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Foodaism Home

September 1, 2010 | 4:33 pm

Takosher Kosher Taco Truck: Bringing People Together [VIDEO]

Posted by Rob Eshman

Yesterday I checked out Takosher, the world's first kosher taco truck. It was parked on La Brea just north of Third, by the Trader Joes.

I was expecting some guy hoing to score a quick gimmicky buck off the captiv kosher market. Jaded, much? Instead, I found Lowell Bernstein.

Bernstein is a tall, soft-spoken middle aged man who loves taco. He lived in Mexico City, and grew especially fond of the clean, sharp flavors of the small simple tacos there. Back in LA, it occurred to him that Day-effay tacos were perfectly suited to the kosher marketplace: long simmered or grilled meats, dressed with some pickled onion, cilantro, peppers— not covered in a haystack of shredded cheese and white-washed with sour cream.

He developed his recipes over numerous taco tasting parties, then brought it to the streets in a brightly painted blue and white food truck.

Watch the Flip video I took. Bernstein is a guy who has given this new phase in his life a lot of thought. Just deciding whether to spell Takosher witha c or a k was agonizing (I assured him he made the right choice).

Bernstein explained that his motivation behind Takosher wasn't just tacos—he wanted to create a food truck that would bring new flavors to the kosher-observant community, and something original to the taco loving Anegelenos. He wanted, he said, to bring people in his city together around his truck. It doesn't happen when we pull into fast food joints, or even in restaurants, when we usually mix just with the people we walked in with. But a food truck? It's a kind of traveling public table.

"Food has the power to do that," Bernstein said, "to bring people together. That's what I wanted to do."

See: I thought I was going to get a kosher fast food spiel—instead I got a bit of Foodaism. That's why Bernstein prefers to park in a location like the one outside Trader Joes—it's a place where people of all backgrounds can mix, and nosh.

How are the tacos? Good. Inexpensive, flavorful and original. The brisketaco combines a traditional Askenazic recipe with traditional taco fixings: it's the Jewish Kogi. There's a carne asada with beef, a chicken, a tofu fajita style, an a latkes taco, which reminds me of the potato tacos at La Playita on Lincoln, only more fried.

If you have your heart set on a spicy, oil-licked food truck taco, this isn't it. The flavors are a bit more subdued—some of Shiloh's habenero-citrus salsa on the side would take it where it needs to go. But for around $3, you will eat a well-made, filling and kosher taco.

And don't forget the Dr. Brown's in the ice bin. Because what says, "Mexico City taco" like Cel-Rey soda?

To find out where the Takosher truck is, go to their web site at http://takosher.com/. Check back at jewishjournal.com in a week when we'll have a full article on Takosher by Edmond Rodman.

VIDEO

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Takosher Kosher Taco Truck: Bringing People Together [VIDEO]

BY ROB ESHMAN

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Shilo's Steak and Kosher Taco

BY ROB ESHMAN

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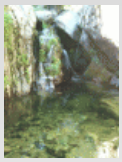

Buckhorn Campground Shabbat [SLIDESHOW & VIDEO]

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August 26, 2010 | 3:10 pm

Shilo's Steak and Kosher Taco

Posted by Rob Eshman

Yesterday I had lunch with Chef Kastuji Tanabe, the Japanese-Mexican-Catholic chef at Shilo's Steak House, a fine dining kosher restaurant in the Pico-Robertson neighborhood. I hadn't been to Shilo's for years—the last time I went was Christmas, 2007—and it was expensive, bland, derivative—you know, kosher.

The Kosher Blue Cheese Bacon Burger

But the new chef is a half-Japanese, half-Mexican Catholic wunderkind who is innovating his way into kosher greatness. Consider our lunch.

(Pause for full disclosure: my lunch was fully comped. Chef Tanabe is going to start blogging for us at jewishjournal.com, and wI showed up at his restaurant to discuss the blog with the chef and our Web Director Jay Firestone. I didn't intend to write about the food—but someone has to to.)

