

STEP INTO MY PARLOUR



By Shaun Proulx

SHAUN PROULX TALKS TO  
NINA ARSENAULT

----- SPECIAL EDITION! -----



Let's get right to the point. There are few in Toronto's gay community who don't know who she-male bombshell **Nina Arsenault** is.

Canada's most famous transsexual (and *fab* magazine columnist) recently collided *Crying Game*-style with Tommy Lee. You all know who Tommy Lee is. Rock star. Pamela Anderson's on-again-off-again. Gifted between the legs.

Now everyone's talking. Shinan Giovani, gossip at the *National Post* broke the story, which was then picked up by the infamous 'Page Six' at the *New York Post*. Across North America celebrity websites are gleefully dishing the dirt, and even *US* magazine's been calling.

What exactly happened? And why the fuss? Nina sat down with me late Saturday afternoon to tell her side of the saucy story.



I've been excited about chatting with you all day – this is going to be like great girl talk.



Oh, that's right, you were saying you've got a Tommy Lee thing.



Yes. So set the scene. When were you at Ultra Supper Club?



It was last Saturday night. I went to Ultra Supper Club with Jason Ford. And you know how there are those little curtained-off areas in the middle, sort of translucent? So you can see people, but you can't see who they are. It's a nice place, Ultra. I think it's classy. But there are these girls walking by in these tiny little mini-skirts, silicone tits out -



That struck you as odd.



I said to Jason, 'What the fuck is going on here, tonight? Do these girls work here? Do they make them dress like that? Because they're dressed like fucking Hooter's waitresses.' Why would someone come to this place dressed like that? And there were a lot them. Young girls. And in particular there was one I was making fun of in this tiny miniskirt. So we were having a laugh about that, eating dinner. And then I was walking to the washroom, and I noticed that when I walked by where Tommy Lee was sitting - and there were about maybe six guys there - everyone would turn. And I heard some guy say, 'That girl's body is sickening!' Like in that good way. But I was just like, 'whatever'. You know what guys are like.



But you knew they were talking about you.



Yes, I did. I knew they were talking about me. So I sat back down at my table. Then this guy comes up, and he's like, 'I'm not sure if you're aware of this, but Tommy Lee is at the club.'




Who was the guy?




He said he was one of Tommy Lee's people. And he said, 'He'd really like to meet you.' So I was like: Oh, that's why there's all these girls here parading around like this. So he picked me? Oh my lord! But I didn't say that, I just thought that. I said, 'I'm eating dinner with my friend, but maybe when I'm finished I'll consider it.' I didn't want be full star-chaser. Because he must have girls like that all the time. And I always think for male stars like that, women are so disposable to them. I was desperate to meet Tommy Lee at that moment, but I wasn't going to seem it. But then as soon as I was finished eating, as soon as the waiter took my plate away, that guy was back. And he said, 'So would you consider coming to meet Tommy Lee?' And at this point I'd had a couple of glasses of champagne, so ...




What is it that made you even interested in meeting him in the first place? Do you find him attractive or are you just interested in hooking up with a celebrity?




Just the celebrity, and he's a trophy, and the experience. And I guess ... *(Pauses to consider.)* When there's all these genetic females lined up, wearing next to nothing, with their hair done, and their tits out and asses up, sucking their waist in? And he comes for *me*? I felt like the Pamela Anderson of transsexuals!




Do you think to yourself: 'He thinks I'm a genetic female' as you said, or do you think to yourself: 'He knows I'm transsexual.'




No, he thought I was a female at that point. So I go over to meet him. I'm not nervous at all, and I think, 'You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to treat him just like I treat my clients at stripping.' And so when I went over to meet him, he introduced me to everyone at his table.




I read in the *Post* that he had been drinking since seven in the morning.




He said he'd been drinking since seven in the morning, but he didn't seem drunk to me. He was eating some sort of carbohydrate. And then there was no chair for me to sit down on.



He invited you over and had no chair?



No. And I do this thing at stripping. *(Slides off her chair and crouches down, butt-to-boots, looking upwards.)* To talk to a guy I crouch next to his chair like this. So, to speak to the guy I have to look up at him. And that's a very attractive way for a man to look at a woman, because he's looking down at her. And when you're looking up, your face looks best. And it's almost like you're right there at his lap, ready to give him a blow-job. So I talk to him there for a moment, and say, 'Tommy, you know, I left my drink at the other table. So I think it would be gentlemanly if you bought me a drink.' He was like, 'Yeah, for sure. You want to do some shots?' And I said, 'Let's do tequila.' 'What do you want, gold or silver?' he says. And I said, 'Both. Two for you, two for me.' I was trying to do this edgy thing and not be like a groupie.




