa" that is a popular tourist attraction. You can buy a plastic replica of it there. They have a lot of mean taxi drivers who wear shiny, expensive shoes. The people there are called "Italians." Famous Italian people include Leonardo da Vinci, Mario Andretti, Cicciolina and various Popes.

Washington D.C., USA

It is the capital of our country, or so I am told. They have monuments to many famous people there. The Washington Monument is tall and white and the Lincoln Memorial has a big guy in a chair. It is a popular tourist attraction for many junior high school classes as well as angry people with signs. Famous Washington D.C. people include Barbara Bush, Billy and Amy Carter, Joe Theisman and John Hinckley.

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BOOKS That G

Separating the wheat from the chaff, travel books inform as well as entertain.

By Charles Gomer Scott

Do you take a book with you when you go, or not? Believe it or not, this is one of the biggest decisions a traveler can make before leaving. Do you prefer the unfettered sense of exploration and adventure possible if you go without a book, or would you rather have a guide of sorts? You have to admit there's a certain sense of security in having a guide which provides insight into the region you're traveling to and hints about where to go and what to see. That's why most travelers do choose to take guidebooks.

Once the decision is made to take a travel book along for guidance, in this writer's opinion there is only one brand to choose — **Lonely Planet** books. There are numerous guides designed to aid the young, budget traveler on his or her way, but none of them match up to the **Lonely Planet** series. The authors write with the typical groovy-world-traveler in mind, never forgetting that most of us have very small budgets and huge itineraries. Travelers using **Lonely Planet** books generally want to see and experience it all but may have problems paying for it. The series was started

back in 1972, when a couple of Aussies, Tony and Maureen Wheeler, travelled the hard way (without flying) from Asia to Sydney, Australia. The experience was such a wild one that they wrote a book about it: *Across Asia on the Cheap*. Just like that, **Lonely Planet** was born. This first book sold its entire print run of 1,500 copies in a week, leading the Wheelers to realize they were on to something. They've been writing and publishing ever since and the company has been advising countless travelers for the last 18 years. Today, there are almost 100 titles in the collection. These include "travel survival kits" (which provide in-depth coverage of a single country or group of countries), "shoestring guides" (coverage of entire continents or regions) and foreign language phrase books. I used **Lonely Planet** books while traveling in Turkey, the Middle East and Mexico, and each time I've found that they've added greatly to my experience. I

never would've known about riding a *dolmus* — a shared taxi-van between small cities in Turkey — had I not been using my guidebook. Not only did it save me money, but during one *dolmus* ride I met this Turkish university student who took me to his village. I stayed there overnight, went to an engagement party for a couple in his neighborhood and had one of the best experiences of all the time I spent in Turkey. All because a guidebook coaxed me to try an alternative mode of transportation. The fact that I had similar experiences while using the guidebooks in other areas of the world is not in itself a recommendation to use them. Part of the reason they're so good revolves around the fact that the locales chosen are almost always off the beaten path. It's a trite and well-worn phrase, "off the beaten path," but it fits. Books about countries located in Asia, Africa, South America or the South Pacific are likely to be interesting read-



This is from the cover of a travel book discussed in the story.

ing whether you plan on traveling to the country or not. If you're actually going somewhere that almost no one you know has ever even thought of going, there's really nothing you'd rather take with you than a **Lonely Planet** book. This year, the company put out a number of new and/or updated titles. One is a travel survival kit for Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. The Vietnam War was over almost 16 years ago

