

THE AUTHORS SHOW – Authors of Memoirs

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MY FIRST TRIP TO MINNEAPOLIS

I became a flight attendant and moved to Atlanta in January 1991. I was assigned my first layover in Minneapolis the day after my 28th birthday in February 1992. I didn't request it. It just happened. What a present! What a premonition! I never thought to visit Minneapolis on my off days, so I guess God sent me there on a 'business trip.'

The temperature was in the 20's when I arrived in downtown Minneapolis for the first time. So cold in fact, I planned to stay in the hotel, happy I was in his city. Like many people I didn't believe he lived there. I figured he had a home and some family ties but lived in LA, so I decided against looking for him. It was just too darn cold, and I was leaving early the next morning. I looked in the white pages under Nelson. It was one of the most common surnames in the phone book, so my brilliant idea of guessing relatives did not work. I knew his mother had something to do with the school system, and he had step/half-siblings somewhere. The more I thought about him, the more restless I became. I decided to go for a short brisk walk around the hotel and look for something to eat and revel in his hometown. I thought about doing the Mary Tyler Moore show hat toss but realized it would be lame. I did not know I was around the corner from where she tossed it for the TV show.

I stopped at the front desk to inquire about food and was distracted by a hiring event held by American Express in the ballroom of the hotel. As I looked towards the Ballroom, a woman who turned out to be my 'first guardian angel' waved me over, it was weird. She talked me into interviewing on the spot; in a Prince sweatshirt, jeans and tennis shoes, no less. I didn't even have a resume. I have not had this experience before or since. They must have needed a lot of people or 'Someone' wanted me up there. (God is good). I left the event about an hour later and returned to the lobby to get dinner and find my Prince.

There was an African-American hotel worker the corner smiling at me, who not doubt saw my Purple Pain Tour sweatshirt. As soon as I turned to leave, the employee offered me my ultimate fantasy.

“Are you looking for Prince’s place?”

Now, that got my attention. Prince’s place was GLAM SLAM, one of the several nightclubs, he opened from Miami to LA to Tokyo in the early 1990s. Gilbert Davison his, bodyguard-turned-manager-turned-CEO-of-Paisley-Park, secretly owned the club, and Prince had reportedly spent close to 2 million on it, plus it was dedicated to him.

“Why, yes!” I answered. I forgot about dinner.

“I’ll take you.”

We set out for GLAM SLAM. I settled back in the seat of the hotel van, expecting a long drive. The driver made three or four turns downtown. It was just a few blocks from the hotel. Not even enough time to get a good conversation going, though he gave me some good advice.

“Just go in and tell them you are a flight attendant, here for the night and just wanted to visit the store.”

‘The store! I didn’t even know there was a store!’

“When you’re finished, call for me, or a taxi to come and get you.” He continued. I thanked him and jumped out of the van.

GLAM SLAM!

I stood there to take in the view. It was about 8 o’clock on a weeknight when I got there so it was empty. Admission was \$10. I went up to the doorman and repeated what my second ‘guardian angel’ said. It worked! He let me in for free, even pointing out the store right across the room from the front door. I could not believe my luck.

GLAM SLAM MPLS was two stories tall at least, capacity was 1200 or 1500. Just to the left of the door as you entered was the coat check. Next to it was an area dubbed 'The Adams Family Room.' It had couches and tables in rich dark jewel tones and with ramps leading up to it on the either side. On the other side of the Adam's Family area was the store. Inside there were items you could buy like; jewelry, Tic Tacs with the GLAM SLAM logo on them, T-shirts, etc. Prince's outfits and other stuff were hanging on the walls.

A door right outside the store led upstairs to a 'Members Only' floor. Across from the store were restrooms and across from them, a bar ran down both sides of the club. In the middle of the club was a great dance floor bigger than my whole apartment. Prince's male-female symbol was embedded in the middle of the dance floor. The stage had large movie theater-like curtains, tied back. There were beautiful photographs of Prince hanging on the walls. I loved the club immediately. I haven't been in a whole lot of clubs, but it was the biggest one I have seen. All of the GLAM SLAM clubs were huge. There is a scene in a movie with Marisa Tomei and Christian Slater called Untamed Heart, (1993) where she is standing on the dance floor of GLAM SLAM, and he is looking down at her from the second floor. They filmed the whole movie in Minneapolis.

I left the store looking for security. If they weren't at the door I would've explored more but you know they were staring right at me. I walked over slow as I could, looking as pitiful as I could, (it didn't work) took one last look and left hoping I could return one day. I left Minneapolis the next day so happy I visited his city and his club. I had no clue what was coming next!