You weren't going to be one of those bimbos you saw earlier.



I wasn't going to be another bimbo or another fart-catcher for him.




Did you just say 'fart-catcher'?




Yes. I wanted to be this ballsy chick: Let's see if you can drink me under the table. The tequila comes, and I throw mine back like nothing - and then he throws his back and he *gagged* on his! And at this point I was like, 'You fucking pussy! You've got this badass Motley Crue reputation, tearing-up-hotel-rooms-bullshit and you're gagging on a shot tequila? And I threw mine back like that?' Then he laughed and said, 'Listen, I've been drinking since seven am.' He said, 'Somebody get this girl a seat.' But no one could find a chair for me. And so Tommy said, 'Okay, I'll just move over on my chair and you can sit on the edge.' I said, 'I can't sit there. I've got a lot of junk back there, Tommy.' So I sat on his lap. And he said, 'What do you do for a living?' And I said, 'Oh, I'm an exotic dancer.' And he had both arms on either side of me and he gave me two thumbs up and he grinned from ear-to-ear and said, 'Perfect!' I've never seen the Tommy Lee / Pamela Anderson sex tape, but I know he's notorious for having some huge dick. But when I was sitting on his lap, at that moment when I told him I was a stripper? I've never seen that video, but he is packin' somethin' down there!




You're my hero for getting that close to it.



And then I said, 'Also, I'm a columnist for this magazine. And I talk about sex, and have adventures in the sex business and then write about them.' He didn't seem very interested in that.




He liked your night job better than your day job.




Yes, he did. Then he said, 'Who's that guy you're sitting with?' And I said, 'Oh don't worry about him, he's gay. In fact, he's met you before, he works for MuchMusic. You probably don't remember him because you meet a million people all the time.' And Jason didn't think Tommy would remember him. So then he said, 'Bring him over.' And I said, 'You don't have a problem with gay people, do you?' And he said, 'No, no, not at all, bring him over.' And then Jason came over into the area. And then I think what happened was that this guy who was there who was high up at MuchMusic, looked at Jason, knowing Jason's gay, and then looked at me as Jason's friend. And then I saw him staring at me. And then I saw this happen around the table: *(Makes whispering motions.)*




They started playing telephone.



Each person whispered to the person next to them, who looked at me, who then whispered to the person next to them, who looked at me, who then whispered to the next person who was (eventually) Tommy. And he took a good, hard look at me. And I'm sitting on his lap, so our faces are rightclose together. And he's looking at me, and I would say we stared at each other for a good ten seconds.



Which is a long time.



Which was an eternity. But what are you going to do in that moment when this guy, he's trying to figure out, 'Is this, like, a tranny sitting on my lap?' So I smiled at him, as if to imply, 'That's right ... I'm a she-male!'



But you were playing this whole thing by ear, right? You didn't have any –



I didn't have a hidden agenda, I wasn't trying to embarrass him. But if Tommy Lee asks you to sit on his lap –



No need to even finish that sentence.



So we had this really long look at each other. And I smiled at him and he smiled back at me. But he was cool. He knew he got duped, but he was cool. And then he slapped both his hands down on the table and he went, 'Well, I'm dying for a cigarette.' And at that moment I very much had the sense that was a code. Because he spoke it to his bodyguard. And nobody spoke to the bodyguard. People were talking amongst themselves, but the bodyguard was just there. So I said, 'Oh, great, I'd love to have a cigarette too!' At that point the bodyguard put his hand up and said, 'You're not coming to smoke with us.' And that was the end of it.



They went for a cigarette and never came back?



That's my interpretation of events. He tried to pick me up, found out I was a she-male, and just decided 'this is not for me'.



Would you have slept with him?



No, I had already decided that I wasn't going to sleep with him. I'm very much aware that men are disposable to men like this. Because I've dated other famous guys, on the down low, and women are disposable to these guys. He can get his dick sucked by anyone. There were girls lined up there that night. With probably that intention.



Did you ever have it going through your mind, 'at some point, the fact that I'm not female is going to come up.' Because I guess I'd ask you that any kind of time when guys are going to think you're a woman, so what are you going to do?



I knew he couldn't kick my ass at Ultra Supper Club if he had a problem with it. I think part of my game was, 'I'll see how long I can work this before he figures it out.'