

## A small change in vending machines

Chips and drinks, tampons and condoms — all are readily available in the vending machines college students rely on. Now you can find items you'd never expect to see in those change-eating monsters, including art, aphrodisiacs and beer.

A machine at the U. of South Florida offers the creations of campus artists. Jewelry, black-and-white photographs and blocks of wood with designs can be purchased for \$1 each from the formerly standard-issue machine, which was redesigned to include Andy Warhol-esque tinted Xeroxes on the display panel.

The machine was originally part of an art exhibit by 1993 USF graduate Mark Satterthwait.

Kim Kessler, a graduate student, owns several pieces from the machine. "It makes art more accessible to people who might be afraid to go into a gallery."

Katy Hernandez, a 1993 fine arts graduate of USF, has sold nearly 80 of her photographs through the machine. "It's fun stuff — the things are small enough to tack on the fridge or a bulletin board," she says.

In a less highbrow vein, VendAmerica of Lake Bluff, Ill., mass-markets machines which offer racy "novelty items." Seventy-five cents will get you a heart or rose temporary tattoo or a "love kit" containing items such as love drops and a novelty condom.

Co-owner Rick Merner says the company already has machines on college campuses which sell condoms, but he's not sure that the company's full product line will be made available. "I don't think the other stuff is appropriate in a college environment," he says.

Perhaps your student center's machines will one day offer the products found in Japan's vending machines which include beef and beer.

Although no American company has yet announced plans to sell meat through vending dispensers, U.S.A. Entertainment is currently testing a beer machine on golf courses in Florida.

The machine requires you to pay \$2.50 and prove to the attendant monitoring the machine by video camera that you are 21 and reasonably sober.

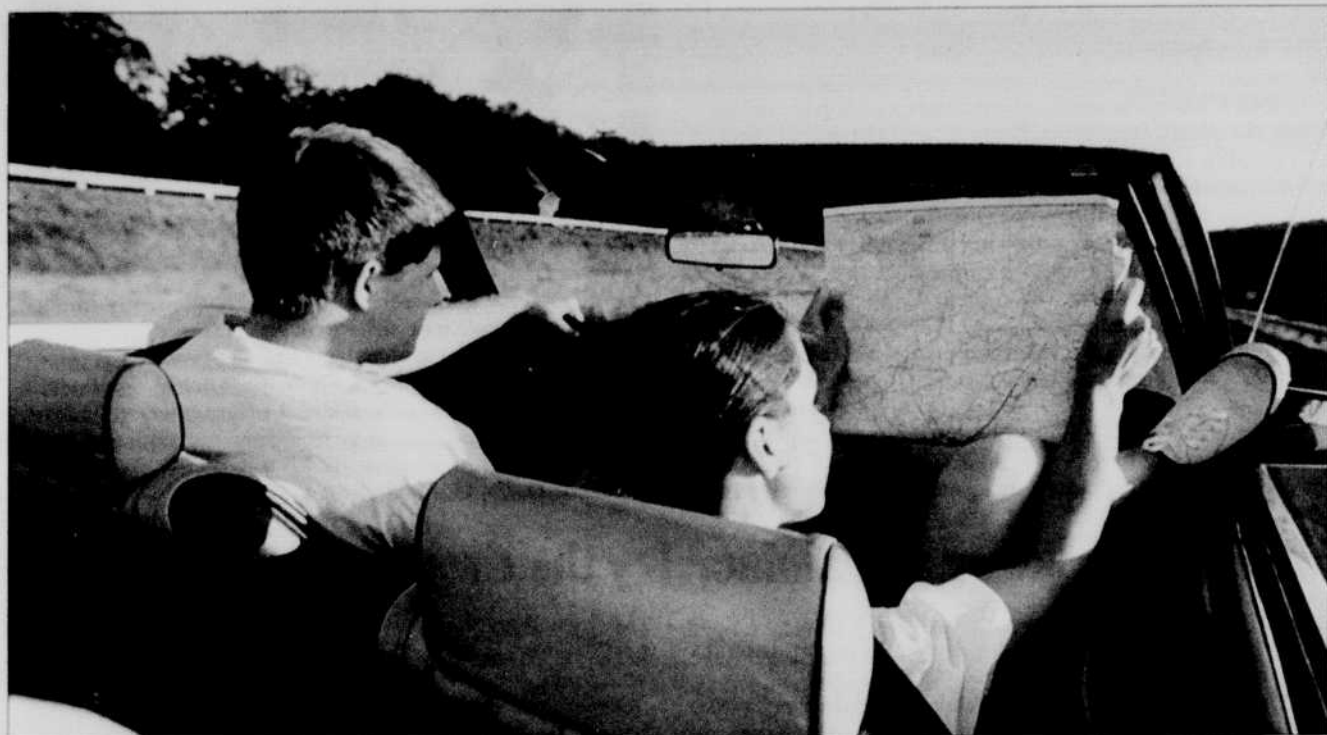
Glad Cleveland, of U.S.A. Entertainment Center, says the company has no plans to put its machines on college campuses. "We're interested in more upscale markets," she says. ■ Taylor Ward, Oracle, U. of South Florida



