



Discotheque customer focuses full attention on Lisa—before cops moved in for arrest.



On way to jail, performer has all the chic accessories: purse, fur, high-heeled boots.



Sprung from men's prison, lighter by 10 pounds, bedraggled dancer is met by gang from the club, but girlish bounce is gone. Lisa, in baggy pants, looks more like Philip.

issued when he failed to show up for sentencing.

But how could he show up when he was in Chicago, undergoing an operation which changed him into a her named Uben Sabar, alias Lisa Hepler?

That was what Lisa wanted to know. The answer was provided by Lisa's private physician and confirmed by a couple of Department of Correction doctors. They said Lisa, or Philip, is a "transsexual" and will not become a full-fledged female until after a second operation, scheduled to be performed in Casablanca, Morocco.

Since no I (for intermediate) is allowable, the F on the arrest record was changed to an M and Lisa-Philip, held in \$1,500 bail and dressed in dungarees and work

shoes instead of a leotard and black net stockings, was lodged in a single cell at the Tombs prison, which caters only to males—including those Morocco-bound.

"I am not a queer!" Lisa said. According to the dancer, there were sets of genital organs of both sexes at birth, but only the female set was operative. The initial operation removed the useless male organs, with finishing touches yet to come.

The dancer, whose measurements have been helped along by surgery, says she has a husband in California and has performed all wifely duties.

Six days later, bail having been made, Lisa-Philip was released, with that Los Angeles charge and that sex business yet to be resolved.



Just tucking up trousers and slipping into boots again begins to make Lisa re-appear.



Dust of the pokey removed and makeup applied, dancer fixes hair to get back to normal look, so to speak.

The Trials and Troubles Of a Guy Named Lisa

By JOSEPH CASSIDY

IT BEGAN in Los Angeles and ended, for the moment, in New York, but it should have happened in some place called Middlesex.

Detectives of the Manhattan district attorney's office tripped lightly into a discotheque club named Dudes N Dolls during a busy noontime session the other day and pinched a shapely dancer who was either a dude or a doll. At the time, nobody knew for sure.

The cops in Los Angeles, on whose warrant 21-year-old Lisa Hepler was arrested, said their quarry was a man.



Cut of blouse reveals some evidence supporting claim to female status.

The D.A.'s men, who chose to believe their eyes rather than the warrant, booked Lisa as a female.

And Lisa, who had been enthusiastically churning a scantily-clad 36-25-36 figure on the stage at the Dude N Dolls at 814 Third Ave., proclaimed loudly that anyone could see she was a woman.

Well, she wasn't. Not officially, anyway.

But the three dozen executive types who were ogling her gyrations to recorded music during their lunch hour break at the time of the arrest sure were fooled.

So were the noon-and-night spot's barmaids, waitresses, hat check girls and gal hoofers, who for two months had shared their dressing room—and ladies lounge—with the brunette performer.

Cops Must Decide

But it was the cops who were on the spot. They had to decide whether to put M or F on the arrest record. The decision at the Elizabeth St. station, luckily subject to change: female. And here's what caused all the confusion:

The LA police charged that one Philip Emata, made up like a woman and dressed accordingly, swished into a fur salon there last Nov. 24, asked to see some furs and, when the salon-keeper's back was turned, absconded with \$3,300 worth. Philip, who dressed like a female during his court appearance, was convicted. The warrant was



Male patrons of discotheque obviously are pleased as Lisa resumes work at the old stand.

NEWS fotos by Jack Clarity, Hal Mathewson, William Quinn and Jack Smith