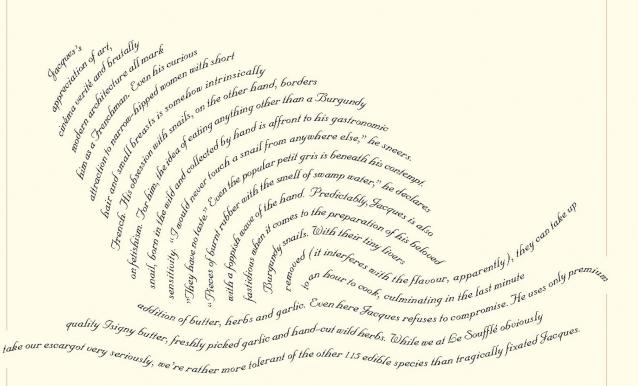
An indecent obsession.



Xipples not included.

The Trench reputation for sauciness doesn't stop at the semi-nude beaches of the Cote D'Azur or lissome showgirls strutting their stuff at the Tolie Bergere. In Trance, sex is part of the culture. Their passion for passion knows no bounds. And if they can squeeze it into a wine glass, so much the better. Which probably explains the myth that the champagne coupe, or saucer-shaped glass, was modelled on the breast of Marie-Antoinette. It certainly seems an irresistible thought. But as titillating as it may be to imagine yourself supping wine from the royal bosom, you will never find anybody at Be Soufflé serving your favourite brand of bubbly in what amounts to a glass brassiere. Plainly, it was never designed for drinking champagne (although we can whole-heartedly recommend it for brightly coloured cocklails decorated with prissy little umbrellas and maraschino cherries). It our

restaurant in Ratu Plaza

we put our faith

in the less

romantic,

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more

usual

flute.

And,

while

we'd

be the

first to

admit

it does

not have

the frisson of

pressing your lips to Marie-Antoinette's majestic bust, it is undoubtedly a far more satisfying way to enjoy the pleasures of champagne.



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Arrogant and snobbish - two words that describe the French temperament to perfection. A third (if a third were needed) would probably be 'proud'. Four of their own snobbish arrogance, in fact. A defining characteristic that is never more apparent than when it comes to food. Who, for example, but the French could describe thumble souffle as "the culinary invention that represents the highest form of human endeavour"? Delicious? Ves. Melt-in the-mouth? Unquestionably. But if it's to be accorded metaphysical significance, someone has obviously lost the plot. Sadly, the identity of the master chef responsible for the souffle is lost for all time. Frenchmen however, are undivided on the subject. It was, without doubt, a Frenchman. Its elevation to the rarified status of haute cuisine is also credited to.... yes, you guessed it.... another Frenchman could) that no meal would be served in his Parisian restaurant unless it included a souffle. And while we at Ratu Plaza acknowledge chef Beauvilliers with more than just a passing nod (well, he did write the definitive work on French cuisine), there's not a single trace of his.... er....what were those two words again?