

Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover **EPISODE 10 - Doberge Cake**

Hey y'all, I'm Brooke Hoover. A Louisiana native, actor, writer and comedian. I've lost 100 pounds through diet and exercise or shall I say "lifestyle changes". My twenty year and counting health journey has taught me that just like taking a diet pill for weight loss, body positivity doesn't magically happen overnight. I'm working on re-gaining my self esteem and re-kindling my love affair with Cajun and Southern comfort food in a healthier way all the while juggling eating as clean as I can, re-establishing myself in the entertainment industry which, as we know, is historically fat phobic all the while showing my inner phat girl some love - that's phat with a PH - pretty hot and tempting. Let me tell y'all a tale or two...

Hey Y'all. Today, in honor of my Poppee Earl Olivier's birthday which was on 4/2, I'm telling tales about my favorite confection in the world. Which also happens to be Poppee's favorite confection in the world - or would he say it like "wuhld" - with his New Orleans accent 'cause instead of saying bird he'd say "hoird" and shirt like "shoyt" - would it be "wuhld" anyways. Favorite confection in the wuhld - a cake like no other.

How do you spell it?
D O B E R G E Cake. C A K E

How do you pronounce it?
DO-BASH (Think a fancy way to say "bash" BASH - in French it'd be Doberge which reminds me of an Auberge de Jeunesse which is just a fancy way of saying a Youth Hostel which is another way of saying you're cheap - only kidding - well kind of - you are kind of cheap. I am kind of cheap because I have a whole other story involving two of my friends, Spring break and Montreal and a youth hostel we ended up at that may've been a front for a whore house - but that's for another podcast episode- or maybe not)

How did doberge cake come about?
Well a lady named - I can't pronounce her name - Beulah Ledner a baker in NOLA adapted it from the Hungarian Dobos Torte

Use it in a sentence? Use Doberge Cake in a sentence
Well, can I be SO bold and SO daring as to quote my OWN solo show, my first solo show "Wayward Souls"

[INSPIRATIONAL 80'S STOCK MUSIC PLAYS]

I'd been planning my sixteenth birthday for over ten years:
Alyssa Milano takes me shopping at the Limited for the whole day while back at home my mom and all the popular kids from school are organizing me a surprise party. Because I have a summer birthday, the surprise party is very similar to the

Fourth of July Party the Saved by the Bell kids have at the Malibu Sands resort. A white sand beach has been brought in just for MY super sweet sixteen. I arrive in a spaghetti strap dress and clogs which Alyssa and I have bought at the Limited. All the popular kids and my mom and my dad (who have promised to be nice to each other on my day) all yell "Surprise!" And throw pink glitter confetti at me and my home girl, Alyssa Milano.

Then my Momma wheels in a huge Doberge cake with sixteen long stem candles. My dad was not allowed to get me those damn trick candles for this birthday. Let me take the time to tell y'all about Doberge cake. It is my favorite baked good in the world.

The cake is about ten layers of moist (yes moist) yellow white cake with chocolate or lemon pudding and a cold ganache icing on top. You can either get all chocolate filling, or lemon filling, or do half and half. I get a half and half Doberge cake. The best of both worlds. Usually I am only allowed a VERY SMALL PIECE OF ONLY ONE flavor but today I am allowed to have a HUGE piece of BOTH chocolate AND lemon! After I blow out the candles on my Doberge cake, I don't have to make a wish cause it's already come true - Trey Trateneau (no, that's not his real name, I've changed names to respect the privacy of others and my own embarrassment) the hot and popular transfer boy (oh I think my stomach just growled) Trey Trateneau. Let's start that again. Trey Trateneau the hot and popular transfer boy walks me over to the water and I'm holding my clogs in one hand and his butt cheek in the other. And, that's where I have my first kiss. A flamingo that's been brought in special for my birthday sprays some turquoise water like a fountain behind us.

[SOUND EFFECT: HALTING RECORD SCRATCH]

Cut to July 28, 1997. My actual sixteenth birthday. There is no real party planned because it is summer and no one is in town and it's too damn hot. 5pm: my Poppee comes over for a rousing get together.

5:10pm Momma, Poppee, our French exchange student and I eat some Doberge cake. I am only allowed a sliver of one of the flavors - I choose lemon but Poppee gets a piece of lemon AND a piece of chocolate, and that guy is diabetic, y'all. And, scene.

So, long story long, Doberge cake is one of my raison d'etres, my reason for being, one of the things that I dream about. I'm not kidding, y'all. And, you can NOT get it anywhere up North. Hell, you can't even get it like in Arkansas. I was trying to think of the state that's north of Louisiana.

You just can't. It is a south Louisiana thing and despite what Goldbelly might tell y'all about ordering, it does NOT ship or travel well because it MUST. REMAIN. COLD.

So, now I'm gonna tell y'all some little tales about my experience with Doberge now that I can't literally have my cake and eat it too whilst living in the New York City tri-state area.

