



# Features



## WEEKEND UPDATE *with* Caitlin Mahoney Be All You Can Be

Unlike my usual weekends of "silently observing" the inner workings of Union's social life- often into the wee hours of the morning (all this incredibly grueling work for the sake of our precious Concordy)- I was off participating in some far away, equally ridiculous shenanigans. I was convinced to relocate by a fantastic little lady, lets call her "Freezing Rain," who assembled quite the motley, and random, crew of students to storm her house on Cape Cod. I even left a little piece of my heart, or rather my car, there, so whenever I look at that huge dent in the back of my Blazer and the shattered back windshield- I'll fondly remember her house, Cape Cod, and an unnamed friend's obviously amazing driving skills. Ah, the memories.

On Friday night, after a few instances of break failure, a 30 pack of Busch Light (and thus a much-needed stop on the side of the road), my 3 passengers and I arrived at our much-desired destination to find all the other guests already well on their way to intoxication. That night became quite a blur once the Southern Comfort started flowing straight from the bottle (there was certainly no time for shot glasses), but what we do know is that it ended in another verbal argument for me, a physical altercation for Jackie (see last week's Busty Belligerence for more information), and a pair of mysteriously wet jeans for Corey. Or at least she claims that it was mysterious.

The next morning (morning obviously meaning afternoon), I awoke to the blinding sunlight on a bunk bed, fully dressed in the previous night's outfit (obviously), and confused about what had happened the night before. This is almost a comforting state for me since it is far too common in my world. But I was wrong to have such comfort. How could I have known that this day would change my entire opinion of myself? There was simply no way I could have foreseen the disturbing epitome which was mere hours away. I went about my business, blind to what was about to happen, ate some incredibly delicious chicken (thanks to Billy who seems to be quite the wizard with BBQ sauce and a spatula), and joined a group on the beach. There were some poor decisions made, including some incredibly numbing swimming and a lost 100 dollar bet, and also the discovery of my hidden talent: Bocce ball. After another delicious 30 pack, the "rock of truth" was named. The Rock of Truth began as simply a large rock where we chose to sit, drink, and take in the sights, but it turned

into much more. This rock took on a personality of its own, forcing truth from those who sat (and for some of us, got incredibly sunburned) upon it. There were a few things said that I wish I could erase because, really, the declaration of "what is said on the rock, stays on the rock" was not all that comforting right about then. This brought out the statement by Mr. Warner that I was "sketchy." Me? Sketchy? No, that simply couldn't be! I mean, sure I've done my fair share of things that only seemed like a good idea as the hours ticked by, but haven't we all? It appears people may believe I've done more than my fair share. I had always considered myself more of an embarrassment than anything else. The introduction of the word "sketchy" into the realm of descriptions of me was really a shocker. A bomb was dropped and I was forced to reevaluate the very fabric of my life (although I will obviously refuse to make any kind of changes because self-improvement isn't really my style). What is it that I do which makes me such a sketchy individual? "D" went on to say that he would categorize me as "a late-night creeper." I suppose that would probably add insult to injury if I even really had any idea what that meant.

When relaying this story to my friend, Jeff, he kindly stated that it probably meant that I creep people out late at night. Oh, don't my friends hold me in such high regard? But the real explanation was that I'm unfailingly around late at night trying to find anyone, and everyone, to stay up and party with me. Well, folks, I don't know when that became such a terrible thing, but I think it's about time that we reverse that decision. I feel we could consider me as a motivator, one who really tries show the students of Union College that they are capable of having one more warm, flat beer, and staying up one more hour. I may go so far to say that I'm doing the college community a service, helping them realize their full potential. Really, it's like the army (yes, I am ridiculous enough to actually compare myself to the army). I'm just trying to help people be all they can be. Do you consider the army sketchy? No, I didn't think so. So, next time I'm still hanging out upstairs at a fraternity forcefully bullying people I hardly know into staying up even after the sun has begun to light up the fair city of Schenectady, don't label me sketchy but rather give me a nice little pat on the back and a thanks for all my hard work.

## Tips, Tricks and Techniques to take on KITCHEN-PHOBIA

KAT ODELL

Does entering your kitchen cause you to feel the need to reach for a Xanax? Perhaps you, like millions of other Americans, are suffering from...KITCHEN-PHOBIA. Possible symptoms? Religious reliance upon plastic accoutrements such as measuring cups and spoons, a lack of conviction about which is the teaspoon and which is the tablespoon, a cult-like following of recipes (especially ones on backs of boxes), and an inability to differentiate between dice, slice, mince, chop, julienne...(while that may be somebody's name, male or female, in France...it also functions as a method of cuisine).

So, who's afraid of the big bad kitchen? Interestingly, Nick Kramer '06, finds his kitchen rather enticing. Because Chef Kramer maintains a highly accomplished and well-renowned degree in micro-waving, in addition to various degrees associated with the enigmatic and venerable manipulation of charcoal and lighter fluid, entering his kitchen and locking eyes with the wave causes him to "feel like Pavlov's dogs" because "just the sight of the [the wave] makes [him] salivate." Unfortunately, not every morsel of food is microwaveable or charcoal-able, hence if you find yourself unable to approach anything appearing like a stove or oven, perhaps this article may appease your daunting kitchen fears.

