



*Xaviera Hollander's Newsletters from february till may 2005*

FEBRUARY 2005 CINDERFELLA - The documentary about two boys who wanna be girls.

I have known Miss Veronica Vera for many years now. She was like Annie Sprinkle, Betty Dodson, Candida Royale and myself, the Happy Hooker, an icon of the Sexual Revolution in her twenties. Even today our names are amongst the Sex Pioneers of the world.

At present, Veronica has a successful 'Finishing School', for boys who want to be girls. If a man, hetero or homo, decides he wants to feel and act like a woman, he would have to go through her academy before going out as an all round Transvestite.

And so it happened that two perfectly straight men from Wales were approached by Channel 4 in England, to participate in the documentary 'Cinderfella'. Veronica, was specially flown to Amsterdam, to transform their macho personalities into feminine 'women'.



Michael Locke, (nicknamed Ponch) is a 26 year-old shortish fellow with soft round features. He used to be a Mechanical Engineer, but after being made redundant in 2002, he turned to his love of 13 years and became a professional Skateboarder. Conversely he now has a troublesome relationship with his pregnant girlfriend, who nags him for being away from home and in too much mischief.



Matthew Pritchard, 31, is tall, handsome and sinewy bodied. He's been a Chef, Window Cleaner, Factory Worker and professional Skateboarder. Ponch and Pritch knew each other from way back and are best mates. Together they performed in a short documentary, Dirty Sanchez, where they pushed the limits of human decency, much like the film Jackass, but with even worse and painful stunts.

These were obviously, not the kind of boys Miss Vera would have come to her academy, and this was thus all the more reason for the producers of Channel 4 to take on the challenge. Veronica suggested the producers of Boomerang Films in Wales, Gareth and Dylan, to get in touch with her friend, Xaviera Hollander, myself.

I not only have a lovely spacious house in Amsterdam's Gold Coast, but am very connected with the Sex Industry in Holland. Thus an entire crew of 11 people embarked upon my doorstep.

My task as Location Manager/Scout, began with finding Bed and Breakfast accommodation for the Cameramen, Sound men, Make-up girl, Transvestite Hair Dresser and of course the stars of the event Pritch, Ponch and Miss Vera herself. No sweat. I did it!

Veronica stayed at my house with the director darling Dylan, whilst the two “chicks with dicks” shared the garden chalet for an entire week. The rest slept over at friends' houses, who like myself, converted their guest bedrooms into official Bed and Breakfasts.

Xaviera's own words :

"Then I assisted the crew in finding a hair waxing place in an old age home of all places. It was fun filming the young studs almost bumping into the old folks with their rollaters. Ponch and Pritch had however chosen their feminine names of Maria and Alice.



After the torture of getting their chests waxed, (which they say was more painful than hanging weights from their balls,) they were taken to a false nail studio to learn how to drink their coffee daintily with long red hot nails. An awkward task was upon them to unzip their pants, causing both “girls”to break their nails within hours!

My master guest room 'Goliath' was transformed into a divine shocking pink boudoir and it was here that Miss Vera, Maria and Alice put on exotic lingerie and wigs brought from the USA. Then commenced a lingerie party in my living room, where two of my girlfriend's Marjo and Caroline dressed in sexy nightgowns, and myself attended the final test.

Miss Vera instructed the 'girls' with a book of rules (Miss Vera's Cross Dress course for

success can be found at [www.missvera.com](http://www.missvera.com)). She guided them in feminine ways of crossing their legs and holding their bodies or drink, they did eventually pass her examination cum laude.

When asked by one of the 'real' girls what they would hate most about women from a male perspective, they replied: "Hairy legs and teeth that get in the way while servicing their man." It was a riot to have this entire group under my roof.

During one afternoon session I was introduced to a lovely person called David, whom I instantly renamed Davida. Davida, who I will from now on refer to as a woman, is a cape coloured person from Capetown, though gay, only likes to make love to macho hetero men, preferably when she is dressed in women's clothes.



The difference between a homosexual man and a Transvestite who loves men is that it is like having a girlfriend who knows how women feel, as he/she has so many female characteristics.

Together on my scooter a few weeks after the film was over, I felt her surreptitiously touch my breasts. I looked back and said, "But Davida you are supposedly Gay.. What you doing touching my tits?" To which he explained: "Oh, I am just so envious of your big boobs, I wish I could borrow them some times when I go out!"

