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**FEATURE
SPECIAL**

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Sex Change Wants To Change Back

I WANT TO

BE A

MAN

AGAIN



I Latina Seville thought her sex change operation would solve her "problem." It didn't. Read her own story.

Unborn Baby Gets Blood 'Transfusion!

See Photos, Story Pages 10-11

Sex Change

I WANT TO



Before

There are few wrongs that cannot in some way be righted. But what Latina Seville did can never be corrected. She changed sex from male to female, and now she wishes she hadn't. Here is part 1 of her story written for Insider readers. Watch for part 2 next week.



After

By LATINA SEVILLE

"There are two great tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it." I think George Bernard Shaw said that and my life proves it.

For I got what I wanted, and it has turned out to be a horrible tragedy for me.

What I wanted was to change my sex and be a woman. And now I am a woman: beautiful, lush, desirable to men.

But changing my sex was the worst mistake I ever made, for I still have the mind of a man.

The surgeon's scalpel could not change that.

And I shall have to remain in my prison, my woman's body, as long as I live.

There is no way to correct the mistake I made.

Why did I do it? Why did I change myself forever into something I don't want to be?

Because I was tired of having people snigger when I walked by. I was tired of the lewd remarks and stupid cracks.

"Pretty Boy"

You see, I always looked very feminine. I was a pretty boy—too pretty. Even in high school, I never had to shave.

I had no hair on my body and my sexual organs were not well developed.

You can imagine what I went through in the boys' locker room. The guys would sneer at me, call me a fruit or a queer.

That's when they were in a group. Alone, the story changed. Many of them tried to proposition me.

I learned early just how hypocritical people can be.

Finally it got to be too much. Once when I was walking down the hall, they started in on me.

I snapped to the ringleader: "You sure didn't make fun of me when we were alone yesterday. Why did you ask me to go out for a ride with you then?"

I thought he was going to kill me. But after a silence that had my knees knocking, they walked on.

After that, I was pretty much left alone.

A "Freak"

I tried to be one of the guys. I worked ten times as hard as any of them to be a good athlete, even though I hated sports.

But they wouldn't accept me, they wouldn't even talk to a "freak" like me.

I dated a few girls in high school, and even had satisfactory sexual relations with a couple of them. But for the most part, the girls stayed away

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Made A Tragic Mistake

BE A MAN AGAIN

(Continued from Page 4)

from me too.

I guess kids just can't stand being around anybody who is different.

After school I had to go home, and this was another ordeal for me. Until I was 10, I lived with my father and step-mother.

After my tenth birthday, I moved to my mother's, where my two sisters lived.

Here, things were a little better, for my mother was sympathetic.

Not Wanted

But my sisters were, and still are, embarrassed by me. To put it simply, we are far from close.

They have their own families. My oldest sister has two children. And she would rather their "Aunt" stay away.

I can't blame them, though, for being aloof. My kind of problem is not an easy one for normal people to understand.

When I was 16, the magic age for the high school dropout, I decided to get out from under.

The pressures at school and home were crushing me.

I figured I'd be doing myself and my family a great favor by leaving home. I had to find real acceptance somewhere!

It was in New York, one of the most shock-proof cities in the world, that I finally started to relax a little.

In New York I learned I could use my feminine looks to my financial advantage, for this is a town where anything out of the ordinary can pay off.

I became a female impersonator, one of the prettiest and the best. I started to live as a Transvestite, that is, I wore women's clothes all the time.

Transvestite

And I soon realized that it could be fun to be looked at, when the stares were stares of admiration for a pretty woman, and not hostility or contempt for a freakish man.

I spent five years as a Transvestite and during this time I joined the cast of the fabulous Jewel Box Revue, one of the most famous and elegant female impersonation shows in the world.

I did impersonations of Abbe Lane and Rita Hayworth, both of whom I resemble.

With the revue I traveled: Miami Beach, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Chicago. For awhile I felt I was on a merry-go-round, and I never wanted to get off.

But I had to look at reality, as does everyone. For me, reality meant being bothered by the police for masquerading as a woman.

