

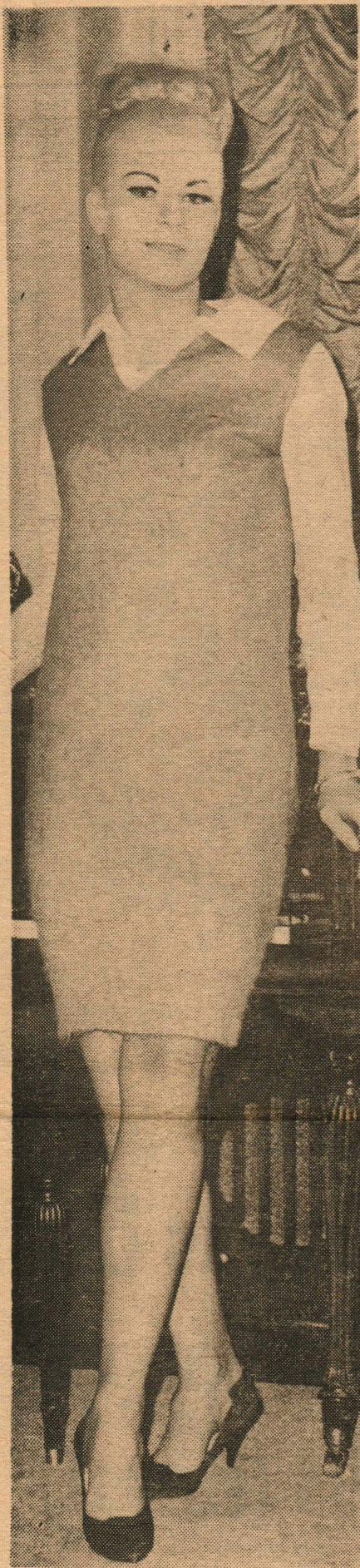


Sex Change Breaks Up Old Gang of His (Hers)

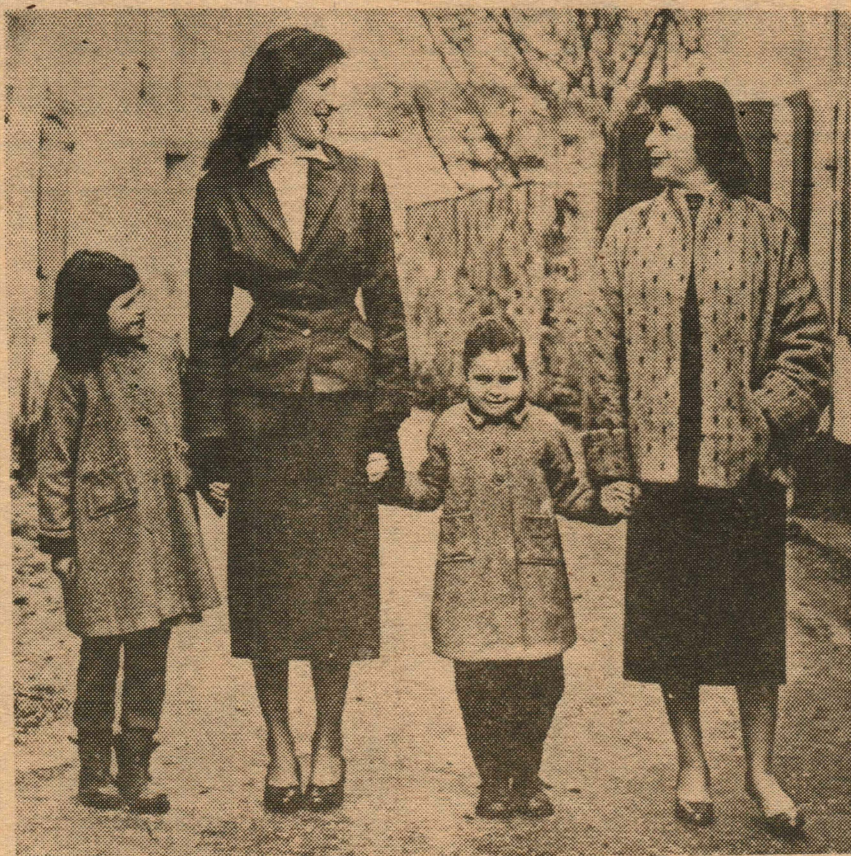
GI Alvin Sinclair (crouching, above) was one of the boys in plain olive drab with his buddies while in Army in Trieste, Italy, about four years ago. But now as Abby Sinclair—converted to a head-to-toes curvy female by treatments and surgery—the ex-GI can don such things as a black negligee. In foto at left, Alvin-turned-Abby is wearing one these days back home in Brooklyn. Exactly what happened?

