

ISADORA

PARIS

Cocktail bar

2017

Forever 27

The 27 Club brings together those brilliant artists whose genius burned out too soon - all of them gone at the age of 27. Mythical figures of music and art, they marked their era with an unmatched creative intensity. Jim. Janis. Kurt. Jimi... Their legacy still haunts stages and memories alike.

Their lives, torn between brilliance and collapse, formed a tragic legend. At 27, they left the stage, but never the heart of the world.

At Isadora, night is our language, and wandering souls find refuge in candlelight. Behind the red curtains, we've chosen to echo the voices of the 27 Club. Because their lives were cocktails of light and chaos, of elegance and excess - like ours: fleeting, intense, unforgettable.

Each drink on our menu is a tribute to them.

Welcome to the heart of the night,  
where stars never truly die.



cross  
devil  
rods

crads  
devil  
soul

devil

devil

beats

No

beats



Robert Johnson  
1911 - 1938

# Me and the devil

Buffalo Trace bourbon. pear cream. hay.  
immortelle. coconut water. tonka.  
long Java pepper

15 €



Rocks

Warm. woody. floral. spicy



exile  
swimming

fourder  
founder  
exile  
exile



Brian Jones  
1942 - 1969

# No Jones, no Stones

Anaé Gin. olives. Savannah  
Lontan rum. mango.  
spice blend. carbonated

15 € / 14 € non-alcoholic



Tumbler



Fresh. saline. herbal. fruity





Jimí Hendrix  
1942 - 1970

# Purple Haze

Santiago de Cuba 8yo rum. Fair passion.  
vermouth. blueberry. fino. absinthe.  
atoumo flower bitters

15 €



Coupe

Fruity. complex. structured



Janis

Kozmic  
texas

los  
los angeles

UNE



Janis Joplin  
1943 - 1970

# Pearl

1800 Tequila, cherry, vanilla,  
sunflower seeds, spices

15 €



Rocks

Raw, floral, toasted, spicy

aman



sha shan

4

11.7.75





Jon Morrison  
1943 - 1971

# King Lizard

Johnnie Walker Black Label whisky,  
prickly pear, mezcal,  
rhubarb, sage, lemon

15 €



Coupe

Tangy, herbal, slightly sweet

Ravensat  
Gallery

Radiant  
Life

Gallery  
SAMO  
EN

SAMO Life

ART

ART

GA

ART

ART

ART



Jean-Michel Basquiat  
1960 - 1988

Same old shit

Hennessy cognac. Santiago de Cuba Carta  
Blanca rum. champagne. melon. lemon.  
coriander. clarified with soy milk