It meant being propositioned by men who became surly and violent when they learned I was a man too.

A Proposition

One night after a Jewel Box show in Miami, I returned to my hotel feeling kind of lonely and isolated.



The doctors changed my body but not my mind.

A guest at the hotel, he was a handsome business man from Pittsburgh, asked me to join him for dinner. Of course, he didn't know I was a man.

Maybe I was tired of being alone, maybe I was sick of those four walls (even in Miami, walls are walls), so I accepted.

We had a beautiful dinner at the hotel. Then we jumped into his Lincoln and did the town: dancing, drinking, flowers and caviar.

I went to his room for a nightcap, full of champagne and laughter. I must have lost my mind to go with him, but he

seemed very sweet.

Then the pitch came. Oh he was a gentleman at first, but when he saw I really meant no, I guess he started thinking about all that wasted liquor and food.

He grabbed me in a couple of personal places, and even in his alcoholic haze, it didn't take him long to realize I was a man.

"You phony, rotten little creep!" he screamed, and he smashed me in the face.

He came after me—I think he would have killed me—but I got into the hall just as another couple were coming out of the elevator.



I thought being a woman would solve my problems.

When I got into my room, I looked in the mirror. My face was a hot, red mass of welts, but there were no cuts and nothing was broken.

Somehow I stopped shaking and fell asleep.

After that I began living in a sexual limbo, looking and living like a woman, thinking like a man, and having a smattering of sex with each.

And there was always the police to worry about, for our authorities have no more sympathy for female impersonators, homosexuals and Transvestites than the kids in high school had for that effeminate boy.

I can't remember where I first heard about the sex change operation, and the fellows who had gone on to happy and fulfilling lives after going under the knife.

Maybe it was one of the guys at the Jewel Box who mentioned it, maybe just an acquaintance.

I paid no attention at the time, but the seed was planted.

Sex Change

And every time I got frustrated or tired of my life in limbo, I would think about going to Casablanca and resolving my sex once and for all.

I heard about the beautiful Coccinelle, Lady April Ashley, Pat Morgan and the others who had gained fame and glamor after their operations.

"Why not me?" I thought.

"Why shouldn't I become a real woman and get a cut of the glitter and tinsel, not to mention the money that I could earn as a 100 per cent female?"

There were quite a few reasons why not.

First of all, the pain was supposed to be almost maddening. Although you would be heavily sedated, this was not an easy operation.

The expense was high too. It would take thousands of dollars, I was told, to make that round trip to Casablanca.

Finally there was the agonizing decision of going through a change that was irreversible.

Casablanca

No matter how unhappy your body made you, should you tamper with it?

Shouldn't you keep the body God gave you, no matter how imperfect it was?

This was no easy decision. It took me months to make up my mind. I think what clinched it for me was my mother's sympathetic attitude.

She said I should do it if I thought I'd be happier, and that I could recuperate at her home.

So I started saving my money, got in touch with the famous Dr. Bireu in Casablanca, and sent him a complete medical history.

Then I had to wait for his answer.

Many hopefuls have been turned away by the doctor, as he felt there was no real chance for a successful operation.

Soon I got the answer I was half waiting for, half dreading.

I was to come to Casablanca in July (that was 1963). He would go ahead with the surgery!

At the time, I was 22 years old, not fully mature by any means.

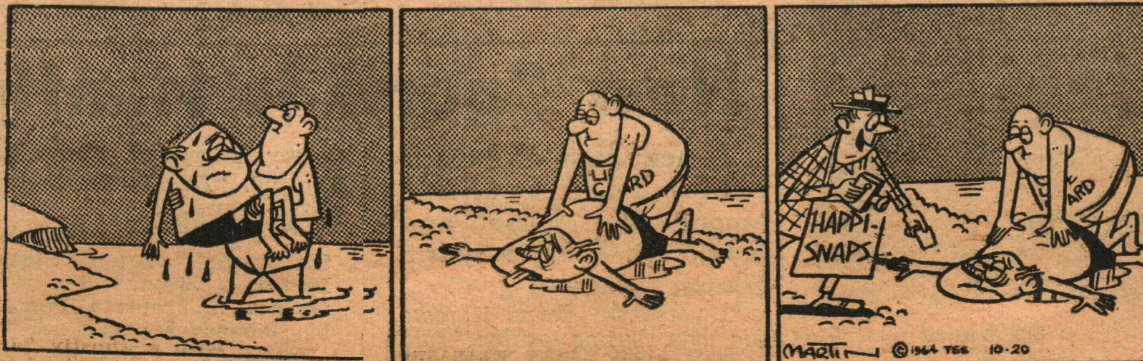
And like leaving home six years before, this would be one of the great turning points in my life.