NEWS foto by Nick Sorrentino

THE STORY THAT STRIPS THE MYSTERY FROM THE REAL SEX SWITCH



"I can hardly wait," says Sandy Loren, born a man but already preparing for operation to change him.



Not until he was 27 did Jean Jiosselot discover he should have been a woman. Now, after change, he paces French village with wife (r.) and daughters.



Francis Bennet kisses his bride, a French chanteuse who was a man.

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

THE FULL FACTS ABOUT

By WATSON CREWS JR.

LIVING IN THE same house in Brooklyn at the moment are two individuals who epitomize what seems to be a growing reluctance in this country — and, indeed, throughout the world — to put up with the mistakes, physical or emotional, which nature may have made at birth.

Both of these individuals were born male, outwardly, at least, and were brought up as boys. One has had an operation and has undergone other processes which — again outwardly, at least — have made him into a woman, complete in all respects. The second, who has already started the other processes, expects to have the same operation next month.

But it's not a one-way street. Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, noted Chicago physician who is medical columnist of THE NEWS, tells of a girl who has been switched to a man of "football player physique."

These anomalies, according to statistics, occur much more often than most of us begin to realize. Combine the physically maladjusted with those who have

become emotionally contrariwise to their sex and it's difficult to glance down the street without wondering which figure has been cast in the wrong mold.

"The sex of the newborn usually is easily established," Dr. Van Dellen says, "but in one out of every 1,000 births, the physician hesitates before saying 'It's a boy' or 'It's a girl.' Such an infant may be a pseudohermaphrodite, with jumbled reproductive organs. Certain external manifestations of both sexes may be present and it is a question as to which predominates."

Out of that same 1,000, there is almost certain to be another one or more whose every emotion conflicts violently with what we consider the norm for the sex presumably established. And also in that group there is likely to be a case of transverse hermaphroditism, when the outward organs appear to be of one sex while the internal organs or glands secrete the opposite sex hormone.

After Army Hitch

All of which brings us to that house on Linden Boulevard in Brooklyn where live Abby Sinclair, 26, who was born Alvin Sinclair and served a two-year hitch in the Army before being able to call herself a lady, and Sandy Loren, 22, a man who insisted on wearing long

hair many years before the Beatles made it something to gush about.

Abby bounced into the world at 8 pounds, 6 ounces, in a house in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn where her parents still live. "A stem-winder," announced Papa Sinclair proudly, in the vernacular of his day. "All boy and a future Dodger."

"I don't think he or I realized there was anything wrong until I was about 14," Abby says. "I had been through Public School 205 and I was a freshman at Tilden High School. When I began to show what he called 'a wide streak of sissy' he sent me to the Iranian Institute, a co-ed private school which stressed mingling of the sexes. He thought it would straighten me out but it merely made me more aware of the differences between me and the other boys.

"I guess I knew I was really female when I first went shopping for clothes. I always went first to the women's department and looked longingly. I used to say to myself 'What lovely shoes! Why can't I wear shoes like that?'"

Alvin Sinclair got his chance to wear high heels when he left home at 17 and went to Miami Beach, where he worked



April Ashley, British seaman's son who became a fashion model and married into the peerage, is accompanied on a trip by her mother.



Annoyed by questioners on reaching New York after sex change in Casablanca, Charlotte McLeod swung at one, slipped to floor.

One in 1,000 Is Born With Sex in Doubt —The Battle of the Sexes Rages Inside Others and It Is a Deadly Fight



It took courage for Alvin Sinclair to face ordeal which made him into lissome Abby Sinclair. He had already taken hormones to develop bust.

