

## TRAVELLING WITH TARGET:

### PARIS IN THE WINTER

It is said that Paris is the city of love.

It is.

**TARGET** (泰達財經) visited Paris from December 13 until December 15, 2015, staying at Mandarin Oriental Paris, located at Number 251, rue Saint-Honoré.

Aside from a two-hour visit to the Eiffel Tower – which every sane person must visit at least once in his or her lifetime – a stroll through Le Louvre is another must if one is desirous of understanding one's heritage.

Yes. One's heritage!

No matter from where one was born, Le Louvre contains artefacts about that part of the world.

(Of course, it is, also, fact that many of the artefacts were stolen, during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte [1798 – 1814].)

A visit to Musée du Louvre, however, can take as long as one has the legs to carry one from the section, devoted to the Empire of Mesopotamia (3100 B.C. to the fall of Babylon in 539 B.C.) to that part of the museum where one can ogle at the richness of the time of Nefertiti (1370 B.C. – 1330 B.C.), the beautiful wife of the first monotheistic thinker, Ahmenhotep IV, who changed his name to Akhenaton.

Then, there is the section of this great museum, one of the biggest in the world, by the way, where one may stroll past the statues, constructed by the artisans of the Roman Empire (27 B.C. – 476 A.D.)

While most people, visiting this wonderful museum, concentrate on works of immense importance to historians, no visit would be complete without viewing the Mona Lisa, the most precious painting of all times.

*'Am I, looking at her; or, is she, looking at me?'*

Aside from spending hours, improving one's knowledge and appreciation of yesteryear in Le Louvre, there are tens of thousands of wonderful restaurants in Paris to be explored and, unless one is very careful, one could put on pounds – which is not very healthy, at all.

**TARGET** can thoroughly recommend a visit to Le Pharamond, a restaurant, founded in 1832, located at Number 24, rue de la Grande Truanderie.

For about \$HK3,000, four people can dine until the quartet can go: Pop!

While the service at Le Pharamond is excellent, the serving staff at a number of other restaurants in Paris leaves a lot to be desired.

But one must, always, remember, this is, after all, Paris.

At La Mediterranee, located at Number Two, Place de L'Odeon, for instance, one is greeted at the door by an Asian lady, aged about 30 years-plus, dressed in funky clothes that did nothing to embellish her physical shape other than the bumpy and lumpy (those that are the wrong parts of the female form to try to accentuate) of her superabundant bottom.

She appeared to have no idea as to her duties of a hostess – other than constantly flirting with the male serving staff, acts that may well have been commensurate with her obligatory tasks as a hostess at other venues – and the male Manager (assumed) had to take charge, on more than one occasion, in seating incoming guests at assigned tables.

But, again, this is Paris, after all.

As for the food at La Mediterranee, it was disappointing, especially the bouillabaisse, a classical dish that this reviewer had been desperate to sample in the land from where it had been born.

At Restaurant Flottes, located at Number Two, Rue Cambon, while the service was far from being up to scratch, in this medium's opinion, the food was excellent, especially the Gratinee Oignon (Onion soup).

**TARGET** had made good use of the amenities of Mandarin Oriental Paris, during our stay, and, to be fair to this hotel and its management, it would be correct to state that it was one of the highlights of this medium's journey of 42 days, through Western Europe.

This hotel is only about five years old, but one would be mistaken in assuming, after just a few days' stay, that the staff had been there for a decade, at least.

The cleanliness of the hotel is immaculate, the serving staff, bordering on perfection – and the restaurant's pastries were out of this world.

Do not go to this hotel unless one is desirous of putting on more than a few pounds, but, in the same breath, tasting such delicacies as the hotel's Parisian Flan, a pie that could well cause one to enjoy a mental orgasm, is unforgettable.

One criticism, however, is that the suites are, sadly, a little too small for **TARGET**'s liking.

Ah, well! This is Paris, is it not?

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