The chef makes a Blue Cheese Bacon Burger using fresh ground beef, home-cured kosher beef "bacon" (using the same navel cut as is used for pastrami), homemade sesame buns, carmelized onions and a "blue cheese" made without any faux-soy. I pressed him for how he makes it, and he told me, off the record. It was surperb—better than the same gastropub burder at Father's Office, which uses an overpowering amount of Cabrales.

Tanabe is a compact, intense young man. Absolutely dedicated to his craft, and enjoying the challenge of cooing within kosher's strict requirement after training at Codon Bleu and cooking at Bastide and other high end treyf-aterias. He is a native of Mexico City, and he knows from big flavors. While he understands his conservative clientele stick to the restaurant's signature steaks, he innovates in the hors d'oeuvres and dessert portions of the menu, veering toward the flavors of South and Central America.

For tacos "Cochinito"—it's Spanish for young pig—he marinates kosher flank steak and braises it for hours, until the citrus and spice permeate the shreds of meat. He serves it with a homemade pickled onion relish and a homemade citrus habenero sauce. No pigs were harmed in the making of this taco. It was juicy and alive. I wanted three more.

He makes a spaghetti with botarga—dried mullet roe— that is positively heroic in challenging kosher palates—and almost as good as the one at Drago's.

Tanabe reminds me in all the right ways of Chef Todd Aarons at Tierra Sur—young innovative kosher chefs, trained outside of kosher kitchens, who are determined to bring the best quality seasonal, local and handmade foods into their menus. Interesting that the prime contributors to the improvement of kosher food are people who know from *treyf.*

Shilo's Kosher Steak House
8939 W Pico Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90035
(310) 858-1652

Chef Tanabe made a Tuna Thai Tempura Matzo Ball Sup for our Chosen Dish video contest. You can watch it here.

SLIDESHOW:

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August 5, 2010 | 12:38 pm

Buckhorn Campground Shabbat [SLIDESHOW & VIDEO]

Posted by Rob Eshman

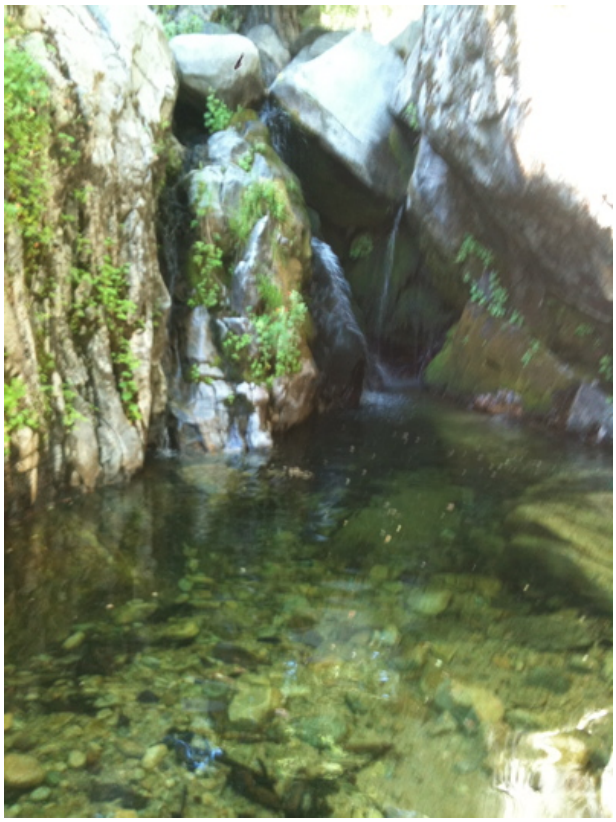
It took 19 years, but I finally got my wife into a sleeping bag.

For our entire marriage, we both accepted the fact that, "Naomi doesn't camp." It was just one of those fundamental truths, like, "Rob doesn't fold laundry," and "Israel doesn't negotiate with terrorists."

