

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 109
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

Van Halen Rocks Our World and Why Do Writers Hate Marriage?

Have you purchased your Love LA tickets yet? No? Well point your mice toward www.lovelashow.com and use the “laweekly” discount code to join us January 27th at Boulevard 3.



Last Tuesday, a dream 25 years in the making finally became reality. Van Halen, with David Lee Roth wielding the microphone once again, blasted into town to lay down some (thankfully) Hagar-free hits to a packed Staples' crowd. Ad-whore Paul Sanchez and I stood for two-plus hours fist pumping, swaying, and singing along to “Beautiful Girls,

Jamie's Cryin', Atomic Punk,” and practically every other tune from Diver Down backward to their debut album. Pure magic.

What a far cry from the last time I saw them in 1982. Back then, some friends and I drove to the Oakland Coliseum Arena in my junky 1973 Mercury Capri (yellow!), smoked an entire bag of Columbian Gold in a two foot bong in the parking lot, and drank pints of Bacardi mixed into 2-liter bottles of Coke with Big Macs and large fries soaking it all up. When Eddie made his entrance to the thundering drums of brother Alex, Dave leaping off a speaker column to his distorted guitar riffs, we knew we were watching true rockers at the peak of their powers. Dave chugged down half the FIRST bottle of Southern Comfort in one swig, passing it, and then more bottles around to band mates, picking up joints off the stage to take long drags between songs. By the end, the band could barely play, Dave had forgotten all the words, and Eddie kept blasting away incoherently in a climactic display that could only be characterized as a wonderful mess. With Journey garnering stratospheric album sales crooning out Steve Perry tunes, it was divine providence to have Van Halen around to balance that horrible pussy music.

Contrast that heady experience to last Tuesday, with Paul and myself at the Palms, chowing down on Nova Scotia lobster and filet mignon, chasing each bite down with perfectly mixed \$14.00 Mojitos and ogling LA's finest models. A short walk across the street to gather our \$250.00 apiece tickets from will-call and we were amid the throngs of VH fans old AND young alike. The sound was crisp, Eddie killed in his 10 minute solo,

Alex thundered, and Dave never sounded better (and more, well, *lucid*). Paul and I left shaking our heads in agreement that our belief VH deserves a place among America's (if not the world's) great rock bands has been not only validated, but punctuated with an emphatic exclamation point. So buzzed was I from the experience I've scored three more tickets to their follow-up performance December 14th for Alicia and our son. Since Kealii will be getting a guitar and amp for Xmas, what better way to start him off than treat him to a performance by a true living legend?

Writers Marriage Block

We rented "Knocked Up" over the Thanksgiving weekend and, while it had its moments, we were left wondering why the movie's overall portrayal of marriage was so negative. Paul Rudd and Leslie Mann, respectively, play a couple who openly fight, seemingly detest each other, and show their "joy" in marriage through such uplifting quotes as "Marriage is like a tense, unfunny version of Everybody Loves Raymond, only it doesn't last 22 minutes. It lasts forever," and "The biggest problem in our marriage is that she wants me around."

Which got us to thinking, are there ANY shows or movies that show married couples as, you know, HAPPY? Soap opera marriages last about two to three months, sitcom marriages are unrealistically filled with strife (and come comedic ally close to divorcing almost every week), and dramas (such as HBO's depressing "Tell Me You Love Me") portray marriage as a sexless, stifling, life crushing decision no sane person would make. It makes us wonder if the writers, producers, and directors of these shows and movies have ever BEEN in a satisfying marriage – let alone relationship – themselves. Or do they simply have no faith we can be entertained by situations found in happiness rather than misery? We've enjoyed our 19 years together *despite* all the messages to the contrary, folks.

We have a Couples Connect class happening this Sunday at 4pm. Trina Lance teaches a fun mixture of lap dance and sexual empowerment that virtually guarantees a fun evening between the sheets afterward. Guys, you will also enjoy the BEST erotic dance you've ever had – and with your spouse, if you can believe it! Call our shop or Trina (her number is 310-526-3038) if interested.

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