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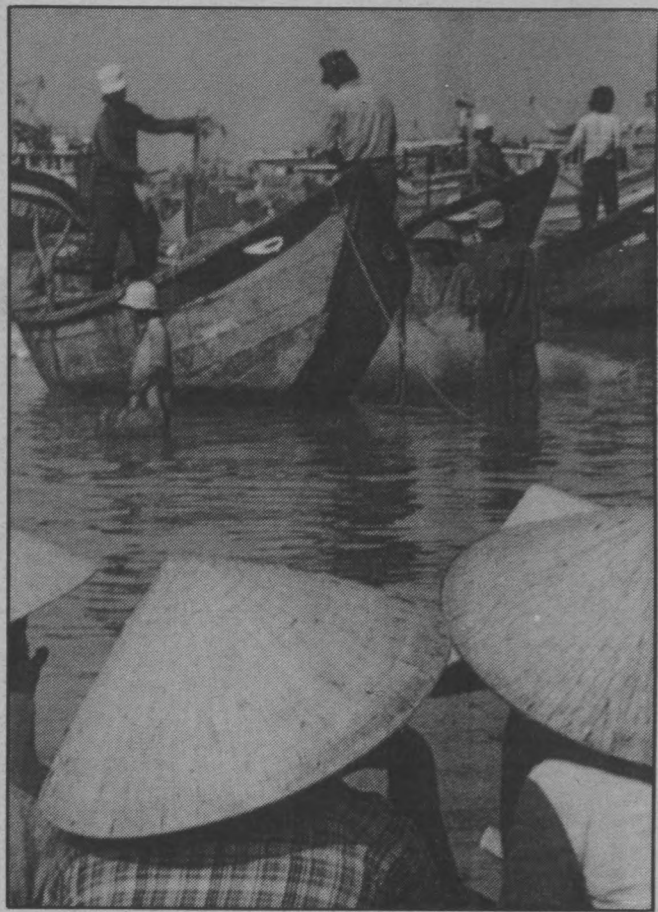
It can't hurt!



Alaska sure is pretty. There are lush rainforests in Alaska (below).



Get You BUSY



So is this.

now, but if you think about it, the U.S. still has very little contact with its former enemy.

Vietnam is on an archaic list of "enemies" that Americans are prohibited from trading with, making it

necessary for anyone interested in going there to take a group tour from another country to begin with. What the **Lonely Planet** guide does for the traveler in Vietnam is provide some interpretation of what you

may see on the tour. There's also a ton of information about visas, travel regulations and official no-no's, stuff about the food, the various peoples living in Southeast Asia and historical explanations of the various cultural sites you'll visit. All is written in a crisp, easy-to-read style you want while on the move.

There are a number of other new or revised books in the **Lonely Planet** catalogue that warrant mention. Included is a new title on Alaska, one of North America's final frontiers. Normally, a U.S. state wouldn't get play in the series, since most states are very much on the main travel lines, but Alaska is an obvious exception.

The Alaska travel survival kit was written by Jim DuFresne, formerly the sports and outdoors editor for the *Juneau Empire*, and also the first Alaskan sportswriter to win a national award from the Associated Press. The writer's knowledge of America's frontier state is enormous, his understanding and love for its barren, open space even greater. The book is both practical

and anecdotal, full of key information about hitchhiking and at the same time packed with hysterical run-ins with crazed bush plane pilots. Alaska is a wildlife lover's paradise, and the book more than amply covers must-see sites like Denali National Park, Prince William Sound and the state's many small islands.

There's more practical information than I'd care to get into, and my guess is that much, if not all of it, is steeped in truth. That's just the experience I've had with these guidebooks.

Another "new" book, which is actually the fourth edition of a popular standby, is *South America on a Shoestring*, an all-encompassing package including tips on what to do and where to do it across the continent.

There are large sections on nations, including Colombia, Peru, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. There are also sections on the Amazon, Easter Island and the Galapagos Islands. Everything from hanging out in cities to trekking jungles and everything in between.

The shoestring guides don't claim to be as all-encompassing or as thorough as the travel survival kits, but if you're traveling all over the continent for, say, two months, it might be just the sort of thing you're looking for.

At this point it's probably fair to note that there are a number of other companies and publishers putting out travel books. Perhaps most familiar to many of you are the Harvard Travel books of the **Let's Go!** series.

While there's definitely a lot of information packed into any of these guides, my experience with them tells me it's also directed at the typical middle-class American kid just off to Europe with a new rucksack on back and a wad of traveler's checks in hand. Only "Hey, let's go dude!" types need purchase.

