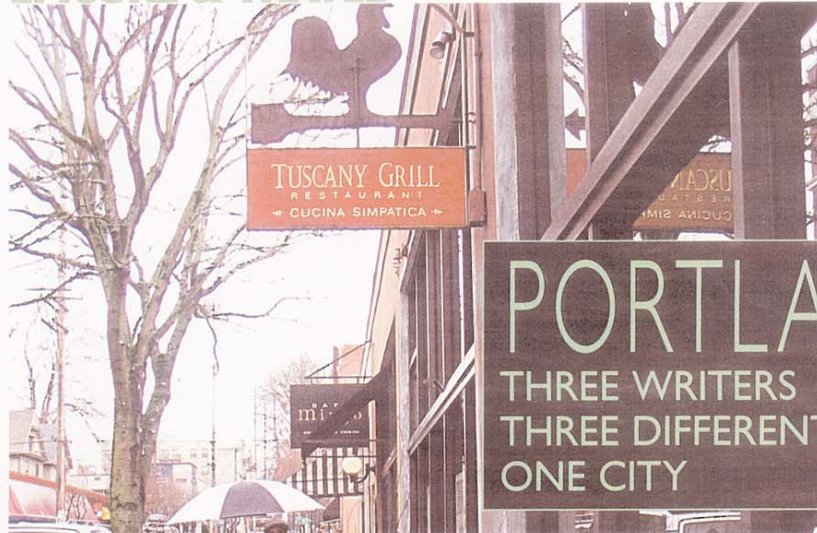




EAT MAGAZINE,  
MARCH/APRIL 06

## EPICURE & TRAVEL



TOP LEFT: Walking  
along 21st. Street  
CENTER: Causa  
Morada at Andina  
BOTTOM LEFT:  
Passionfruit ice  
cream at Andina  
BOTTOM RIGHT: The  
Portland Farmers  
Market

# PORTLAND

OREGON

## THREE WRITERS THREE DIFFERENT TIMES ONE CITY



PH: DON GENOVA



Hotel Lucia, Gallery Suite

## DAY 3

**TR:** Stomach stretched by a few days of hearty eating, we awoke the next day and hoofed it to a personal big city must-visit for me, **Whole Foods**, on the edge of the colourful and creative Pearl District. After too much drooling over imported salts and exotic noodles at this organic food mecca, we headed onward a few short blocks to another holy site—**Powell's City of Books**, the biggest independent bookstore in the world (tip: the Orange Room houses the cooking section). Unfortunately, toting tomes on our walkabout wasn't an option that day, so, with regret, we headed off bookless to **Urban Wineworks**, eager to test our vinification skills. This is a blend-your-own shop, with your finished cuvee bottled and corked for you to take. I spent a good hour on my Cab Sauv-Merlot-Cab Franc blend, and if I had more time, I would have custom designed my Chateau de Treve label to finish it off! Instead, we had to head back downtown (via a shopping rush at cookware store **Sur la Table** and a sugar rush at **Pearl Bakery**) and check into our final hotel—the chic, minimalist **Hotel Lucia**. This art hotel showcases almost 700 of Pulitzer prize-winning photojournalist David Hume Kennerly's photos of 20th century's famous and infamous, as well as striking architectural and natural shots. Feeling prideful of our trek that day, we took a short cab ride to **Wildwood Restaurant** for dinner. Heralded by *Gourmet*, Zagat and the James Beard Foundation for its dedication to sourcing Pacific Northwest, executive chef Cory Schreiber was one of the leaders in Oregon's cooking local movement. Under the ceiling's curving wave of wood, we supped on local Draper Valley Farm clay-roasted chicken with chanterelles and baby new potatoes. This paired superbly with Domaine Drouhin's 2002 Pinot Noir—the earthy, mushroomy, silken cuvee was a great match for the rich bird. Though we couldn't do dessert right then, a few blocks' walk to well-known sweet spot **Papa Haydn** loosened up enough room for marionberry galette: puff pastry and local marionberries roasted in the wood oven and paired with lavender-honey ice cream. Almost too beautiful to

**CONT'D ON THE NEXT PAGE**

## Portland cont'd

eat, but between the two of us, three minutes flat—easy. And worth every calorie.

**DG:** Somehow we found ourselves hungry the next morning and settled in for a BIG breakfast at the **Red Star Roast House and Tavern**. We gorged ourselves on warm beignets coated in icing sugar, then dipped in maple syrup. Navajo fry-bread was half the size of a dinner plate, and we also dipped our spoons into some rib-warming oatmeal with Oregon hazelnuts and dried cherries. The highlight of a bagel with cream cheese was the topping of house hot smoked salmon. Then we were on our way home.

Closing notes on the way to the airport: Portland is a great place to spend a weekend, with or without a rental car. If you do have a car, take note: Do not attempt to pump your own gas. Oregon has a law against self-serve gas stations. Also cherish the fact the state has no sales tax! Suddenly, your 85-cent Canadian dollar goes just a little bit further.

**GH:** With an early flight home, a quick breakfast was what we wanted. It was found at **Island Joe's**, a café at the corner of 6th and Alder. We dined on toasted bagels and cream cheese with plenty of coffee at bargain prices, filled our suitcases and made the dash for the airport.