The last night of filming was spent in Lellebel, a small yet famous Transvestite club in Amsterdam. The girls looked smashing, their makeup and wigs impeccable, and were heavily corseted for the grand finale, which explained the pained look in their eyes.

Camera lights flashed as the girls took to the stage. Already shaky as they had started drinking big jugs of beer, something they were told to refrain from. They sang with deep raspy voices, unveiling their masculinity. Someone in the audience shouted, "what do you like to do most?" Pritch answered, "Get the fucking corset off this new body!"

So beyond control a rowdy striptease ensued, ending with Pritch hanging a champagne bottle in a bucket from his Prince Albert ring on his cock. This was going a bit too far for the more feminine Transvestites in the crowd. I left at this stage being grabbed by little horny Moroccan boys who roam these kind of bars to grab any tit or ass, be it from a boy or girl or a boy/girl!

The crew left after a magnificent farewell party. I had arranged a farewell party, inviting all sorts of friends Veronica had not seen in the last twenty years. The famous story teller Willem de Ridder showed up as did elegant ladyfriend of Veronica Lucienne, a photographer and writer of erotic stories. More about her in a future newsletter.

Must move on to the next big event in my life, a few weeks later.

MARCH 2005- SHALOM ISRAEL Daphna and Xaviera: the heart attackers

On my first trip to Israel in 20 years, I met Dr Dasberg, a 78 year-old famous Jewish/Dutch Psychiatrist. His specialty is treating people with war traumas, be they from the Holocaust or from Indonesia. Belonging to the second category I set my mind to meet with the successful wise man. Despite his retirement, 2 hours of intense conversation were had, where he amazed me with his charisma and haunting stories.



Staying at a hotel in Tel Aviv, I met with a few good friends I have known for many years like film makers Erga and Izzi Abrahami. Each of them took me out for dinner or lunch. While the weather was splendid and food superb, nobody allowed me to pay for my own meal. In general the term Dutch treat fits perfectly in Israels nightlife. Wherever I went men always picked up the tab and split the bill.

The most emotional meeting for me was however with my girlfriend Daphna Arod. [Http://www.daphna-arod.com](http://www.daphna-arod.com) She, of Dutch Jewish origin, left Amsterdam 17 years ago, and we kept in touch, but with great intervals. The word Neshume applies to Daphna's lovely character. Her deep Hildegard Knef kind of smokey voice gets people puzzled when they call her on the phone. Is this a man or a woman?

More or less my age, she has a statuesque posture. Once a ballerina, she became a hippy having a few kids, whose father wasn't around long. I introduced her to my uncle Yankele, a distant family member rather. Some fun nights out were had by the three of us, Daphna still knew quite a bit of Dutch as did Yankele Grunwald who also originates from Holland.

I most enjoyed a home cooked meal at Daphna's house. There were a few steep stairs to climb but finally there was this comfortable and artistic penthouse, full of her colorful work. She and two of her girlfriends embraced me in their intimate circle. I have always had a warm spot for Daphna, so feminine and sensual like a tiger. She, has had two major heart attacks more recently than me. We jokingly refer to ourselves as the "heart attackers."

The Jerusalem Post knew of my current visit, and consequently arranged to take a picture of me where else, but in front of the wailing wall. With me was Jimmy Hollander, one of Israel's famous press photographers who stood at the wall with his camera ready to shoot me. Coincidence had it that I did not have a piece of paper or pen to write my own note. But then a piece of paper fell into my lap from a crack in the wall. Fate had it that it slipped a third time, and I used it for the pictures as if it was my own writing, then I put it in my handbag without a second thought.



Later that night Jimmy, who I had not seen in 25 years, invited me for dinner at his house. He and his lovely wife Rina, an equally famous photographer, prepared a wonderful meal and had half a dozen great friends over.

During the dinner I produced the little note. As it was written in Hebrew, I asked one of the Israeli photographers to translate the note. It read, "please forgive me for having been a whore for the past three years. Having hurt my mother in particular, I herewith want to ask you to arrange for me not only to get me an honest job that is fun but also to provide me with a lover, as I am very very lonely at the moment." Covered in goose bumps we were astounded that such a message would end up in the purse of the Happy Hooker. Is this what they call a proverbial message in a bottle?