Then there are the Frommer's \$25-a-day books, but by the time you get to your destination it could be \$100-a-day or more. And these books are realistically not geared at budget travelers, but rather middle-class adults out to have a good vacation and not spend too

much cash. So they're out, too.

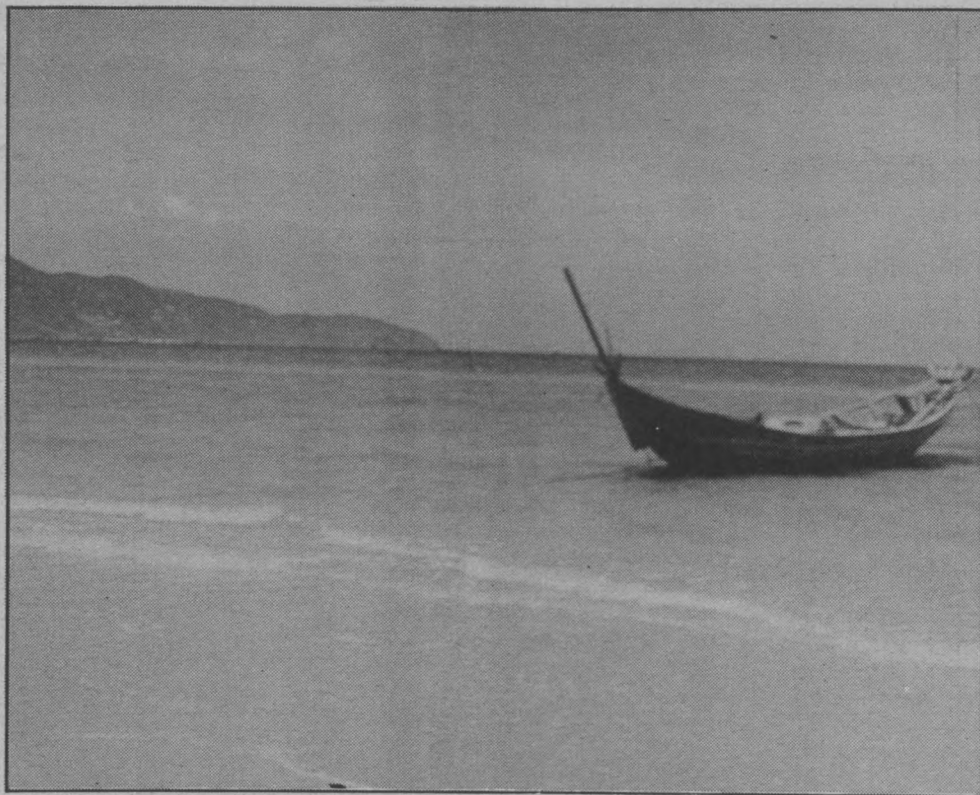
There's a ton of others out there too, but I just wouldn't feel my advice was correct if I didn't recommend **Lonely Planet**. In the end, there is nothing comparable.

Why? We all travel to see new things, to learn and to experience other ways of life. A book should encourage you to do that, not serve as a crutch helping you to meander through a different culture without ever opening yourself up to it. Of all the books out there, **Lonely Planet** books are the only ones that have matched my sense of adventure.

Charles Gomer Scott is a fascinating world traveller who has gone everywhere imaginable in search of good, lean corned beef.



Buckle Up for Level



This is China Beach, like in the TV show.

