

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 161
By Freddy and Eddy

Stress...

With the economy in a tailspin, we've had to adjust to slower sales – though not catastrophic, thank goodness – and therefore cut out our largest monthly expense, namely Mom's assisted living care. This \$3000.00-plus per month punch in our financial gut (more than our mortgage, incidentally) has finally reduced our monetary wherewithal to life support status, with bills piling up late and yet-to-be-paid vendors clamoring at us for overdue invoices. Our overdraft protection is now maxed out (as are our two credit cards) and we've cut back on all but essential personal spending, such as food and clothing. The final measure of our budget adjustment has been to remove Mom from Hallmark assisted care, where she's lived the last two years, and bring her back home and under our responsibility.

In one respect, this decision actually brought with it some benefit. Indeed, cleaning out our second bedroom and preparing it for Mom's arrival caused a titanic chain reaction, rippling through every room in the house as we sought space to store old boxes of photos and who-knows-what, resulting in piles and piles of crap littering our living room and every other inch of empty floor it could occupy. Think of the process as sticking a giant finger down the throat of our home and watching it vomit forth a torrent of clothing, toys, bedding, obsolete electronic junk, old sporting equipment, useless paperwork, and spiders, who were none too happy to have their comfy homes disturbed by our Dyson Sucksalot vacuum cleaner. It was downright shocking to discover all this accumulated SHIT, and we've still yet to disburse it in its entirety to the local Goodwill, recycle bin, and Santa Monica garbage dump. In an odd bit of irony, we've constantly preached economy to our son, refusing to allow him to accumulate toys of all shapes and sizes, and who to his credit is happy to get by with his Nintendo video games, computer, and a few Legos, all the while piling up mountains of useless items ourselves at who knows how much fiscal waste. By the time Mom's room was patched and given a fresh coat of paint, the remainder of our home resembled what Dresden must've looked like after its WWII firebombing.

Obviously, all this upheaval took place while still having to run our business (oh, and we can't forget having to be parents to our extremely understanding son), and for the first time in 20 years together, we ceased to get along. At all. In fact, the pall over our marriage caused by all this commotion has tested our commitment more than all the financial hardships and sexual hiccups we've endured combined. By the time we drove up the street to finally gather up Mom and her belongings to make the move final, we were hardly on speaking terms. For her part, Mom has been a relatively painless addition to our household, with her advanced state of dementia effectively rendering her downright undistruptive. Where once she fought bitterly with us over every attempt to reign in her wacky thought processes, she now meekly follows whatever direction we put forth and settles in to sleep by 8pm, not stirring for 12 solid hours (if only our son were so cooperative). Sure, she still has occasional flashes of depression, usually in those rare

moments of clarity where she realizes how far gone she is; however, these episodes pass quickly and a dose of innocuous television or nearby magazine usually suffice to redirect her attention back toward a more serene state of mind. Hopefully, once our home is put back into some semblance of cleanliness and order, routine will kick in and we'll soldier on as best we can.

For now, though, we've put sex on the backburner and are looking forward to the day when our RV is rocking, product reviews once again dominate our lives, and we can look at each other and smile, rather than snarl.

In one week, X-mas will be upon us and we hope you'll consider a ticket or two to our Love LA Show on January 25th. We have a stellar collection of vendors and sex educators lined up (Midori and Nina Hartley, among others) and you'll easily save more than the price of the ticket considering the discounts most of them will be offering on their sexy products (and considering all the classes are included in the price of admission). We're also donating a portion of our proceeds to the worthy organization Children of the Night, who provide shelter and educational opportunities to youths trying to leave the streets. Please support us and visit www.lovelashow.com to purchase tickets.

Freddy and Eddy – aka Ian and Alicia Denchasy – can be reached via e-mail at freddy@freddyandeddy.com or by calling 310-915-0380. Their store address is 12613 Venice Blvd., LA CA 90066 and all articles are archived on their website.