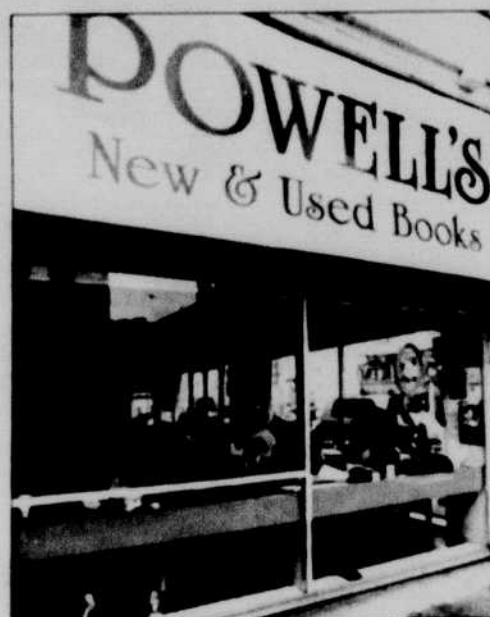


PORTLAND

The X-Ray Cafe, located just over the Burnside Bridge on the west side of the river, is an underground rock club with live music nightly.



Powell's Books on West Burnside is supposedly the biggest bookstore this side of the Mississippi.



Portlandia, in all her majestic beauty, sits atop the entryway of The Portland Building near Portland State.

Tired of the small city with the night life that rivals Mayberry?

Why not head to the medium-sized metropolis that sits only two hours to the north.

Sure, it's no Seattle — not as grungy, no space needle — but if you know where to go, a weekend in Portland can be a refreshing weekend away from the city locked in the 1960s.

Story by Dave Charbonneau
Photos Courtesy Daily Vanguard

Rowe Junior High

(Southeast of Portland in Milwaukie) — Essential for history buffs. This is the junior high school which Tonya Harding attended. In fact, up the road about a mile is Milwaukie High School, the school which Harding dropped out of after her freshman year.

La Luna (Southeast Portland) — For great music and reasonably-priced beer, this is the place to go. Bands like Smashing Pumpkins and Mudhoney have played there in the last three months and on any given weekend one of Portland's better bands is usually on the bill, and it's an all-ages club.

X-Ray Cafe (West Burnside) — This little hole in the wall is another rock club. A very underground atmosphere with tons of velvet paintings, and a groovy jukebox with Devo and Elvis songs. You can also get stuff like peanut butter toast at the snack bar. One problem: the place is all-ages place with no beer but that brings us to the next place ...

Caribou (West Burnside) — Right across the street from the X-Ray is this bar. It has the cheapest prices you

could ever hope to find. Drinks (beer and well drinks) are a dollar, every night, all night. So, in between sets at the X-Ray, you can run across the street and have some good cheap fun.

The Mission

(NW Portland) — Quite a cool place to go and drink McMenam's fine microbrew and watch a movie for a dollar.

Microbrews (Everywhere) — Virtually everywhere you go in Portland, you're bound to find a microbrew. The best is Bridgeport Brewpub (NW). Others include Widmer (SW), McMenam's (about 20 locations) and Portland Brewing Company (NW).

Dot's (SE Belmont) — A very hip little place that I've never actually been to, but I hear it's supposed to be pretty cool. Unfortunately, it burned down a couple of months ago but should be reopened within the next month or two.

Mike's Drive-In (Sellwood and

Milwaukie

— Great yogurt shakes and hamburgers with eggs can't be beat. No where to sit but it's good food for cheap.

Foster Drive-In Theater (SE Foster) — When was the last time you went to see

through-out Portland. Or course, there's Tower Records (NE 102nd and Halsey) but the real finds are Ozone (W. Burnside), Locals Only (SW 2nd), 2nd Avenue (SW 2nd) and Music Millennium (NW 23rd and E. Burnside).

The Trailblazers — If you got a lot of money, why not pick a weekend when the Blazers are playing at the Memorial Coliseum. Just wait outside on the sidewalk and watch the scalpers come running. You could probably get a pair of tickets for \$100.00 maybe less if you wait until tip-off, not that I've ever done it.

Pittock Mansion (Northwest, just follow Burnside up the hill) — For romantic types, take a walk around this historic mansion. I don't know why it's historic, but it looks cool.

