

Post



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# A hot time in Paris - June 20, 2025

Updated: Jun 27, 2025

## ***SUMMARY***

Left our lovely Calvi rental for a rather awful Paris apartment while Tom and Cindy headed for their nearby hotel. Went for drinks then met back up for dinner at a good place T & C had enjoyed on a previous visit, Au 35. Went to an underground club called Caveau des Oubliettes and listened to a very good but Very Loud group who among others, covered Austin's own Stevie Ray Vaughan.  
- Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

Today we sadly leave Calvi and Corsica, but we're excited to be heading back to Paris for a few days (before heading home). We pack, move out, give up the car, and then wait at the airport. We enjoy a direct, though not short, flight to Paris. Off the plane and reunited with our luggage we catch the RER (regional rail) from Orly to Antony to Saint Michelle-Notre Dame station. Here we split with Tom and Cindy (but just for a bit). They're staying at a nice hotel and (because we want a real fridge) we're headed to some unknown apartment.

The walk from the train station to our apartment, just a couple of blocks away. We knew the apartment is on the fifth floor (by the American way of counting) and we knew that there is no elevator. But it's still a pain hauling our luggage up so many flights. Huffing and puffing, we see our home for the next few days for the first time. Huh? Would we have knowingly chosen this place? This can't be right. There is an air conditioner, but it can't work (without a way to route the hot air out of the apartment, which it's missing). It's like the owner wanted to be able to say "there's an A/C", even though there really isn't any usable A/C.

We'll have to make do. It does have a fridge with a built-in freezer. We hope that we'll be able to bring some food home that requires refrigeration. We have to make two connections to get home so we're not sure it's going to work, even with this fridge/freezer.

For dinner we head back to a restaurant that Tom and Cindy enjoyed on a prior trip, Au35. Part of the reason they liked it is because of their waiter/bartender. He said they don't make a vodka martini (shaken over ice) but they do have vodka, ice, a shaker, martini glasses, and vermouth. And the waiter allowed Tom to use all that to make himself (and Cindy) a proper martini in a martini glass! This time, with new waiters, they're not as amenable. We have wine. Dinner is great, a phyllo pastry dough pocket/envelope filled and baked with chicken, veggies and curry inside. Yum!

After dinner we follow Cindy to a jazz-blues-soul club a friend recommended. It's downstairs in an ancient basement in the heart of the latin quarter. It cost like 12€ cash per person to get in (plus a one drink minimum). We really enjoyed it, though it was a bit loud. On the wall they have a dB meter to show how loud the sound is. My watch admonishes me that it is too loud. They start with "Sweet Home, Chicago" (made famous by The Blues Brothers), and later play "Down to the Crossroads", which is an Alman Brothers song, and ended with a great rendition of a song by Austin's own late Stevie Ray Vaughan, among other songs.

One set is enough for us (we're lightweights). Tom and Cindy hang around a bit longer in part to gab with some English speaking locals. Back at our apartment we open the windows, strip off our clothes, lie atop the covers, and sleep the best we can in the heat.

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## Photos



Tom in his and Cindy's room, doing some last minute packing. Out the window we can see that even from the rooms we have a cool view of the old city/citadel of Calvi.



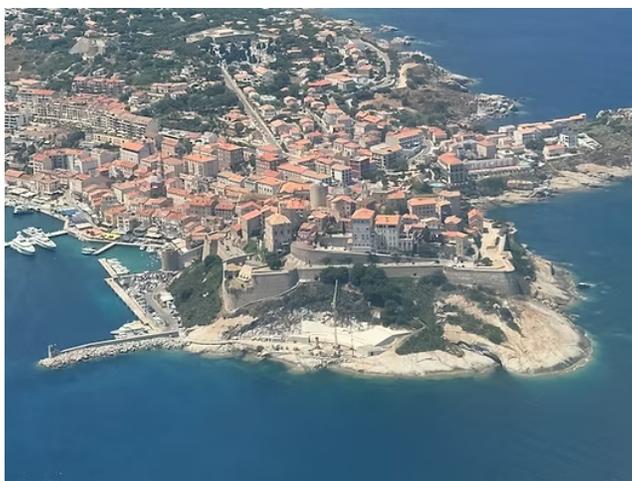
Egality (Equality) is one of the three pillars of France. I guess this means for the handicap as well. This ramp for boarding the plane accommodates not only us, but also anyone in a wheelchair. Sweet. (Cindy can be seen waving to her fans.)



Looking back at the tiny airport in Calvi we can see how close we are to the mountains.



Flying out we get a great view of the bay and beach of Calvi. It's not a big town.



Flying over the citadel/old city we can see how small that is.



By contrast, flying into Paris we can see how big that is. The Eiffel Tower and Tour Montparnasse stand out (and above) all of the many white buildings that make up the city of lights.



The RER (regional train) from the airport into downtown Paris is standing room only. It's warm and we're happy anytime we make a brief stop and the doors open.



Out on the street it's cooler. I like this corner wall wart hanging off of this building near our apartment.



We weren't crazy about being on the fourth floor (fifth, if you count floors like an American. These windows are now closed but I'm sure they'll be open one time when I'm walking up. Looking at the stairs and my feet I'll miss that the windows open and crunch my head. Mark my words.



Is this our apartment or a hallway? Or are they one and the same. Apparently photography can make any space seem big, I guess.



Back on the street we see many of our old haunts, including the street of the dragon, complete with flying tile graffiti that the city now honors as art.



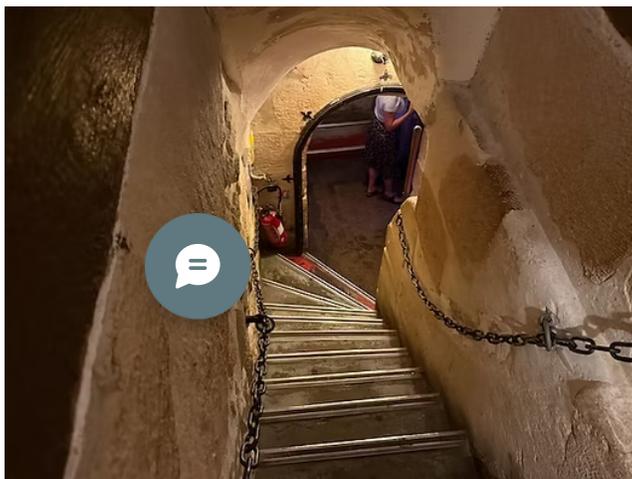
Just around the corner from Tom and Cindy's hotel is the Rue de Buci, a fun street. The Americans know about this street and they're here in droves, as are the French. Ahead of me are Karen and then Tom and Cindy.



FARNSNIENTE 



Very yummy dinner. This was the main course (that Karen and I split). It's thin pastry dough folded around delicious chicken, vegetables, and curry. We may try to make this at home.



If it's up the stairs to our apartment, it's down the stairs to the Jazz-Blues club in the Latin Quarter.



Down in the music club the band is very talented, if loud. The lead singer/guitarist is great at all kinds of music, despite being just over 100 pounds, we're guessing.

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