I surely will not stay away from Israel for another 20 years. I felt instantly at home here, my need for some Jewish humor which is often hard to find in a Calvinistic country like Holland was totally looked after. In the autumn I'd love to take a trip in the country with Daphna and my dear friend Owen Liebreich.

Owen also came back into my life shortly after I landed in Holland. Now living in Tennessee USA, he has fond memories of his years spent in good old Amsterdam.

He and Daphna ought to meet as I doubt if I ever got as much warmth and love from anyone else than these two. Come to think of it, I count my blessings as a lot of friends I have made over the times are quite gentle and sweet.

I ended my 10 day vacation in Israel by staying with my dear friend Karin Tsafir. She lives in a beautiful home with her adorable husband Yaron of 26 years, and their three well educated kids between 9 and 16. I was their houseguest during Purim, which meant there were lots of parties and thus food, I should have been wise not to touch.



Karin and Yaron live in a Moshav En Sarid, which is something between a kibbutz and a small village. People with lots of kids own lovely big houses with gardens, and this Moshav is a close knit community. Despite gates fencing off outsiders, everybody knows everything about everyone.

Karin is a wild thing and loves sex. The night I arrived she invited her conservative, married friends for a potluck dinner, and entertained us with a power point presentation.

She had cut and pasted nude pictures downloaded from porno sites, and put them on straight pictures of her friends, underneath their faces. The quotes and short porno films though amusing, were sometimes almost embarrassing to look at. She even hired a buxom American Jewish woman in her mid twenties to give us a pep talk and show off all sorts of sex toys. Nobody bought the vibrators or dilldoes on display, but we ended up sucking on the chocolate nipples and miniature penises she passed around.

I however swapped my Happy Hooker book for a silver battery operated vibrator that fitted perfectly in my hand. That night in bed, I took out the little thing to try it out on myself and achieve the long awaited orgasm.... The motherf\*\*\*\*\*r didn't even move! There I was in the middle of nowhere in a Moshav, everyone had gone to bed and there was not a battery in sight. A bit frustrating wouldn't you say?

Karin is a feisty 42 year old British Jewish woman with Dutch ancestors as well, adorning outfits that leave little to the imagination; there was not a day when I did not see her belly button. She is a great hostess, and put me up for 3 days, her only request from me was to bring along from Holland some Hagelslag; dutch little chocolate flakes.

As it happens, a month before I left for Israel, I joined a self-help group to assist me in finding a solution to my weight problem. Being a compulsive eater, who has blown up out of size, I got it together and stuck faithfully to a program of not bingeing in between meals and staying away from carbo hydrates. I dropped 16 kilos within 6 weeks, effortlessly!

But the moment I was away from my group and the twelve step program, I just could not stand the temptation of the chocolate flakes any longer. Once the box stood opened slinking rapidly at Karin's kitchen table, I simply had to have a few.

On the way back at the airport in Tel Aviv I could not resist the temptation of buying three packs of Nestle milk chocolate bars, all wrapped in one big package, loaded with raisins and nuts. "Must give that to Rozetta," my mom's old lady friend of many years, I told myself. But then you can guess what happened next. Before the plane had taken off I had devoured an entire bar, and by the time I landed in Amsterdam I had finished the second one too. Surprisingly I somehow delivered the final bar to its rightful owner.

Home, I immediately went back on the programme, but was embarrassed to mention my sinning to my group. Unfortunately, my scales would not lie to me; up 6 kilos I'm ashamed to say.

Now I am in control of my food addiction once again. I swim once or twice a week, 'naked' with my friends in the Amstelpark club. This is Holland after all! We make it our regular social Sunday outing to sit around the pool afterwards, partially dressed of course and chat about events of the week.

Another major and positive change took place in my life as well.



#### APRIL 2005 - EXIT NATHAN - ENTER DIVINE DAVIDA

The house boy Nathan, an American kid of 24, has a good heart, but lately a drink and drugs problem. He'd become so unruly and untidy that I was forced to tell him to leave my premises instantly. He not only caused a few scooter accidents in the past months, but the moment I had landed in Israel I received one emergency email or call after the other. Against my orders, Nathan had left the scooter once more unchained to a tree. So while he was giving a party in the garden, someone stole the bike, or little that was left of it. This was his second bike in two years stolen because of his negligent attitude.

