

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 145
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

Playa Time!

Summer is finally winding down and we must say this has been one of the more satisfying couple months we've shared. Our sex life has (finally) found its rhythm, business was brisk despite a shaky economy, and we reconnected with many friends over barbeques and numerous dinners at our tiny Mar Vista house. Our son enjoyed a fun and relaxed season of basketball at Mar Vista Park, while learning to surf between basketball and marine biology camps and play dates galore. The weather, which in May threatened to bake the Westside into the Valley without air conditioning, mellowed into daily highs barely touching 75 degrees, a gentle marine layer creeping in nightly to offer comfortable sleeping conditions. We've done lots of walking, biking, surfing, and well, just about everything endemic to being a Southern Californian. School starts for our son on September 3rd and with it our mental shift back toward selling as much smut as possible through fall and the holiday season.

In two days, we stuff ourselves into our (recently acquired) RV and hit the road to Burning Man. This year, our pilgrimage into dust, heat, and unpredictability is more vital than ever, coming on the heels of a year that's been anything but smooth thus far. With our two person business operation requiring ridiculously long hours, Mom's Parkinson's/dementia two-fer dragging us down financially, and the prospective workload of the upcoming fall/winter seasons looming, we need to disengage with our "default" world and regroup. The Burning Man playa is the perfect place to step out of the madness and into the collective embrace of good will, love, and community. This year, we'll be volunteering in Kidsville, so if you're in the neighborhood of 6:30 and E, please come find us for a few moments of good conversation and a beverage. We'll be located directly next to Hot Monkey Socks craft camp, so we shouldn't be hard to track down.

In preparation for our annual journey, we just completed our fifth Master Cleanse lemon/syrup/cayenne fast, this time caffeine being the casualty of our dietary tweak. Each time we complete the 10 day program, we try to cut out at least one bad habit, and switching to decaf is a modest sacrifice. As usual, we suffered horribly the first two days as our bodies adjusted to food and alcohol deprivation, but the headaches and hunger pangs subsided and, save for a difficult spell involving a plate of Subway sandwiches, we hit our stride at the five day mark and cruised to day ten without a hitch.

Thank goodness the Olympics came along to occupy all the hours we'd normally devote to food. Indeed, we give little thought to just how much time goes into our eating; between shopping for ingredients, preparation, eating, and cleanup spread over two or three meals, over 4 to 5 hours can be utilized. With all that time freed up, we'd come home from work with more time than we knew what to do with – seriously – so we'd turn on the television and rest away the evening hours watching Michael Phelps triumph, 5 year old gymnasts win gold medals despite falling down, and the "Redeem Team"

crushing everything in its path. On that last point we have to tip our hats to Kobe Bryant, who seems to have embraced the Olympic spirit with a joy we don't normally see from him in purple and gold, as well as LeBron James, who the world simply has no answer for on the hardwood.

In closing, we'd like to throw out a couple of shouts, the first to our new favorite cheap sushi dive. Ugly Roll, tucked away in a bygone era mini mall at the corner of Sepulveda and Palms has been our little secret spot for unbelievably cheap (but good) raw fish. The owner and his wife remind us of a couple smut peddlers we know who started in much the same manner, so forgive the sparse surroundings and marvel at what 10 bucks will get you. We've also been hanging out at Metro Café in Culver City, which serves up amazing Serbian-inspired dishes. Go for their Chevapchichi, which can only be described as a collection of small Serbian beef sausages, as well as their fantastic goulash. The waitresses are particularly sunny and they have a DJ who plays every Sunday evening. A special thanks to friend Mike Burns, whose call complimenting us on last week's article made our day (we'll call you soon, Mikey, promise!). Finally, our hearts and best wishes go out to Chloe Sanchez, daughter of the Weekly's ad-whore Paul, who's been battling illness all summer. Hope you get better soon, Chloe!

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