



News from Peef & Lo

A Duplex... Not a Complex!

Good news!

Peef and Lo are moving to Wauwatosa!

Indeed. We have landed ourselves a gorgeous little 2 bedroom upper, and we'll be moving there sometime around the end of October. I'd give you the address, but I'm really looking forward to sending out all of those cool little "We've Moved" postcards...

But we can certainly tell you a little bit about the place. It's on the eastern side of Wauwatosa — a little red brick house on a corner lot with a little yard that we've been given permission to cultivate (they're going to let us dig! In the ground!).

There are lots of little character perks — which are all things we were looking for, but didn't necessarily know that we would get.

The kitchen is a generous size — kind of L-shaped and roomy enough for a kitchen table. There is a walk-in pantry, a spice cupboard and all kinds of nooks and crannies for things we might think of later. We're even looking forward to synchronizing our décor around the '40s vintage linoleum on the floor. We're thinking the place is a bit more conducive to

eating than our old apartment was — so this move will probably cause us to expand (in more than one way!).



The key to our castle?

The remainder of the house is equipped with hardwood floors, cottage windows, and more ceiling fans than one would generally need! The dining room harbors a lovely little built in china cabinet where we're contemplating storing our china — or maybe using as a liquor cabinet (cuz you know the kind of sleazy winos we are!)

The bedrooms are a fairly good size — and there are TWO of them. Both have two closets each — the room we perceive as the master bedroom even has a walk-in attic-type closet with a little octagonal window that overlooks the front yard!

We're really looking forward to the prospect of moving to a new place, meeting new

people, and being closer to the city. And along with that, we'll even be closer to some of you — but farther away from others, including our dear parents. On a positive note, we're hoping this will encourage more friendly weeknight dinners (or even weekend dinners) and excursions.

People keep asking us why we're moving back to Milwaukee — that evil place with bad water and higher crime. And I suppose it's a longer and more complicated answer than the average person wants to sit through. So, usually I just say that I'd like to get closer to my job (which doesn't really even make sense if you think about where Paul's job is).

The truth is, we're young. We're adventurous. Instead of moving out of state, which people would really get crazy about, we're just treading a bit of new territory here in Wisconsin. And we're expanding our social and cultural horizons.

After all, Germantown is not exactly the cultural hub of the Midwest... it's a bit more like a small cultural void. But that, I imagine, is another column altogether...

Quarterly Notes on Our Well-Being

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Top Five Unfair and Inaccurate Speculations Regarding Why Peef and Lo are Moving:

1. To get away from our parents
2. To have babies in secret where no one will find them
3. To improve the quality of our water supply
4. To get further away from Ryan Rosenthal
5. Just to be difficult

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Gardening with Peef and Lo: Miracle on Ashbury Court

May 7th turned out to be just the right moment to begin gardening. As it turns out, we needed a bit of extra time to revive everything that died.

Well, I'm almost kidding.

Not everything died, but we did have a relatively disturbing episode with our eggplant. Do you happen to remember last year when our Oregano plant ever so rudely strangled our beautiful Jalapeno? Well, this story beats that one out by a stretch. At least Paul thinks so.

In this story, Lori kills the plant. And THAT (as we all know) is always a cause for laughter.

The story begins when our beautiful, budding eggplant becomes infested with a mountain of tiny green aphids.

Yuck. Lori knew something would have to be done. So, she immediately called Mom to find out what one can do (short of ordering a bin of ladybugs) to get rid of aphids organically. Mom, in her brilliance, suggested insecticidal soap — even better, she brought over a small bottle of the stuff for Lori to use.

Lori immediately went out with her spray bottle and hounded the little critters with soap. "HA HA!" she cried, in her most evil voice, "Take

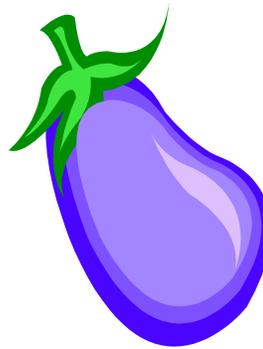
that you aphids!" When she had exhausted the bottle, she went into the house.

A day or two later, she checked the plant to find that the soap was working superbly. Most of the aphids were gone, but there were a few stubborn ones who she needed to get rid of. Realizing she was completely out of insecticidal soap, she remembered reading somewhere that one could make such a concoction out of everyday dish soap diluted with water. This is true.

She mixed up a batch and sprayed the whole eggplant — top to bottom. Surely they would be dead by morning, she thought.

Indeed — when we checked on the plant the next morning, the aphids were dead. And so, it appeared, was the eggplant. It was brown. And wilted. And very sad looking indeed.

Lori immediately called Mom again — who stated the soap concentration had probably been too much for the plant. Of course, Lori thought, I go and kill my prize plant in July, when there's no time for replacement!



To Be... Or NOT To Be...

Well, Mom heard Lori's little lost cries, and she arrived on the porch with a huge, new eggplant — completely alive and bearing fruit. Lori was in heaven — but also completely petrified. "What, after all, will we do if we kill this one?" she thought.

The plant thrived for a week or two. And one day we came out to find that it too had become infested with aphids. UGH! PANIC! WHAT TO DO? Certainly there would be no more soap applied, for fear of frying the plant... So, we waited.

And then, like a rainbow appearing in the sky, Lori saw something that made her heart skip a beat — a ladybug. Right there, on the plant.

We decided to leave her with the feast of aphids for a day or two to see what happened.

