

Cannes (1)

May 31-June8, 2011

We left Ste. Maxime at noon today and arrived in Cannes a little after one. Our room is gorgeous--the two of you should be here with us since we have two queen-sized beds, a separate toilet room from the bath, and a terrace/balcony with stylish wicker furniture. Peep and Flo are beside themselves and have already been testing out the eiderdown comforters. Everything about this hotel is far better than we recalled when we stayed before, http://www.jludwick.com/Notes/Riviera_07/Confused.html. They have ten rooms in all and a couple are apartments--but I asked the woman when we checked in when they redid all the rooms, and she said every year! Today they are très chic!

Here's a view toward the entryway, with the door to the foyer, refrigerator, and 50" flat panel HDTV, with which one can observe every bead of sweat on French Open competitors. Peep & Flo being tennis fans, they immediately jumped onto the nearest Queen-size bed to watch.



The view in the opposite direction, with the balcony in the background.



A surprise--the robo-trash can in the bathroom.



Simply wave your hand, or foot, over the top and it opens. Five seconds later, if the appendage is no longer near, it closes.



We paid extra to park our car in their facility, it costs a fortune, but at least it won't get stolen or banged up as so many on the street can, and the biggest thing is that we are assured of a spot. It's a madhouse trying to find a spot even in metered spots. We'll go out walking in a little while and perhaps stop for an aperitif at the Carlton hotel where all the beautiful people stay. Our hotel is about a half block up the street from it. And this is where many of the movie people stay and is the big driving and showing off area, the Croisette, hence the parking problem; nevertheless, Ferraris and Bentley are in abundance.

Yesterday, in Ste. Maxime, we skipped dinner at our hotel and ate snacks out on our terrace because we chose to have a lunch where we had gone on Sunday, Mahi Plage. Jack ordered the lobster salad and was hoping that he would get a salad with chunks of lobster. Instead he got a whole lobster, split in half and grilled, and two side salads, a massive mound of a wonderful finely shredded coleslaw and a mixed green salad. But I think he would have preferred the other especially since it was really a baby to our Maine lobsters. I had roasted shrimp (with their heads and feelers on) in a creole sauce, really a ginger rum sauce, a mixed mesclun salad, and a small bowl of roasted potatoes in butter (usually it's olive oil). And we sat out in this open air area, covered of course, and watched everyone on the beach. As we observed the clientele, we realized what a high end place this was. Couples would come in with beach cover-ups on, be led to a couple of lounge chairs on the beach, have a little table and umbrella set up, and have the waiter (I'd call him a "boy") come out and bring them drinks, water, food, whatever they wanted. I also read their brochure and learned that you can have all sorts of body things done, like massages.

This trip has been so much fun and so relaxing, but I hate to see the bills when they come in.

However, I can't wait to start walking around and checking out all the shop windows to see what the beautiful people are buying and wearing. And then I will go to the Monoprix (a cross between a Macy's and a Kohl's) and perhaps buy a few things for us. The last time I was here I bought an Easter hat which I still have and wear--I use it as summer sun one. Oops, Jack just reminded me of the second hand shop down the street that I recalled from previous visits. They had Gucci and Chanel stuff in the window, and two little dogs near the front door. They were closed for their 3 hour lunch and will open again at 3, but I guess the dogs have to guard the goods during closing hours.

On we go....