



*"It's hard to convey my opinion in a way people understand"*

SF Native **Alicia Silverstone**

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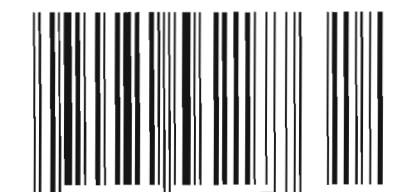
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# Editor's Pick: Puff Daddy



It was a hot Indian summer day when, on a whim, I stopped by Grégoire, “Berkeley’s Finest Take-Out,” strategically placed just off of Shattuck Street’s gourmet ghetto. Little did I know that I’d be savoring that moment for days afterward.

At the fryer stood Chef Grégoire Jacquet himself, who opened the tiny spot in June to cater to people just like himself—people who don’t have time to cook but want high-quality takeout, all of it made to order. Offhandedly, Jacquet suggested that we get the potato puffs, not something I would normally choose. We sat down outside and he handed a basket of fried puffs to us through the window. Biting into them hot out of the oil, they were golden-brown crisp on the outside and like the creamiest mashed potatoes you’ve ever had on the inside. My friend and I ate all of them, swearing off them one minute and finishing them off the next.

Jacquet also offers sandwiches at lunch and things such as short ribs with balsamic vinaigrette for dinner, but it’s hard to really care when you’ve got these potato puffs in front of you. Apparently, they’re developing a small cult following and the chef at Chez Panisse, just down the street in the “gourmet ghetto,” asked how to make them.

“I know they tried to make them there,” says Jacquet, “but they weren’t the same. You really have to know the recipe.” And that’s something, incidentally, that he’s not willing to give out. *Grégoire*, 2109 Cedar St., Berkeley; 510-883-1893

—Sara Deseran