



actualités de Peef & Lo

Pardon, mais je ne parle pas Français.

It has been four months now since we moved to the city and things are going well. We like our new home, and often pause to look out of our window at the view of the quiet little city street below us.

Sometimes we miss the nuances of rural life — the smell of cow poop mingled with the vapid odor of the Germantown dump, the thrill of passing farm vehicles on the highway, and most of all, the pleasant rumble of bikers on their way up to Mauthe Lake on holiday weekends. But most of the time, we're quite happy to inhale corporate pollution and cavort on the roadways with the semi drivers from Illinois.

In all honesty, we love it here. We love Wauwatosa, home of the perfect nuclear family — which still seems to include 2 parents, 2 1/2 children and a lovely little scruffy dog named Max. We love the silence of our tiny urban neighborhood. The dog walkers. The joggers. Our friendly UPS lady. We love our Outpost foods, where we can buy organic fruits and veggies and experiment with foods we've never heard of before. We like being close to the cultural hub downtown, and the prospect of evenings at the theatre, the symphony, the ballet... yes, maybe even the opera.



Back in the City Again

SURE, you say, in disbelief. How could ANYONE be so happy in such a place? Don't you fear that the water is contaminated with crypto? Don't you wonder about those neighbors who only come out at night, the ones who seem to howl when the moon is full? Don't you MISS the serenity of Germantown?

Well, of course we think about those things. :) But, let's be very honest here. Germantown had water that wreaked of naturally occurring radiation — had we stayed another ten years, we may have had the pleasure of becoming walking nightlights. We lived down the street from a family whose naked children scurried about all summer, and whose cat continually tried to sneak into our house (presumably to escape his owners). And Germantown... come on. There was little serenity in a place which harbored far too many teenagers with VERY loud cars.

Oh, you mustn't think we weren't happy. We always smile to think of the little adventures we had in our apartment there — the dinners, the porch-top gardening, and our beloved dishwasher! And we're continually reminded of the WONDERFUL little grandmother Frederick who lived below us, as the USPS has begun to forward her mail to us as well as our own.

And now we have a NEW place to do all of those things all over again! We're very much celebrating now that the days are growing longer. We've started sprouting a bit of basil on our kitchen table and begun contemplating gardening our little backyard. We're very close to getting the ancient linoleum in our kitchen replaced. And we're preparing to do our first ethnic dinner party — this time, with an African food theme!

We really hope you'll wander on by sometime when you're in the area. If you're lucky enough to catch us at home, we would be thrilled to visit for a moment or two and show you our nice little abode (now that it's ALMOST presentable!)

Pardon me, I don't speak French.

Quoi de neuf?

What's New?

Volume 3 Issue 1

March of 2001

You're probably going to wonder about the bizarre little French theme running through this issue of our newsletter. I have no idea why we did this, except that it seemed like a relatively amusing sort of thing to do during the week of Mardi Gras.

You'll find the translations of the headlines toward the bottom of each article. But I would encourage you to attempt to say each headline out loud in French before reading the English counterpart. Feel free to laugh out loud when you read them. FEEL the French. And then think of us — Peef and Lo. We're thinking of you.

Inside this issue:

The City Suits Us	1
The Travel Bug	2
Back to the Future	2
In our Kitchen	3
A Day in the Life	3

Pour aller l'hôtel plus près d'ici, si vous plaît?

So, what's really new? You might ask. After all of that rambling about nothing on the first page you're wondering why you even turned to the second page. Let me assure you, lovely reader, that things DO get better. Don't fret. News is on its way :)

The biggest and brightest news of the moment is that Peef and Lo are taking a vacation! Yes — a vacation. Consider this our LONG overdue honeymoon. A little diversion which will take us far from home, and deep into the wilds of California...

We're off to San Francisco!

Yes, friends, we've decided to take advantage of Paul's business travel and make some adventures of our own. We have our maps, our travel guides, and a bit of film in our camera. And soon we'll be off.

We've been studying travel guides (too many to count), visiting web sites and listening to recommendations from seasoned travelers. Our brains are packed with information and our stomachs are growling. We have our flights secured and our hotel booked. And now it's just a matter of trying to decide what we'd really like to do while we're there. This, friends, is the hard part.

San Francisco is a gold mine of sites and sounds and, worst of all... food. Restaurants galore! A gastronomical feast! We're getting hungry just reading about everything we can eat there... from fresh sushi to Vietnamese fare to uniquely Californian cuisine. We're trying to narrow the choices by thinking of things that are simply unavailable in the Midwest (the very fresh seafood) or unique to the bay area (a restaurant that serves absolutely everything RAW). There's so much to choose from that every dinnertime should be an adventure.

We're contemplating taking a drive into the wine country — can't tell if it will be the Napa Valley or otherwise. Paul has taken to watching fun little Italian cooking shows on PBS, and he's fallen in love with Michael Chiarello — a cute little chef with a penchant for fresh vegetables and messy cooking. We're hoping to have time to get to St. Helena to visit his Tra Vigne restaurant there — it's supposed to be a beautiful drive out that way, and well worth the drive for dinner :)

We'll probably do normal things like get ourselves woozy by driving across

the Golden Gate bridge thinking about how little lies between ourselves and the bay. Or we might make complete tourists of ourselves

by riding a cable car, and watching all of the locals laugh at us.

I'm reading a cute little book about romantic little places in the Bay

area — and if I can get past the thought of ascribing to someone's formulaic ideas of romance, I might be inclined to suggest we spend a romantic evening on some pier somewhere, drinking wine and eating sourdough bread and mussels.