15 €



Rocks

Long. bold. contrasting

spirit

spirit  
neve mind  
neve mind  
noise



Kurt Cobain  
1967 - 1994

# Pennyroyal Tea

Pennyroyal distillate.  
NordicEtOH herbal liqueur. acid.  
sparkling water

15 €



Tumbler

Ethereal. mentholated. vegetal





Amy Windhouse  
1983 - 2011



# Back to black

Amontillado, gentian,  
strawberry, IPA vinegar,  
za'atar, carbonated

15 € / 13 € non-alcoholic



Rocks



Bitter, acidic, fruity, refreshing

# FOREVER 27

Me and the devil  
Warm, woody, floral, spicy  
15 €

No Jones, no Stones  
Fresh, saline, herbal, fruity  
15 € / 14 € non alcoholic

Purple Haze  
Fruity, complex, structured  
15 €

Pearl  
Raw, floral, toasted, spicy  
15 €



King Lizard  
Tangy, herbal, slightly sweet  
15 €

Same Old Shit  
Long, bold, contrasting  
15 €

Pennyroyal Tea  
Ethereal, mentholated, vegetal  
15 €

Back to black  
Bitter, acidic, fruity, refreshing  
15 € / 13 € non alcoholic

4 Tiny cocktails 30 €  
Me and the devil, Purple Haze,  
Pennyroyal Tea, Back to black

# CLASSICS

## Whisky

Boulevardier 14

Bourbon, sweet vermouth, campari

Cameron's kick 15

Scotch whisky, Irish whisky, orgeat, lemon, egg white

Manhattan 15

Rye whisky, sweet vermouth, bitters

Perfect Manhattan 15

Manhattan balanced with dry vermouth

Old fashioned 15

Bourbon, sugar, bitters

Paper plane 15

Bourbon, amaro, aperol, lemon

Sazerac 16

Rye whisky, Cognac, sugar, bitters

Whiskie sour 15

Bourbon, lemon, sugar, bitters, egg white

# CLASSICS

## Gin

Aviation 15

Gin, violet liqueur, maraschino, lemon

Bee's knees 15

Gin, lemon, honey, orange

Clover club 15

Gin, raspberry, lime, dry vermouth, egg white

Gin martini 15

Gin, dry vermouth

Dirty gin martini 15

Gin, dry vermouth, olive

French 75 15

Gin, lemon, sugar, champagne

Last word 15

Gin, chartreuse verte, maraschino, lemon

Martinez 15

Gin, sweet vermouth, dry vermouth, maraschino, bitters

# CLASSICS

## Vodka

Bloody Mary 15

Vodka, spicy mix, lemon, tomato

Cosmopolitan 15

Vodka, triple sec, lemon, cranberry

Moscow mule 14

Vodka, lime, ginger beer

Skinny Bitch 14

Vodka, lime, soda

Vodka Martini 15

Vodka, dry vermouth

Vodka dirty martini 15

Vodka, dry vermouth, olive

# CLASSICS

## Rum

Daiquiri 14  
Rum, lime, sugar

Dark & stormy 15  
Bermuda dark rum, lime, ginger beer

Jungle bird 15  
Rum, Campari, lime, pineapple

Mai Tai 16  
Rum, aged rum, triple sec, lime, orgeat

Old Cuban 16  
Rum, sugar, lemon, mint, bitters, champagne

# CLASSICS

## Agave

Margarita 15

Tequila or mezcal, triple sec, lime, spicy or not

Naked & famous 15

Mezcal, Aperol, chartreuse jaune, lime

Paloma 15

Tequila, agave syrup, lime, grapefruit soda

Ranch water 14

Tequila, lime, soda

# BARREL-AGED

N°1

30&40 cider brandy, absinthe, fig leaf liqueur,  
vermouth, Dollin bitters

6 cl / 8  
12 cl / 16

N°2

WhistlePig 12 year old, walnut liqueur,  
red vermouth

6 cl / 9  
12 cl / 18



**BELUGA**  
THE NOBLE VODKA

Beluga martini 16  
Beluga Noble, dry vermouth

Beluga espresso martini 16  
Beluga noble, coffee liqueur, saline solution

Gold line martini 45  
Beluga Gold line, dry vermouth

# SPIRITS

## Gin & Tonic

Monkey 47	16
Anaë	15
Tanqueray	15
Tanqueray ten	16
Citadelle	15
Hendricks	15
Gin Mare	16
Oli gin	16
Roku	16

## Agave

Selection of small batch  
spirits (raicilla, sotol,  
mezcal, tequila)

## Whisky

Ardbeg ten	16
Black Label	15
Red Label	14
Kilchoman 12th edition	20
Jameson	12
Jameson Black Barrel	14
Lagavulin 16	15
Whistle Pig 10	16
Whistle Pig 12	19
Eagle Rare 10	15
Compass Box Peat Monster	15
Yamazaki 12	34
Hibiki Harmony	22
Auchentoshan Three Woods	17
Bunnahabain Staoisha	15
Vintage 2014	



# SPIRITS

## Rum

Papalin 6 years	16
Hampden Pagos	20
Nine leaves	18
Worthy Park	19
Kill devil	25
Renegade dunferline	16
Manutea	20
J.Bally art déco	23
Hampden hlcf	16
Hampden younger	16
Savanah Lontan	15
Savanah le must	15
Smith and Cross	15
Bête à feu	15
Yellow snake	14
Mhoba american oak	15
Brugal 1888	15
Planteray dark	14
Cut n Dry	15
Santa Teresa	15
Issan	15
Flor de cana 12	15
Neisson esprit	15

## Beers

IPA 25cl	6
50cl	10
NEIPA 25cl	6
50cl	10
PILSNER 25cl	5
50cl	9

## Wines

Selection of natural and  
organic wines.

