

MAISON RUGGIERI PALAIS ROYAL



Prices are net, service included

A list of allergens is available upon request.

In accordance with the provisions of Decree No. 2002-1465 dated December 17, 2002,

Maison Ruggieri and its suppliers guarantee the European origin of the beef.

The “homemade” dishes are prepared on-site using raw ingredients.

Product origins: French foie gras, French veal, French beef.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT

Something happened to me recently that I still find hard to wrap my head around.
To call it lunch or dinner would be too simplistic or conventional.

A meal, normally, follows an orderly and predictable sequence.
You arrive, you sit down, you look around the room, you choose something to drink and eat, you
chat, you go through the courses, and then you leave.
What I experienced was nothing like any of that.

Instead, I felt as though I were undergoing a slow inner journey.
At first, however, everything seemed normal. A harmonious and elegant room.
Carefully subdued lighting.

People speaking with the confidence of those who think they know exactly how the moment will
unfold.

Then came a crème caramel accompanied by an Americano.

*It seemed like a kind gesture. A delicate opening.
Almost reassuring. It wasn't.*

*The sweetness wasn't there to console. It was simply setting the stage.
The bitterness arrived with surgical precision.
Silent. Polite. Inevitable.*

*It was at that precise moment that I first suspected this was no ordinary meal.
That someone, with extreme elegance, had decided to target the nervous system before even addressing the appetite.*

***Turn the page.
Up to this point, everything still seemed perfectly in place.***

LOBSTER

*Precision can be a form of sensuality.
Here, that was exactly what it was all about.
An elegance so masterful it was almost unsettling.*

UDON

*Butter and tomato water in abundance.
The bread, inevitable.
A red-light scene, perfectly staged.*

RADICCHIO

*There are flavors that don't ask to be loved.
This was one of them.
Elegant, firm, subtly unsettling.*

ALMOND

*Finally, a foundation. The mozzarella water soothes.
The almond reassures. The bacon warms.
I thought I'd found a refuge. I was only passing through.*

RED MULLET

*This isn't a flavor you taste from a distance.
It hits you full force. Rock, salt, impact.
Then that final blow you didn't see coming.*

BEEF

*Some dishes speak in a whisper.
Others fill the space.
This one clearly belonged to the second category.*

STRAWBERRY

*I thought it was a truce.
It was just another way, infinitely more elegant, to carry on.*

APRICOT

*Flesh. Juice. Surrender.
The perfect sweetness of fruit that gives itself without resistance*

PEAR BRIOCHE

*Finally, something that doesn't put you to the test. That welcomes you.
And that, after everything else, it's almost surprising that it doesn't feel reassuring
That is why I am writing to you.*

*Because I still find it impossible,
even unthinkable, to call this moment simply a meal.
One word comes to mind: a journey.*

Poems and Pairings

Letter from a Correspondent

300

Food and Wine Pairings

150

Prestige Food and Wine Pairings

220

A Short letter from a Correspondent

200

Food and Wine Pairings

95

Prestige Food and Wine Pairings

165

Les Strophes

Les Strophes to Start With

Lobster

Purity possesses its own elegance. It needs no embellishment.

The lobster arrives with this absolute clarity. Precise. Clean. Essential.

The small cucumbers cooked in a kombu seaweed broth add a subtle, salty, almost transparent tension.

Then the parsley. Green, vibrant, luminous. Everything is clean. Everything breathes.

A dish that doesn't try to seduce. It reassures in the most sophisticated way possible.

65

Udons

There are dishes that make all good manners go out the window. The tang of the tomato.

The glorious indecency of butter.

The udon noodles that stubbornly cling to everything. And then that little, slightly charred orecchiette.

Irregular. Crispy. Perfect. The bread arrives as an inevitable consequence.

Because this isn't a dish you merely observe. It's a dish you crave without a shred of dignity.

45

Les Strophes to Continue

Turbot

Here, the sea is not merely described. It is held within.

The turbot, cooked in seaweed, slowly absorbs the silence of the depths.

Its flesh is firm, elegant, and attentive.

Then come the seafood, the mayonnaise, the chervil, the celeriac: a freshness that opens up the air at the heart of the depths.

This is not a dish that explodes. It unfolds. Like the sea when it finally ceases to stir.

95

Veal Sweetbreads

Veal sweetbreads are deceptive. They arrive crispy, almost defiant. Then they melt away instantly.

Inside: tenderness, depth, a scandalously delicate texture.

The seaweed mayonnaise adds a touch of the sea and a hint of tension. The white turnips provide a sharp contrast.

The oyster leaf blurs the line between land and water.

An irresistibly seductive dish.

Yet disciplined.

95

Les Strophes

Les Strophes to Extend

Exceptional cheeses

Salad and Pansy flowers

35

Les Strophes to Conclude

Soufflé

Warm, vibrant.

Mushrooms and chocolate: earth and depth.

The whisky ice cream cuts through, opens up.

Hot and cold meet.

The palate wavers.

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Tagliolini Suzette

The crêpe doesn't arrive.

The tagliolini arrives.

With the eggs, it holds back.

The Grand Marnier and orange blossom unfold.

The honey softens.

It is a detour that lingers.

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