

SCRUBBA When I first read about this humble invention, I nearly wept with joy. Scrubba is a "portable wash bag" that allows you to do laundry on the road. I've never been good at the whole packing-light thing. I'm usually hauling around a suitcase the

size of a large steamer trunk. But a genius from Australia devised Scrubba, a polyether bag with a built-in, flexible rubber washboard that allows me to pack (slightly) lighter. Put in your clothes, fill the bag with a gallon of water, add a smidge of detergent, release excess air, and roll the thing around for about three minutes. Your T-shirts, socks, unmentionables, and other laundry items come out quite clean. When not in use, it neatly folds up. For someone who is on the road a lot but without a budget for hotel laundry service, it's a life saver. I imagine it would be helpful for campers as well. \$49.95 at www.amazon.com.

GO TRAVEL CLOTHES LINE If you're going to wash your clothes on the road, you need a place to dry them. The problem is that as more highfalutin hotels install separate glass showers, the shower curtain rod — otherwise known as the travelers' clothes dryer is quickly becoming extinct. Go Travel's clothes line stretches to 6 feet and sticks to surfaces with suction cups. The design makes it possible to hang clothes without clothes pins, because I've never met anyone who travels with clothes pins. \$7.95 at gearx.com.

IN MY SUITCASE

Gadgets galore

All the comforts of home with portable wash bag, turntable

BY CHRISTOPHER MUTHER | GLOBE STAFF



al fingers to spare. This

some of the sting out of

sleeps. It includes an in-

www.seejanework.com.

ents dealt with the

situation was by lifting me as I kicked

and screamed until

they could adminis-

ter appropriate cor-

poral punishment.

much easier. All

slap a tattoo on

their kid. Safe-

tyTat is a tempo-

rary tattoo that

they need to do is

Parents today have it

mask, and earplugs. Sadly, it does not

include complimentary wine or addi-

tional legroom, but it's a start. \$12 at

SAFETYTAT Imagine you have a young

child who has a habit of wandering off

into crowds and doesn't respond to

the sharp sound of "Jimmy, get your

butt over here now!" The way my par-

ered neck pillow, eye

you apply to your little Magellan in case he gets lost. It simply reads: "If lost, call [fill in your cell number]." Your child may be ashamed that he is labeled like luggage, but perhaps the tattoo will embarrass him enough to finally stop running off at the airport. \$11 at www.amazon.com.

CROSLEY REVOLUTION PORTABLE TURNTABLE Much to the chagrin of my traveling companions, I spend at least two or three, or, perhaps four hours every trip flipping through vinyl records in musty shops. Most of the stores have turntables where I can preview these gems, but not all. Crosley's Revolution turntable allows you to preview anywhere. It's not quite pocket-sized, but close. It runs on batteries and also includes a USB hookup that allows you to transfer records to digital formats. Best of all, it allows impatient vinvl buffs to listen to their new-found treasures back in their ho-

tel rooms. Let the dance party begin! \$70 to \$73 at www.target.com (online only).

PETCUBE I make no secret of my hope and dream that someday there will be a reality series called "America's Next Top Cat Lady." I would consume this program the way that bridesto-be in Duluth consume lemon drop martinis at bachelorette parties. So of course I'm excited about one of the finest products to find its way to the Internet this year — Petcube. The 4-inch-square contraption stays at home and allows high-definition video to be streamed to your phone so you can watch your dog or cat ruin your furniture while you're on the road. But it's more than a camera. There is a speaker that allows you to communicate with your little bundle

of furry joy. There's even a laser pointer on the cube that allows you to play with your pet from afar. Until I can begin traveling with my beloved cat Mrs. Davenport, the cube will have to do. \$199 at petcube.com.