DAN BAKER  
ORACLE, U. OF  
SOUTH FLORIDA

# A Road Tripper's Guide

Pack lots o' tapes and Dramamine, then hit the highway



MATT SCHWABEL THE BREEZE, JAMES MAJUSON U

Strap on your knuckle-baring Evel Knievel gloves and some Ambervision shades and you'll be cruisin'.

By Chris Leitner and Sabrina Rubin, 34th Street Magazine, U. of Pennsylvania

**S**o you wanna go out on the road, huh? Go exploring the great outdoors like you were Jack Kerouac or something? Well, it's not as simple as you think. For you ambitious, but short-sighted troopers, here's a handy guide for your adventures.

First of all, let's talk cash flow. The best way to handle this touchy subject is for all the members of your trip to pool their money.

Of course, you could try more innovative fund raising. Christopher O'Brien, a junior at the U. of Illinois, remembers a group of friends who financed a road trip with a little imagination and a lot of chutzpah. They took full advantage of roadside rest areas, making sure to stop at each one. And they robbed them.

"[They'd] go up to the outdoor soda machines... and crack them open and take all the change," recounts O'Brien. "They'd usually get about 15 or 20 bucks at a shot." (A note to all of you opportunistic readers: this is illegal. There are easier and more honest ways to collect money for your trip — giving blood, perhaps.)

Unless you're Berkeley's naked guy, you will need some sort of clothing. Pack appropriately, and keep in mind the changing weather conditions. This may seem fairly obvious, but consider the sad tale of two sophomores from Morehead College in

Kentucky. Being true bohemians, Stephen Murry and Alan Lawrence chose to bring little else on their journey but the short-sleeved shirts on their backs... completely forgetting that they were headed to New Jersey in the dead of winter. They drove into a blizzard en route, spun out on a patch of ice and crashed into a tree.

"After a half-hour went by, we had no choice. It was getting really cold, and no one was coming by," says Murry. "We had to hike it and find some help." Twenty chilly minutes later, the sandaled pair crawled half-frozen into a police station.

"I never appreciated cops so much in my life," Lawrence remembers.

The music you play will all but determine the course of your trip. So if you hate classic rock, let everyone else know *before* they start blasting "Born to be Wild." Bring lots o' tapes, because God knows what yee-hawing hoopla your favorite station will turn into a few hundred miles down the road.

And make sure to bring a variety of music.

Heather McCracken, a senior from the

U. of Pennsylvania, learned this lesson the hard way after taking a trip to Boston with nothing to listen to but the Spin Doctors. "I'm emotionally scarred for life," she moans. "I sang 'Two Princes' for weeks afterwards."

If you get motion sickness, you should definitely, certainly, *absolutely* bring some Dramamine or something. Or don't go. Reva Patel, a student at Queens College, remembers one hellish journey down the winding roads of Skyline Drive in the Smoky Mountains. "I was sitting in the back seat between my two brothers, and the road was really curvy," she says. "All of a sudden, Sammy rolled down his window and puked up the possum scapple he'd eaten for breakfast. Ezra took one look and puked out the other window."

"So there I was, trapped in between my two vomiting brothers. It was worse for the guy driving behind us, though. He was swerving out of the way and turning on his wipers... Never puke out of a moving car, especially when there are cars following close behind you."

So now that you know the rules to play by, go out and have fun. Make tracks. Strap on your knuckle-baring, leather Evel Knievel driving gloves and a pair of Ambervision shades. Hang a strawberry-scented air freshener from your rearview mirror and you'll be cruisin' in high style with *Best of the Seventies: Infernal Disco Classics* blaring on your eight track. Oh, how they will stare. □