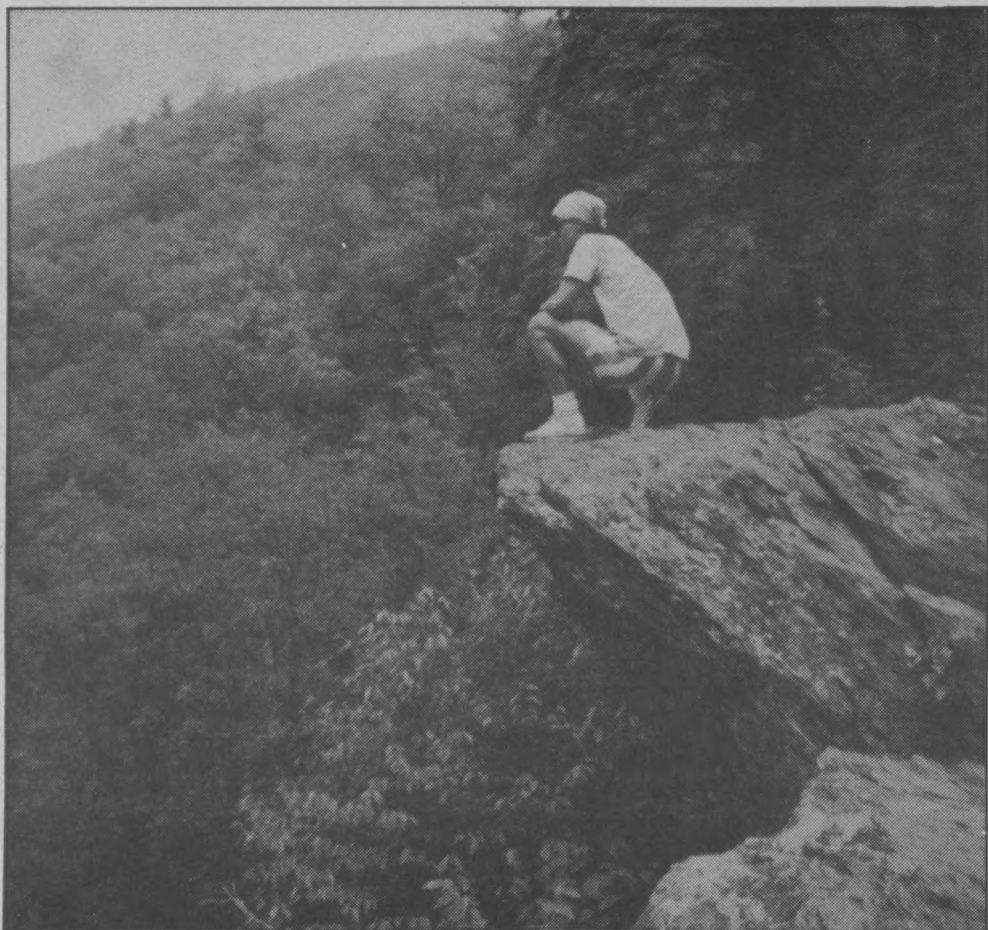
This is some money from Laos (below). It is called the "Kip."



CONNECTION

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The writer contemplates nature and philosophy while watching some people B-B-Q.



Although he doesn't say so in the story, the writer has been to Illinois.

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By Gutch Nice

Skating across the hauntingly desolate Nevada night, Steve and I sought refuge from our fatigue somewhere in the off-road blackness. It was just a few hours before the sun would crack open the endless horizon and begin to bake the desert floor again and there wasn't so much as a highway sign in sight.

Before our hopes for shelter completely dissipated into the nothingness of the plains, we spotted a solitary neon light off to the side of the road. "Z BAR & GRILL — Cocktails * Pool * Slots" were the words on the sign perched above nothing more than a wooden shack with a couple of gas pumps in front. As meager as it seemed, the Budweiser light

in the window told us it was open and we knew their spirits would warm ours. I suppose it's like that in the desert. It plays tricks on you and hides the details of its landscape in a mosaic of plains and sloping barren mountains impregnated with gold.

That's what the bar was there for — the gold. Hundreds of modern day miners lived in this seemingly unfruitful landscape much of the year, ripping apart the mountains with giant machines in search of the gleaming ore. They came and went, like so many tumbleweeds, to and from the sparse little mining companies scattered across Nevada, looking not for fortunes but for livings. They were free to roam uncommitted. It was a freedom for which shanty bars and

lonely nights were a small price.

