



CarbonNYC/flickr

When my husband, Andy, and I were first together as a couple in the early 1990s, before we were married, we started giving dinner parties. While growing up I had resolutely avoided learning to cook (or to do anything else domestic). But coming from a Belgian family I was an inveterate foodie from birth, and in graduate school I at least learned how to put together a decent dinner. Andy, on the other hand, had not progressed far beyond graduate school minimalism in the kitchen, so I set him to work as a sous-chef, following various recipes.

It quickly became apparent that my vaunted multi-tasking skills (taking a phone