Other places of note:

The Lotus — Dance, drink and party with weird people!

a movie at a drive-in? Well, this is your calling. It opens in March and usually has current releases. Load up the pillows and blankets in station wagon and catch a double feature like the good ol' days with ma and pa.

Powell's Books (West Burnside) — If there's a book you want to find, Powell's will have it. It's supposedly the biggest book store this side of the Mississippi. Coffee shop and everything. It's amazing there's not a place like this in Eugene.

Record Stores — There are virtually 15 or so independent record stores

Student learns new definition of freedom

Mandy Baucum in the jungle near Shushufindi.



I was tired of sitting. I had been on the bus for 10 hours with only one bathroom break, and all I wanted to do when I reached the bus terminal in Quito was to look for the restrooms.

Through the crowd of dark-skinned people hurrying around me I saw a flight of stairs and the haven I was looking for at the end.

After spending almost three months in Ecuador as an exchange student, my friend Jen and I had been through this ritual a few times before. But this time we had brought our own paper with us (because many bathrooms don't even have someone selling toilet paper outside — there simply isn't any). This time there was a woman selling toilet paper, but we informed the woman that we wouldn't need to pay.

Although the woman seemed fairly upset with my decision to refuse her services, I continued into the bathroom.

As I neared the horrible-smelling stall, I realized that the woman had followed me and was now becoming somewhat hysterical. I still ignored her, determined to hold my own. Wasn't it a public bathroom?

I entered the stall and put my camera bag

on the ground as far from the used pieces of toilet paper as I could. Looking up I saw the short woman holding the stall door and yelling at me. She was talking Spanish really fast, too fast for me to understand.

Even though I had difficulty understanding her I repeated again in her language, "I already have toilet paper!"

Watching the woman and my reaction, Jen seemed a little afraid. I fumed at her in English about the annoying woman and her hysterical reaction to my rebellion.

"No, no, no senorita," she kept repeating like a mother forbidding her child. "This bathroom isn't public," she repeated several times for my understanding.

I didn't think she was telling the truth but I didn't want to argue. Defeated, I returned to the bathroom door and paid the five measly cents.

Jen laughed at my belligerence but complained along with me about the many times we had been taken advantage of.

Later I told my host father, Patricio, about the incident. He told me that the restroom was public and that the woman should have let me enter without paying.



The view from the top of an open air-bus overlooking the jungle at dusk. The oil pipeline follows along the road.

"I should have just sat down and gone to the bathroom right in front of her," I said, still fuming about the unfairness of it all. "You know what she probably would have done?" he laughed at my indignation. "She probably would have pushed you off the toilet."

(That wouldn't have been too hard, considering there was no lid on it.)

"It would have been easier to just pay her the 100 sucres," he said. "What is that in

American money, like five cents or something?"

Embarrassed, I realized the different way of thinking between Patricio and I. His idea of freedom is totally unlike mine.

Freedom to him is being able to take a stop sign as a suggestion and not an order.

Freedom to him is if a police officer pulls him over, accepts his bribe and allows him to continue toward his destination.

Freedom to him is being able to drink a beer anywhere he wants.

Freedom to him is being able to enjoy seeing a few cows herded across a busy street in downtown Quito, population 1.2 million.

His life is one with less structure and fewer rules. He is free to do as he pleases and to experience life with all its flaws and glories.

For me, freedom comes from laws. My rights are something I can point to in a book or constitution. I can point to a rule and justify a wrong or unfairness. If someone wrongs me, I can file a lawsuit or talk to my congressman.

One of my Ecuadorian professors used to call the American attitude toward justice,

"The religion of democracy."

My first reaction was one of defense, but then I started to think about it. I remembered that once I watched Judge Wapner preside over a case where a man was suing for five cents, the return of a pop can. I also remembered my own behavior in the bathroom and the 10 cents I refused to pay.

Who was I to go against the grain and make a big fuss about my rights?

Maybe somebody from the United States would have admired my tenacity, but most of the women in the bathroom just looked at me like I was crazy.

Maybe I had it all wrong. I thought. But I still couldn't let go of my original feelings. Isn't justice what gives us hope that someone is on our side? How many laws will it take to achieve real justice?

I can't decide whose system I think is better, or even that I should. But I know for sure that when it comes down to fighting over a piece of toilet paper, I've taken my freedom just a little too far.

— Mandy Baucum
Oregon Daily Emerald