Naomi is Brooklyn born and raised, 15th Avenue, to be exact. If a tree ever grew in that part of Boro Park, surely no one ever thought to pitch a tent under it.

But things change. Last Shabbat, eager to escape the city but lacking an entire free weekend, I suggested to Naomi that we head up to Angeles National Forest with our daughter Noa and pitch a tent. One night at 6500 feet, I reasoned, is like two nights at sea level. Naomi said yes.

Buckhorn Campground is 115 minutes away from Venice, California—and a world apart. There are 38 drive-up sites, piped water and vault toilets. It's not the Four Seasons, but it isn't the stuff of Jon Krakauer books, either.



Cooper Canyon

Angeles Forest has had a rough decade. It suffers from smog, fire, invasive beetles, drought and having the misfortune of being next to the second largest city in North America. The 2009 Station Fire

left many acres charred and lunar-like—some will take years to grow back, some, TreePeople founder Andy Lipkis told me, never will on their own. (You can learn more and lend a hand at by clicking here).

But Buckhorn remains spectacular. Towering cedars and firs line the Burkhardt Trail down to Cooper Canyon, where a perennial stream creates tranquil pools and crashing falls. Naomi was impressed. The OFF worked magic.

I made Friday night dinner over a campfire, using dry oak logs I carted from home. Teva-brand steaks from Trader Joes, Yukon Gold potatoes wrapped in foil and plunked in the flames, and some sliced shitake mushrooms and garlic sautéed on our camp stove. Naomi has Shabbat paraphernalia for every occasion. She produced a dual tea-candle holder, a travel-sized silver kiddush cup, and a challah. We recited the blessingss. Whatever apprehensions Naomi had about bugs, bears, dust and—especially—vault toilets, dissipated into the clean mountain air like the sounds of the Shabbat songs we sang.

Dinner tasted great—I had long ago learned that as long as you bring good olive oil, salt and red wine, you're going to eat well anywhere. Naomi has her spiritual necessities, I have mine.

Afterwards, the stars appeared, wiping away all trace of the work week. Around the campfire, our daughter Noa invented a game called, "Stop/Start." The idea was to announce what you want to stop doing in your life, and what you want to start doing. We played a few rounds, and I realized that Noa, in her wise-beyond-her-years way, had brought us to the brink of the High Holy Days, when prayer and introspection are meant to do just that: Get us to make changes in our lives. It is difficult work, never as simple as just stopping and starting, but each new year is a new chance to do just that—to be the person we want to be, to do what we need to do, to do what we have never done. Like, say, go camping.

A video I shot of some falls in Cooper Canyon:

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Below is video of the drive in to Buckhorn Campground:

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A Photo Slideshow:

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July 22, 2010 | 6:53 am

A Taste of Peace [Recipe] [VIDEO]

Posted by Rob Eshman

The closest I ever got to Middle East peace was a kitchen in Napa Valley.

It was 2008. I was at the headquarters of the Culinary Institute of America in St. Helena, Calif., spending three days eating food prepared by the some of the best chefs in the world. The occasion was the CIA's 11th annual Worlds of Flavor International Conference, and the focus that year was flavors of the Mediterranean.

With no fanfare, no press release, no ceremony,the organizers brought together chefs from countries across the Mediterranean: Lebanon, Turkey, Syria, North Africa, Egypt ... and Israel. It was a fact no one spoke about but everyone there recognized: that countries at war with one another would be sharing a single grand kitchen, eating one another's food, and — when no one was looking — sharing a couple of drinks.

"There are no boundaries," Meir Adoni, the owner and chef of Catit in Tel Aviv, told me. Adoni's own family is Sephardic, from North Africa. He trained in Europe and Australia, where he met chefs from all over the world. "We always talked about food, not politics," Adoni said.

Food was what mattered in Napa, too.