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mercurial and macabre, here in Évora, a "very noble and always loyal" city favored as the home of Portuguese monarchs, wealthy patricians, and renowned art-

Within its stone battlement walls, nearly two millennia of history are heralded by national monuments spanning Roman times to the Golden Portugal Age. Many of these icons stand juxtaposed and rest triumphantly upon the fallen remains of earlier edifices erected by the conquering Romans, Visigoths, and Moors. Both the victors and the vanquished have left their indelible marks on this museum city, which was anointed a UNESCO World Heritage site in 1986. The hustle and bustle of Lisbon, 95 miles to the west, seems far removed from the slower pace of life in the rural Alentejo region. Yet Évora has one unearthly attrac-

tion that suggests the moniker — City of Bones. Eager to see this anomaly, we set out early in the morning from the M'ar de AR Muralhas hotel and thread our way along cobblestone-paved Rua dos Mercadores past whitewashed Moorish-style houses to Praca de Giraldo, or Gerard city square. The previous day when we had arrived in Évora after an hour and a half drive from Lis-

bon's international airport, we had

sunken limply into seats at an outdoor

the Church of Saint Antao and watched meandering tourists through our jet-lag haze.

Today, however, we don't stop and tarry. Instead we turn toward the south end of the square and weave through gawking window shoppers until we reach Rua da Republica. Then we turn right again and continue south to the Church of Saint Francis, known as the Gold Convent, which served as the royal chapel for Kings John II and Manuel I. A sidewalk fruit and vegetable market near the church's plaza overflows with local shoppers, who cluster around stands selling fresh lettuce, rosy tomatoes, and dimpled potatoes, lending a lively air to the setting. Saint Francis is one of the Portugal's largest religious buildings, and its decorative portico arches and interior features reflect Alentejo, Gothic, and Arabic influences.

We skirt the church's main entrance and go around to a side door leading into the chapterhouse, where blue and white ceramic tile murals portray scenes from the Passion of Christ. An attendant takes our entry fee and then waves us onward. With some hesitation, we step into the church's most in-

famous attraction: the Chapel of Bones. The chapel's three dimly lit naves

and eight columns are completely cov-

ered with the bones and skulls of 5,000 people, who were exhumed from Évora's churches and cemeteries in the 16th century. The airless expanse of the ossuary smells faintly of decay. We imagine spirits of the departed hovering nearby. As startling as it first appears, the chapel actually conveys a sense of artistry and precision. Geometric patterns of shinbones mimic the carved stonework in Gothic cathedrals. Rather than gilded cherubs and acanthus leaves, however, rows of

14th-century ducal palace, a 15th-cen-

At the far edge of the garden, a modernistic stone and marble sculpture gazes over the wall at the Aqueduct of Silver Water, built during the 16th-century reign of King John III and funded by local nobility to replace a former Roman aqueduct. A five-mile biking and hiking trail now follows the aqueduct from Évora to Metrogos.

"This city is very quaint as well as historic," said Phyllis Angelson, of Queens, N.Y., who is taking a weeklong tour of Portugal that includes a stop in Évora. "It is awe-inspiring to stand here and look at all these incredible monuments built over the span of 20 centuries.

A guitarist plays lilting melodies on the plaza in front of Évora's majestic medieval cathedral, distinctive for its lantern tower and portico column shafts representing the Apostles. Construction began in 1186 on the site of an Arab mosque and continued well into the 1500s. We pass through the massive hobnail wooden entry doors and ascend a spiral staircase, up 106 steps, to the rooftop terrace. Through the crenels in the battlement merlons, we savor lofty views of red-tile roof houses and serene vineyards that produce Alentejo's dark, rich wines. Descending to the cathedral's main floor, we stroll through its 14th-century

square Gothic stone cloister, one of the

most impressive in Portugal, and stop at its museum of art to admire gold artifacts and religious paintings.

The afternoon sun is casting golden rays that illuminate the 14 granite Corinthian columns of the Roman temple, also called Diana's Temple, when we reach the base of the ruins. Once the crown jewel of the acropolis in the Roman city's forum, the temple was later transformed into a military tower and then used as a slaughterhouse before being restored in 1871. We vendayal, anchored on the foundation of a

Evora's cathedral, seen through a cloister, was built on the site of an Arab mosque.

shops along steeply pitched Rua 5 de Outubro beckon as we make our way back down to Gerard square. We stop at O Cesto to buy a cork-skin ball cap and several ceramic tiles painted with Portuguese country scenes. In early evening, the maître d' at the M'ar de AR Muralhas hotel's Sabores do Alentejo restaurant ushers us to a table overlooking an outdoor patio, where we watch the sun sink behind the ancient city wall. We encounter still more of Évora's bones over a quiet dinner. But these belong to a wild rabbit stewed in red wine and a duck breast



