

Mrs. Evy Jorgensen

August 1976

Boks 81

2770 Kastrup

Denmark.

Dear Alice.

Here I send You a few manuscript to Your Bulletin.

I do hope, You can use them. Well, they are not written correct, but I thought that You would be able to translate them to right English.

It is situations I have been in and maybe it could have some interes for the English Sisters.

Here in Denmark we are very busy for the time, because as You know, we shal have our party in Sweden.

Letters are comming in every day and now we are over 65 persons and more will come.

Now we too start our action again after the holydays, Friday evening we had a privat party, we were only 14 and the last TV left the place at 2 a'clock at the night, but it is not unusual. The next meeting will take place next saturday, we shall out to one of our members, she has a nice placed house, outside Copenhagen, 15 miles, near the woods and fields. She has a very big garden, where we can go, there are no nabours round. I have been there before and I know that we will get a nice time there.

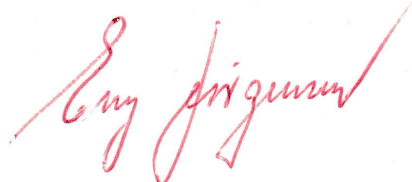
But more than that, we shall have 8 meetings in this fall, some of them only coffee or teaevenings, some others as instruction with make up, or what we now can find.

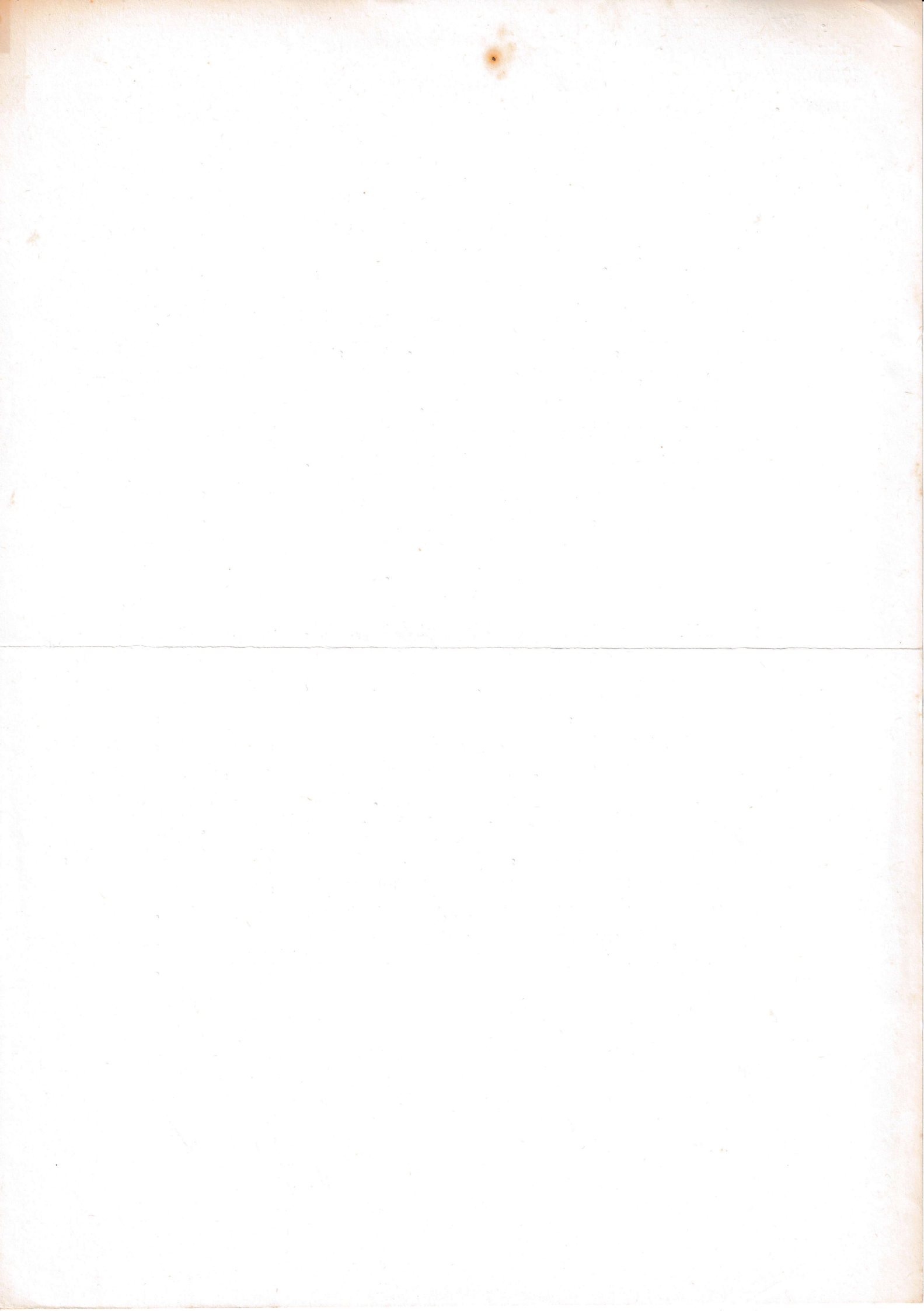
Well, I will close again and send Your self and all the other Sisters in England the best wishes for the future.