The purpose of the annual conference is to introduce new ingredients and techniques to chefs, restaurateurs and food suppliers. Corporations like Campbell Soup and Simplot foot a big part of the bill, hoping to discover the next new flavor or trend, maybe mastic from Greece or za'atar from the Middle East. At one seminar, Youssef "Joe" Barza, the Emeril of Arab TV, had attendees smell and taste 25 different spices and herbs from his native Lebanon, then he cooked a meal with them. Maybe that doesn't excite you, but I was living a dream. Each morning I drove through fog-shrouded vineyards to arrive at the gray stone chateau that housed the massive kitchen and the castlelike food hall where breakfast awaited.

At lunch one day, Jim Botsacos, the Greek chef of Molyvos restaurant in New York, took over the courtyard and turned whole lambs on massive spits over roiling oak fires. Closed-circuit cameras and a translator turned every moment into the best cooking show you ever saw: Moments after some of the best chefs in the world had prepared the food, you were eating it and trying out dozens of wines imported from their native countries.

Most of each day was given over to lecture/demonstrations on the foods and techniques unique to each chef or region. I watched Corrado Assenza, owner of Caffe Sicilia SR in Noto, Italy, prepare gelatins and sweetmeats from flowers and herbs he had picked on a hillside behind his restaurant and carefully packed for the journey. The fragrance was so intense, famous Los Angeles chef Piero Selvaggio teared up as he smelled his native Italy.

"Use vegetables that smell and taste of the earth," Assenza said.

But, not surprisingly, I gravitated toward the Israelis and their neighbors, chefs who share a border but who could never, at least back home, share a kitchen. Jewish cooking expert Joan Nathan led a plenary seminar on new Israeli cuisine that featured Adoni and Erez Komarovsky, founder of Lehem Erez Bakeries and director of a cooking school in the Northern Galilee. The two chefs showed the 800 attendees how their country's food evolved from the scarcity of the Ashkenazi pioneers to a nascent cuisine that bridges Europe, Asia and the Levant.

"How can a country of 2 million Jewish mothers not have any good food?" Nathan asked the crowd.

The chefs were quick to acknowledge the debt Israeli food owes to the ingredients and techniques of Arab cuisine. I ate, took notes, talked, and ate more than I imagined possible: a garlic and potato cream from Jose Andres; Ana Sortun's potato, green olive and caper brik with sweet-sour greens; Komorovsky's roasted cauliflower with tahini and date syrup — a dish I resolved to eat once a month for the rest of my life. It was all alike, and it was all different.

With cuisines from Iran to Spain spread out before me — and world-famous cookbook authors and food historians milling about — the differences and similarities became apparent. Clifford Wright, author of "A Mediterranean Feast," pointed out that geography dictates much that is common in the cuisine — a diet heavy on similar vegetables, fish and lamb. The porousness of ancient borders ensured that Persian spices like saffron became synonymous with "Mediterranean." Moslem and Jewish dietary strictures, climate differences and specific cultures created differences, too — and the differences were delicious.

I wasn't walking around like a foodie Rodney King, wishing we could all just get along. After all, civil wars are fought between people who eat from the same tables, much less the same foods. And in fact, the larger tensions loomed: We journalists were asked to keep the Syrian chef's name out of print, as he was nervous about how fraternizing with the enemy Israelis would play back home.

This wasn't about all peoples joining hands over food, it was about food lovers focusing on what they love most, politics be damned. Fred Forsburg, who has devoted his life to growing dozens of varieties of heirloom garlic at Honey Hill Farms in upstate New York, made platters of creamy traditional hummus, switching out only the variety of garlic in each one. I watched as Komorovsky from Israel and chefs from Turkey, Lebanon, Iran and Syria all came up and swiped and sampled and compared flavors. It was the world as a common dish.

The last night was a gala feast, when each chef prepared tables of regional specialties for us to eat. It all went together: from Apulian beans baked in earthenware amphorae to Najmieh Batmanglij's Pomegranate Khoresh with Sweet Rice With Orange Peel to Antonio de Bari's Cecamariti (Dried Pea Soup With Croutons) to the Spanish paella and Moroccan tagines.