When we checked on her a few days later, we saw... more ladybugs. Five ladybugs, six, seven... Ten ladybugs!! God sent us ladybugs to eat our aphids! Now this was cool! We watched, and sure enough, in a week or so, the ladybugs were gone and so were the aphids.

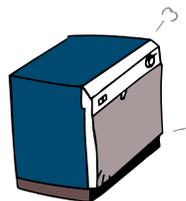
It was a miracle — and a delicious one at that :)

Could Washing Dishes be GOOD for You?

We, your spoiled children, need a good kick in the pants. We need to be reminded about the benefits of good, honest, hard work. Elbow grease. Stick-to-itiveness. Labor.

Alright. We just need to be assured that living without our beloved dishwasher will not be a horrible detriment to our already busy lives.

Washing dishes is good down time



Can we survive without our modern conveniences?

after a hard day, right? It will improve our marriage, relieve our stress and make us more contented...

PULEEZE tell us this is true.

"Acht" you might say. "There are only two of you. How many dishes could you possibly generate??"

A LOT OF DISHES. More than our fair share of dishes, indeed.

It's all that cooking we do. Cooking

and entertaining. And eating. We're beginning to fear that our social lives will be reduced to dishwashing and drain cleaning after our move.

Tell us this is not true.

We beg of you.

Bring us good tidings of great joy.

Better yet, maybe you all could get together and form a little committee... a volunteer sort of organization... people who washed dishes for instance...

Cooking with Peef & Lo: Blackest Is Best

There's nothing like getting really sick to get you thinking about being creative in the kitchen... I tell you! When I get sick, the creative juices start flowing...

Alright, that's not exactly how it always happens. But, just a few short weeks ago, that WAS the story.

Paul and I both came down with the flu. Peef got sick first, and Lo (of course) followed a few short days later. All of a sudden, there were TWO sick people in the house, and no one really feeling well enough to cook. We knew that we /should/ cook something. After all, we had to eat to keep our strength up. But, the question was — what?

That's when brilliance hit.

Why not make a nice steaming pot of chicken noodle soup?

This idea was met with a bit of fear, as neither of us had ever attempted to make chicken soup from actual

chicken before. So this would take some thought — and some shopping.

We trudged to the store, where Lo picked up a container of Chanterelle mushrooms — just to make things interesting. Peef made sure we had enough garlic, and pondered whether or not to include rice or pasta (tortellini won).

And when our hands were filled with all the ingredients we could ever need, we headed home.

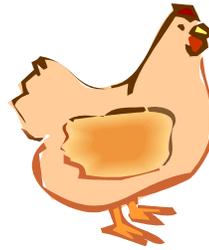
Lo pulled out a package of frozen chicken thighs she had stocked away in the freezer and set them in some water to boil. Meanwhile, she roasted a head of garlic in the oven. When the chicken was tender, she added the whole head of garlic, chopped carrots, celery, onions and chanterelles. She seasoned with bouillon, thyme and a bit of cayenne. Then she covered the pot and prepared for a nap.

By the time the soup was ready for the cooked pasta, it had filled the house with a delectable aroma. And both Peef and Lo ran into the kitchen to lift the lid and sample the masterpiece.

What they found underneath the cover was a complete surprise: The soup was black. Clear black broth with flecks of

orange, white and red. Obviously, our first thought was NOT "Cool, dude. Black chicken soup." It was more like "Oh no. We burned something."

Turns out those chanterelles just did a number on the color of the chicken broth. We laughed as we added our noodles — what a dirty looking mess. But we couldn't complain — it tasted excellent. Rich, 'chromyl and warm. Just the right sort of thing to cure our ails and fill our bellies...



A delectable feast

ELMO ABDUCTIONS: Stranger than Fiction

Has anyone seen Elmo?

Cuz we sure haven't — not in weeks. We believe that an abduction may have taken place. Possibly of the (de-do-de-do) ALIEN variety.

Our lives lately have been a bit like a bad episode of the Twilight Zone. The fact is that we still have a cat living here in our apartment. He looks like Elmo — a little orange and white piece of fluff who romps about and chews the tails off of poor, unsuspecting toy mice like Elmo used to do. But this cat is quite obviously not our Elmo.

It all started a few weeks ago when we let (who we thought was) Elmo out for his daily sun on the porch. He slunk about, gnawed on a bit of catnip, inspected the tomato plants, and seated himself happily in one corner of the

balcony, hanging his head over the edge to observe the action downstairs. While we weren't looking — a transformation occurred.

Elmo generally knows his name and is trained to come into the house on command. One simply needs to urge him inside by pointing at the door and saying "Elmo, time to go into the house." One may need to repeat this again, if Elmo is feeling a bit deaf on any particular day, but he responds well within a time or two.

Not on this day.

No, Elmo did not respond until Lori turned to Paul in exasperation and said "Stupid cat."

At that moment, the cat came directly



Hi, my name is... CAT.

to the door and sat there as if to reprimand me for not opening the door fast enough.

Hmm... Both of us thought this a bit fishy. So, we decided to experiment. We let the cat out later in the day, and at the end of the field trip, simply said "Into the house

CAT." instead of the usual "Elmo..." bit. Sure enough, this feline followed us right in.

Ever since, this cat only responds to you if you call him by his (apparent) name: CAT. It's exasperating.

We're currently trying to remedy this problem — until then, please call us immediately if you've seen Elmo. Thanx.

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Amore Sitis Unifi!

