

Cannes (2)

May 31-June 8, 2011

Exploring today and ended up at a place for lunch called Aux Bons Enfants--For the Good Children. It was very crowded and with so many people, very warm where we first came in, so they offered us a table on the premiere étage, the first floor--which to Americans is the second floor.

You'll never believe what we had as an appetizer: grilled pig ears, from the animal, not the mushrooms. It was really an Atkins beginning. The ears were grilled, a little charred, cut into strips, and placed atop mixed greens, mostly arugula and a couple of cherry tomatoes for color.



Our other appetizer was artichoke hearts with parmesan and pancetta. It was all in a kind of dense quiche but cooked in a huge loaf bread pan. Then it was sliced into about a 3/4 inch slab, fried on both sides, and served over baby greens. Each was outstanding, believe it or not.

Next came the main course, and by this time we were already pretty full. But it was too late to back out now. Jack had a fabulous hunk of calf's liver with caramelized onions in a balsamic reduction, and more salad. He kept oohing and aahing. I had Rascasse, a local Mediterranean fish, that was out of sight, sweet, firm white flesh, and no fishy taste. It's unlike anything I've ever had. Then the waiter brought out the veggie platter that accompanied them--grilled tomato halves with breadcrumbs, parmesan, and herbs; eggplant slices that had been fried in a kind of puffy coating, a little like tempura, but softer and almost souffle-like; finally, large portions of scalloped potatoes that had been cooked only in cream--to die for. So now our bellies are puffing way out and we are resting again on our little terrace. We certainly need no dinner tonight.

On our walks we see the strangest sights, women way older than me with horse faces, leather skin,

and fabulous clothes--or maybe they just look way older. Some with great bodies, others not. I don't know why they don't stay out of the sun or use sun block. We've also seen many, many really cute dogs of all sizes. Last night we watched a woman park her car across the street from where we eating, Caveau 30 (we had a window seat and could see all the action). She kept bumping the car in front, trying to make more space for the illegal space she was in (a crosswalk). About the time we thought she'd given up, the space behind her opened up and she zoomed backwards, beating out someone that had been waiting behind for the other car to leave. She got out, shook out her dress--red of course--rolled down the windows a little, and crossed the street to come to our restaurant. We continued to look at her car and noticed a small white dog inside. But eventually, we couldn't see it anymore.

When we finished eating, crossed the street, and started back toward our hotel, we peeked in the car. On a pillow in the driver's seat was one zonked out little fur, and in the back seat on a similar little pillow was another one. They seemed content in their slumber, so maybe she does this all the time.

I should mention the food--Jack had Salade Nicoise and I had friture, tiny little fish much smaller than sardines, and they are fried and you eat them whole. We had eaten here before on our previous visit, so we knew the quantities were huge. Just the first course was more than we could eat--I don't how others polish off an even larger main course and dessert. I first had fritures in England when I was teaching that summer at the University of Leicester, about an hour outside London. I loved them so that I've always tried to seek them out. There were so many tonight that I just couldn't finish them. You would freak if you saw them on my plate with their little beady eyes looking up at you.

We walked home along the Croisette, the area along the beach and in front of all the fancy hotels. You can see the twin domes of the Carleton InterContinental Hotel in the background, which are reputed to be modeled after the breasts of a noted courtesan of the early 1900s known as "Belle Otéro." During the Film Festival, which ended just two days before we arrived, it hosts many festival-related events. (I've previously written more about it in [http://www.jludwick.com/Notes/Riviera\\_07/Topless.html](http://www.jludwick.com/Notes/Riviera_07/Topless.html).)

We saw they were using the night time to restore the beach. We first thought it must have been a particularly hard winter, because we've been there several times even two months earlier when the beach has been in good shape, however, we later learned that it was to cover up algae.