Tale #1

For my golden birthday, which was when I turned 28 on July 28, I asked my dad to travel up with one from Baton Rouge. Now, mind y'all, my dad, ever since 9-11 he is such a diva about what he flies with. So, he is the type to call me about 40 times when he's packing to ask me things like "Brooke, will the foil on the packet of my Benadryl upset the metal detector?" And other things like that. So, I'm not sure what wild hare crawled up his butt to inspire him to bring a Doberge cake up on dry ice mind y'all as his only carry on. It must have been my momma nagging in his ears. "Bob, she's your only daughter and it's her golden girl birthday or whatever it's called. Just bring up a Doberge cake, or else!" "Okay, Anne. Chill." The only thing that needs to be chilling is that Doberge cake. So, he arrives with a wet and wilted white cake box of a half delapidated Doberge cake that was too fugly to serve at my birthday party but damn straight gorgeous enough for my mom, dad and I to dig into with spoons as soon as we got him home from the airport.

Tale #2

I was down in Louisiana because my dad has diabetes type 2 and he had to have his toe cut off. I know that sounds gruesome and blunt to put it that way but comedy is our coping mechanism. At this point we just laugh about it because he walks with the best of them or shall I say, [in Dad's voice], "My dog Latte walks me three times a day." So, thank you God he is fine. So, it'd been kind of an exhausting time dealing with diva #1 Hoover Bob, my dad as the patient and I was headed back to New Orleans to go to the airport. One of my best friends Big Daddy aka Lauren drove me down to New Orleans in her Volkswagen Bug. Of course Big Daddy's got a bug. And I was spending the night at another best friend Lisa's house. We went to our usual favorite mid-city restaurant, Katie's. Heeeeey. And, Lisa told me that the desert of the day was Doberge Cake.

But, not only was it Doberge Cake. But KING CAKE FLAVORED DOBERGE CAKE. Now, y'all need to listen to episode #5 of Who's Dat Phat Girl if y'all need a refresher on king cake but basically King Cake Flavored Doberge Cake sounds like the best of both worlds (WUHLDS) and it's great if you are like me and you take an hour debating between chocolate flavor and lemon flavor. Now it's solved for you. It's king cake flavor. And, this is the first time I'm introduced to Debbie Does Doberge. Oh my gosh I love the name of her bakery. Hey girl hey Debbie Does Doberge if y'all ever wanna sponsor a guhl or collab, let's talk.

But, O. M. G. It's moist and cold and cinnamon-y and cream cheese-y and still has that wonderful MOUTH FEEL (Oh my GAWD did I just say "Mouth Feel?" What do I think I am? AM I ON THE FOOD NetWORK or Something?!??!) But oh my gosh Doberge cake!?!?! After I went on and on to Lisa and Big Daddy as we thir'd the cake (thir'd the cake - that sounds sexual - well, it MIGHT BE!) I start to feel super guilty. Eating. Sugar. is how I got here in the first place. My Dad. His Toe. Diabetes. Oh but

just one more bite. Brooke, just enjoy the third of the Debbie Does Doberge king cake flavored Doberge cake, tomorrow you fly back to Newark!

So, Tale #3

It's June 2021 and I've flown down in the pandemic to see my dad for Father's Day and to check on his other toes. I'm not kidding y'all. they're doing fine now, thanks to me. He did have to go see a podiatrist for about six months. Well, I decide I need to bring back up Momma and my boyfriend Harry up a Doberge cake since I don't know when I'll be going back down and I don't know how travel is gonna be for the next several months or year. You know? So, summer is a TRICKY time to travel with Doberge cake as we already know. I shall remind y'all again.

So, it's basically a thin, thin layer of cake. And another layer of pudding like kind of like a gelatinous pudding. I don't know that I ever kind of qualified what makes it so hard and cold. Not hard but hard to travel with and cold. So, it's cake but pudding. Cake, pudding, cake pudding, cake pudding, cake pudding... You get it. Covered in thin ganache that's crisp and cold. It must stay cold. So, let's get back on track. Summer anywhere especially going from South Louisiana to anywhere in the summer is a very tricky time to travel with Doberge cake. But, I say it's worth chancing. This pandemic has been rough.

So, Big Daddy, my dad and I go to this local boutique grocery store off of not Highland Road it's over near where my aunt and uncle live by Santa Maria it's called Alexander's. And, then the decision between bringing up a chocolate or a lemon, chocolate or lemon happens. Because back home, grocery stores just have Doberge cakes ready to go. Slices. But, one slice is not enough. And, then the idea of bringing a WHOLE round cake for only three people, my mom, Harry and I just sounds insane and foolish and FATTY- not FAT with a PHAT. Just FATTY. So, I start to guilt myself. "No. You must just pick a half." And, I think it's genius that they have these half cakes. And, then have cake holders that are made for half cakes. It's like basically you got a whole round Doberge cake and you lobbed it in half and it's genius for people like me who want to indulge...a little bit.