Yours sincerely

Evy Jorgensen

FPE Denmark





One of the episodes in my TV life, by Evy Jorgensen Denmark.

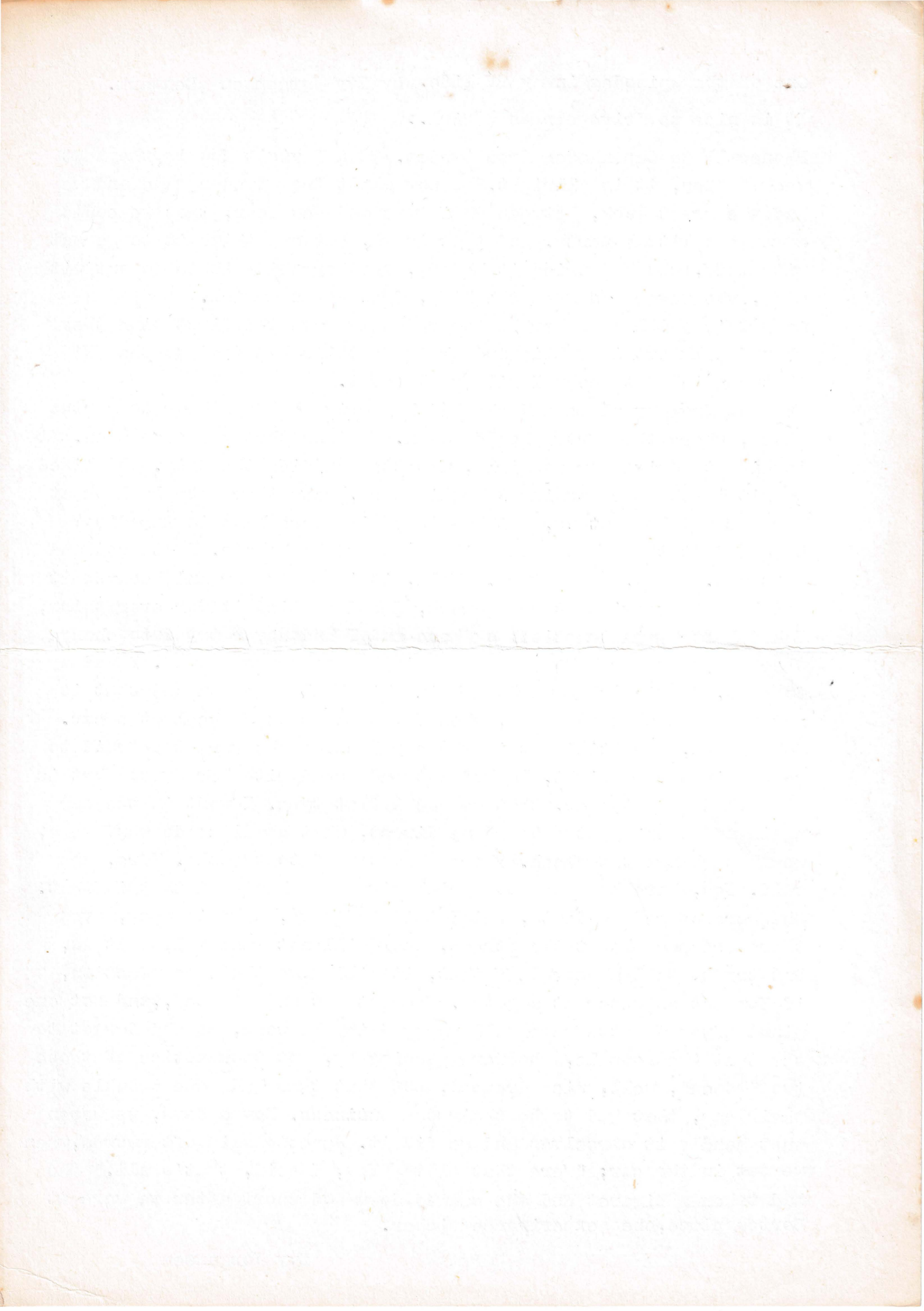
It is nice to drive car as a girl..

