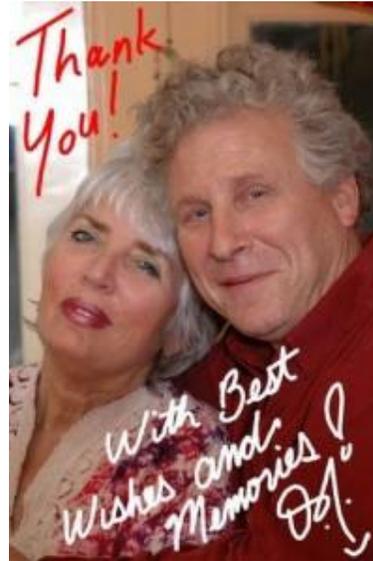


Xaviera Hollanders' Newsletter April 2006

Dear friends,

After our fun trip to Israel with Owen in November, Philip and I went to Marbella to assist in getting my villa ready for next spring.



We were visited by my ex husband and life long friend Frank Applebaum, a one time antique dealer from Toronto, Canada and his girlfriend Nicky, who had flown in from Amsterdam, where she is living. I introduced them to each other 7 years ago, and ever since we all see each other regularly once a year. The two women I have matched him up to over the years both realized that no matter what was between them and Frank, the big L word he only kept for me as apparently the feelings Frank and I shared for one another had been those of true Love. He never made that a secret and both women loved me enough to accept this missing element in their relationship with this sometimes stodgy character, but man of extreme integrity and pride. He was a very private, proud person, an autodidact and true bachelor at heart, so much so you might say he was to a degree a hermit. He had ever since he met me and fell in love with me about 35 years ago, been very embarrassed about my past as the Happy Hooker and had kept me away from his orthodox Jewish family and friends; something that always hurt me.

Frank , now looked haggard and grey, apparently had lost a lot of weight. He smoked continuously and somehow I was very worried about his well being. However he did not seem to be suffering from anything but needed a lot of sleep. He tried to help and fix some of the tiles but somehow did not seem to get any project off the ground. Lethargy was apparent. When we said farewell to one another he hugged me, but did not speak his jovial final words:” see you same time next year folks.” The same happened to his girlfriend, who also noticed he did not commit himself to a return visit.



In order to get away from the long cold winter in Holland, Philip and I escaped for a few weeks to sunny Mexico. There we simply relaxed mainly on the white beaches of Zihuatenejo, Guerero... I have been visiting this place for the last 20 odd years but for Philip this certainly was virgin territory. After a meniscus knee operation I was told to walk and exercise a lot, so we dutifully made our daily beach walks in the morning and afternoon and swam several times a day. In the meantime I arranged visits to exotic places like the beach of Potossi where we had a great fish luncheon with a dear old friend from my Toronto days Ernesto Palmer.

We also dined and wined at Elsa Ramirez' fancy harbor restaurant in Ixtapa A visit was made by my long time friend Roberto Schlosser, the film maker from Mexico and Raul the fine wine merchant and his Mexican wife took us all out for a cheap and cheerful but really non-touristic picturesque Mexican meal on our last day in Zihuatenejo.

I checked my emails every few days at a local internet cafe and suddenly there was a message in my UNKNOWN SPAM BOX from someone who had put the name Frank in the subject. I had almost deleted this message thinking it was only a spammer, until my curiosity took the better of me and lo and behold it was Frank Applebaums cousin Jenna who wrote to me that her favorite "funny uncle Frank" was spending his last days in hospital in Toronto, suffering from incurable lung cancer. I immediately contacted her at a given phone number and apparently Frank had fallen ill round the end of January and had himself checked into the hospital. How she got a hold of me I asked her...



He did apparently NEVER divulge my address nor phone details, but his entire family of course knew of my existence. This cousin also knew that he had recently visited me and had enjoyed a great time in Europe. When she asked him if she should warn me of his illness he shrugged his shoulders and said " No, don't bother to warn her, I don't want her to worry about me." This is how humble Frank always has been. Yet this woman took it upon herself to google my name... 6.500 names XH seemed to have popped up, but in the end she managed to track me down.