The girl behind the bar was in her mid-twenties with long brown hair, a built-in smile and a simple, weathered beauty. She was all alone in this desolate oasis but didn't seem to care. She seemed strong and she made us feel welcome by telling us stories, as if we were long lost friends, and serving us cold Budweiser long into the night — always maintaining a distant, watchful air.

When our questions and answers drowned in our exhaustion and our beer, she showed us to a dark back room with a single bed and a boxlike dresser with a cloudy mirror hanging above it. When I asked who used the room, she replied shortly, "whoever needs it." We slept very deeply.

In the morning, after a greasy breakfast and talk of gold with some of the miners who had not yet hit the hills, we were off again on the free and open highway. It was so good, so honest to be on the road. I thought at that moment it must be where I belong.

Steve and I covered many more miles on that trip in the summer of '89. We went

with little money and stayed where we could, linking up with youth hostels along the way — meeting fellow travelers from all over the globe — camping on some of the richest and most diverse land one could imagine, staying with friends close and long lost, and when all else failed, sleeping in the car on roadsides and in parking lots.

We saw the sites that everyone sees — the Mount Rushmores, the buildings and the statues — and found at each enough inspiration and freshness to astonish us like so many thousands before.

Being there in body, underneath the cascading tons of water at Niagra, walking down the racing, filthy and vibrant streets of New York (where we saw a murder, insanity, the giant Coke marquee watching over Time Square and music, food and art in unfathomable proportions) or experiencing the energizing European party of New Orleans, makes each place, however distant or common, part of you.

And then there are the discoveries, like that bar in the Nevada plains, that are enhanced by their originality. The people were also a

discovery; the locals and the travelers who each brought a gem of perspective into our lives.

It was three months and some 12,000 miles Steve and I put in on that trip, in a car cruising through the American dream at a devastating pace. It was all there, brighter, stronger and more stunning than one imagines, and somehow I had missed it all this time.

As we trailed through Las Vegas on the last leg of our sojourn, we went slow and talked of missing our final destination and never coming back. The road, like a drug or an infatuation, had crept under our skin and wouldn't let us leave.

Home never looked the same. It never seemed complete after knowing the power and experience of traveling. It felt so right. I'm certain that we all, to some extent, belong there.

Gutch Nice disappeared mysteriously after writing this column. Sources say he mumbled "Gretchen, I'm coming," as he drove away in his brown Impala.

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Film Noir Goes French

By Dirk Dan Dave Dunhill

My head feels like it has just had a *rendez-vous* with 28 drunken rubber mallets. I shoulda had a more *laissez-faire* attitude towards whatever poison I'd been drinking the night before. I don't know where I am, except that the Eiffel Tower is right outside my window. The whole situation takes away my *Raison d'Etre*. The whole thing is all Greek to me. Or maybe I should say, all French to me, and I don't speak French.

Name's Dunhill and I used to be a cop, but now I'm a Private Eye. It pays better, but I miss the free donuts.

Two weeks and three bottles of scotch ago, she came floating into my office. It was *femme fatale* Sasha Strongbody. She was beautiful and deadly, spotlight on deadly. She was the kind of dame that would make a guy stop smoking, because she was smoking enough for two.

"Dunhill," she said, "I need your help."

"Take a hike," I said. I had one insurance report too many with her name under "cause of injury" to scratch her back again.

"Dirk Dan Dave," she breathed. "Please."

She looked at me with big blue eyes that could make Jerry have a garage sale to get Tom out of the hospital. My heart melted into my sock, out the holes in my Thom McCanns and all over my rug. I was busted.

I don't like airplanes. When I was eight, Tommy "Nu-Nu Lips" McNaughty beat me with his toy Pan-

Am 407, and they have bugged me ever since. So I was as happy as a Mr. Green Jeans in a Levi 501s commercial when Strongbody told me that we needed to go to France to fix her problem.

She said we would be looking for her father.

