

Jake's Adventures



**"Let's go to Hawaii."
I said.
"No," Patti replied.
"Hawaii is too expensive
in the winter. Italy is
cheap."**

Are men from Mars, women from Venus? In Jake's view, he's from Hawaii – his wife, Patty, is from...anyplace else! Vacations, how to plan and enjoy them has our intrepid columnist ruminating about the difference between the sexes. Jake sets these thoughts against the background of a Hawaiian episode and the couple's recent vacation to Italy. All guaranteed to tickle the funny bone in this seven-part series of **Jake's Adventures** that we call...

Aloha Venezia!

By Jake Satin-Jacobs

You may have noticed that men and women are different. We have different ideas about how life works and we see the world through different filters.

A man may say that he'd like to go fishing in the mountains. A woman turns it into a camping trip, then a cabin in the woods. The cabin becomes a small hotel, then a resort. Finally, it's a Hyatt near the ocean and the only fish in sight is the stuffed Marlin over the bar.

And the course of discussions between men and women is so odd. Male logic and objectivity butt heads endlessly against female emotion and subjectivity. The result is frequently chaos.

We men slam into a wall of frustration like mayflies on the windshield of a speeding automobile. We find ourselves so intensely without options that we revert to our most childish selves. We become twelve-year-old boys dealing with twelve-year-old girls.

All hairless and naïve

We stand there, all hairless and naïve, holding a handful of harmless worms in our outstretched hands, while the girls in training bras and pink lipstick shriek. It makes no sense to us and so we respond senselessly. We pull their pigtails; we spit; we throw the worms at them.

My wife, Patti, as you may know, is a girl. I am a boy and we approach vacations, as we do most things, from entirely different perspectives. I key in on the "vacate" part of vacation. I want to empty my head and my calendar, pretend that there are no clocks or chores and pay no attention whatever to adjusting the environment, like turning on the heat.

My wife is more inclined toward vacations that emphasize the "ation"

part of the word. She wants education, stimulation and acculturation. When we discuss how to spend our non-work time, she wants to take a flower-arranging course in Tokyo, while I want to drive to the beach. She wants to take a guided tour of Yugoslavian cuisine and I want to take the bus to the beach.

Patti is trying to decide whether it would be more fun to book us for three weeks at a 1-Star hotel in a third world country or at a "cute little highland Bed and Breakfast somewhere north of Glasgow." I, on the other hand, would be happy to spend a few days at the beach.

Our problem is always compounded by the fact that I have no regard whatever for money and, therefore, no concern. I'm not inclined to spend a lot of money, but a vacation is a vacation. If it costs a couple extra bucks, relax. We'll get it paid. If it's too expensive, well, let's just go to the beach.

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