So, then the debate happens again: Do I get a half of lemon or do I get a half of chocolate? A half of lemon or a half of chocolate. And, then Big Daddy, who's always had such a great blend of street smarts and comedic timing and book smarts says, "Hey why don't you get HALF a lemon and HALF a chocolate and if you really just want to bring up a HALF a cake, we'll go home to Hoover Bob's house and we'll HALF the HALVES.

So, basically you're bringing up a quarter lemon and a quarter chocolate. And, Big Daddy will take the other part." Are y'all still with me?

I feel like I have a burp coming on. I just swallowed. That's not toing to happen. So, basically Big Daddy solved my lemon versus chocolate debate AND my debate to ONLY bring home a HALF of a cake so we will only go into a HALF of a sugar coma.

But, seriously y'all, three people do NOT need to split a whole cake. I mean, we once did for my golden birthday as we know, but not again. So, the next day after the cake has chilled in my dad's fridge, I've timed out precisely the drive to the airport and a quick hug and kiss to see Lisa in New Orleans where she lived at the time so the cake won't melt, I get to the NOLA airport - which newly renovated, it looks really nice - and United Airlines saying [Airport announcer voice] "Hey we're looking for people who will come up and change their seats and you'll get \$500 in flight credits. The flight is over booked." Of course it's overbooked. And, I debate it. I'm like ohhhh \$500 in flight credits. That's pretty good. But, then I have the Doberge cake. The precious Doberge cake can NOT handle any more hours of unchill-ness.

It can't be out any longer than I've already timed out. No one goes up to give up their seat. They must all have Doberge cakes, too! So, then fifteen minutes later, United Airlines says again [Airport announcer voice] "All right now we're giving up \$100 dollars in flight credits" I guess that's my airline voice. I don't know. So, I - I debate it. I really, really debate. I could take the later flight. I could wait a couple more hours. I could get \$1,000 in flight credits. But, the Doberge cake can not wait.

(And in all fairness, I really don't want to be traveling right now in COVID. I did it basically in a HAZMAT suit to see my dad. It just wasn't sexy. But it's really about the Doberge cake. So, the Doberge wins I get home a few hours later and my mom, Harry and I feast that Doberge that was only just fixing to melt. Perfect timing.

Now, you might say, well Brooke why don't you just MAKE A DAMN DOBERGE CAKE AT HOME. Well, mes amis, it is NOT so easy to make at home.

One time, ages ago when I lived in Brooklyn, Momma came to visit and we tried to make Doberge cake for our friends in my glorified EZ bake oven because my landlord was a slumlord. And, it did come out tasting like a very good cake. Like a very good cake. But, the pudding wasn't quite right. The frosting wasn't quite right. It just wasn't like the bakery shops or even the grocery stores back home. There's a certain je ne sais quoi of a cake, of the doberge cake that must be kept super cold in order to thrive in one of the most hot and humid states in our land.

Now, if y'all want to be cute and are interested in making doberge cake, I will post the recipe on my instagram account which as we know @Br00keH00ver and those "0's" are zeros and I will also post it in the transcripts of this episode - which I hand transcript all myself at www.brookehoover.com/podcast and you can download it - I think this is where if I had a newsletter, this would be a good opportunity to drop in the newsletter. Friends, if y'all think I should start a newsletter, slide into my DM's and let me know.

Momma if you're listening, slide into my DM's just means like direct message me. It's nothing dirty. But, I will quote from the recipe for the homemade Doberge cake Momma and I used to make our Brooklyn friends a boot leg Doberge cake, [1950's

perfect housewife type voice] “This is a nice frosting. It’s very smooth and once it sets, you can’t even ding it up and make it ugly!”

And that, y’all. Is why I love doberge cake. Because, don’t y’all wish you could just ding up your life as much as you want and not make things ugly? I mean, I can’t even go to Hoboken Trader Joe’s in the parking garage there without dinging up our cars several times. My stomach just growled. Again. I really want some Doberge cake.

So, I circle back to Poppee and say Happy Birthday to the man who appreciated Doberge cake as much as I do. Poppee, I hope you’re up there with Maw Maw eating all the doberge cake you want. Chocolate, lemon, king cake flavored. I just have a question Poppee: Was transporting the doberge cake to heaven as hard as it is to transport the Doberge cake from New Orleans to Newark?

Thanks so much for listening, y’all. It is my hope to inspire, uplift and entertain you with this Who’s Dat Phat Girl podcast. So, if you’re HUNGRY for more, you can book me to speak or perform my solo show that inspired this podcast Phat Girl Costumes written by yours truly and directed by my best bud Brian Lady at your virtual or in person event. Please visit BrookeHoover.com/fluffybutproductions or email me at contactbrookehoover@gmail.com for more information. And, let’s follow each other on instagram - I’m @Br00keH00ver and those 0’s are not the letter O but they’re ZEROS. Not because I want to be a size 0 but because I guess I’m just so clever with my late 90s Yahoo! self

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