



# News from Peef & Lo

## Coffee House Dreams

Some of you might be aware that an East Tosa neighborhood landmark recently closed its doors. JAKES restaurant, famous primarily for the odor of onion rings that it once left circling the North Avenue area in the summer time, is no more. The building is empty, and the legacy has moved permanently over to their Capitol Drive location.

Unlike many other neighbors, Peef didn't spend much time sitting around feeling badly about the demise of JAKES. Instead, his eyes lit up in dayglow, and he began to chatter endlessly about the possibilities that such a demise presented. Soon, he set to work on a master plan to make use of the old JAKES space.

Now, let's study a bit of history here. It's not as if such ideas came out of the blue. After all, Paul once had fond dreams of running his own coffee shop. For years, he collected ashtrays and coffee cups as preparation for his grande plan — a wild, bohemian place filled with black coffee and beautiful women. A place of beat poets and jam sessions. A dirty little corner affair that stayed open late in the evening and catered to an



artsy fartsy college crowd.

But alas, the days of the coffee house grew tired. And the Seattle coffee craze became a trend of the past. And Paul gave up his cappuccino dreams for other thoughts.

Years later, his thoughts turned to Jakes.

As he put it to Lo — "It would be SO cool. We could have a restaurant SLASH coffee and jazz bar. During the week we would just serve appetizers and drinks and coffee. And we'd feature little live quartets and ensembles for entertainment. And on weekends, we would have a full-blown gourmet menu."

He even started analyzing our daily meals — to see which of the entrees might be WORTHY to appear on the regular menu.

The turkey-apple meatloaf that Lo discovered one night made it onto the menu. As did the fried calamari with

aioli from New Year's Eve. Lo's "Mexican" tiramisu (served in oversized coffee cups) also made a big impression.

THEN came the discussion of NAMING the place. Peef and Lo went through any number of names before deciding on something very simple... "How about BURP! ?"

The name evoked a sense of dietary satisfaction. It was a bit rough — but definitely not too derogatory. And it definitely didn't make the place sound stuffy.

We could establish BURP! as a place for GOOD food, GOOD times, and free thinking. It was an excellent plan. And best of all — we could use the visage of a BABY for our namesake. It would be cute. Hip. And very cute.

Now, maybe this whole conversation is nothing more than fodder for naïve discussion. And maybe we should really focus our attention on buying a house instead of starting up a restaurant. But you've got to admit, it's an amusing thought. So, have your chuckle. And go back to your regularly scheduled programming. But don't put your guard down. After all, in the near future, you just might find a BURP!! near you :)

## News from Peef and Lo

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### AN IRISH BLESSING

*May there always be work for  
your hands to do;*

*May your purse always hold a  
coin or two;*

*May the sun always shine on  
your windowpane;*

*May a rainbow be certain to  
follow each rain;*

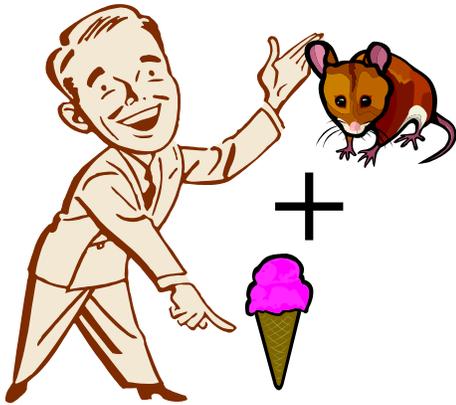
*May the hand of a friend al-  
ways be near you;*

*May God fill your heart with  
gladness to cheer you.*

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## Do we TAWK FUNNAY?



During a 2002 study, a team of undergraduates (in collaboration with faculty) at the University of Pennsylvania discovered significant race, class and gender discrimination in the Philadelphia housing market based solely on the speech patterns of the would-be renters.

This got me thinking. I mean, Peef and Lo don't exactly have the most ordinary speech patterns in the Universe. WHAT IF their speech leads to discrimination on the part of prospective home-sellers? What if everyone rejects their offers? How will we know when we are being judged?

Don't tell me that none of you have noticed the Peef'n'Lo Lisp?! Or the habit we have of adding the letter

"M" to the front of unsuspecting words which have the unfortunate luck to begin with vowels?

Yes, we've developed oddities in our speech patterns since we first got married. Maybe it's the result of stale air in our home or too much fresh air working out in the garden. Maybe our brains have grown together a bit too closely... or we've become a bit NEUROTIC in our old age. Whatever the cause, we're certain that our speech habits could cause difficulties for us in many areas of life — not the least of which would be in our impending house hunt.

What do you have to say, after all, about a couple who eats MICECREAM instead of icecream? Who eats Myogurt as a snack? Who makes salad (though not often) with Miceberg lettuce? And puts Mouseturd on their burgers? This could be a very scary situation for many people who live in the town of "Normal".

And what about a cad like Paul who insists upon freely interchanging the words SCALLOP, SCALLION, and SHALLOT? Leave dinner to him and you'll never be sure WHAT you're eating. Try having confidence that

HE'LL understand all of the crazy jargon in that mortgage agreement.

And what about other misused words like DELICATESSON? (as in "Wow, that caviar is a real delicatesson in Wisconsin!") What kinds of conclusions do you draw about a person who uses such language?

Heck - what do you assume about two grown people who insist upon referring to one another as PEEF and LO?

I see that some of you are getting frightened looks on your faces... Oh, don't worry. You won't hurt our feelings if you think we're strange. We're used to being judged. And we're not worried about what YOU say about us.

