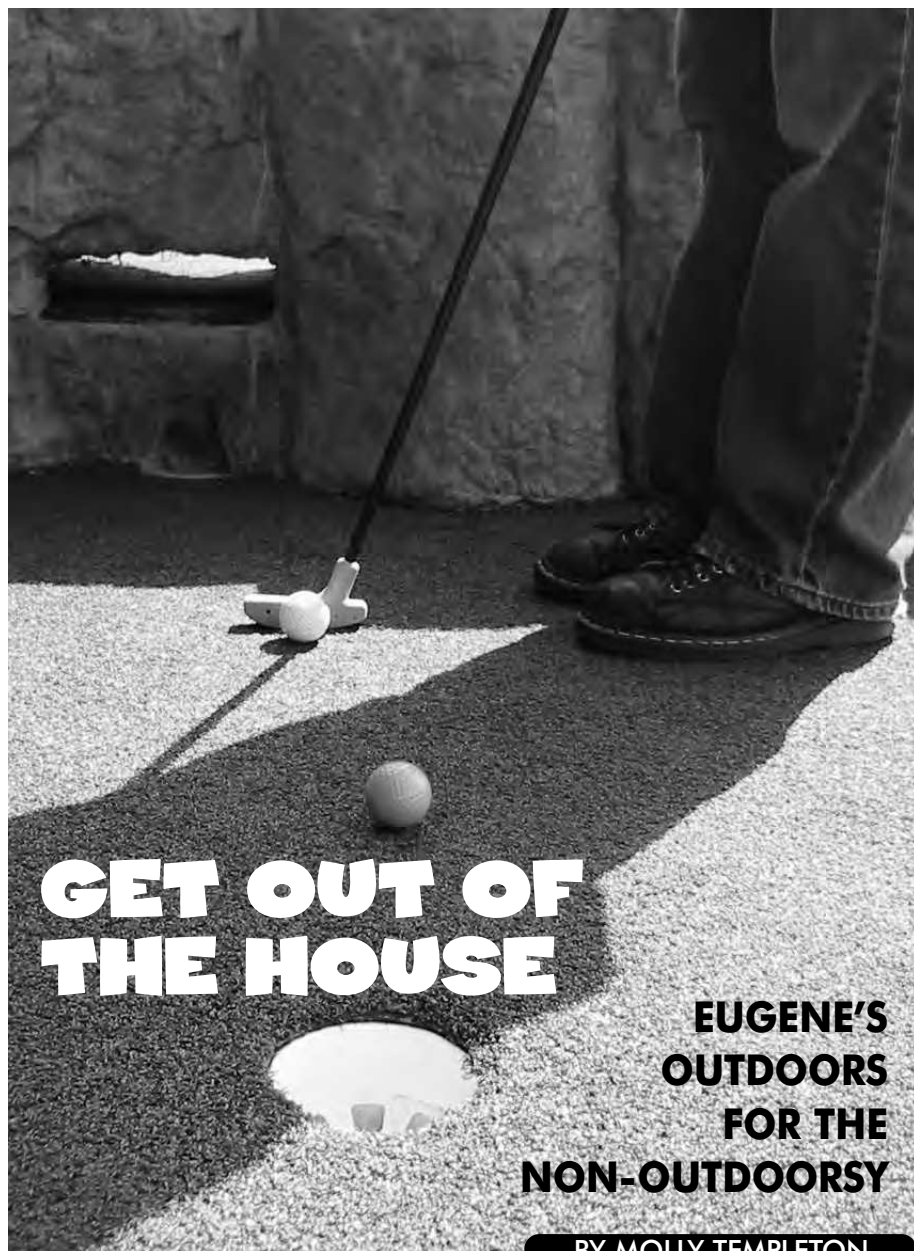




It's a dirty little secret,

for a girl born in Eugene: I've never been to the top of Spencer's Butte. I've also never been to Mount Pisgah, gone skiing or snowboarding in this state (a short and painful snowboarding attempt in New York doesn't really count), boated down the Willamette or the McKenzie, or gone windsurfing in the Columbia Gorge.