Perhaps if I had been older I would never have boarded that plane.

But at 22 everything seems pretty simple and hopeful, so I packed my bags, got my passport and traveler's checks ready and flew to Casablanca!

BUNION

by JACK MARTIN



(Continued Next Week)



I Changed My Sex But Now I Wish I Were A Man Again!



Latilla Seville was born a man. But, because her body was so much like a woman's, she changed her sex in an effort to escape the taunts of others who called her "queer." The doctor changed Latina's sex to female, but he couldn't change her male nature. This is the second and final chapter of her story written for The Insider.

By LATINA SEVILLE

I cannot bear a child, but I would bet this: that the pain my mother endured in bearing me as a boy wasn't anywhere near the pain I went through in becoming reborn as a woman.

Nothing could equal the agonies my body went through that hot July in Casablanca.

I knew that the sex change operation would be painful, I had been warned about it.

But pain as a word is one thing, and weeks of actual suffering is another.

It is fortunate that the pas-

sage of time fogs the memory. For if I had to live with a vivid recollection of that torment forever, I would sooner kill myself.

Finally the healing was on its way and I could walk

around, though shakily. But that was just the initial operation.

Next came the plastic surgery.

This was an optional opera-

tion which involved sanding down scars and removing all visible traces of the surgery.

I was fortunate here. Because I was so feminine to begin with, I didn't need any facial plastic surgery or any electrolysis to remove face and body hair. I never had grown any.

Soon after this second operation, Dr. Bireu gave me the OK. I was a woman, a real woman!

36-23-37

My breasts were full and firm.

My proportions were near-perfect: 36-23-37. My weight was 125, height 5'6", and my hair on its way to being long.

Dr. Bireu's assistant told me that the doctor was very pleased with me and that he thought me quite lovely.

I can't tell you what a compliment this was.

For though he is a gracious man, Dr. Bireu is very distant and usually doesn't comment on his operative results.

"My first compliment as a real woman," I smiled to myself. "And from a very handsome man at that!"

Shortly after and \$2500 broker, I was on my way home to America.

My instructions from the doctor were simple: no sexual relations for at least six months. Then I'd be totally healed.

He didn't have to tell me this. The soreness would have kept me out of the boudoir anyway.

Changed for Good

Other than this caution, I was on my own. But he never did tell me how to get used to housing a man's mind in a woman's body.

No one ever told me that a mere change of anatomy had no effect on the brain, that I would go on thinking like a man.

It took the operation itself to show me how much a man I really was.

For I realized that my new body was all wrong.

And though no one would guessed it to look at me, I was actually more of a "freak" than I had ever been in the past.

I would have given anything to be a man again, physically. Perhaps with psychiatric help, I could have learned to adjust to my male-female body.

But now, there was no choice. I had removed my physical masculinity forever!

The weeks of recuperation at my mother's were uneventful.

Mostly I rested, ate and looked at my new body in the mirror.

I also began planning a new career. My old job as a female impersonator was no longer open to me.

As a child I had taken Flamenco dance lessons. My people are of Spanish descent, so this was as natural as piano lessons for the average child.

When I could exercise some, I worked out an exotic dance routine with a sensational Flamenco opening that I thought would go over well in a night club. I was right!

My mother helped with the costumes: Spanish mantillas, lace stoles, ruffled skirts. She didn't realize I was planning to be a stripper, but she even balked at a dancing career.

"Why don't you plan to get married and settle down?" she would sigh.

I didn't want to trouble her with my doubts. I only said I was still young, and wanted to see the world a bit first.