Amid all of this, the Israelis, Iranians and Lebanese, the Greeks and the Turks all roamed the hallway tasting one another's food, chatting like all the world was their souk.

A young Iranian chef stopped by to taste Adoni's stuffed calamari, a decidedly non-kosher representation of the most inventive Israeli food. It brought a huge smile to his face, and Adoni, looking on, smiled too.

"Peace with food," said Komarovsky — offering me another piece of cauliflower.

Cauliflower Erez

This recipe is from Erez Komarovsky, founder of Lehem Erez Bakeries in Israel, who now runs a cooking school from his home-slash-farm in the Northern Galilee.

The combination of date syrup and tahini borrows from a common Arabic dip, Dibis w'rashi, the Nutella of many an Arab childhood.
But Komarovsky's combining it with the earthy, caramelized taste of roasted cauliflower is original, inspired and unforgettable.

You can find date syrup in Middle Eastern markets, or of course online. If you're worried you won't have enough uses for it, relax.
It keeps forever, and you can always pour it into your blender with some vanilla ice cream and milk for a homemade Date Shake.

2 heads cauliflower
1/2 c. date syrup
1/2 c. tahini
salt and pepper
olive oil

Preheat over to 450 degrees. Rinse and dry cauliflower heads. Standing them up right, stem side down, slice through the whole head into 1/4 inch thick slices. Some will maintain their shape, some will crumble. Just keep going.

Cover one ow two large baking sheets with a thin layer of olive oil, salt and pepper. Lay out cauliflower in one layer. Drizzle with more olive oil, salt and pepper. Roast until caramlized on the bottom, turn and roast until tender and brown at the edges. Remove to a serving platter, drizzle with date syrup and tahini. Use more or less of both depending on taste.

For a video of Joan Nathan's presentation with Erez Komarovsky and Meir Adoni, click here.

1 Comments — Leave your comment

June 10, 2010 | 1:32 pm

Gazans for Sweets

Posted by Rob Eshman

Interviewed by Ethan Bronner of The New York Times, a Gaza sweets manufacturer had Foodaism's quote of the week:

> I can't get cocoa powder, I can't get malt, I can't get shortening or syrup or wrapping material or boxes," said Mohammed Telbani, the head of Al Awda, a cookie and ice cream factory in the central town of Deir al Balah. "I don't like Hamas, and I don't like Fatah. All I want is to make food.

0 Comments — Leave your comment

May 25, 2010 | 2:26 pm

The Sacrament

Posted by Rob Eshman

Before he came to Los Angeles to die, my cousin Lloyd lived in a courtyard apartment in Oakland. He was 34. That year, the doctors diagnosed his twitchy arm and trippy legs as Lou Gehrig's disease, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS). He saw a specialist at UC San Francisco who believed in telling The Truth: Lloyd's perfect surfer's body would grow slack and useless. His witty, insightful speech would slur, then disappear. His bodily functions would give out one by one. He would become a helpless man. And then, within two years, he would die. Lloyd was my cousin. He was also my best friend. He was four years older than me, but we shared a devotion to absurd humor, mysterious women, wine beyond our means and excellent food.

At first, friends told Lloyd his ALS was Epstein-Barr virus, a disease causing debilitating weakness that a lot of driven, successful yuppies seemed to be getting. We knew that it couldn't be that — neither of us was remotely successful or especially driven. I was writing unproduced plays, supporting myself as a cook and caterer, dreaming about being a writer. Lloyd had a day job doing page layout for a weekly thowaway sports magazine and was dreaming of being a musician. Or a writer. Or an artist. He was good at it all. But he was, like me, best at dreaming.

While Lloyd lived in Oakland, I shared a Lower Haight Street townhouse with two men I never quite figured out. One of them worked for a medical messenger service, transporting false teeth. The other stayed home and experimented with sourdough bread recipes, reading Tolstoy during the hours and hours it took the dough to rise.