I've seen a lot of Oregon's outdoors, and I love hurtling down the path to Crater Lake's pristine surface as much as the next person. But frankly, I'm just not much for the wondrous outdoor activities Eugene and surrounding areas have to offer.

What I am for is being out-of-doors. I am *all* for sprawling in the park with a mini-pic-

nic or sipping a soy mocha at a coffee shop's sidewalk seating. I can get a little lazy, though, and forget that there's an outdoors beyond my back porch. So on a recent afternoon, my partner-in-crime and I grabbed some snacks from Broadway Market and went on a little tour.

We — well, I, to be fair — thought **Skinner Butte Park** would be a good place to eat, sitting in one of the many waterfront nooks and crannies where fallen trees dangle out over the river. The rest of the park is lovely as well, but those barely-there paths and the feeling of hiding from the rest of the world are what I remember loving about the park in my mildly rebellious teen years. There's just one real problem: the highway

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across the river. Nothing ruins an idyllic riverbank scene like the sound of semis barreling down I-105. Add a few dirty socks and left-behind beer cans, and you've got a good reason to head back to a bench in the sun.

Sitting in the sun can be ever so tiring. Coffee was rapidly becoming a necessity, so we crossed town to **Full City** on 13th and High. While many Eugene coffeehouses have outdoor seating — the **5th Street Beanery's** deck is particularly nice in early spring when the clematis is blooming — Full City wins on one particular technicality: people watching. Some café-goers prefer hidden garden seating, like that at **Espresso Roma**. But I want to watch the world go by, and 13th Avenue offers a grand Eugene cross-section. Plus, no iced coffee in town comes close to Full City's delicious cold-water extract.

The sidewalk seats at **Jo Federigo's** were looking enticing, but it was a little too early for a cocktail, so we went to relax in **Monroe Park at 10th and Monroe**. The shaded benches around the perimeter of this park are perfect for reading without too much glare on the page, and there are usually empty benches. Sprawl out and take up a whole bench without feeling too guilty. On the other hand, the pile of dog poop someone

had used as an ashtray was less than appealing. Next!

Even a lazy person like me sometimes wants to pretend to be an active, outdoorsy type. At least a little bit, anyway. Nothing too involved, or requiring too much exertion. Swimming is good, though it's not quite that warm yet.

But mini-golf is great. So off we went to **Camp Putt**, which has two 18-hole courses, both entirely outdoors. We opted for the newer second course, which proved to be something of a mistake: The holes are a little bland in their simplicity, and every time something quirky comes up, a log to shoot through or a water trap, there's a way to go around it. (We wondered more than once if we were on the kiddie course and didn't know it.) But it's still mini-golf, and mini-golf is the perfect dose of mild competition in the sun for unathletic perpetual children like me.

By the time we knocked our balls into the 18th hole, we were hot, tired, and ready for a drink. **Monroe Street Café**, our last destination, has a lot going for it, including friendly staff, delicious veggie dogs and sandwiches, and a great array of good bottled beer. The kicker, though, is the happy hour: It never ends. For \$5, we sat in the tiny but cozy back garden with two tasty microbrews. For a bigger beer selection and more spacious seating, **Cornucopia's** picnic tables await, but when you think you might be lingering past the end of a more traditional happy hour, Monroe Street's \$2.50 pints are a little easier on the wallet.

Thus ended a successful mission: Four hours of outdoor relaxation without leaving Eugene. Of course, I got home and curled up on the couch with a magazine when I could have been watching the sunset from the deck, but aren't the laziest habits always the hardest to break?

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Escuche Màs

Latino USA 8:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. Su
¡Ahora Si! 8:30p.m. - 1:00a.m. Su



KAFKA

PARABLES

A Robinson Theatre Production

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May 13-14, 20-21, 27-28 at 8:00pm
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Sunday May 22 at 2:00pm

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