Phonecall to Copenhagen from Sweden. "Can I visit You in the next week?" "Yes, it is alright." A new guest from Sweden came and we had the great luck, between Christmas and New Year, that we could arrange a little party. And that is OK, but one thing is to go out with a TV, who had tried it before, another thing is to go out with a TV, who never has seen the life, dressed as a girl.

Many TV's still remember how scared they were the first time they should walk out in public and the same thing happened to the TV' that special afternoon I will tell about.

We went from my place and should only drive half an hour to Dortes place, where the party should go on. We drove through Copenhagen. It is nice to drive car as girls, Janette enjoyed the trip. She liked to sit in the car passing by policecars, see other people look at our car and look at us, but how long time were Adam in Paradis ? Once I felt there were something wrong with the car. I stopped and went out. Oh no, a puncture. Well, it is a new car and because it had been to service at the garage, I had emptied it for everything, I had left my instructionbook home and I had never tried to change wheel at that car before and especially not crossdressed. I had my furcoat, my wig (shoulderlong hair) highheel shoes on and that is not the best cloth to wear, when You shall change wheel at a car. To Janette, who still sat in the car because she were too afraid to go out in the daylight, looked out and asked with her eyes: "What is wrong?" I said to her, that we had a flat tyre. I went in the car again and then Janette asked me direct, what shall we do now? well, we must change the wheel. There she started to tremble. Here, she said. Yes, here because noone will give us a hand and that is that. She were scared to death, but I said too here, take it easy, even there are people at the street, they will not take a look at us, but try to tell a scared TV that, it will have the same reaction, if You put on water at a goose. We went out and started, and not one minut after Janette were full engaged in the work, so she forgot to see that the people, who were passing by, not took notice of those two "women", well, nice dressed, but that they had some trouble with their car, that had to be their own business. Now a days, we women must handle it ourselves and we did it. Janette said afterwords, when we sat in the car; "Were that all?" "Yes, I said, that's all." She had taken a cigaret and she calmed down and short after we were at Dortes place, one experience richer.

Evy Jorgensen



A quite normal day ---- or?

A sonny winterday, in february. 10 degree frost. I were on my way home from the university, where I have had some lessons for the students about transvestisme. I were as I jused to be, crossdressed and in a very good mood, because I have had the opportunity to meet some psyciatrist at the university after the lessons, where we had some discussions about us. I told them directly up in their open face,⁵ that I would not give a penny for~~e~~ their education about peopple. I said that the onlyist way, they could learn it, were to go out and meet peopple and se how they were and how they lived. Well it is very nessessary to read books, but it should be after they had been out.

