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starting on page 132.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE



The best part of any trip is coming home to the Bay Area, and I'm ready.

9/26/07 8:25 a.m.

Great timing: I'm on the road just when this letter for our travel issue is due. Sometimes things work out perfectly. Right now, I'm sitting on the tarmac at SFO waiting for my delayed flight to Portland, Oregon. I've been to Portland well over 100 times for business, and the land of Ducks and Beavers has changed considerably in the last 13 years. Once dismissed as a remote, provincial, moist northwestern outpost, the city has become a remarkably interesting, fun, and easy place to visit. In another stroke of luck, the cover story in today's *New York Times* food section is about chefs from around the country who are moving to Portland to share their creative cuisine.

9/28/07 6:33 p.m.

Portland just gets better every time. Checked out two of the restaurants from the *Times* article—Paley's and Le Pigeon—and they were right on the money. Also enjoyed a terrific new place to stay, Hotel deLuxe.

10/01/07 9:16 a.m.

Now en route to my former hometown, New York City, in one of the brand-new planes from Virgin America, which recently set up its home base at SFO. Cool setup on here, and it's *clean*. The entertainment unit is hip, and I'm sure I've only scratched the surface of what it can do—but it's hard to compete with my PowerBook, and every seat has an outlet. Traveling cross-country requires more energy and time, but New York feels like a second home to me. I'm fortunate to have friends and family there, and the weather is supposed to be classic "Indian summer" when I touch down.

10/01/07 7:05 p.m.

Yep, this place is still huge, in staggering contrast to Portland. New York is the fastest, sharpest-witted, most muscular city I've ever visited—no matter what time you arrive, the energy level is palpable. In a classic NYC

moment, my taxi swings by Central Park South and the Plaza Hotel, where three grand pianos are set up outside to serenade attendees of the hotel's 100th-anniversary gala. Only here.

10/02/07 7:15 p.m.

A typical business day in this frenetic town: five appointments with a lunch meeting in the middle, then an afternoon coffee meeting (which I needed). Now I'm heading out the door for dinner. Another day and a half of this, and I'll be toast.

10/04/07 9:20 a.m.

Blasting through the midtown tunnel toward JFK for my return trip to SFO. The best part of any trip is coming home to the Bay Area, and I'm ready.

I hope you enjoy this adventurous issue of *San Francisco* and your own travels, wherever they take you.

Thanks for your readership, and I'll see you at Coco500...or the "21" Club. ■

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