

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 146
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

The Best Sexual Aphrodisiac

Our bedroom this past year hasn't exactly been ablaze. Between the stresses of coping with our business and demented mother in assisted care, we'd little time for fostering the kind of passion to which we've become accustomed since starting Freddy and Eddy nine years ago. To be sure, we've still kept a decent pace *quantity-wise*, but the overall passion in our sexual encounters has rarely risen above going through the motions prior to collapsing into sleep most nights. Our website is the best reflection of this state of affairs, with the product/video/website reviews dropping barely above a trickle as we struggle to muster the necessary motivation to grab anything outside our trusty Eroscillator for orgasmic harmony. We figured the lag must be related to either age or burnout (both, perhaps) and our overall tired day to day existence must've been the culmination of taking on too much for too long.

Sometimes, however, the solution can be found in the most obvious of places, in our case the mirror.

For in all the drama of the last two years involving finances, Love LA, Mom, etc., we'd not realized we'd put on almost 20 and 35 pounds, respectively. Not only that, but our once religious dedication to fitness had given way to sleeping late, eating horribly, and crawling out of bed half dazed until our morning jolt of caffeine roused us into a reasonably lively state. This sad condition culminated in a morning struggle to get on some shorts, whereby the distance between buttoning was well over three inches. When enough gut was sucked in to fasten them, barely two steps were taken before the button snapped, making a sound like a gunshot as it ricocheted off the hallway wall and almost killed one of our cats. Embarrassed, we vowed to address the situation immediately and began our latest Master Cleanse (a ten day lemon/maple/cayenne fast), simultaneously hitting the gym every day for the last three weeks plus.

The results thus far? We're down 10 and 22 pounds, respectively, our (non-elastic waistband) clothes comfortably fastening and our energy levels returning with a vengeance (indeed, each morning we've been waking up as if injected with a triple shot of espresso). We've decided to cut as much processed foods from our diet, instead focusing on organic and locally grown ingredients, such as those we find at our Mar Vista farmers' market each Sunday. We also found a fabulous website called Local Harvest (<http://www.localharvest.org/>) that highlights local produce and meats, as well as food collectives in which one can buy seasonal boxes of fruits and vegetables grown within close proximity (thereby reducing fuel costs). We have been pleasantly surprised at both the number of farms and the variety of offerings one can purchase without resorting to the local supermarket. Of course, one can't completely drop off the food processing grid, so we round out our pantry with trips to Whole Foods and Rainbow Acres, which are the closest businesses to offer sustainable foodstuffs.

And how has our sex life fared in all of this? We're like hungry wolves coming out of hibernation. Enthusiasm has returned with a vengeance and we're back to our dating days when we couldn't wait to get our hands on each other. The boxes of toys awaiting reviews are being sliced open and we're back on our game, so to speak, with hot text messages flying back and forth, as well as e-mails detailing sexual deviancy we can't wait to put into practice. The not-so-subtle ass and crotch gropes are back to being commonplace as well. Exercise has resuscitated our sex lives and transformed our tired daily routine into lively, passionate ventures. Even the stress of taking care of Mom's expenses seems to have evolved; instead of lamenting the three grand we have to pay out each month for her assisted care, we're now actively pursuing ways to increase income to make the cash outlay a non-factor.

The lesson here is obvious. If you want to realize a huge boost in your sex drives, improve your diets and get some exercise. Get off the couch, take a walk around the block, or dust off that gym membership and go bust some iron. We've sunk to the depths and climbed our way out, so we can say that a few lost pounds, miles walked, and healthier diet will reap sexual magic no little blue pill can ever hope.

As you read this column, we're up at Burning Man enjoying our first vacation since last year's playa adventure. Hopefully, our RV made the trip without a hitch and we're sipping cocktails under a shade structure with friends past, present, and future. A shout to all Burners who couldn't make it this year – you are missed...

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