

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 166  
By Freddy and Eddy

### Highway 1 Absurdity

With the economy tanking (100,000 jobs lost this past WEEK alone!) we've taken to enjoying the one thing no financial downturn can take away – our weather. So it was we found ourselves jumping in our 1985 Honey RV (we call her Hoe-NAY) and cruising up the coast Sunday for iced caramel macchiato at our favorite coastal hangout – Trancas Market and Starbucks. A hangout for surfers for countless years, this little spot at the north end of Zuma Beach now draws an upscale crowd, offers plenty of parking even on crowded weekends, and throws in a couple of eclectic little shops. Indeed, as we received our drinks at Starbucks, there was Pam Anderson and her two kids hanging out, no makeup, practically unnoticed, and without a hint of paparazzi anywhere. This leads to an altogether different conversation about how *do* the celeb photographers know where and when their targets will be, but that discussion we'll save for another column.

Anyway, the trip from our Hwy. 1 entrance at 20<sup>th</sup> street, down through the Santa Monica tunnel to the beach, and snaking along the water's edge past Gladstone's, Chart House, Topanga, Malibu, Pepperdine, Paradise Cove, Pt. Dume, and finally the long stretch of Zuma to Trancas took approximately 50 minutes. The warm sun accompanied us the entire trip and once we arrived at Trancas, we opened Hoe-NAY's windows and doors, facing strategically toward the ocean, and stretched out to enjoy the scene. With free wireless provided by the good folks at Starbucks, we hit Facebook via our iPhones to see what the world was up to, almost immediately being greeted by a picture set in some strange alien land, its inhabitants wearing thick garments obscuring all traces of flesh, and the overall tone suggesting something altogether *uncomfortable*.

In fact, the folks in the scene were friends of ours who live in Des Moines, Iowa, and they had posted the photo just prior to going *snowshoeing* to their local market. And thus the wonderful absurdity of Southern California hit us; for all the economic gloom and doom befalling the world and affecting our business, the threat of terror attacks and ongoing wars, the crazy mother in law inhabiting our household, a nasty flu bug that blasted through our family all last week, and jolting, insidious reminders we live in an earthquake region ever-present, for all of that, there we were, sitting in the glorious sunshine sipping iced caramel coffee drinks while friends 2000 miles away were trudging through the snow to get chips and beer for a football game containing the ultimate absurdity of them all – the Arizona Cardinals.

They can take away our homes, jobs, and pensions; but they'll never take our sunshine and optimism...

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A funny looking tube device arrived at our store back in December, which finally got a test run beginning January 15<sup>th</sup>. Called the Bathmate Penis Enlarger Pump, this simple contraption uses water pressure to supposedly grow your member 1-3" in length, 1-2" in



girth, without the risks associated with air-based pumps. For those unfamiliar with penis pumping, the premise is that the more blood that can be drawn into the three main chambers of the penis (the two Corpora Cavernosa chambers and the smaller Corpus Spongiosum), the larger it can become. Pumps form an airtight seal around the base of the penis and by pumping the air from the chamber, a vacuum is created that pulls blood into the chambers and holds it. Like working out at the gym, using a pump each day for 15-20 minutes will enlarge the chambers over time (and as a side effect stretch the main tendon running the length of the penile shaft), leaving the subject with a larger erect penis, as well as one hanging a bit lower in flaccid state.

The main advantage of the Bathmate, so it claims, is that it uses hydro (meaning water) instead of vacuum pressure, meaning more effective and less risky results (vacuum pumping can result in permanent damage if one isn't careful). Indeed, as one who suffers from the Seinfeldian "shrinkage" dilemma (though a tad above average when erect), I decided to give the Bathmate a few days to see if I might be able to hang loose on the playa at this year's Burning Man in August. The instructions suggested 20 minutes per day during showering, so I filled the thing with water, placed Mr. Happy ever so gently in, and pumped away.

After about a week, I have to say the results were startling. Though I didn't gain much on the erection side – perhaps a half inch over the seven days - the flaccid state was downright dramatic. Even my wife commented on how good the old boy looked and I think it might have even drawn her into a tryst once or twice. I'm continuing to use the Bathmate and hoping to realize another inch or two by end of February. Truthfully, unless you're particularly small, you probably won't see much difference in making love (my wife insists she can't tell the difference), but the confidence gain if you're going to hit a public Jacuzzi nude is worth the price. You can find more information on the Bathmate Hydro Pump at <http://www.bathmateusa.com>.

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