We were all of a kind, men bubbling up around 30, waiting for some wild yeast to waft in through the window, land on our lives and transform us into something fully risen.

Long before he took ill, Lloyd and I spent whatever money we had left over after paying rent on eating well. We ate burritos made with handmade tortillas at La Perla, a family-owned storefront in the Mission District.
We bought toe-curling, overripe taleggio from one of the precious gourmet stores springing up like crocuses from the grave of old hippie Berkeley. On payday we'd splurge for a meal at Oliveto, or go back again and again to eat the salad with ginger and garlic and raw peanuts at the only Burmese place we'd ever seen. One workday morning, we breakfasted on pancakes at the Eagle Cafe, and followed through on our dare to wash them down with Anchor Steams. For dinner, we met up at a Hunan place in Chinatown, trading future savings for immediate greens with garlic and chili. That was how our 20s got away from us — in restaurants.

Eventually I moved, first to Israel, then to Los Angeles. That's where I was living, as a newlywed, when Dr. Truth broke the news to Lloyd. I flew up to hang out with him. We ate out once, at a Nuevo-Mexican place.
By then, Lloyd was on a regimen of vile, gut-wrenching Chinese herbal tea. Even so, he buckled and drank some Herradura with me in honor of the time we took a train through Mexico's Copper Canyon, drinking tequila in bars where men wore actual six-shooters.

At the restaurant, Lloyd asked me to take him to the men's room and stand right behind him at the urinal so he wouldn't fall backward. When another man walked in and looked at us with disgust — Couldn't you guys find a room? — we faked a moment of loud sexual ecstasy. After that, Lloyd found it easier to take meals at his bungalow apartment in Oakland. He could barely chew, was losing weight rapidly, and most of his meals consisted of cans of Ensure, which he said tasted almost as good as the Chinese herbs.

The night before I was to return to my life in Los Angeles, he asked me to cook real food. I didn't know how much longer Lloyd would live. I didn't know how much longer he'd be able to swallow solid food, how many more meals we would share.

My wife and I kept a kosher home, but I chose to make what I knew Lloyd would love: grilled fresh squid, the spicy Italian seafood stew cioppino and sourdough bread. The two of us sat down to eat, a bottle of zinfandel — far better than I could afford — between us. He scooped up a piece of rockfish from the cioppino, chewed it very slowly and smiled.

"Ah," he said, and his blue eyes lit up.

Lloyd would live another year, and we would eat together often, but that was our last perfect meal. It was the closest I've ever gotten to understanding what Christians mean when they speak of a sacrament, the physical manifestation of a spiritual reality.

When he died, I was beside him. Lloyd's last words to me were, "This is it."

You would think that instant would be the one lodged most prominently in my memory, but it isn't. My mind always goes back to the squid, the cioppino, the zinfandel. Those, at least, are real. His death never seems to be.

Lloyd's Cioppino (Kosher Version)

This is the version of cioppino I made for Lloyd, minus the shrimp, mussels, scallops and clams). If you want to go authentic, substitute some of the fish for a mix of fresh, cleaned shellfish.

1 large onion, diced
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 stalk celery, diced
1 small carrot, diced
one-half c. olive oil
2 bay leaves
1 t. fresh oregano
1 t. fresh thyme
1/2 t. crushed red chili pepper or more to taste
1 t. salt
fresh ground pepper
2 cans high quality Italian peeled and crushed tomatoes
1 T. tomato paste
1 c. Italian dry white wine or Prosecco
2 c. water or fish stock
3 pounds mixed ocean fish and shellfish, cut into large chunks (Use a mix of very fresh filets of rockfish,cod,halibut,sea bass,mullet, tuna, albacore
—don't use salmon or very oily fish)

In a large soup pot, heat olive oil until almost smoking. Add all vegetables and herbs, except tomatoes, and saute until soft, about 10 minutes. Add wine, cook 3 minutes, then add tomatoes, fish stock or water, bring to boil, then lower flame and simmer 20 minutes, until flavors meld.