I drew in my own car, Cortina 1300. Maybe you wonder why I tell you what sorts of car, but it is because I had just got a new clutch and therefore I kept the distance to the cars in front of mee a little bigger than usual, before "the foodwork" were not as well as it could be and more than that, when the person, who drives the car has different shoes than she normal use to have, you have to take care. I stopped as car nb.2 with a traficsignal and sat waiting for green, when I looked in my backmirror and saw another car drive over for "pink", that's what we call it, when the light have changed from yellow to red. I saw at once that he could ^{not} stop and I grabbed the steeringwheel and a few seconds after, he hits my car. Well, it seams to me, that it were bumper to bumper, but I thought at the very same time. "Out at the car and say some dirty words to him, but - - - when I looked down I saw my nylonleg and my furcoat--- oh, oh. You can not do that, I said to myself. Well, I took my handbag, went out at the car and to the young man, who came to me, wring his hands, he stutted: Dear Mrs. I-I am so sorry, but I, I could ^{not} stop ". I told him, ~~that~~ I noticed that, when he hit me, but one thing were clear, that I would like to drive in to the side and check the car, to see, ~~xxxx~~ if something were wrong. We did so, he gave me his name. ~~a~~ Nothing were wrong and then he jumped in his car again. Just before he left me another man from the street came to me and said: " Excuse me Mrs. if you have some trouble, I have seen all what happend, " "Thank you" said I, everything is all right. Then he and the other man went away. I went in my own car and drew of again. But ~~what~~ how did I react in that situation? Yes, I did in a way, that I never had thought about, well, We had talked about in FFE with some meatings, but one thing is to talk another to bring it out in the life. I were cool and clear, not even my hands shaked. Why, it must be why I was sure that I could handle the situation, ~~I did not start the conversation with the young man with~~ I could and that was that - - - for that day.

A sunny winter day, in February, in Denver, Colorado. I was on my way home from the university, where I have had some lessons for the students about environmentalism. I was as I used to be, unbothered and in a very good mood, because I have had the opportunity to read some material of the university after the lessons, where we had some discussions about it. I told them directly in their own words, that I would not give a penny for their question about people. I said that the only way they could learn it was to go out and meet people and see how they were and how they lived. Well, it is very necessary to read books, but it should be after they had been out.

I drove in my own car, Corvair 1960. Maybe you wonder why I tell you what parts of our, but it is because I had just got a new little car and therefore I kept the distance to the cars in front of me a little bit longer than usual, before "the feedback" were not as well as it could be and more than that, when the person who drives the car has different spots than a normal one to have, you have to take care. I stopped at our stop with a traffic light and sat waiting for green. When I looked in my back mirror and saw another car drive over for

"pink", that's what we call it, when the lights have changed from yellow

and a few seconds after, he hit my car. Well, it seems to me, that it were longer to happen, but I thought at the very same time. "Out of the car and say some dirty words to him, but - - - when I looked down I saw my nylon and my fur coat - - - oh, oh. You can not do that, I said to myself. Well, I took my hands, went out at the car and to the young man, who came to me, with his hands, he stuttered: Dear Mrs. I-I am so sorry, but I, I could stop". I told him, that I noticed that when he hit me, but one thing was clear, that I would like to drive in today's side and check the car, to see, what it is something was wrong. He did so, he gave me his name. Nothing was wrong and then he stepped in the car again. Just before he left me another man from the street came to me and said: "Excuse me Mrs. if you have some trouble, I have seen all what happened." "Thank you" said I, everything is all right. Then he and the other man went away. I went in my own car and drove of again. But that how did I react in that situation? Well, I did in a way, that I never had thought about, well, we had talked about in the with some colleagues, but one thing is to talk another to bring it out in the life, I was cool and clear, not even my hands shook. Oh, it must be that I could handle the situation. Well, I could and that was that - - - for that day.

