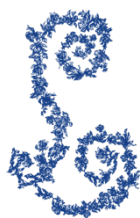


*Lapérouse* MAISON DE PLAISIRS  
DEPUIS 1766



## STARTERS



Mesclun green salad, coriander and mushrooms V*	28 euros
Truffled croque-monsieur, comté cheese V*	34 euros
Mushroom velouté, whipped cream	33 euros
Duck foie gras « Pâté en croûte », thyme and mushrooms	31 euros
Burgundy snails with parsley and garlic butter	32 euros
Duck foie gras, citrus chutney, brioche	43 euros
Smoked norwegian salmon, homemade blini, dill sour cream	36 euros
« Belle Otero » lobster salad, sucrine, avocado & bisque	115 euros
Sea bass carpaccio with basil oil & lemon	39 euros
<i>With caviar**</i>	99 euros
Our famous « Charlotte » mashed potatoes stuffed with caviar**	88 euros
« Osciètre Classique » caviar from Maison Prunier	30 g. 130 euros
	125 g. 450 euros
	250 g. 900 euros
	500 g. 1800 euros
« Kaluga » Caviar from Caviar House	125 g. 1250 euros
« Beluga » Caviar from Caviar House	125 g. 2500 euros



## MAIN DISHES



Cod fish fillet, beurre blanc sauce	43 euros
<i>With caviar**</i>	103 euros
Royal sea bream « flambée » with absinthe, fennel & citrus salad, « sauce vierge »	57 euros
Roasted scallops, leek fondue	48 euros
Chicken supreme, morel mushroom sauce	42 euros
Indian-style lamb curry, madras rice	46 euros
Chateaubriand beef fillet, french fries, black pepper sauce	65 euros
Summer truffle rigatoni V*	56 euros
Lobster tagliolini, broccolini & tomato confit, bisque	88 euros
Caviar** rigatoni	105 euros
Ratatouille V*	32 euros
Vegetables « Cocotte » V*	38 euros



## THE GREAT HOUSE CLASSICS

*For two people*

The Beef Wellington, whole lettuce <i>Served in May 1940 to Sir Winston Churchill</i>	170 euros
Sole « à la meunière » with capers, mashed potatoes	190 euros

VAT and service included in the prices. Please let your waiter know if you have any food allergies. Meats from the European Union.

\*Vegetarian dishes. \*\*Caviar « Oscître Classique » Prunier.



## LES MIROIRS DE LAPÉROUSE

### Some restaurants outlive us.

It's rather humiliating to feel so ephemeral within their walls. Between Lapérouse and us, the battle is lost before it even begins. I don't like châteaux—unless they serve Moscow Mules at any hour of the day or night. The beauty of Lapérouse lies in the fact that the place is haunted. The mirrors remember what men have forgotten. Etched with the diamonds of Baudelairean courtesans, they reflect the world as it once was. The memory of past pleasures electrifies the present. Tonight is a night like any other—but you are not just anywhere: the light of these salons belongs to a fairy tale.

You could condense three centuries of Paris without ever leaving 51, quai des Grands Augustins. After all, what's the point of the outside world? Through the windows, I watch a barge glide along the Seine, its spotlights tinting the dark wood paneling with orange rays: the chandeliers flicker—they're jealous of the living. Few ghosts thrill me as much as memory itself. At Lapérouse, Hugo converses with Houellebecq, in the very salon where Proust and Colette once dined—but not together. The cuisine is as flavorful as nostalgia, and the finest cocktails are those that dissolve time.

**Frédéric Beigbeder,**

*A lover of Lapérouse*