A few days later Philip and I were the guests of Michael Sherer, a jovial bachelor /bon vivant appraiser who has this beautiful houseboat in Sausalito near San Francisco . Michael had a few years ago been my favorite bed and breakfast guest and was at that time living in Las Vegas. Now back to his roots in the area of San Francisco where he originated from, he felt more at ease with likeminded people as he had started to dislike the superficiality of Las Vegas. Michael was living alone on his boat but had daily companionship of visiting

seagulls. One in particular was much attached to him as apparently he had once fed him some hash cake and now he was hooked, even though Michael got him used to normal bird food or leftovers.

This reminds me of the horrible story of my little Maltese lion doggy Dingo... or rather Dumbo, whom Philip and I, when we came home from Spain, found dying on the couch of an overdose of space cake. A friend who had been staying at my house in our absence had left this cake he had baked for some friends, which was strong enough to get a small orphanage stoned for days, on the table with a note saying:"



Beware, Spacecake..." little did he know that my dog liked scavenging food from our table but did NOT read or understand what was written on the little card.

It was one of the saddest things to observe how this sweet animal disintegrated in front of our very eyes...No vet could have saved his life. NO MORE SPACE CAKE in MY house. His dad Schnoofy sure misses sonnyboy.



Michael, always courteous and generous had arranged a lovely party for us on his boat. Even a Reuter journalist showed up and did a major sympathetic interview with me about my upcoming lecture and the special party and screening of my documentary Robert and I are still trying to sell. Two days later a flattering long article appeared in the press over the entire world.

Shortly after the interview was done and the people started to pour in, I received a phone call from Toronto that Frank had died. I was speechless. It all had gone so fast. The most touchy part of the call, made by a long term girlfriend of mine Barbara, also from Toronto, was that she had gone to visit him in hospital, representing me to wish him a smooth landing in the other world. He was apparently already in coma, with tubes attached to him and heavily sedated by morphine. She introduced herself to his sister and cousins, who were in the hospital room and asked permission to come closer to him. She then put her hand ever so gently on his heated forehead and whispered to him to blink his eyes as a sign that he could hear what she said. The nurse nodded that he was too far gone, but miraculously he moved

his head ever so little and fifteen minutes later he died peacefully. Apparently he had gone through hell with heavy pains for weeks already.

Later I found out the family sat shive and it turned out to be a rather orthodox Jewish funeral. Here Frank Applebaum, a true agnostic, who had once changed his last very Jewish sounding name to Allen to make it sound less Jewish, had gone back to his roots after his parents died and changed his name back again to Applebaum

Imagine hearing this news in the middle of a festive party. I did not even have a chance to cry, but sure let my tears run afterwards and Philip was most supportive.

Back to fun times in California. There was a visit to my cousin Ted van Midde's house in San Geronimo, where we enjoyed a copious meal and spent one night in his incredible mansion . He was surrounded by his perfect little family of 3 daughters and one son and a hospitable somewhat nervous slender wife Jennifer. He gave Philip the following day a thorough sightseeing tour of San Francisco, while I was keeping my clothes on during a predominantly nude session of sexual education for the mature over 50s...about longevity and lust. . This was a happening arranged at Carol Queens Center for Sex and Culture and Mistress Soleil and her slave/husband Dragon and I were discussing, with public participation, the delights of masturbation, touching, kissing, anal stimulation etc. At the end Soleil fist fucked Dragon in front of an eager crowd, while after a brief coffee break Dragon showed us the G spot stimulation on Soleil. At this point Philip and Ted walked in, quite down to earth and not at all turned on. Luckily they shut up and behaved themselves whilst looking at the erotic art work of Charles Gatewood on the walls.