## Champagnes

Rafflin glass	16
Rafflin	80
Ruinart	160

## Softs

Coca	5
Coca zéro	5
Ginger beer	5
Ginger ale	5
Tonic	5
Limonade	5
Abatille	6

## Snacks

Nuts	
Olives	
Marshmallows	

# ROBERT JOHNSON.

He was born in Hazlehurst, Mississippi, in 1911, between the wind and the mud, where cotton fields stretch like endless laments. Robert Johnson didn't leave many traces, but the ones he carved are eternal, deep as the grooves of his records. They say he played guitar in shadowy corners, sang misery with

# THE PACT AND THE DUST

possessed chords, and dogs howled as he passed. Legend has it that at a crossroads, at midnight, he sold his soul to the devil to become the greatest bluesman in the world. There may be truth in that: when he returned from his mysterious exile, his guitar no longer sounded like the others. It wept, bit, whispered to the bone. He recorded only twenty-nine songs, in two sessions, in hotel rooms turned into studios. Cross Road Blues, Love in Vain, Hellhound on My Trail-cries hurled into the darkness of the segregated South. He sang of fear, desire, hunger, the road, women, damnation. At twenty-seven, he already played like a ghost. They say he liked to drink whiskey with mustard, that he turned his back to the audience when he played-out of shyness, or sorcery. He was poisoned, perhaps by a jealous husband, in a

juke joint, and agonized for three days in the silence of the swamps. He had no known grave, no large audience, no glory in his lifetime. And yet, without him, Clapton, Keith Richards, Dylan, Hendrix-all would have come into the world differently. His music is a spell, a dusty cry from the bowels of the earth. Keith Richards, hearing him for the first time, thought there were two guitarists. There was only one-but he carried the devil in his fingertips. Robert Johnson didn't invent the blues. He made it immortal.

Lewis Brian Hopkin Jones was born on February 28, 1942, in Cheltenham, England—a quiet town for a child who would never be. Blond hair like a baroque angel, a mocking gaze, velvet laughter and sudden outbursts: Brian was a brilliant meteor, an aesthete in exile from a world too harsh. He was the founder of the Rolling Stones, the first to give the beast a name, in homage to a song by Muddy Waters. A brilliant multi-instrumentalist, he played everything: slide guitar, dulcimer, sitar, harpsichord, harmonica, marimba. He brought the Stones color, mystery, an exotic touch—like a whiff of the

# BRIAN JONES.

# THE DANDY DROWNED IN THE WAVES

Orient in a smoky London club. But Brian was also elusive. Too sensitive, too beautiful, too unstable. As Jagger and Richards took control of the band, he slowly faded away, swallowed by drugs, excess, and melancholy. He fell in love with the same woman as Keith Richards—Anita Pallenberg—and lost her. He lived in a strange house: Cotchford Farm, once owned by A. A. Milne, the author of Winnie the Pooh. Childhood drifted through the halls, but Brian no longer smiled. In July 1969, he was found lifeless at the bottom of his swimming pool. Accidental death, the reports say. But others speak of a fight, revenge, a passing laborer. The mystery remains. After his death, the pool was renamed “Brian’s Swamp,” and some fans still claim to hear sitar notes in the water on summer nights. They say he turned heads, wore capes, spoke like a prince in a world of brutes. He was the fragile color in a band that had turned black and white. Brian Jones was no rebel. He was a tragic prince, shipwrecked in his own sounds.

# JIMI HENDRIX,

James Marshall Hendrix was born on November 27, 1942.

in Seattle, under a light drizzle and a sky forever waiting for a storm. He grew up between poverty and silence, dreaming of a guitar the way one dreams of wings. At fifteen, he slept with his instrument, caressing it like a lover. He played it upside down, left-handed, electric, fusing the fire of blues with the ether of psychedelia. Before becoming a god of the stage, Jimi was a paratrooper. He trained with the 101st Airborne. But it was on stage that he truly leapt into the void—guitar screaming, tongue out, body stretched

## THE UNDERVOLTAGE RAINBOW

like a cosmic bow. He cut his teeth playing behind Little Richard, Ike Turner, the Isley Brothers. Then London called. Hatted, caped, in blazing shirts, he became a walking vision. He formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience, a fire-powered trio, and blew minds with Purple Haze, Hey Joe, The Wind Cries Mary. His guitar cried, spoke, moaned. He made it sing with his teeth, behind his head, or rubbed it against amps like a beast in heat. At Monterey, he

ended his concert by burning his guitar, like a shaman sacrificing his totem. At Woodstock, he shook all of America with his rendition of The Star-Spangled Banner—distorted, wounded, screaming like Vietnam. He didn't know how to read music, but he wrote galaxies. He fell asleep in studios, woke up with riffs in his head. He lived inside out, like a

waking dream. At 27, in London, he was found dead, suffocated in his sleep. Too much wine, too many pills, too much of everything. He left behind a music that never dies. Jimi Hendrix didn't just play the guitar. He played the universe with his bare hands.