Luckily my Transvestite friend Davida had kind of moved into the house and cleaned up after him, until she too could not take his rough language and insults any more. I will save you the gory details of filthy smelly socks and unwashed clothes we found in Nathan's room behind cupboards etc. This was one of my two main rooms for rental to Bed and Breakfast guests, so it had to be clean.

As paying guests were soon to arrive, it was the perfect time to kick Nathan out, he'd been obnoxious for long enough. Having been on the streets for years when I picked him up, I was sure he'd get used to being free again. Hence a serene and peaceful ambience returned to my house in Amsterdam.

Davida is the sweetest thing since apple pie. We have a lot of fun going places together, specially when she is all dolled up and ready to kill. Specially in my fun fur but very sensual long tiger coat, something I would never do with Nathan. Nathan had his good side. But like a lot of kids his age, he wasn't motivated to stop drinking, smoking dope or doing something positive with his life. Much as he considered me as his mother, I would certainly have made a different kind of son, someone with more back bone and a much better education

At first we missed his cooking, but since I eat regular measured meals now and have less

dinner parties, I actually like fiddling with my own food and weighing things on little scales. Davida also makes a few great dishes like Mushroom or Pumpkin soup and a mean Spaghetti Bolognese, which of course I cannot touch.

AND NOW THE SAD NEWS.....JOHN DRUMMOND LAST STAGE IN LIFE!?

OR : THE END IS NEAR!

Today I received the latest news on John Drummond's situation. He has been taken to a London hospital to undergo an emergency operation. In the final stage of Prostate Cancer, there is little hope for him to survive.

About 30 years ago he was THE LOVE OF MY LIFE. No matter how many fights and arguments we had, our peculiar Virginia Woolf love/hate relationship lasted.

I tolerated him and his girlfriends he had staying in my villa in Marbella for many years. But the illiterate gypsy woman Paloma, 40 years his junior, made a mess of my house and life, that I started a lawsuit against the pair to reclaim my home. It took me two years and a lot of money and heart ache, but finally last November I was able to have the pair evacuated. I had to make this decision, or else it would have killed me financially and emotionally.



Despite the hell John put me through these last few years, somehow I feel a peculiar life long love for him. When I sometimes hear his voice or read his handwritten scraps of paper, I would melt with sorrow that our love affair was over.

John and I co-wrote the book Happily Hooked, giving a blow by blow description of our passionate love for one another, which is summed up in its subtitle: HAPPILY HOOKED, or what happens when two raving ego maniacs get addicted to each others bodies and minds.



Knowing that the end of this once ebullient everfescent brilliant creative Scotsman is near, depresses me so much, that I feel riddled with guilt for having thrown him out of my house,



depriving him of any medical insurance and a nice, tranquil old day. Fortunately I believe the British system insures its citizens at all times.

Tonight my blood pressure and heartbeat shot through the roof. I must have cried a river while listening to his favorite music by Mozart and Spohr. He may still be alive, but I have no idea how to contact him and am sure his watchdog Paloma won't ever let me even come close to him not even when he dies.

You may call me a fool for still loving this man, who knew how to make love to me like nobody else, how to make me laugh yet also how to hurt me..Or perhaps feeling sorry that I threw him out like any of his own dogs at his age of 74.

Whatever your thoughts, they won't change mine. Now I will have sleepless nights awaiting further news through the Marbella grapevine about his end, which is very near.

A sad ex.... Xaviera

THE QUEENS BIRTHDAY - KONINGINNEDAG - APRIL 30, 2005

Queen Beatrixes 25th anniversary as a reigning Queen went by rather sedate.

No major drunken brawls in town, gloomy weather and not too many buyers at the street vendors stands. I was stationed with my own stall in front of my best friends (Gloria)home in the Beethovenstraat, a stone throw away from my home. Davida, the new house "person" ran back and forth to our SPOT, schlepping and setting up a million

things we both had and wanted to get rid of. Gloria who HATES this holiday so much( she hides in her home all day like a hermit) , came out once only with a delicious big bowl of coleslaw and some nice cheese sandwiches...which I couldn't touch as I am still cutting out all carbo hydrates and managed to keep my weight down even after 3 months. But there were plenty hungry people in my group.