SEX CHANGE

in a nightclub, the Circus Bar, as a female impersonator. His nickname there was Taxi. The club closed after a couple of years and he returned home.

He couldn't tell his father what he had been doing but he had to get advice from somebody. He went to a doctor. Fortunately for Alvin, or at least so he felt, tests had been devised to help people with his problem. If there were no external evidences of maladjustment, the blood could be analyzed for the predominance of one hormone over the other. There was also a method called chromosomal sex determination, which has to do with an analysis of chromatin, a substance connected with the genes.

Cruel Masquerade

"There is something of the woman in every man, and vice versa," the doctor told Alvin. "In your case the female definitely predominates. You are living a cruel masquerade, and if the proper means can be found, I am sure you can become a true woman."

But before any such means were available, Alvin was drafted. As soon as he arrived at Fort Dix, N. J., for basic training, he reported to the medical officer and explained the circumstances.

"I was told I would get a discharge," Abby said, "not because I wasn't physically fit to serve, but for psychological reasons. I waited four months to be processed out and then suddenly I learned my company was being sent to Trieste. 'Don't worry,' the medical officer said when I complained, 'these things take time but they'll be able to put the papers through in Trieste and send you home.'"

But when Alvin went to an officer in Trieste with his problem, the officer said: "Don't be a fool. I can see that you get assigned as a hospital orderly. You'll have a nice white uniform, draw good pay, have a chance to see Europe and get an honorable discharge at the end of your two years."

So Alvin stayed. After his discharge, he rented an apartment in Manhattan and went back into show business. Small clubs on Long Island and in the Catskills hired him as a female impersonator and during interims he found work as a photographer's model, usually in furs, and earned up to \$70 an hour.

Under the care of a specialist, he had been taking hormones to build up his flat chest and he had begun electrolysis treatments to remove all the hair from his face. He was hoarding his money because the specialist had told him of a famed French surgeon, Dr. Baroud, who worked in Casablanca.

Dr. Baroud had done a remarkably

successful sex-change job on a French entertainer, Jacques Dufresenois, Jacques became a woman who not only could pose as an unclad Brigitte Bardot and achieve fame as a chanteuse under the name of Coccinelle, but also was able to marry her impressario, Francis Bonnet.

Also on Dr. Baroud's operating table had been George Jamieson, son of a Liverpool seaman, who was so efficiently transformed that he became April Ashley, a London fashion model who married Arthur Corbett, son and heir of Lord Rowallan.

"There have been many others, ones you'll never hear about," Alvin's specialist told him. "But Dr. Baroud is very busy and very particular. He wants to be sure every operation is a success. You can write him, and he may agree to see you, but even then he may not take your case."

Long Correspondence

Alvin engaged in lengthy correspondence with Dr. Baroud, sending medical reports which said that although he might be masculine on the outside, there were indications that he might be otherwise equipped within. Finally the doctor agreed to have him come to Casablanca.

A trusted friend, Verna Golden, went along on the plane trip to Morocco and stood by during the ensuing consultations, examinations and finally the operation itself.

It was an ordeal. Other surgeons throughout the world who attempt sex changes of this caliber insist that it must be done in several stages. Dr. Baroud prefers one. He had his patient on the operating table for five hours. He made certain changes within, then used the most important tissues of outer organs to create an entirely new arrangement, much as a master sculptor might produce the image of a lovely woman.

Two days of delirium followed. On the sixth day Abby became conscious long enough to recognize her friend at her bedside. "Now you are one of us," Miss Golden whispered. "Too late," Abby muttered. "I'm dying," and lapsed back into a coma.

But in a few weeks she was well enough to be drinking champagne in Maxim's in Paris with Miss Golden and even, she says, to have a brief fling with a count who took her to the Riviera. "I had to know what it was like to be a woman at last," she explained.

Now she is launched on a new career as a stripper. "Well," she said, "maybe that isn't the exact word, but the customers know I was a man and they want

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Champagne popped, and with good reason, when the new Abby Sinclair (in mink) and friend, Velma Golden, visited Paris' famed Maxim's on way home.

The Full Facts of Sex Change

(Continued from page 3)

to see the new me. I try to show them, in a perfectly decent way. Of course, I've always been an entertainer."

