MAISON RUGGIERI PALAIS ROYAL



Net prices, service included
A list of allergens is available on request.
In accordance with the provisions of Decree No. 2002-1465 dated 17 December 2002,
Maison Ruggieri and its suppliers guarantee the European origin of their beef.
The 'homemade' dishes are prepared on the premises using fresh ingredients.
Product origins: French veal, Spanish beef, Scottish goose.

THE CORRESPONDENT

The story of someone who passed through here before you.

I don't know your names.
You don't know mine.

But I already know a little about you.
I know what you've just tasted.

And, if everything goes the way it did for me, by the time you read these words,
you'll be holding your AR-TO in your hands.

Artichoke.
Tomato.

That name reminded me of one of the great classics of Italian aperitifs.
But I should have realised by now: here,
the things that seem familiar are often the ones you need to be most wary of.

Give it a try.
Because before long, the bitter flavour will make its return.
And it won't be alone.

I, too, tried to recognise everything.
Then I realised it was pointless.

From now on, I'll be a few steps ahead of you.
Not enough to spoil the surprise.

Just enough to leave you with a clue now and then.

Mariella RUGGIERI

Letter from a Correspondent

LANGOUSTINE

The langoustine was tender, almost bare.
The butter, curry and spinach glided, rich and creamy,
across the tongue, until a hint of fresh herb made my mouth water all over again.

PAPPARDELLE

The pappardelle were enchanted by a rich, enveloping cream.
The white chicken stock, the raw oyster, the white truffle.
Everything seemed to melt together in the same caress.
Then the pear, appearing suddenly, brought a fresh note to this dizzying sweetness.

RADICCHIO

My mouth tightened.
The bitterness of the radicchio, the wild parsley, the citrus that tingled at the tips of my tongue.
And yet, I couldn't stop going back for more.

RED MULLET

It tasted of rocks, salt, and seaweed dried in the sun.
Deep down, a dark, almost metallic note.
As if the sea, for a fleeting moment, had taken on a physical form.

BEEF

That's when I sensed the animal. Full-bodied, deep, uncompromising.
It wasn't seeking delicacy.
And at that moment, neither did I.

KIWI

I felt as though I were seeing a boy playing at being a man: harsh, self-assured, almost grown-up.
Then all it took was a bite for him to give way, tender as a sweet, and become a child again.

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

There was snow that tasted of milk.
The geranium swept past like a gust of wind.
For a fleeting moment,
I had the sensation that something was melting away before I could even hold on to it.

THE FLAVOUR OF SEPTEMBER

A whole tree in a single bite.
A season captured in the mouth. September.

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
Choice of a 5 course menu
200

Food and Wine Pairings
95

Prestige Food and Wine Pairings
165

Correspondence à la Carte

Starters

LANGOUSTINE
The langoustine was tender, almost bare.
Butter, curry, spinach.
The lovage had the cool bite of fresh herbs.
Everything slid across the tongue like velvet.
Until a fine blade made my mouth water again.

70

UDON WITH AUTUMN TOMATOES
I remember a dish full of buttery nuances.
And indeed, the butter was served generously, almost to excess.
The udon noodles offered a lovely bite, familiar without really being so.
At one point, I took some bread.
I don't know if I was meant to dip my bread in the sauce.
I did it anyway.
And I think that's when I started to feel at home.

45

TAGLIOLINO AL TARTUFO
With the tagliolino, I found myself in Piedmont.
The butter wrapped around the egg pasta until it almost became one with it.
The chicken jus left something warm and deep in my mouth.
Then the black salsify.
Dark, earthy, stubborn under my teeth.
A root with winter already inside it.
And suddenly I could smell the damp earth,
the vineyards, the hills swallowed by fog.
I had butter on my lips and autumn in my mouth.
The autumn of Piedmont, the kind you can feel even in summer.

105

Correspondence à la Carte

The Dishes

SOLE

Of the sole, I am almost afraid to tell you too much.
It was so delicate that even the banana seemed to speak in a whisper.
The Champagne barely brushed against it.
The baby lettuce stayed by its side.
Nothing tried to take over.

90

VEAL SWEETBREADS

The first thing I remember is the contrast.
Crisp on the outside, then suddenly tender, with an almost scandalous delicacy.
The seaweed mayonnaise added a briny note; the white turnips counterbalanced that depth with something crisper.
And the oyster leaf kept the boundary between land and sea ever so slightly blurred.
I kept switching back and forth between the two.
Perhaps that was precisely what I liked about it.

105

GROOSE

I don't recall ever seeking out sweetness, not even for a moment.
There was something stubborn, almost arrogant, about this meat.
Twenty years of life would not have given it the character that twenty days of maturing had bestowed upon it.
The milk tried to make it more docile.
Juniper, whisky and mushrooms, on the other hand, seemed to want to bring it back to its roots.
The escarole was bitter; the grapes offered a brief respite.
My mouth was filled with the taste of damp earth, of the forest, of an autumn that knows no gentleness.
And the more this meat revealed its wild side, the more I felt the desire to surrender to it.
I didn't want it to please me.
I wanted it to overwhelm me.

95

Correspondence à la Carte

Cheeses

EXCEPTIONAL CHEESES
Salad and Pansy flowers

35

BRILLAT SAVARIN WITH WHITE TRUFFLE
Salad and Pansy flowers

60

Desserts

SOUFFLÉ
Warm, vibrant.
Mushrooms and chocolate: earthiness and depth.
The whisky ice cream cuts through, opening it up.
Hot and cold meet.
The palate is taken aback.

22

TAGLIOLINI SUZETTE
The crêpe hasn't arrived yet.
The tagliolino arrives.
Made with eggs, it holds its shape.
Grand Marnier and orange blossom come into their own.
Honey adds sweetness.
It's a detour that lingers.

22

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS
There is snow that tastes of milk,
The geranium that sweeps past like a gust of wind,
Something that crunches between the teeth
And breaks the silence.

22