Begged for More

My act was a smash. Billing myself as the "Latin Bombshell," I started with a classic Spanish number in the Jose Greco style.

Then I would do my strip. I am a good dancer, and I usually left the audiences begging for more.

My salary doubled and then tripled. "Yes, being a woman has its value," I thought.

It also has its problems, and this I learned the hard way.

In most of the clubs, I was expected to mingle with the patrons after my act.

This I liked, for I am a sociable person and enjoy having a few drinks with people.

Unfortunately I am too pretty for my own good. For most of the men who take me out try to make a pass—immediately.

After I say "NO!" about 10 times, they usually get surly.

"Are you a Lesbian?" many ask.



I tighten up when I make love, says Latina.

"What kind of chick are you, frigid?" others snap.

And then there are the Tarzan types, the kind who figure you are playing hard to get.

I was almost torn apart by one of these throwbacks to the Ice Age, and this was a couple of months before I was healed!

With traveling and dancing the weeks flew by and soon it was New Year's Eve, 1964.

The six-month healing period was over and I could have normal sexual relations if I chose.

I was working back in New York that New Year, among old acquaintances.

One particular friend of mine was the piano player in the band, a fellow I had known for a few years.

Tom didn't know about my operation, and he didn't know I had been a Transvestite. As far as he was concerned, I was 100 per cent female.

He and I had always had coffee together, or maybe caught a movie when we were working in the same town, but he never made a pass at me.

Love Test

"Tom, come up for a drink after work," I smiled.

I had decided on the spot. He would be the man with whom I would test my operation.

"Sure, baby, sure," he agreed. But he did look confused. I had never let him come near my place before.

When we got there, I changed into a white nightgown with matching robe.

My hair, shoulder length by now, hung straight down, glowing from the 100 brush strokes I had completed.

I put a quiet record on the hi-fi and explained.



After my operation I lost my interest in sex, says Latina.

"Tom, we are friends, right?" He nodded.

"I know you like me and that you will be very gentle if I ask you to make love to me," I whispered.

His answer was a kiss, the kind of kiss parents give their children to quiet their fears: tender, reassuring, warm.

He stayed at my place a few nights, and he was good to me. But I experienced no physical pleasure. In fact, there was a great deal of pain.

When I had to leave New York for an engagement, Tom and I parted just as we had met. We were friends, nothing more.

I know now that the pain I experienced that night was as much mental anguish as physical.

I simply don't like men romantically, and I tighten up when I try to make love to them. It just doesn't work.

Maybe this is because I still think like a man. I know what they are thinking. I know what they want from me.

Many guys have asked me how I got so hip, how I know just what they're going to say before they say it.

If I told them the truth, they'd faint.

So I only smile and change the subject.

No Sex

And I have learned to stay away from their apartments and keep them out of mine! Before I accept a date I am perfectly honest in explaining that there will be no hanky panky at all.

If they still want to have a few laughs and enjoy a pleasant evening, OK. But we stay far away from the bedroom.

The gentlemen accept this. The jerks usually ask me if I dig women. I don't.

I am not a homosexual.

But they'd never understand if I told them I lost my sexual interest in them after the operation.

I would classify myself as a narcissist. I keep myself glamorous and beautiful for myself and my career.

And now at 25, I am right back in limbo where I have been all my life.

My mother begs me to settle down and marry. But I could never love a man emotionally, the way normal women do.

Perhaps someday I will marry for security or social position. Someday—but not while I'm young.

Not Fair

It wouldn't be fair for me to marry a young man. I can't bear children and I would be afraid to adopt a child for fear of mixing him up the way I'm mixed up.

No, people like me shouldn't raise children.

My one wish is that I could go back to being a man. But it is too late for that.

So I work and try to look as good as I can.

I have friends and lead an active social life.

I'm trying to take the advice of the many psychiatrists I have seen and adjust to myself.

Mostly I do all right, keeping busy and active helps.

But there are always those quiet moments when one has to face oneself.

And for me these times are confusing and lonely beyond belief.

Jayne Mansfield's Own Girl