The plane ride was bad. *Real* bad. I got sick. *Real* sick. They served coffee with cream. *Real* cream.

I was glad when we touched ground. I was sad when I lost Strongbody in customs. I was mad when I found a note she slipped in my pocket. I'd been had. This was bad.

Of course, I had no idea why she had brought me over here; her note was written in French. But I would figure that out later. Right now, I had to survive.

I made it out of Charles The Gaul Airport, but just by the hair on my chinny-chin. I decided to go out for a little walk.

People didn't bother me much. Which was fine. At one point, some lady came up to me and said, "Depuis la gare, mes cheveux etiaent noirs."

I didn't know what that meant, so I smiled, mentioned French toast and kissed her on both cheeks. That was one of two ways that I knew the French kissed, and I didn't think the other way would be proper.

Paris was lovely with its sidewalk cafes and The Chadilar Zay, but I'd take a cup a' joe at a deli named Joe's in the Big Apple any day. The only place I wanted to see was that place in France where the naked ladies dance and the men don't care, because they don't wear underwear. But



In France, this author implies, almost anything can happen. Why is that interesting?

STACEY TEAS/Daily Nexus

if I couldn't have that, I'd take a stiff drink and a warm bed. For that, I needed a hotel and for that, I needed a taxi.

I waved one down. "Le balloon est vert," said the driver.

I was desperate. I tried the only language I knew.

"Aketa y emay otay ayay otelhay," I said. Pig Latin was a universal language.

He understood. I forgot to say please, so I knew why he was mad when gave me a dirty look and said, "Trou de Cue American." But he got me to a hotel.

Outside of the Hotel Flambay, he stopped, "Ou est le chein bleu?"

I guessed he was asking for money. "Iyay avehay onay oneymay," I said.

He got mad again and drove off with one of my bags. But that was all right, because I had taken someone else's bags off the luggage carousel, for situations

just like this. Tonight, Pascal-Phillipe the cab driver would be digging through the bloomers of some housewife from Rhode Island, which was fine with me.

People were running around in the hotel like it was a headless chicken convention. I tried to get someone's attention.

"Can I just ..." I said, but Micheal-Jean kept on walking.

"Will you please ..." I said, and Pierre-Jacques walked right on by.

"But I need ..." I said. Bridgette-Claude didn't listen.

"Can I ..."
"But ..."
"Just ..."

These damn French people would pay me no heed. I don't know what book of etiquette these French referred to, but I was about to refer to a book written by a guy named Colt.

The frenchy-french at the desk found himself big nose to barrel with my best friend and favorite phallic symbol, my Colt .44.

"Ancay Iyay avehay ayay oomray, EASEPLAY?" I said.

I got a room alright. And that is where I am now. The Prison de Fromage. I guess the hotel was full. Headache *ala* billyclubs and all. I been in worse jams, I'll get out of this one.