Does she dream of romance? "I do more than dream about it. I have dates almost every night, most of them with men who have no idea I was once like them. And I may marry a well-known singer. We have a sort of understanding. He knows we probably wouldn't have children. The doctor says I have only one ovary. But in these miracle days, anything can happen."

Was it all worth while? "It was awfully expensive, \$5,000 for the operation, \$2,000 for electrolysis, \$1,500 for hormones, easily 10 grand including travel. And the horrible pain before I felt like a human being again. I try not to talk much about that because I don't want to discourage Sandy."

But Sandy said nothing could discourage him. He heard about Abby's operation from mutual friends and has been virtually her shadow ever since.

"I've been bothered by this problem all my 22 years," he said, "and now that it's so near solution I can hardly wait. I was an illegitimate child, or so I've been told. My mother went to a midwife for help and died on the kitchen table. The midwife gave me to her sister, who had always wanted a son, and I grew up in the home of my foster parents at E. 98th St. and Church Ave., here in Brooklyn.

"For my first three years my mother wouldn't let me out of the apartment, for fear someone might claim me, so my hair was allowed to grow. It was almost pure white. I loved it and when I had to go to school, I refused to allow it to be cut. Oh, I was a problem, all right. The other kids taunted me and that made me all the more determined. I wore long hair even into Samuel J. Tilden High School, although I had been taken into court a couple of times and once had to spend a few months in a state institution.

A Hair Dresser Now

"I quit high school to go to a beauty school and become a hair dresser, which is how I earn my living now. I'm in considerable demand because how many hair dressers wear pants and pink hair—you can see it's pink, now—piled on top of his head?"

Sandy has been in the hands of a specialist for months. He is taking hormones ("I'm a 34 now, but I hope to be 36-24-36") and undergoing electrolysis ("I used to shave twice a day, but for the last five months I haven't had to shave at all.") His voice is considerably higher. He says the doctor has told him that despite his outward male make-up, he has the same inner set-up as Abby had. He has been in communication with Dr. Baroud who, he says, has agreed to examine him but hasn't promised to perform the operation.

Abby was, and Sandy still is, a transvestite, which means a male to whom everything female, particularly clothes,

appeals. They decry the fact that it is necessary in most cases to go abroad to effect the real change. On the other hand, Dr. Van Dellen maintains that in the case of a pseudohermaphrodite, where only the visual evidence is in doubt, the switch can legally be made by American doctors.

"When external organs are jumbled," Dr. Van Dellen says, "such structures are usually rudimentary.

"Prior to the discovery of chromosomal sex determination, physicians concluded occasionally that a child was male, only to be proved in error later. Such mistaken identity led to accidental transvestism. This is not a perversion, as the victim and his family are aware of the true sexual identity.

"What happens when the false identity has lasted for years and it becomes necessary to switch the sex after the child is in school? There is only one thing to do, even though it provokes a choice bit of gossip. Make the change without delay, regardless of the embarrassment of all concerned."

He tells of two St. Louis plastic surgeons consulted by the parents of a 13-year-old who had the outward appearance and social status of a girl. The parents had reason to question the true sex of their offspring with the advent of adolescence.

Surgery Advised

"Examination revealed a deformity of the outer parts," Dr. Van Dellen says, "which resembled those of a normal girl. Special laboratory and other tests proved otherwise. Reconstructive surgery was advised to establish the proper male sex. The operation was psychologically acceptable to the patient, who made immediate plans to recast his life as a boy, even to the selection of a he-man name. He decided on and pursued a masculine program that left no suggestion of femininity.

"These plastic surgeons wrote a follow-up study on the young man in a recent issue of Surgery, Gynecology & Obstetrics. He has the physique of a professional football player, is married and has one child."

On the other hand, the discovery of jumbled sex may not come until long after childhood has disappeared. There is the strange case of Jean Jiosselot, who was a 27-year-old carpenter in Flotte Enrae, France, was married and had two daughters, when he began taking female hormone treatments for a nervous disorder.

Secret Comes Out

His doctor had warned him that he might develop breasts, a frequent side effect under such circumstances, but he experienced other manifestations which convinced him he had been mistaken about his true sex. The doctor agreed and made the arrangements which permitted the carpenter to re-chisel his form and life.