Philip had invited a voluptuous woman in her mid thirties Jessica, a daughter of a good friend of his he had been babysitting when she was a small child. Jessica was managing a so called Medical marihuana supply store in Berkeley where she invited us to. The following day we went over there and this was somehow an amazing experience. The building was fenced off by barbed wire and guarded by two strong armed men. You had to make a telephonic appointment to get in and everybody had to show a plasticized doctor's card that they were allowed to buy marihuana for medical purposes. Apparently anybody who paid \$ 170 a year and had a friendly doctor could pretend to suffer from headaches to insomniac or chronic pains. Michael, used to quite a lot of things, was really impressed, especially by the orderly way things were managed and more so by the 5 kinds of hash and 20 types of marihuana...

We then walked over to the campus grounds of Berkley and it so happened that it was national Condom day... so we loaded ourselves with free condoms, though none of us ever uses these things any more.:>

We had several great meals in town with my friend Alan Ezust who had specially flown in from Vancouver Island and Emile Toups, who does programming for the biggest gay radio station in San Francisco. It had been great being back in Frisco.

Off to Richard and Ellen in Palm Desert. I know this couple for 25 years and have followed them to their various habitats, from Spain to Los Angeles and now their final desert –nation. Richard is a retired computer wizard and Ellen is still working in real estate. On our way to their home Richard pointed out the World War II Air craft museum which is right next to the airport of Palm Springs. He told us that he has been working there as a volunteer with a group of old WWII flyers restoring vintage planes and cars.



He invited Philip to join him the next morning for a half a days work at the museum while the Girls went shopping. Richard used to say about my infamous shopping sprees: “Xaviera is good for the American economy as she shops until she drops. “ This time I was on a more limited budget so I went to the wholesale outlets instead of Saks Fifth Avenue. The first night Ellen had arranged tickets for a fascinating concert of the violinist Joshua Bell. There we encountered the mostly geriatric but very wealthy community of both Palm Springs (predominantly gay) and Palm Desert, (over 60s)

I chatted with a group of ladies of Ellen’s book club and the following night our hosts had prepared a nice gathering of their friends to welcome us. There I was invited to the incredible palatial Moroccan style house of Alain, a retired Moroccan Jewish physician (who spoke 13 languages) and his most charming Egyptian young wife Lillian. Couscous was being served and great music was playing in the background. After dinner Lillian, out of the blue , started to belly dance for us, though she kept her clothes on. It was needless to say, a delightful event and we sure hope to see more of this charming couple.



We were now onto our last leg of our vacation which so far had been jam-packed with parties and concerts. Off to Los Angeles where we were met by Robert Dunlap and his charming co producer of the film, John Patty. They took us to the best Jewish delicatessen and best pastrami place in Hollywood. From that moment on I was hooked on pastrami while Philip enjoyed several great hamburgers at Mel’s dinner.

Our host was charming Victor Migenes , the ultimate playboy, mid forties, living in a sumptuous bachelor pad in the middle of Hollywood. Swimming pool and fitness rooms gave the tenants ample opportunity to work on their bodies. Victor and his sister own a very fine cigar shop cum gallery in Los Angeles at 2nd Street. His best friend and great artist Thomas Ellis has a permanent exhibition in this place.



Philip and I took a taxi to their place and on the way to downtown Los Angeles the Armenian young cabdriver asked us if we were interested in making a short detour to the area where about 50.000 homeless were to be seen on the street. Not all at the same time of course! It was the so called San Pedro district, which was smack around the corner of where we had to be anyway.

It was kind of scary to witness this side of our society where hundreds of people were hustling for their dope, (diamond dust - a chemical crack) , preparing for their cartons to be spread out . The driver informed us that those people could get \$ 800 a month social security if they would give a home address but that 99% did not want either money or a roof above their head. They would prefer to eat in charity kitchens or out of rubbish containers. One amazing story this man told us that a few years ago the police was called to identify the dead body of one of the vagrants, a man in his forties.. With a supermarket pushcart... Lo and behold they found the amount of 3 million dollars stashed in a plastic bag underneath a pile of old newspapers.