But I'm a little bit concerned NOW about what those bankers and agents are going to think. Will they refuse us a loan because they don't like our dialect? Will they reject our applications? Raise our interest rate?

Or ... is it possible they'll give us MORE money, because they feel sorry for us?

## We are on The Hunt!

The time has come, my friends, for Peef and Lo to find a house. Or so the famous parable says.

And you won't presume too much if you presume it to be true. Peef and Lo are on the prowl for a piece of property that makes them yowl.

Their eyes are peeled. They've done their research. They are keeping tabs on interest rates and mapping out their plan of attack. They've been



attending a myriad of open houses and scouring the Sunday paper for possibilities. They've even made their very first appointment with a REAL, LIVE realtor.

It's a very exciting time for the two of them. A bit TOO exciting at times. Lo is already losing sleep over the adjustments they'll have to make in their schedules to accommodate all the tasks that will be involved in

moving the MOUNTAINS of stuff they've accumulated over the past three years. Paul is shaking in fear over the thought that she'll just decide to THROW everything out.

But let's not jump the gun here. No one is going anywhere until they find just the right house. :)

So, stay tuned. And keep Peef and Lo in your thoughts and prayers. They'll appreciate all the divine guidance they can muster...

## The Two Legumaniacs Strike Again

Maybe it's crazy when you get excited about a book entitled: **THE BEAN BIBLE: A Legumaniac's Guide to Lentils, Peas and Every Edible Bean on the Planet**. Maybe it's beyond weird. But it's the latest and most exciting acquisition to our cookbook catalog. And it's got us yearning for beans.

Yes, Peef and Lo have succumbed to the subtle magic of the mysterious legume. And they are yet again trying out new and exciting recipes for those most musical of fruits.

Not all of our latest have come from the BEAN BIBLE — but they are definitely exciting. And most often adventurous.

Take the delicious chickpea, kale and tomato dish that we made for dinner the other night to accompany our chipotle mashed potatoes. It was a deliciously different ensemble—modified with Mexican spices

(including epazote and cumino) and thrown together in less than twenty minutes.

Or maybe you'd rather hear about the vats of five-bean chili that we make to serve to our friends and neighbors :) Many people have told us that they don't even **MISS** the meat!

Being a legumaniac, of course, does not come without a price. We've battled our share of (dare we say it?) ... flatulence... over the past months, but our bodies are gradually developing a tolerance for the digestion of our favorite beans.

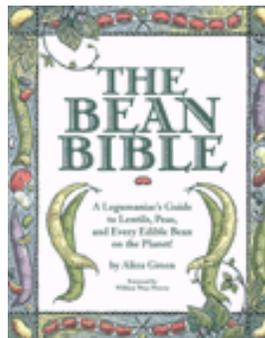
We've found lentils to be a very digestion-friendly option and regularly make pots of Indian-spiced

lentil soups to warm the still-cold winter nights. Lori has a favorite recipe for flatbread which she makes as an accompaniment — with whole wheat flour and fresh garlic.

Our new discovery in the realm of beans is the lovely (and HUGE) SCARLET RUNNER bean. Named after its flower, has a long history in Great Britain and other parts of Europe.

Apparently both the inner bean and the outer pod are edible! While we haven't found the beans whole yet, Lo is contemplating trying to grow them in the garden one of these summers.

In the coming months we are planning to schedule a variety of very exciting experiments from the book. Maybe you'll drop by sometime and be able to taste one for yourself! Or maybe you'll just stay tuned as we share our adventures with you!



## Is there a little SOUL in your CAT?

I had the strangest dream last night. It all began with a veil of puffy pistachio clouds drifting across a blue sky. Somewhere in the distance I could make out a mesmerizing tune... Within moments, as if by magic, the clouds parted and two of my cats appeared. Elmo looked quite dapper in his tuxedo, and Zoe adorned similarly to one of those dancers from the French Riviera. As I remember it, Elmo was trying to teach Zoe a new dance.

Now you might think it strange that our big fat cat was attempting to teach our young energetic cat to dance... but as I watched, I soon realized that Elmo could cut a pretty fancy rug. And I don't just mean with his claws. His Jewish ancestry has definitely ingrained him with a sense of rhythm, though you'd never know it

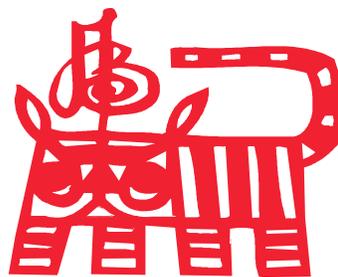
just by looking at him.

As Elmo guided Zoe on the dance floor, I could hear him saying things... things like: "A little more rhythm. Don't you have rhythm in your soul, Zoe?" AND "That's almost right. Loosen up a bit. Try moving your head to the music ... Like this."

Elmo was simply amazing — there out in the middle of the rug, doing moves reminiscent of a cross between break dancing and the mambo. And there was Zoe, crashing her skirt around in the wake of his dance.

Every so often, when Elmo got to be a bit much, Zoe would say something like: "Hey, Elmo! Mr. Know-It-All! Who are

*you calling clumsy? I'll do this dance MY way and have just as much fun, thank you!"*



The scene was so very typical.

As the dream came to an end and I reached a sense of consciousness

again, I realized that the song which was playing in the dream was still lodged in my head. It was THE CHICKEN DANCE, and it was a terrible curse. I couldn't shake it for nearly two days. I don't think that was coincidence. I'm afraid it's true. Cats DO dance.

And when you hear a shuffle in the middle of the night — there's no need to get out of bed. You know who it is. Be very, very afraid. :)

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Amore Sitis Uniti!