Add fish, stir once to blend, cover and simmer until fish is cooked, about 10 minutes. Reduce heat to low simmer until ready to serve.

Serve in big bowls with a squeeze of fresh lemon and a drizzle of great fruity olive oil, and plenty of great sourdough bread.

4 Comments — Leave your comment

May 14, 2010 | 10:04 am

How to Make Blintzes—The Movie

Posted by Rob Eshman

Here's the video Jay made of me making blintzes. It has the recipes and shows the steps. We try to keep these video short and fun. I guarantee that if you watch to the end, you'll enjoy Jay's visual joke based on a movie that has nothing to do with Shavuout, except that once upon a time Ben Stiller's ancestors celebrated it.

In the video, I don't explain the connection between Shavuout and blintzes. I do in a previous blog post.

One more thing: I'm not even a blintz fan, and I love these blintzes. Have any blintz-making questions? Ask me.

2 Comments — Leave your comment

May 11, 2010 | 3:43 pm

How to make Blintzes [VIDEO RECIPE]

Posted by Rob Eshman

Over the weekend our Web Master and VideoJew Jay Firestone came over to our house to video me making Lemon Ricotta Blintzes for Shavuout.

Judaism has developed two main ex post facto reasons why we traditionally eat dairy foods on Shavuout: because the holiday commemorates the giving of the Torah on Mt Sinai, and Torah is like mother's milk to the Jews, or because the newly-given laws of kashrut were too complex regarding meat eating, so instead of mistakenly crossing them, Jews stuck to dairy.

But the Foodaism reason is more straightforward: we eat dairy at Shavuous because it's late spring, and the mother animals are bursting with milk. A lot of Jewish laws—a lot of religious laws in general—have obvious roots in natural cycles, and the traditions of Shavuout are no exception. When God gives you milk, make milk-ade.

These are my favorite blintzes. They're not made with the usual hoop cheese or farmers cheese. So, they're not dry, but have more of a cheesecake-like filling. They are not like those industrial strength deli-bombs, but light and delicate, a filed crepe by way of the shtetl, if the shtetl were in Italy.

The ricotta I used came from Whole Foods, the brand is Angelo and Franco, and it is superb. I also used some of the last Salvatore Brooklyn ricotta that I brought back from Brooklyn's Fort Greene neighborhood. It's a locally made artisanal brand, very thick, and perfect for this dish.

Find more videos like this on *EveryJew.com*

Happy Shavuout!

Foodaism Lemon Ricotta Blintzes

(Makes 10 – 12)

FOR THE BLINTZES:

1 cup flour

2 tbsp. sugar

1 tsp. sugar

½ t. vanilla extract

1/2 tsp. salt

3 eggs

1 1/4 cups whole milk

1 tbsp. vegetable oil

FOR THE FILLING:

1 lb. ricotta cheese, at room temperature

3 T sour cream or mascarpone

2 egg yolks

3 tbsp. sugar

½ t. lemon zest

½ t. vanilla extract

1. Combine crepe batter ingredients in blender or bowl and mix until smooth. Let rest a half hour.

2. Combine filling ingredients in mixer or bowl and blend until smooth. (Use good quality ricotta. If very moist, drain in cheesecloth-lined colander; set inside pan for a few hours or overnight in refrigerator)

3. Heat a non-stick crepe pan or 8 inch skillet. Rub with oil or butter. Add ¼ cup batter and tilt pan to spread batter thin. Cook until set then flip. Cook until dry, then turn out onto plate. Repeat until all the batter is used.

4. Spread 2 or 3 T of filling along bottom of crepe. Roll up into a cylinder, tucking ends in before you finish rolling. Repeat until all the crepes are filled.

5. Heat one T. vegetable oil in a skillet, Add crepes 2-3 at a time and cook on each side until golden. Serve with a dollop of sour cream and fresh berries.

3 Comments — Leave your comment

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