At the party I even met my adopted son originally from Toronto, David Shulman and his banker girlfriend. It was all quite emotional, especially as he too remembered Frank from way back when he was a little kid. My friend, the actor Clemens von Frankenstein recited poetry by Oscar Wilde, while standing impressively at the staircase, overlooking the crowd of party gangers. The following night Thomas, the artist invited us to a small get together at his delightful flat on 5959 Franklin Ave . This is one of Hollywood's most famous and oldest apartment buildings where old movie stars like Bette Davis and Joan Crawford used to live. We bumped into Ricky Lee Jones, who is his upstairs neighbor, she used to be one of my favorite singers when I was living in Canada. Thomas' house, little as it is, was filled with great art, mostly paintings by his own hand and living with him right now is a dear friend Jimmy, who is unfortunately dying slowly of Aids, he is a jewel of a human being and was excited to see me again after a few years.

During the day my friend Ashley Oliver drove us all over town and accompanied us a.o. to a fun luncheon with Norma Jean Almodovar, fore fighter of sexual rights of prostitutes all over California . She became famous several years ago with her book From Cop to Call Girl and still remained one of my best friends. At the moment she makes adorable and funky clowns and monsters she sell all over the country, made in Taiwan.

Our last night was a memorable event, as John Patty and his colleagues had arranged a private screening of our film where about 40 most interesting and colorful characters from the movie industry showed up. A nice spread of cold food platter was laid out by our hosts. One of the more mature guests was a worldly feisty woman who once upon a time had played in Some Like It Hot and still had not lost her youthful appearance.

The journey back was long and exhausting but I managed to run up quite a few air miles with Continental airlines!!!

Everything was honky dory, the house looked spic and span, the dogs and cats were lively and healthy and happy to see us... until a few days later , barely recuperated from our heavy jet lag Philip, who used to be an accountant helped me do my bookkeeping and came across some statements that had come in from Visa...

Whammo... disappointment of the day... some little Thai boy who once upon a time had helped us out with some domestic chores had copied my Visa Card details after I lend the card to him for a mobile phone I was going to pay for him. He had run up the sweet sum of close to \$ 6000 with computers and digital cameras he had purchased through the internet.

I won't make this newsletter longer than necessary but believe me Philip.... Also once upon a time a private detective... a true man for all seasons... managed to track the kid down.. All in all it took me best of a week between calling, emailing and meeting with visa, Apple and Sony , the boy and trips back and forth to the police station. Did I get any richer of it? No.... still down the above amount. So maybe not richer but sure WISER.....MORAL OF THIS STORY... WATCH YOUR IDENTITY....

Enjoy the spring which is about to prosper any moment, even though this morning suddenly there was no hot water in the house nor any heat and that with a wintry temperature of barely 9 degrees Celsius. Result.. I had to order a brand new central heating installation. Whammo there goes another euro 6000 !!

Ach... we have a Dutch expression that goes 'OP IS OP'.. which means if there is nothing left anymore we will see again.

P.S. Due to some delay with the newsletter I can now proudly say... it is a few weeks later again, in fact, it is almost the Queens Birthday, April 30.... That my Villa Caprice in Marbella is finally ready to go on the market as a rent villa.

Please check my webpage www.xavierahollander.com/sleeper where you can find both my Dutch B&B which has been booming now for the last few months as well as the virgin Villa we all worked so hard at to give it a total make over .



We have had Poles, English, Dutch and now even a Czech team work on it to beautify the

place that my ex John Drummond worked so hard at to destroy. Even my man Philip and I myself of course worked our butts off to give the villa a total face lift before the tourist season is really starting.

So looking for a lovely hideaway that sleeps up to 10 people easily, with a private swimming pool where you can all go and frolic around naked, if you wish so?? Do come and look up my [Villa in Marbella](#).

Love from Amsterdam

Xaviera Hollander and Philip