

**HUSTLER-QUEEN-LEGEND**

**THE**  
**•BOOK•**  
**OF**  
**JENNA**

**LONG MAY SHE REIGN**

PRINCE  
PRODUCED, ARRANGED, COMPOSED AND  
PERFORMED BY PRINCE

There's always an exchange  
between people, each one  
gets something from the  
other that is satisfying.  
And the club is no  
exception to that rule.

HOW COME U DON'T CALL ME ANYMORE ?

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*Montreal was a magical city in the '80s and '90s.*

*Especially if you were in the entertainment business.*

*The nightlife was bustling, and the money was flying everywhere. Lots of after hours partying, definitely life in the fast lane. Young, beautiful and in the prime of our time with sparks running through my fingertips. At this age around 20. The world was ours and Montreal was our playground.*

*Montreal was alive, vibrant, beautiful, and it was moving. I jumped in headfirst. At Chez Parée we were like goddesses that stood on a pedestal box and were worshipped in our long evening gowns.*

*It was glamorous at that time in the club.*

*Then I was off to Super Sexe and Wanda Bar. I spent about eight years between those three clubs.*

*My boss at Wanda's told me about another club he was managing called Chateau du Sexe. Come and see me sometime he said you would do well there. Chateau du Sexe was a dive bar of sorts on the St. Catherine strip, that was super popular, always busy and fun.*

*The DJ was a super cool down to earth Chinese guy that knew how to run the show. I also knew some girls there already that I knew through the circuit.*

*In the '80s and '90 the stripper bylaw was we had to keep one piece of clothing on at all times. So to bypass this law, we used to wrap our G string around our wrist or keep a garter on our thigh, wrist or ankle, getting naked, but still abiding by the law.*

*We were not allowed to sit with customers only perch on our boxes.*

*You had to be careful not to break these rules, as morality officers could be sitting plainclothes in the audience watching and waiting to bust some girls and the club.*

*If a customer touched or grabbed you in an inappropriate way, all you had to do was yell and the doorman either escorted him out or kicked their asses all the way down the stairs in some bad cases.*

*This was all before things started to morph into private booths and rooms. That just wasn't for me. But there was always a way around that. All the while still getting paid.*

*You could still use your mind to make money, not your body.*

*That was just the main attraction.*



*The dressing room a lot of times when you first arrived, a girl would greet you with "Hi Jenna, here's a line."*

*The dressing room was always an interesting congregation. A continuous series of soap operas all in one room. One is crying because her boyfriend beat her up. One is putting in a drug order for the night on the phone asking everyone what they want. Another girl is already counting her money as she got here early.*

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Another girl is sweet talking to her customer on the phone and trying to get him to come in and make her night. And it gets even more interesting as the money, drinks, and drugs start to flow. From the dressing room we had access to the top of the first floor rooftop. We could walk out to puff puff puff pass under the stars. Let's go girls, I would say there's money downstairs calling our names.

*The owner at that time was a 65ish year old grey haired Greek man dressed in his suit. 90% of the time he sat in his little office in the back of the club right across from the DJ booth. He was so nice to me and his daughter was the barmaid. We were tight.*

*Rule #3 Always be friends with the barmaid.*

*That makes sense, right?!?*

*Rule #1 always bring your tits, ass and smile to work.*

*To work 😊*  
Rule number 2 is don't  
get lost in talking to the  
girls and always watch  
the door ~~x~~ and try  
to talk to each person  
that walks in.

**Rule #2 is don't get lost in talking to the girls and always watch the door and try to talk to each person that walks in.**

~~do~~ Imagine not making any money all night. Then Mr. Moneybags  
walks in. Another girl got him and made \$500 off him which could  
have been yours, but you were too busy talking.

*any money  
Mr. Moneybags walks in  
another girl got  
him and made 500 off him  
which could have been yours  
but you were too busy*

*It can make or break your night.*

*Not good girl.*

*Another stripper got your potential money.*

*Keep your eye on the prize.*



*Gosh, music brings me right back to all those days.  
You hear a song and say to yourself, "Alex used to dance to that song."  
Or this song reminds me of a certain club I used to work in.*

*Brings me right back.*

*I used to dance to a lot of Prince, George Michael Father Figure, Paula Abdul Straight Up, some Ice Cube. Terence Trent Darby Wishing Well, Don't Forget Me When I'm Gone, Glass Tiger.*

*Brick House by the Commodores.*

*She's mighty mighty just letting it all hang out.*

*Bon Jovi Cowboy.*

*I've seen a million faces and I've rocked them all 'cause I'm a cowboy.*

*And Carly Simon.*

*Nobody does it better.*

*Makes me feel sad for the rest.*

*Scent also has that same effect.*

*Music and scents are like a time machine, I'm sure.*



*As far as sweet smells,  
such as Coco Chanel and Anais Anais and Cacharel Ô de Lancome,  
Paris YSL, Amarige by Givenchy, Poison Christian Dior, Neige Lise  
Watier, Perry Ellis 360.*

*And the ultimate stripper perfume of all time was smelling as fresh  
and clean as the baby's bottom. Loves Baby Soft, smelled like baby  
powder. Men loved it. It was beautiful, clean and fresh and simple. Oh,  
and vanilla cookie. It was intoxicating. They just wanted to eat you up,  
boys and girls alike.*

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*In my 30 years of dancing, I've danced for some interesting clients, some with star status, such as Tom Selleck, Ted Danson., Steve Gutenberg, Shaq, Aldo Nova, Billy from the Smashing Pumpkins, Jim Jacks. He was a movie producer (Raising Arizona, The Mummy, Dazed and Confused, Tombstone). Owner of Italian cruise lines, Costa Cruises, Wayne Gretzky, Eddie Money, MC Hammer, Chris Chelios, Darryl Strawberry, Billy Idol, Dennis Rodman, hitman, diplomats and mob.*

And remembering some of the customers to stop by was J. He was a lonely kind soul. He just had this melancholy innocence and beauty to him. He loved Shakespeare and classical music. He told me the story of Salome. He was a fascinating storyteller, so brilliant, soft spoken, but he was lost with his silver hair and beard, always sporting a suit. He was also a full time functioning alcoholic. I guess it eased any pain and loneliness he felt in his life, and he loved the company and connection he found at Chateau du Sexe.