Unbeknownst to many, there exist two fundamental elements that govern all forms of cuisine preparation: A) a recipe is not set in stone and should rather be considered as a set of malleable guidelines, unlike a sorority composite which just simply cannot be changed or manipulated in any way. You don't like your picture? Suck it up and deal with it because it's not going to change. Ever. And in 20 years when TDChi steals it and hangs it on a wall, YES some freshman girl will most definitely be mocking your haircut.

An example of fundamental element A): just because Marcella Cucina likes to add rosemary to her frittatas, this does not mean that you should immediately skip over this recipe because you think "ewwwwww rosemary" (ps- for those of you culinary illiterates, rosemary is a pungent green herb and not somebody's granddaughter like in that caustic country song by Jessica Andrews). A more constructive way of approaching the rosemary predicament would be to consider a different ingredient that you enjoy, and substitute the rosemary for, say, pancetta or chanterelles. However, if the recipe already calls for a meat or a mushroom, pancetta or chanterelles may not represent the best of choices. In fact, people unknowingly exercise this recipe - altering ability on a daily basis. Think about the last time you went to Ambish or 1795...you examine the menu and decide that the Charles Doyle panini wets your palate. However you happen to, in fact, have a deep aversion to artichoke hearts. You consider your options and then turn to the lady behind the counter with the abnormally long and uncouth gray hair that is always in a braid just as frequently as she is in a bad mood (maybe it's because she works at both 1795 and the Van Dyke... "please remember to leave a tip" she always growls- no obsequious banter here!). Politely you inquire whether substituting sun-dried tomatoes for the slimy artichoke hearts could be possible. Right here, at this point, you have changed the recipe. You have modified the chef's opinion on what constitutes a "good" sandwich and you have created your own version of "appeasable." This practice easily transfers to the kitchen where you can mix and match ingredients that you like, rather than what Julia Childs or Craig Claiborne considers perfection. True, both are be highly acclaimed chefs, but cooking is allllllll about opinion and every single person has her/his own taste. Further, recipes are created through experimenting with different ingredients in varying combinations. Remember this next time you peruse a cookbook, or, sigh, a back-of-the-box recipe.

Next I must discuss fundamental element B) which constitutes TASTE, TASTE, TASTING as you cook! As I said before, a recipe is not stagnant like a sorority composite displaying loathsome hair. Thus, regardless of whether you decide to modify a recipe or not, how will you know if you mistook a teaspoon of salt for a tablespoon of salt unless you taste your food as you cook it? Tasting as you cook ensures the success of the final product, while acclimating an amateur chef with the ways in which certain ingredients taste and combine, creating background knowledge for the next cooking venture. You may learn that, after over-salting a dish, perhaps adding brown sugar or parsley may substantially help (hint, hint) reduce the salty flavor. Also, in terms of marinating meat or fish, THE LONGER YOU MARINATE, THE BETTER. Think, longer=better (perhaps for other activities as well, um, I mean...). Interestingly, a simple marinade of plain yogurt (or go for strawberry- who knows, Wylie DuFresne would), lemon and cumin (a Middle Eastern spice you can buy from the 'chopper) produces incredibly tender chicken because the natural enzymes present in the yogurt break down the tissues of the meat.

A subsequent, yet highly important piece of advice I will divulge to you is to always cook with the freshest ingredients possible. I can not stress this enough. If I involved a fundamental element C) in this article, this would be it. Dried herbs in those glass containers are total garbage, with the exception of sage leaves and Herbs de Provence (Williams-Sonoma.com), yet even worse is that diced garlic in the putrid yellow substance that might as well preserve body organs. In accordance, David Kang '05 is highly supportive of all things fresh and chill. He loves to cook and feels as though "kitchens are what makes a home... without a chill kitchen with fresh ingredients, you just don't have a chill crib."

## U on SEX

"On a Date with OCD"

GABRIELLE SOFFER  
STAFF WRITER

Obsessive Compulsive Disorder doesn't only apply to excessive hand-washing and desk organizing. Just as etiquette carries into the bedroom, so does OCD. To keep you readers holding onto your headboards (or for you dorm dwellers those metal bars at the head of your bed which can really only be used for sexual purposes), this week I'll be taking you into the mind of an OCD girl when she brings home that cute guy she was flirting with all Friday night. But don't get too excited, this stream of consciousness is not from my head, but rather the result of extensive research to bring you the most accurate account possible; "U on Sex" brings you only the best.

I wonder how many times a day he showers? More importantly, how many minutes a day does he spends in the shower? I wonder if he's ever looked at his thing under a microscope? 5 minutes ago he was itching down there, why? Does he have crotch-rot, why? That must have been a sign of some fungi. What if he has scabies, crabs, or lice?! I knew this was a bad idea. Where did I put that damn Xanax?