Denmark is a nice country - even for TV's

Many peopple visit Denmark and between them, many TV's too. If we can, we allways try to make a little party for them, where they come. I had got the message, that the councillor from Sweden, Gittan, would come to Copenhagen and ~~xxxxxxx~~ when she came, we went out one evening to a nice little party outside Copenhagen. As normal this party ended at 1,30 at night, and only because we said, that it were time to go home, or ells we maybe had sat there until now, You all know how the time flyes, when we "young girls" are together.

Well, as I wrote in the headline, Denmark is a nice country, and I mean it, even the police take care of us, during the whole day and night, but why should they that speciel night have traficcontrol at the rout we drew. Never mind. We drew crossdressed both and direct in the traficcontrol, bumper to bumper, no chance to come out before "time". We waited and a policeman came to us and I showed him my special driverlicens, I have a special permission from the police to drive as girl, so there we had no trouble. Well, he looked at it and at that very moment a ~~little~~ Morris minor drew direct through the policecontrol and our policeman jumped to a car and with the lights and horn on, he drew after him, followed by two "eggshells"(policemen on motorbikes) We sat there for a few minut and then I went out at the car, went to ~~the~~ headlamps so the other policemen could se me and my highheeled shoes and my "fine nylonlegs". They looked. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Just after I went out at the car another policeman came to ~~the~~ us and asked ob ~~some~~ police had seen our paper, yes we said, well, then he asked the team, who were with the car in front of us, they answered no, then he ~~asked~~ them who were with the car behind us, no, they said too, then he came back and we told him how it were., and I showed him my papers, ~~once more~~. After looking up and down at me and the same at Gittan, because she were out at the car too now and she had a brandred coat on and black nylons, then the policeman, yes not even him, many of them starred. It is OK, he said, and because the ^{car} in front of us had left, we went in our car, started and left.

The police. Well, they forgot to look after, Stearingwheel, headlamps, clutch, foot and handbrake. We still mean both, Gittan and I, that it must be ^{because} ~~why~~ we were so nice or ??

many people visit Denmark and between them, many TV's too. If we can
we always try to make a little party for them, where they come. I
had got the message, that the controller from Sweden, Bitten, would
come to Copenhagen and staying when the same, we went out one evening
to a nice little party outside Copenhagen. It normal that party ended
at 11.30 at night, and only because we said, that it was time to go
home, as she we say, but not before that, you will know how the
time flies, when we young girls are together.

Well, as I wrote in the headline, Denmark is a nice country, and I
mean it, even the police take care of us, during the whole day and
night, but why should they that special night have special control at
the port we know. Never mind. We know ourselves both and direct in
the traffic control, but as we know, no chance to come out before "the
no". We waited and a policeman came to us and I showed him my special
deliveries, I have a special permission from the police to drive as
fast, so there we had no trouble. Well, he looked at it and at that

very moment a little Morris minor drove direct through the policeman-
trap and our policeman jumped to a car and with the lights and horn on,
he drove after him followed by two "aggressive" policemen on motorbikes.
We sat there for a few minutes and then I went out at the car, went to
the policeman and said, "I have a special permission from the police to drive
as fast as I want, so there we had no trouble. Well, he looked at it and at that

and my "nice delivery". They looked at it and I went
out at the car and the policeman came to me and asked me some questions
and he had with me paper, you we said, well, then he asked the same, who
were with the car in front of us, they answered us, then he asked them
who were with the car behind us, he, they said too, then he came back
and he told him how it were, and I showed him my paper.

After looking up and down at me and the name of Bitten, because she
were not at the car too now and she had a branded coat on and black
kylons, then the policeman, you not over him, many of them started.
It is OK, he said, and because the in front of us had told, we went in
our car, started and left.

The police, well, they forgot to look after, Bitten, well, because
of the foot and handbikes. We still hear from Bitten and I, that it
must be very nice to see us.