

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 119
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

LA Shows Us Some Love

After months of accelerating stress, especially over the final week stretch, Love LA finally took place this past Sunday. Approximately 1000 people showed up to enjoy our industry's best products, people, and companies under the beautiful auspices of Boulevard3 in Hollywood. Even the torrential rain – thankfully not as bad as the Weather Channel had darkly predicted (imagine us agonizing over every weather source each day leading up to the show, hoping for someone who'd downgrade the prediction to under 100%) could dampen our determination to make a sex positive statement – if only to ourselves.

Of course, an endless list of mini-disasters hit last minute, the worst of which was getting the contract at 2pm on Friday, then a phone call from Boulevard3's Gestapo bookkeeper demanding a wire transfer or cashier's check for the full amount of our venue rental (over fifteen thousand dollars) by end of day or face cancellation. Forget the fact we'd been trying mightily to GET a contract and money to them for MONTHS. With rain pouring down, a frantic drive to the Brentwood branch of Wells Fargo, then fighting hellish traffic into Hollywood, the check was delivered and Love LA was saved. Then, Saturday night the furniture movers decided to jack the price from \$1500.00 to \$5500.00, refusing to budge on their insistence to bring in 12 men at \$60.00 per hour for 8 hours. Obviously, the writer's strike has everyone scrambling to stay busy, but come on – almost six grand to move a few pieces of furniture?!!! The phone call with the company owner was not pleasant, to put it mildly.

So expecting to do our duty as movers and without any sleep, we schlepped up to the space at 6am Sunday morning and beheld the mess that was Boulevard3 after hosting a night club only 3 hours beforehand. Strewn with confetti, bottles and cups everywhere and puddles of who-knows-what, it seemed impossible this disaster of a place could transform into the beautiful environment we'd imagined in early fall. Dejectedly, we began moving furniture and hauling tables and chairs up two flights of stairs, hoping a few friends and/or vendors would show up early to lend a hand. Think George Bailey in "It's a Wonderful Life," at the bridge and you'll have a small inkling of what our emotional state was at that early hour. At least the rain had decided to take a break.

And then, as if Frank Capra barked out a call for more extras, those hands arrived. Furniture began shifting and boxes streamed through the entry way and booths were erected slowly and steadily until dread was replaced with cautious optimism. At 10am, our depression was in full retreat and we were confident the presentation would be ready for its debut on schedule one hour later. Just as the rain returned with a vengeance, the doors opened and a steady stream of patrons began pouring in. The place looked beautiful beyond words and we focused our attention on assisting anyone and everyone any way we could. In the end, the crowd was steady, the fashion show, burlesque troop, and aerialist were spectacular, and the seminars were standing room only. Midori gave a

fantastic rope demonstration and exhibitions by Bonk'er and Sportsheets put the entertainment element over the top. Sure, one of us had to stand out front in the rain to direct cars after the ticket agency had printed the wrong address on the tickets, but it was a small price to pay to get bodies through the door. If we didn't succeed, at least we can say we didn't fail.

In the final analysis, all but one or two vendors have asked to repeat the show next year, perhaps even adding one or two more in other cities, perhaps starting with Orange County this summer. Of our 1000-plus tallied visitors, 65% were female, proving as a group women are just as, or more concerned with sexual health than men. The ratio also challenges the stereotype that sexuality themed shows need to be driven by males, hence require porn to be successful. For the most part, Love LA managed not to lose money, even if it did take some flexibility on many people's parts to ensure we kept our house. In that spirit, we'd like to thank everyone involved in this adventure for their heroic efforts to make Love LA a labor of love come true.

Special thanks to Anne Winter, Walter and Jada, Cesar, Larry, Sophie, Janice, Jane Dalea-Kahn, Mr. Peabody, Ralph, Scott and Melody, David Ballow (and the Pleasure Chest crew), Kristen Tribby (and her babes from Babeland), Ann-Marie, Trina Lance, Sassy Minxx, JT Stockroom, Judy and Michael (from Love Boutique), Paul Sanchez, Peter, Homer, Jenn, Metis Black, Tom and Benny (from Sportsheets), Amy (Aneros), Nina (Devine Toys), Kat, Fritzie, Sylvia, Tyler Barnett (Barnett/Ellman), and most of all Jeff Consiglio (congratulations on your Oscar nomination!) and Jordan Dawes, without whom this event would never have happened. See you all next year!

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.