I don't think there's any fear, whatever we decide, that we'll have a BAD time. Paul and I always manage to find something to do wherever we are — and even if it's only walking among the Victorian homes in Pacific Heights, we're sure to find a way to make it into a grande adventure. Seems that's what being married is all about around here — new little adventures.

Now, if ONLY we can remember to take our camera along, we might even end up with some real memories!

Could you direct me to the nearest hotel, please?



Heureusement ces champignons ne sont pas radioactifs.

I suppose you could say we've returned to modernity. Thanks to a generous Best Buy gift certificate/bonus from Paul's last job, we were able to purchase a new microwave!

It's a nice little thing with a good amount of power. I already broke one of my microwave "safe" bowls in it, and I'm suspecting this is due to my ignorance in the area of FULL vs. HALF power.



We haven't gotten past our skepticism of microwave cooking. You'll still not convince me that microwaved bacon tastes "right", nor will you tempt me with a bowl of microwaved scrambled eggs. I even boil water on the stovetop — cuz it takes just as long in the microwave.

But, there are definitely perks. We're relieved to be able to make 5 minute popcorn again. I can melt chocolate

quickly. And Paul can warm up his leftovers for a nice lunch on a cold day. The microwave even makes our kitchen look a little bit more "complete", if you will.

As you can guess, we're happy with our little wave-maker. And he seems happy too... sitting there, atop our lovely little Crate & Barrel kitchen cart... smiling his little microwave smiles, and waiting for his next opportunity to reheat Paul's lunch.

Luckily, these mushrooms do not glow.

Pardon, mais il y a un berger allemand dans mon potage!

After spending the first couple of months in our new house on a steady diet of pasta dishes and other easy-to-make foods, we've finally gotten settled enough to begin cooking again.

It's pleasant to have a larger kitchen. We're taking advantage of the newfound space by starting a new Saturday tradition — cooking dinner together.

This was not an idea we were certain would work. Although we had READ about this sort of thing before, we weren't positive that our cooking styles were particularly complimentary to one another. And we were both a bit afraid that this cooking thing would create more trouble than it was worth. However, it turned out to be great fun.

We usually spend our week searching for recipes and thinking about things that we'd like to eat over the weekend. We try to come up with dishes that are more complex or time

consuming than what we could pull off on a weeknight. Once we get a menu together, the fun begins.

First: grocery shopping. We both have a secret love for grocery shopping. What other people consider to be a mundane chore is something that we LOVE to do. We always do it together. And it's always a huge adventure.

Our last dinner consisted of a lovely recipe for eggplant lasagnette which we borrowed from our good friend Michael on PBS (see SanFran article). It was a beautiful little lasagna composed of goat cheese, Romano and parsley slathered between layers of fried, crisp eggplant. We both did a lot of vegetable chopping, and Paul stood by with a plate full of paper toweling as I fried up the eggplant. The lasagna

required a beautiful, fresh "2 hour" tomato-pepper pasta sauce, which was well worth the wait — we drank a bit of wine while we were waiting (Paul calls this process "marinating the chefs")!



For dessert, we made a frightfully delicious chocolate bread pudding... evil stuff, and even more evil with a dollop of real spiced whipped cream.

Our day of cooking together was SO relaxing (and it tasted SO good) that we decided to make cooking together a regular event. We've since created a wild mushroom and polenta strata ... Japanese tuna steaks with teriyaki veggies and wasabi mashed potatoes ... and a sinful shrimp scampi in butter sauce. Mmm... can't you just smell it cooking?

Pardon me, but there is a German Shepherd in my soup!

Ne rotez pas, ést impoli.

March 5, 2001

Dear Diary,

I've discovered the joys of my master's playthings — a new computer in my grasp is like candy in a baby's grip. It brings a bit of meaning to my otherwise barren life.

I've yet to understand my masters' strange new behaviors. Ever since moving to this new place, they've been acting strangely. And I'm not sure if I like it.

For one, they took away my beautiful porch view. I am desolate as I think of the upcoming spring weather, to know that I will never again smell the refreshing breeze of summer, except through hideous caged windows. I will never again be allowed to eat greenery from their lush, tropical jungle. Nor will I be able to hang my head over the edge of the porch, and spit on the people who walk below...

Ah, yes. Things have changed.

They've stopped leaving me alone. Lately, Paul has been home — even during the day. He plunks around on his computer, talks to himself on a tiny black box, and runs up and down the stairs with baskets of laundry all day long. I am no longer free to cavort and make trouble among the plants in the kitchen. I seldom have a moment to sharpen my fingernails along the couch; for he sees all and will not allow such behaviors.

So much in my life has become routine. My food all tastes like chicken; my obsessive eating behavior continues, though it is now more a product of boredom than frustration. If this journaling does not alleviate some of my angst, I shall have to make an appointment with my therapist.

Since I discovered the computer, I spend much of my time sleeping, with one eye open, waiting for my



masters to leave.

Often during these long waits, I doze off. My mind wanders, and I have wonderful dreams. I know, secretly, that my life would be easier if I could live outdoors! And I dream about such adventures. Aye, how I long to

escape from this captivity into the wily winter weather. To fend for myself and have great and crazy feline adventures. To catch mice. To climb trees. Ah, what a great orange hunter I would be! Someday, I will taste the wild honey of freedom and walk in fields of catnip!

Until then, I can only hope that I am not discovered using Paul's laptop while he snoozes on the couch. I think I hear him waking...

Until next time,

Elmo

Don't burp. It's rude.

Quoi de neuf?

Paul & Lori Fredrich
6303 W Wright St
Wauwatosa WI 53213

Amore Sitis Unit!

