

# STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

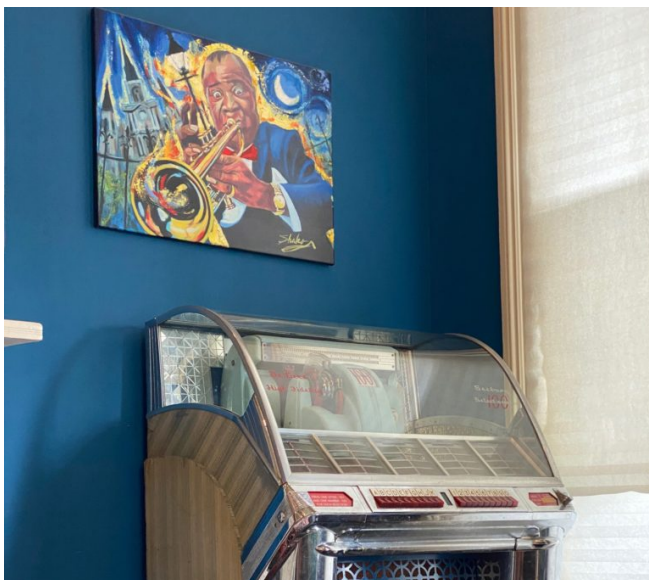
**MARCH 17, 2020 BY MIKE T**

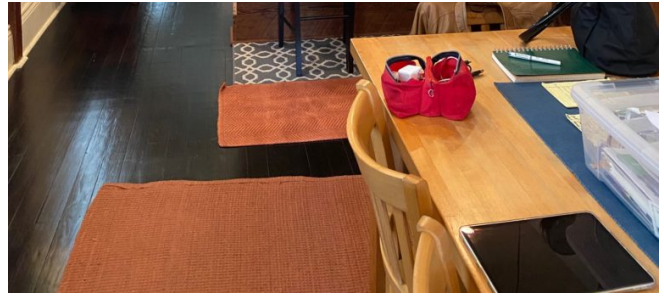
## Fried chicken, a juice bar, and your grandma's house...

Yas, yas, yas, we are in New Orleans. Truly a downhome neighborhood reminiscent of where I grew up in lovely Newark, New Jersey. Ah, Newark, if ever a town set to test the notion of Jersey being the garden state it would be this one. A bit broken down but every house is a shotgun and each carries the classic pseudo French architecture i which you are all familiar. Actually, a comfortable environment for Jersey Mike.

Our place for the next month is no exception with regard to style, and yet inside is another matter. First allow me to underscore the positives... clean, well appointed with everything you might need for a month long visit and yet, a cross between your grandmother's house and crashing with a musician friend. Well, that is if any of the musicians I know actually had houses!

A few shots of the house, you see what I am talking about? There is a piano, a jukebox and the all important to every vacation stay... a trombone.





Our host, Mac, is a musician (surprised?) and stays with his parents while this place is rented... he stopped by our first night to say hi and check out the weirdos who were planning to brave New Orleans for an entire month!

Nice bathtub as advertised and yet, it cannot be filled as there is only a working shower head! The bedroom is so small my side of the bed is against the wall, creating a situation at

night of me getting onto my hands and knees and, after turning 180, crawling to the bottom of the bed to drop, fall, ballet myself off to get to the bathroom, far too frequent occurrence at this age. Which reminds me, what was up with my father, and I am certain yours, not giving real life useful advice? How about, well, son, when you get older you will learn to navigate to the bathroom many times, so many in fact, you may actually manage it without severely damaging a toe on any number of floor level obstacles you may encounter.... Not to mention, who the hell decreed that we should not be informed of the ignominy of that first prostate exam! Oh well, I digress, which you should be used to at this point.

On our way in to New Orleans we had breakfast at Madalene Cafe, which tried its best to present itself as a French cafe, but had to hold true to the Louisiana cafeteria line method of food delivery as well as the ever present grits on the menu. It was next to a clever juice bar called... wait for it... “The Big Squeezy.” Nice, eh?

I am way past ready to break my fried chicken fast and we decided the Roosevelt Hotel in the CBD... no not that one, the central business district, which is adjacent to the French Quarter. It was magnificent, served only on Monday nights, family style. We were presented with 10 large pieces of chicken, delightfully seasoned with biscuits and cole slaw... heavenly.





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Fountain Lounge patrons receive complimentary parking for up to four hours.

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# CARL'S FRIED CHICKEN MONDAYS

Mondays just got better thanks to the return of Carl's Fried Chicken at the Fountain Lounge. Our famed recipe, perfected over four decades, is now available every Monday – served with traditional sides.

The perfect way to commemorate our 125th birthday, since the building's opening in 1893, we're ecstatic to bring this feast back to NOLA at \$18.93 per person.

"This decades-old fried chicken recipe has only improved through years of love."

Chef Carl Cushenberry

# WINE DOWN WEDNESDAY

The Fountain Lounge invites guests to pull up a chair and toast to another half week in the rear view mirror. Join us each Wednesday night and enjoy select half priced bottles of wine, along with small bites or the full dinner menu.



Well, tomorrow is a big day, finding a gym, walking the neighborhood, and gathering groceries for many home cooked meals to come.

AN IMPORTANT NOTE TO THE READER: As those of you who follow on Instagram or are in contact with us directly know, this blog is a week or two behind real time. This is for two important reasons:

1. It takes time to oh so carefully craft these pearls of literary BS into a post, collect the pictures and plan the exquisite presentation
2. I am inherently lazy, sorry

That said, we are now cloistered in our granny shotgun home, having been given the order by the mayor to shut down all bars and restaurants. Look forward to more frequent postings, pictures of food...

At last, a situation has finally arisen where I can utilize my super power... sitting around all day doing nothing!

#### **UNCATEGORIZED**

## One Reply to “Fried chicken, a juice bar, and your grandma’s house...”



**Tess**

**MARCH 19, 2020 AT 5:51 AM**

Sorry about the whole CV situation in the midst of your travels. If, however, it results in a greater number of posts, that is certainly the silver lining to the dark cloud. Now, scoot out and order some more oysters (raw, Casino'd, po Boyd, whatever) and take pictures. 🙄

*Comments are closed.*