STACEY TEAS/Daily Nexus

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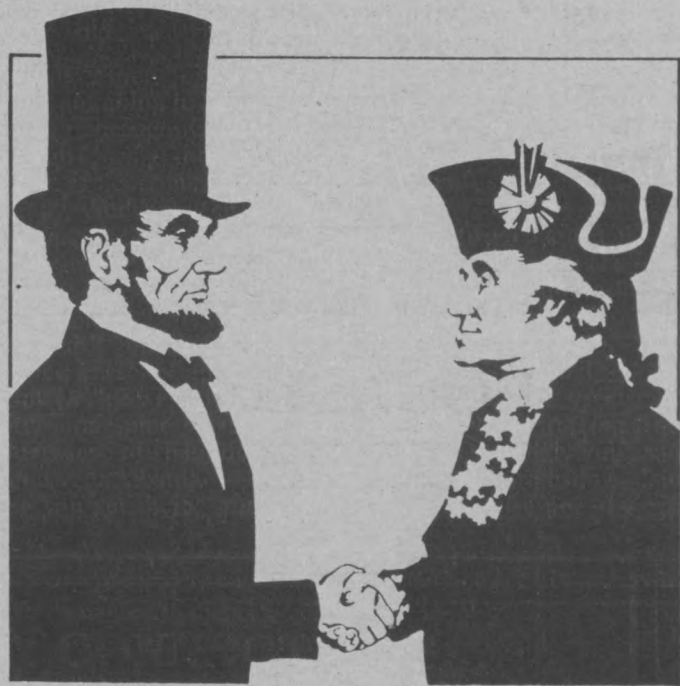
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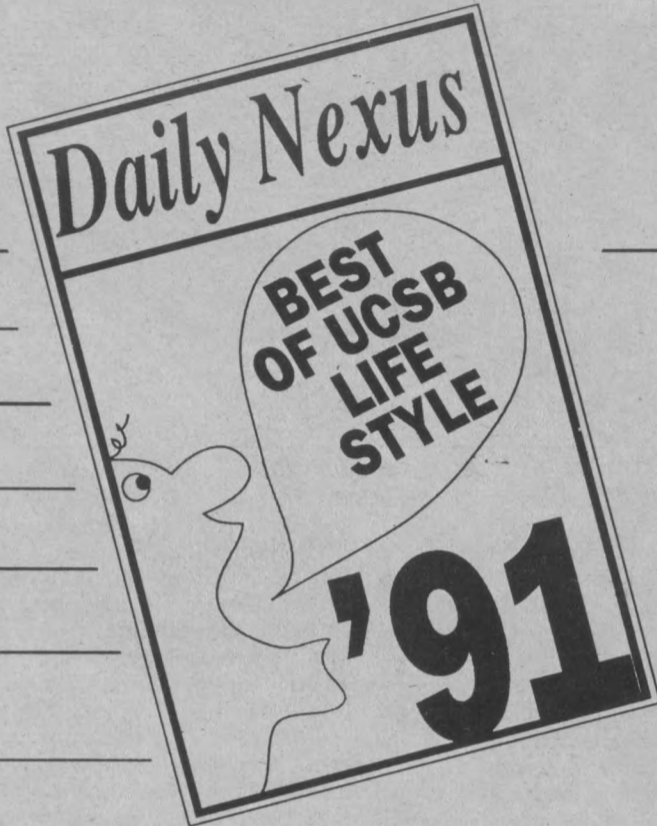
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Due to
the Presidents' Day Holiday,
the Advertising Deadlines are:

3 pm Thursday 2/14
for Tuesday 2/19

12 Noon Friday 2/15
for Wednesday 2/20

2nd Annual • 1991 BEST OF UCSB



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UCSB Readers Poll Rules

NO xeroxed ballots

Ballots must be dropped off at **The Nexus Ad Office**, underneath Storke Tower by **Wednesday, Feb. 20, 5 pm.**

ONE ballot per person, **please.**

Check One: Student Staff (optional) Faculty Other

1. Best Exercise Club _____

2. Best Dance Club _____

3. Best Local Band _____

4. Best Breakfast Place _____

5. Best Sandwich Place _____

6. Best Pizza _____

7. Best Happy Hour _____

8. Best Place to Drink Pitchers _____

9. Best Restaurant to Take Your Parents _____

10. Best Chinese Food _____

11. Best Mexican Food _____

12. Best Burgers _____

13. Best Frozen Yogurt _____

14. Best Ice Cream _____

15. Best Place to Drink Coffee _____

16. Best Music Store _____

17. Best Bike Shop _____

18. Best Hair Salon _____

19. Best Place to Buy Groceries _____

20. Best Bookstore _____

21. Best Place to Buy Condoms _____

22. Best Dining Commons _____

23. Best Line to Get a Woman/Man in Your Bedroom _____

24. Best Reason to Miss Class _____

25. Best Word for Vomiting _____

26. Best Excuse for Not Graduating in 4 Years _____

27. Best Kept Secret on Campus _____

28. Best Radio Station _____

LIFESTYLE