

"Welcome in, Mr. Shacket."

These were the words that immediately greeted me upon entering the alarmingly small dining room that is Plu. The greeting came from Helen, the chef's wife, who had the broadest and warmest smile one can imagine. She glanced at my bag from [The Fat Duck](#) (I had come directly from there) and quickly quipped "Are you trying to intimidate us?" and cracked an even broader smile. I had yet to sit down and Plu was already a winner. Helen is the spitting image of actress Olivia Coleman and her wink-y sarcasm was definitely my cup of tea. Truth is, I am likely to love any restaurant with a dish called "The Polished Turd Paradox" - a dish **literally** served on a polished turd.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I almost missed this place. Friday evening had remained open to allow my stomach a little recovery time in the midst of a lengthy stretch of restaurant visits. But I read [a review on Reddit](#) that convinced me to fill in my final open slot with a reservation here.

Helen's husband is Chef Elliot Moss, who trained under Michael Roux Jr. at the famed le Gavroche (now closed). Chef Moss' story can not be believed. I encourage you to [read this article](#) (as I did while sitting in Chef Moss' dining room) to understand the man who is cooking for you. His father is Sir Stirling Moss, a British racing driver who won 16 Grand Prix. Far from paving his path for him, his father asked Albert Roux if "he could do anything with his useless shithead of a boy".

Nice.

It created in Chef Moss a tenacity to persevere and prove his mettle by kicking against the goads. That attitude is found **everywhere** on this menu. I feel sad for those who experience Plu without understanding Chef's history. You'll miss a good deal of what is going on. I have never had a meal this personal. Chef Moss fully on display in each dish. Not just his skill. **Him.**

It's intimate. It's emotional.

It's special.

The physical space is beautiful. He designed the light fixtures. It's his artwork on the wall. He designed the restaurant's incredible logo. He put the complex Murano glass chandelier together by hand. There was even a bouquet of fresh roses in the bathroom. Nothing has gone overlooked.

He wanted to create a restaurant that fixed everything he found wrong with fine dining. Get rid of luxury ingredients for their own sake. Get rid of crazy high price points. (At £160, this is the best value in fine dining in London without question.) Add in a whole bunch of whimsy and fun. For example, these are actual dishes from the menu:

- **The Polished Turd Paradox**
- He thinks fish and chips suck. So how does he polish that turd? By elevating the ingredients in a new (and delicious) way. And serving it on a 60 million year old polished fossil that is, in fact, dinosaur crap. A literal polished turd.
- **Pick and Lick**
- Marilyn Monroe, hand painted on a tile with 3 gazpachos. You literally lick her face off of the tile.

- **What's Your Beef?**
- A vegetarian beef tartare that is every bit as good (if not better) than actual beef tartare. If they hadn't told me, I would not have known it wasn't the real thing.
- **The White Helmet**
- An homage to his father including a perfect scan of his helmet, a reproduction of his signature and his favorite number 7. *Talk about an emotional dish!*
- **After Dinner Mint**
- It's a helium balloon, with the helium flavored like mint. The night ends by inhaling the helium, including all of the accompanying child-like laughter. (I tried to get away without speaking but the ever-watchful Helen called over "Mr. Shacket...I think we need to hear you say something...")

Amidst this type of creativity lies truly phenomenal, diverse and delicious cooking. The food itself is so enjoyable. The scotch bonnet flamed sauce on the final beef dish had such intense and delicious flavor, I told Helen I was now in love with her husband and would try to win his heart.

Chef Moss allowed me into his kitchen downstairs for a visit after the meal. He was generous with his time and is clearly an intense perfectionist, but with no arrogance. He seemed to not understand how good he is. Like he still has to prove himself (to himself) each and every night.

While it may not require Freud to determine the reasons why, I can assure you he punches so far above the norm that Plu should be considered one of the very best

restaurants in London. Why has Michelin ignored this place? I'm not sure. Chef Moss shared a disconcerting theory which will not be shared here, but whatever the reason, they have this one as wrong as can be.

My main concern is that I can't imagine this model is sustainable. This evening, it was me solo and a table of 5. The 6 of us served that evening brought in just \$1200 gross for food costs. They are open only 3 nights per week with a max of 8 diners per night.

Something will have to give.

**So get here.**

Get here before it changes. Get here before it expands. Get here before it becomes more expensive. Get here for the beautiful atmosphere Helen brings to the dining room.

But most of all, get here to experience this man's cuisine. His heart.

Eating here is truly an honor.

Get here. Please.

<https://eatingreallywell.com/plu>