Oh man there he goes to turn off the lights. He thinks he's so smooth...like Rico Suave I presume. He thinks he's going to fool me... he doesn't know I have a flashlight hidden under the pillow.... warts, blisters, lice, shmegma!!!! Who knows what's cor-

roding his area... certainly he has no idea, they never do. Filthier than zoo animals I tell ya.

Once he unzips, the flashlight is coming out...so much for romance. Romance was for people of the Stone Age...romance is dead. Sure try to sway me with your big torso, your sexy smile. Hah, you don't think I can see through you! The sexier the smile, the dirtier the dude.

Oh no he didn't! He thinks he can just reach right over me and turn off my flashlight! I was in the middle of a very important inspection!? What is this!? A free world!? This is a game to you isn't it "Mr. I am more suave then the original Rico Suave."

OCD: "Rico, ughhh, you are making me so hot... come into the shower with me."

Rico: "Anything you want princess."

Ahhh, works like a charm. He's melting in my hand like the M&M man, following me to the shower like a well-trained dog. Operation 'Soap is my Friend' has gone under way. I crouch down and get to work...

OCD: "That feels nice" Doesn't it, you imbecile!?!"

Rico: "Oh yes, please don't stop!"

Insects and Flees, all you creatures will lose to me! Germs galore, will be no more. A little bit more and I'll finally score!

Look at that smile on my little man's face. Better yet! Look at the smile on my face. I'm glowing, we're glowing, it's like we just had the best sex of our lives! Now I can lift up the comforter that I lay down for my dirty guests. Yes my little friend you were such a good boy and now you can finally have your treat. I'll go get the lights.

Ahhhhh, This is the life...

## Shedding the Carapace

"A Longer Day"

CARA MURPHY  
STAFF WRITER

The lower level of Fox hall, most commonly known as the dungeon, is a magical underground haven where residential life stows as many eager freshman boys as possible, in the absence of daylight, females, and the rest of the freshman class. Nevertheless, in the common area in this "lower level," happy young lads play poker, guitar, and skateboard on the railings of the stairs. Just around the corner past them, is an infrequently used laundry room, and in it, a poster for a laundry service reads "helps make your day a little longer."

Now, at first glance, this poster thoroughly confused me. It was not until several flights of stairs later that I realized a longer day should, in theory, be viewed as a good thing. However, my perplexity stemmed from the completely contradictory and clearly negative statement "it's going to a long day." In fact, it is safe to assume that many people view their busiest and most hectic days as their longest rather than the ones with nothing on their agenda. Moreover, I wondered if the exactly three hours that it takes from hamper back to bureau to do laundry does in fact make anyone's day longer. My inkling is probably not.

This day in age, the world moves faster than ever, and despite the fact that we are now able to do anything and everything in record timing, we have still not managed to buy ourselves any more time. We live in an age where banking can be done in a drive through and a person can easily pass through a toll both without needing to stop. People can check out their own groceries at the supermarket and no longer need to wait in lines at

amusement parks that have "fast pass" reservations services. High speed internet has brought us e-tickets for airplanes, e-cards for holidays, and e-mail for just about any fathomable correspondence, whether it be a memo, joke, letter, thank you, or inquiry; its instantaneous delivery makes even over-nighting something seem unreasonable.

Logically, it would seem that the excess of time that we are saving would, in fact, actually amount to having more free time. Instead, however, people are busier than ever. The quickened pace of life actually has had the opposite effect. We are now aghast to dial-up, cannot be burdened by waiting for the person in front of us, and barely remember the sluggish pace of the fast forward or rewind of our cassette and VHS tapes of the 1990s. Sit-down meals are no longer pragmatic, and because life is moving faster, so must we. Or must we? It seems that in our rush to get somewhere, we have not really gotten anywhere. The only consolation of getting done what is due today is merely the ability to tackle whatever is due tomorrow. In a hurry to get things done, we have lost sight of the things which are really important. Nearly twenty years ago Ferris Bueller reminded us that "Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in awhile, you could miss it." He was right, and today more than ever, we are missing it. So, perhaps making the day a little longer is not such a bad thing after all, as long as you have some buddies, some cards, a skateboard, and a guitar.

# TIPS FOR A SUCCESSFUL CAMPUS CRAWL

1. Hydrate before and after. Drinking a lot of water (or gatorade, if you prefer) during the day is essential to being able to keep stamina.

- Meaghan Colleary

2. Buddy System! Make sure to have a friend at all times. And make frequent buddy checks!

- Drew Golden

3. Make sure you hit every house.

- Tom Hickernell

4. Don't drink too much in the beginning. Slow and steady wins the race.

- Andrea Dumais

5. Got to learn to crawl before you can walk -- Start early.

- Tyler Lewis

6. Colorful cups show spirit. But those who have crawled before it is time to lose the rainbow cups.

Nalgene's are the way to go.

- Becca Wein

7. Wash your cup after the festivities. Your room will smell like a frat for days.

- Nancy Borowick

8. Have FUN!