

SHAPELY HARLOT WAS A MAN — BUT CLIENTS NEVER KNEW

by RICHARD RUSS

The sight of a large Rolls Royce limousine pulling to a stop at 14 Kaiser Strasse was no longer unusual. Everyone knew that the gentleman sitting in the rear seat of the chauffeur-driven car was about to pay a visit to the "lady" known as Lou, the tall, slim, spectacularly dressed Queen of Frankfurt, West Germany's red-light city.

As usual the smartly uniformed chauffeur left the driver's seat, walked around the front of the car and with a slight bow opened the door for his master. The chauffeur then reached for a long box filled with the most expensive cut flowers, and handed them over.

A few whispers and the chauffeur scurried to his place behind the wheel, then drove the impressive car a discreet distance up the street,

turned off the engine, and settled down for a long evening's wait.

But this night was different. The gentleman adjusted his hat and tie, walked through the wrought-iron gate that led to "Madam Lou's" small but sumptuous apartment, rang the bell, and looked up in astonishment when a uniformed policeman opened the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" the gentleman pompously asked. "Where is Madam Lou?"

The hard-faced policeman grinned impudently at the dignified caller. "MISTER Lou," he said, "is in jail."

"MISTER?" The dignity was gone completely. The stately gentleman looked old and horror-struck. "Mister?" he almost whispered, "but I . . . we used to . . . that is, she . . . how could she?" Then finally at the top of his voice, "BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!"

The "impossible" masquerade of Madam Lou came to light when a routine round up of Frankfurt prostitutes landed the "lady" in front of a police sergeant's desk. When ordered to produce identification, Lou reluctantly pulled out papers that revealed the highly successful call girl was really a boy, an unemployed hairdresser named Bernd Anhalt, 27 years old.

The red-light grapevine soon spread the word from one end of Frankfurt to the other, and when Madam Lou's regular customers came around to call they were met with snickers and



Lovely Madam Lou catered to "unusual" tastes

guffaws from pretty girls they'd passed up in favor of the stately Lou.

For it was obvious now that Madam Lou had catered to a group of men with the kind of "special needs" most prostitutes do not like to satisfy. And they'd been so content with her brand of kisses, caresses and "unusual" sex practices that they'd never guessed their favorite female was really a man.

In court, a witness who had enjoyed Madam Lou's favors testified as to just how successful the deception was. "It's unbelievable," he said, "she — or he — had breasts just like an 18-year-old girl."

And Bernd-Lou played the game right to the bitter end. "I'm not a man, I'm NOT," he insisted, and finally broke down and sobbed for all the world, like the woman he claimed to be.

"I always wanted to be a girl," he said. "I never felt like a boy or wanted to do the sort of things that boys did. My father was a military man, very strict, but my mother was always good to me. I used to help her in the house. I did the dishes, and dusted, and cooked. When my father died I was 12 years

looked, and indeed, felt like a woman rather than the man he legally was.

"When I reached the age of 20," Bernd said, "strange things started happening to me. My body seemed to become softer, more rounded, and I began to develop breasts just like a girl. When my mother died there was no longer any reason for me to remain Bernd Anhalt. "So," and he shrugged, "I became Madam Lou."

And it was as Madam Lou that the ex-hairdresser became Frankfurt's most sought-after and successful prostitute specializing in dispensing companionship and favours to wealthy older men whose youthful vigor long ago waned.

"It was easy to please them," said Bernd. "They wanted someone pleasant and easy to talk to. Kissing and petting and occasionally something a bit more satisfied them. The few who expected to go all the way with me I managed to put off until they got discouraged and went somewhere else. I don't see that I have done any harm."

But the judge disagreed. Bernd Anhalt, alias Madam Lou, was sentenced to 2 1/2 years in prison for "selling his love to another man."

After the verdict was announced, Anhalt now wearing man's clothing and with hair cut short by the jail barber, stood tearfully to make a statement to the court.

"I will do those two and a half years," he said, "but no judge in the whole wide world can force me to be a man again even if I lose my freedom for the rest of my life."



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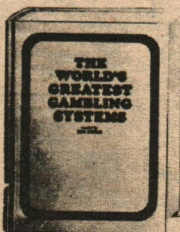
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WIVES FIGHT GUN DUEL IN THE SUN

When two women neighbors quarrelled, there was none of the usual screaming and shouting. They both ran indoors and got their guns.

Then they came out to settle their differences by fighting a duel in the midday sun.

The Wild West style gunfight started over a tiny incident.

Maria Romano, 40, chastised 30-year-old Paolina Piccone's little daughter in the street . . .

The girl's mother objected. Tempers flared — and they went for their guns.

Maria came out with a revolver. Paolina carried a pistol.

Like the sheriff and the badman, the two wives faced up to each other in the main street at Gricignano d'Aversa, near Naples.

Paolina was quicker on the draw. She shot twice before Maria could raise her gun.

One bullet hit Maria in the chest. The other hit her in the shoulder and she fell to the ground, badly wounded.

Before Paolina could fire another shot, a man dashed out of their apartment building and grabbed her gun.

Maria was rushed to hospital. Her neighbor went to jail.