When the complete switch finally was achieved, Jacques remained at home while his wife, Solange, found a job which could support the family. The secret became public when one of his daughters told her teacher, "Daddy said I must call her Mommy." The teacher

investigated and found the couple living together as sisters.

But, once the cat was out of the bag, Jean decided there was nothing to be ashamed of. He applied for the final papers which would legally make him Jeanette and no longer hesitated to stroll down the village street with Solange and their two girls.

Again, that was in Europe. One of the few complete sex changes credited to American doctors was that of Carl Rollins Hammonds, who was born in Prague, Okla., and, following a frequent pattern of those who believe nature played them a dirty trick, became a night club female impersonator.

He was determined as Abby or Sandy to make his physique conform to his instincts, but in a recently published book, "I Changed My Sex," he (or she, now) said the operation took place in a Memphis, Tenn., hospital. The doctor's warning sounded ominous:

Caution Spurred

"First, if the operation is performed, it is possible that you might never dance again. It is also possible that you might never walk. Also, even if the operation is a success otherwise, it is extremely doubtful that you will ever be able to have a sex life. Furthermore, although I don't want to frighten you, I must tell you that if the operation is not a success, or if the effect of it upon your body is too severe, you may not survive."

But caution doesn't seem to be a part of those who feel enchained by an unkind fate. The operation was performed and Carl Hammonds became Hedy Jo Star. It was so successful, Hedy maintained, that three months later she was able to cast the doctor's doubts aside in reference to having a sex life.

Hedy had not taken female hormones before the change and, since she wanted her upper equipment to conform to the rest of her, she applied to Dr. Else K. LaRoe of New York, one of the world's outstanding plastic surgeons and a specialist in breast reconstruction.

"I gave her a bosom," Dr. LaRoe said. "I did it as I have done with thousands of women who felt they were inadequately shaped, by the implanting of plastic sponge material. But since then she has been taking hormones, and when she came back to see me the other day, I found that her own growth had far exceeded what I did for her."

Hedy Jo earns her living as a stripper and consequently her measurements are important to her, but Dr. LaRoe has also been of help to another ex-GI whose bust was merely a matter of female pride.

Charles Ernest McLeod was reared in Dyersburg, Tenn., the same state where Hedy Jo says she found her future, but he went to Denmark (as did Christine Jorgenson, the most publicized but not one of the happiest of the sex-switchers) for his operation. He came back Charlotte McLeod, an attractive daughter of Eve with flaming red hair hanging to her shoulders, Junoesque in all but one department.

"When I examined her and found she was indeed a woman," Dr. LaRoe said, "I agreed to help her with her bosom. She's a fine person. As you probably



This is how Abby Sinclair looks as she goes into her night club act.

know, she got a job here as a hatcheck girl and met, on the job, the man to whom she's married. They're living in Florida now and she's writing a book which she's going to call 'I Knew Charlie.'

One reason Dr. LaRoe examines applicants for mammary enlargement is that the medical profession now frowns on any such treatment for those who are still classified as males, regardless of how soon they may expect or hope to be changed.

A Practical Aspect

"I have increased the size of the breasts of thousands of women," she says, "but I have only given breasts to three men. That was a long time ago, before the attitude of the profession was as definite as it is now. Yet artificial breasts are, strangely, much more practical than those induced by changing the body chemistry. The ones enlarged by hormones can only be maintained by continuing to take hormones."

Dr. LaRoe the author of a popular book, "Woman Surgeon," has had no chance to examine Abby, but she is willing to concede that Dr. Baroud's single-operation method may be superior, despite the shock involved. Dozens of prospective patients have come to her after sex-change operations were performed abroad, usually in several stages.

"They were no longer men, but they wanted to become women," she says. "I mean below. The plastic surgery involved for the completion ought to be the easiest part of the procedure. But I wasn't able to help one of them. The earlier surgery was so inadequate that it left no groundwork for the final, the crowning achievement."



Pink-haired Sandy Loren relaxes with cigarette as he tells of life.



Without make-up or coiffure and in his regular clothes, Sandy Loren (second from right) poses with a group of friends at a supper club in Brooklyn.