# JANIS JOPLIN.

Janis Lyn Joplin was born on January 19, 1943, in Port Arthur, Texas - an industrial town with blocked horizons, where difference came at a high cost. She was already singing in color when everything around her seemed black and white. Acid rebel, tender under the thorns, she experienced the sting of exclusion early on. Mocked for her voice, her clothes, her looks, she found in the blues a form of revenge, a religion. She loved Bessie Smith, Big Mama Thornton, Billie Holiday - women who screamed out pain with a furious dignity. Janis did the same. Her voice wasn't beautiful. It was real: raspy, volcanic, raw-nerved. She sang like someone crying, like someone howling in the desert. She burned every note. She arrived in San Francisco in the heart of the sixties and became the raw soul of Big Brother and the Holding Company, before launching her solo career. Piece of My Heart, Cry Baby, Ball and Chain, Me and Bobby McGee - cries of love and longing, recorded between

two flashes, two wounds. She loved animals and had a converted tour bus with velvet curtains, where she lived like a modern-day bohemian. Sometimes, she would sign her name "Janis Lyn, second-rate white soul singer." She drank Southern Comfort

straight from the bottle, hanging out with bikers, laughed loud, and fell in love fast and hard. She dreamed of love, but often found

# THE RAW VOICE OF A BROKEN HEART

only absence. Her final gesture: a bouquet of roses ordered for an old flame - a gift she never got to send. She died on October 4, 1970, in a Los Angeles hotel room, from a heroin overdose. On the nightstand: a crushed cigarette, an empty glass, an unfinished song. Janis Joplin didn't sing to be heard. She sang to survive. And every note carried the mark of a battle.

# JIM MORRISON.

Born on December 8, 1943, in Melbourne, Florida, James Douglas Morrison was never meant to be just another star. He was a meteor - burning, furious, elusive - who streaked across the sky of the 1960s

with the grace of a doomed poet and the fire of an electric shaman. Son of a Navy admiral, Jim grew up in a strict atmosphere ruled by authority. But he preferred the margins, the cracks, the hidden spaces where visions are born. As a child, he was shaken by a car accident in which, he claimed, the souls of dead Native Americans entered him. Founding myth or magnificent lie? It didn't matter: Morrison believed in

## THE SCOUT OF DARKNESS

his own legends, and lived inside an inner theatre where Rimbaud, Nietzsche, peyote, and blues cries all collided. He met Ray Manzarek on the beaches of Venice, and from that meeting came The Doors - named in tribute to The Doors of Perception by Aldous Huxley. With them, Jim didn't sing; he conjured. His voice was a bottomless well - sometimes a whisper of ashes, sometimes a volcanic burst. He walked onstage like a pagan priest, shirtless, sweat streaming like vines down his chest, hypnotizing the crowd in furious trances. He was arrested onstage in New Haven for insulting a police officer - one of the first musicians ever arrested during a live show. He was charged with obscenity in Miami for, perhaps, simulating masturbation. The truth is blurry, like everything about Morrison. He

wrote poetry more than he wrote songs. His collections - The Lords and the New Creatures, An American Prayer - pulse with hallucinatory visions. He said, "Real poetry doesn't say anything - it just does." He dreamed of cinema, of solitude, of dissolution. In 1971, weary of the media circus and consumed by alcohol, he exiled himself to Paris - the city of magnificent exiles. There he wandered between Le Marais and Montmartre, still writing, still drinking. He died in his bathtub on July 3, 1971, at 27. No autopsy was performed. On his tombstone at Pere-Lachaise, one reads kata ton daimona eaytoy - "True to his own spirit." Jim Morrison wasn't a singer. He was a living poem, a dark and sublime wave. He never wanted to be listened to. He wanted to be felt.



# JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT.

He was born in Brooklyn on December 22, 1960, with Haitian and Puerto Rican blood in his veins - and a pencil already clenched in his fist. A gifted child, he spoke English, Spanish, and French. At seven, he read Gray's Anatomy - a medical book his mother gave him after an accident - which would forever fill his work with skeletons, organs, and bodies laid open like screams. Jean-Michel Basquiat began in the streets, under the name SAMO<sup>®</sup>, tagging the walls of SoHo with cryptic aphorisms: "Plush safe he think." / "SAMO as an end to mindwash religion, nowhere politics and bogus philosophy." He didn't want to decorate - he wanted to disturb. To shake the order of things with his raw

hieroglyphs, his crowned heads of fury, his words scrawled in haste like urgent psalms. He became the enfant terrible of the New York art scene. By the age of twenty, he was already exhibiting with the greats. Warhol adopted him, admired him, collaborated with him. Their friendship was electric, sometimes tense, but foundational. Warhol was