*There was M. a diplomat who was kind charming, looking for a girlfriend to romance and take care of you, sugar daddy type. He used to visit me in the club. We kept our relationship club basis only but he yearned for so much more.*

*There was also all the Beantown boys that used to come in flocks when Boston played Montreal, always a good packed night to work. They were a rowdy bunch but always filled the club and kept us hoping on game night.*

*I used to always say there are three types of clients.*

- 1. The ones that come out to have a good time, hanging out with friends, out -of-towners visiting a game, bachelor parties.*
- 2. There are the horny lonely ones looking to score girlfriend or friend to talk to.*
- 3. There are the businessmen that are in from out of town and stay in a nearby hotel and visit a lot of the days that week. He's in town and gives you a lot of money before he leaves and will visit you next time he's in town.*

*Downtown Montreal was a huge hub of fluid people. Lots of sports lovers, movie stars, businessmen. And out-of-towners coming to play and shop a lot of locals downtown, all just thriving.*

*I remember the cattle calls, we used to call them.*

***ALL GIRLS ONSTAGE** when the DJ played a certain song.*

*All the girls in the club had to stop what they were doing and gather on stage. So the boys and girls could see all the goods flocked all together.*

*Strutting their stuff.*

*Some of the things we used to do, tricks of the trade per se, were new heels were slick and slippery on stage. So girls used to take a quarter or a key and score the bottom of the shoes, Tic Tac Toe style, so the shoes would grip the stage and we didn't fall.*

*Some of us used to also use a matchbook on the table and flip a match up for each song gone by. So you and your customer could keep track.*



by so you and your customer could keep track - some of us used to keep our money folded

*Some of us used to keep our money folded in our high heels. When one shoe would get full. You started to fill the other one walking on two wads of money.*

*Now that was a good night.*



- some guys would put lots of Keri lotion on ~~and on~~ and ~~stage~~ before their slow song ~~and~~ stage then would

*Some girls would put lots of Keri lotion on and before their slow song on stage. They would slather themselves down with ice cubes and they would glow wet. Très sexy et belle.*

*Another was to walk through the club looking and feeling fierce. Stop and look in the mirror, fix your hair and look back in the mirror and check out who's looking at you. And then go over and introduce yourself and say hi to your potential customer.*

Montreal is known to have some amazing restaurants and dancers used to order out a lot. What are you ordering tonight was always a conversation at Chateau du Sexe. We would a lot of times put in group orders or we would split on a couple of things together. Alouette Steakhouse. They had amazing roast beef au jus with mashed potatoes and green beans. Or the tortellini Cardinale was amazing. I think Alouette and Pizza Pino were our go to restaurants at that time.

↓  
Roast beef au jus with  
mashed potatoes + green  
or the ~~tortellini~~ tortellini  
~~cardinale~~ cardinal was  
amazing, I think Al

*I guess you could say it was just that perfect storm. The timing was just right. A magical era never to repeat itself again. Women for that brief moment in the adult entertainment industry were to be worshipped and visualized as a beautiful piece of art. In front of you displayed on a box.*

*This was a time of seduction and beauty of the curves of a woman's body. There were no back rooms, booths or touching allowed. Many times men would just pay you to sit with them as they enjoyed the company of a beautiful woman.*

*The owner retired and move back to Greece. He sold the club and the new owner renovated 972 St. Catherine West. The Chateau du Sexe never looked better. I was the first to do a set on the new remodeled raised stage. Those were the days my friend. I thought they would never end. The club was still very busy and successful.*

*It was a hotspot on the Strip.*

*Oh my if these walls could talk at 972 St. Catherine Street West.  
There is a certain romance of the history of a building in the stories  
they can tell. Mine is just one small story in a fragment of time that  
this building has housed in its 100 years of standing.*

*I hope I have given you a peek into a small window that once existed here at 972 St. Catherine Street West, Chateau du Sexe.*



*Jenna was a legendary stripper in Montreal in the '80s and '90s.*

I worked with her at the Château du Sexe in the early to mid '90s. She taught me and so many other strippers at this pivotal time in Montreal's stripclub history everything we knew about hustling. Jenna has been a muse of mine for 30 years. She's made appearances in my sex column in the Montreal Mirror (which I wrote in the dressing room at the Chateau). When I wrote a novella for a course at Concordia in 1994 she appeared in this too (also written in the dressing room at the Chateau). And when Prince died in 2016, I wrote about her under my pseudonym Fleur de Lit for Now Magazine in Toronto. I called her Wendy in this article, after the backup singer for Prince. We found each other again in April of this year on Facebook. To meet her 31 years later in the digital space was incredible, especially since she had such a longstanding impact on my life. I asked if she would agree to be interviewed for this project.

She said yes.

*Please put your hands together and welcome to the stage, Jenna.*