This is the second and probably last time in my life I participated as an active seller on the street. It sure was cozy but too busy for too little money in the end. Davida helped from early in the morning till late at night. Round 6 a.m. all the streets in Amsterdam were packed with multicolored mostly orange clad people with weird bright orange outfits and hats. By the end of the day, after a modest intake

I had seen dozens of fun people coming by, voices from the past, like my neighbour from my virginal days: Harry Nagel, big and potbellied but still a sweetheart and Tiny, who once used to be our cleaning lady from my childhood at the Nassaukade. Fifteen years ago her poor years were over as she met a jolly and prosperous man who proposed to marry her and now they live in an identical house as mine in the same street, would you believe it? Tiny who I occasionally bump into once told me with a sad expression in her steel blue eyes, when I asked her what she remembered most about my childhood and my parents:

"You must have been the loneliest child in the world. SO OFTEN you were hiding on top of the banisters crying helplessly as you listened to the arguments downstairs between your jealous but beautiful mother and your sometimes cheating but most charming father Dr. Mick de Vries." And May 2nd is the birthday of my mom, if only she were alive. So, Dia

and I will visit her grave and "make her bed" for her, the weather is gorgeous and summery, will try to be happy rather than sad and bring her a big bunch of red flowers as that was her favorite colour.

MAY 2005 LIFE IS A STAGE

#### DR. KORCZAK AND THE CHILDREN

Worldwar II is over - 60 years. I helped promote a haunting play about the life of the famous Polish Jewish Pediatrician Dr. Korczak who tried to save the lives of 300 children in 1943 but finally joined his kids into the gas chambers, while they marched singing and with full bellies into the showers. Dr Korczak had personally insisted and assisted them with preparing everyone their last luncheon package. He joined them on their last journey, even though the German officer had given him permission to stay alive. "Ich bin kein Schuft" is what he told the officer as he joined, in solidarity, the orphans he had devoted his life to, singing Jewish songs with them as cheerful as he could, while he almost choked on his tears.



#### HET VERLANGEN VAN HARTOG JACOB DE VRIES

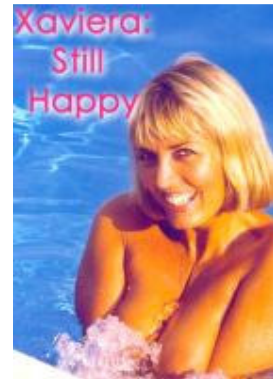


In Amsterdam's smallest elite theatre, the Parool theater I thoroughly enjoyed another jewel of a Jewish play, called Het verlangen van Hartog Jacob de Vries. This story is based on letters and poems that were found and put together by Paul Custers. As it happens the author of this work is... meshpoge from me, in fact he is the brother of my great grandfather, who was one of the few Jews living in a tiny Dutch village full of very religious roman Catholics, called Dussen. His father was a kosher butcher and the son Hartog Jacob refused to become a butcher, as he liked animals too much to kill them, but for years assisted his dad as a delivery boy of the kosher as well as normal meat.

During one of his delivery stops he met a nice shickse, Leentje and he fell hopelessly in love with her; something she was never really aware of as both their parents kept pulling them apart, being of different religious backgrounds. The boy became a man, a hopeful romantic with great talents as a poet and writer. None of his touchy sentimental but also often political/religious poems were ever really published in more than the occasional specialty magazine, like the NIW. He lived till 1953, and apparently never ever touched another woman, so he died as a virgin. He was one of the few members of HIS (my) family to survive the holocaust. Here Paul Custers mixed some beautiful tear jerking Yiddish songs and poems about the war, which made my own tears run down my cheeks. I was very emotionally shook up as the drama that unfolded in front of my very eyes was about half my own family being killed in Nazi Germany. I was so shook up that the actor stepped off his tiny stage, leaned towards me and kissed both my wet cheeks. An evening never to forget! Romantic, emotional, musical and humoristic.

## DOCUMENTARY SOLD TO WORLD WIDE DISTRIBUTORS

My docu drama *Xaviera Hollander - the happy hooker* has finally been sold for worldwide distribution. Bravo Robert Dunlap, [www.redprods.com](http://www.redprods.com). It took us a hell of a long time to get permission of people like Larry King and Geraldo Rivera to use a 6 minute segment in the film. Time and lots of money were the magic words needed to allow that interview to be inserted in our documentary. final words. and... We've got our first public screening in San Francisco on May 7th at the ROXIE CINEMA, 3117 16th Street. Well. Folks that's it.. not quite in a nutshell.



Love and have a good summer

Xaviera Hollander