# THE KING WITHOUT CROWN

pop: Basquiat was rage. Two worlds touching, colliding, igniting. He loved painting while listening to jazz - Charlie Parker, Miles Davis. He said he wanted to paint the way they improvised. Each canvas is a nervous jam session, a pictorial solo where poetry and fury intertwine. He painted standing up, fast, on black backgrounds, with crowns as symbols, sharp teeth, and crossed-out words like truths shouted too loud. He spoke of racism, of erased histories, of fractured identities. He wanted America to look straight into its unspoken truths. He died of an overdose on August 12, 1988, at 27. He left behind more than 600 paintings, 1,500 drawings, and an invisible throne where his name still reigns. Basquiat never wanted to please. He wanted to speak. To chant life like a nervous poem on the walls of the world.

# KURT COBAIN.

He was born on February 20, 1967, in Aberdeen, Washington - a grey and rainy town, like a fog frozen over childhood.

Kurt Donald Cobain grew up between silence and chaos: his parents' records, the arguments, the divorce, the feeling of already

# THE EMPEROR OF GRUNGE

being too much. Very early on, he drew, wrote, strummed his guitar like scratching the walls of a room that's too small. Kurt loved the Beatles, but also the Pixies, Lead Belly, and the dirty punk of Black Flag. He loved broken things, off-key voices, the margins. In 1987, he founded Nirvana with Krist Novoselic. He played loud, fast, but without the rock attitude: with that raw, painful truth that cuts straight to the bone. Bleach announced the tremor. Nevermind, in 1991, razed everything.

With Smells Like Teen Spirit, he became the icon of a generation that didn't want one. The mouthpiece for those who don't have one - despite himself.

His words: sarcasm, pain, sharp lucidity. I feel stupid and contagious - an unvarnished anthem for a youth in free fall. Fun fact: he wanted In Utero to be "unlistenable," like a rejection of the media machine. He wanted art, not the circus. The scream, not the echo. His guitar, often out of tune, became an extension of his nerves. He married Courtney Love, became the father of a daughter, Frances Bean, and

seemed to want something else. But heroin, depression, the exhaustion of being seen as a symbol slowly ate away at the man behind the image. In March 1994, he disappeared in Rome after an overdose attempt. On April 5, in his Seattle home, he took his own life, shotgun on his chest, letter in hand. He quoted Neil Young: "It's better to burn out than to fade away." Kurt Cobain didn't create grunge. He embodied it to the edge. He was a fragile flame, a raspy voice in the rain of the Northwest. A star that shone for those who don't want to shine.

# AMY WINEHOUSE.

Amy Jade Winehouse was born on September 14, 1983, in Southgate, London, in a family where jazz flowed like old wine - Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan already echoed through the walls of her childhood. Very early on, she sang. But not like the others. Her voice - deep, mature, too big for her age - seemed to come from another century. She overflowed. Amy was the elegance of the 1950s grafted onto the rough pavements of Camden Town. Beehive hair, eyeliner like a war cry, fitted dress, tattoos of dead loves. She drew from jazz, soul, ska, and turned everything she touched into pure emotion. Her first album, *Frank*, already acidic and subtle,

# THE TORN SOUL OF MODERN JAZZ

revealed her. But it was *Back to Black* (2006) that crowned her. In it, she sang of the ravages of love, alcohol, addiction, absence, Rehab, You Know I'm No Good, Tears Dry on Their Own, Love Is a Losing Game - each one a burning confession wrapped in relentless groove. Every note was a wound. She hated glitter, interviews, fake smiles. She preferred writing at home, in the chaos of her cats, her vinyls, and her cigarettes. She said: "I'm a North London Jewish girl. I say what I think." Amy loved passionately. Blake Fielder-Civil was her dark sun - toxic muse and chaos incarnate. Their story inspired her songs but also ate away at her balance. She staggered, fell, got back up, fell again. The tabloids fed on it, the public watched her burn. She died on July 23, 2011, at 27 years old, of alcohol poisoning after a period of abstinence - her body surprised, her heart tired. She left behind two albums, a thousand regrets, and an intact aura. Amy Winehouse didn't sing to seduce. She sang to survive. And in her hoarse and cracked voice, you can hear the whole world crying in silence.



THANK YOU



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