

# Marlon Brando's Strange "Marriages"

THE NATIONAL

# Insider



Informative • Provocative • Fearless • Entertaining

(See Page 4)

★★★★★

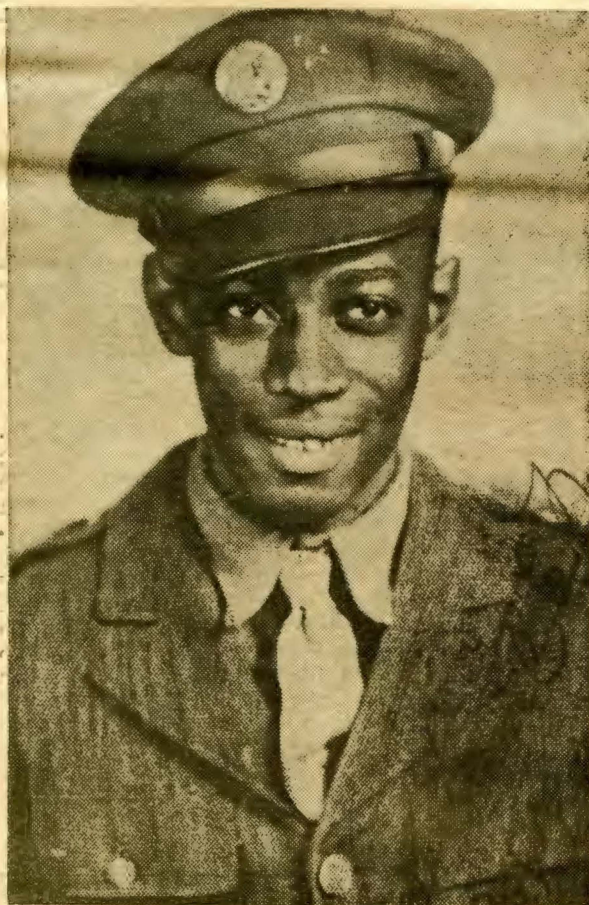
SPECIAL WEEKLY FEATURE **15¢**

Vol. 6, No. 24 — June 13, 1965

## Negro Changes From Male To Female

# I CHANGED

# MY SEX

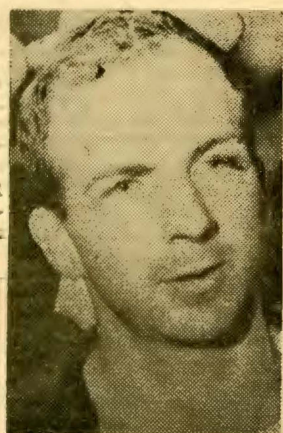


Before



After

By **Delisa Newton**  
The First Negro Sex Change

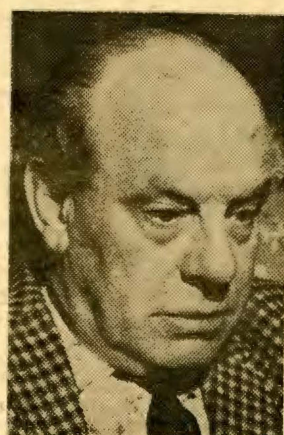


Lee Harvey Oswald

**Oswald Was Sane!**

By **KERRY THORNLEY**

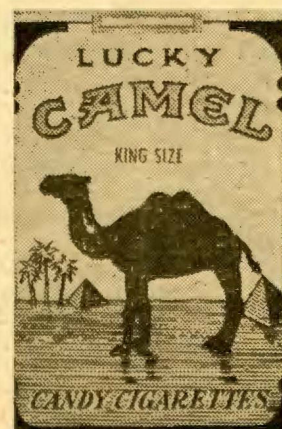
His Marine Corps Buddy



Montague Chandler

**His Mother's Shame!**

By **TONY GILD**



Candy Cigarettes

**Candy Cigarettes**

The start of a deadly habit?

# Dear England: We're Glad You Sent Us The Beatles. But Please Don't Send Us This Monster!

By TONY GILD

If you see this sign,  
DIRECT FROM ENGLAND  
The one and only  
RIP VAN WINKLE

take my advice and don't  
buy a ticket.

For I guarantee that if you  
see his show, it'll make you sick.

You may have seen so-called  
"horror stage shows" with skel-  
etons jumping out of coffins  
and brandishing plastic imita-  
tion skulls as they scream  
around the stage.

But Rip Van Winkle regards  
that as "kid stuff."

He gets realism into his  
macabre act which would hor-  
rify any sane person.

Even worse, Rip Van Winkle,  
whose real name is Gordon Pat-  
terson, appeals to the basest  
feelings in young people.

In front of this impress-  
sionable, immature audience, this  
"beat" singer turned stage  
artist slices up a life-like fe-  
male tailor's dummy with a  
carving knife.

Not satisfied with this, Pat-  
terson thrusts the knife into the  
dummy's throat, which spurts  
out real animal blood.

## Horror Song

This is not the end of Pat-  
terson's search for cheap giggles.

He pulls sheep's entrails  
from the mangled "body" and  
runs around the stage twirl-  
ing them over his head.

As if that was not enough to  
revolt anyone, he leaps from the  
stage and leers at the young-  
sters with a sheep's eye stuck  
to his right cheek as he waves  
real bloodstained bones around.

To wind up his 40-minute  
act, 25-year-old Patterson  
sings a horror song he wrote  
himself, called "Dinner at  
Dracula's."



Gordon "Rip Van Winkle" Patterson and his  
revolting stage show.

Patterson was not at all re-  
pentant about his sick show  
when I saw him last week in  
Manchester, England, a town  
not too far from Liverpool, the  
home of the Beatles.

Sprawling in an easy chair at  
a hotel, he told me:

"I'm not happy until a cou-  
ple of girls faint during my  
show. If they are carried out  
screaming, I am delighted."

He explained his act away by  
saying:

"You see, the kids want two  
things today. They want to  
laugh—or be frightened.

## Want to Be Frightened

"I make sure that they are  
really scared. That's why I  
use real blood and bones."

Patterson, who says he earns  
\$270 a night with his brand of  
horror, scoffed at stage groups  
who use plastic hearts and rub-  
ber bones in their acts.

(Signed)

## The Insider

He said proudly: "My act is  
rather gruesome."

Then Patterson told me how  
he obtained his grisly "props."

"I just walk into a butcher's  
shop and ask for any old bones.

"They always oblige. I  
think they are glad to get rid  
of them.

"Then I go to a slaughter-  
house and get a couple of pints  
of sheep's blood.

"It keeps for weeks, you  
know.

"I store it in a refrigerator  
until I'm ready to use it.

## Blood Splattered

"Mind you, not everything  
goes right sometimes. I'm regu-  
larly splattered with blood and  
so are the audience."

With a sad note of regret  
Rip whispered: "I used to  
throw the sheep entrails to  
the audience at one time. But  
a lot of the theater managers  
didn't approve.

"So now I just carry them  
about during my songs."

Patterson's manager, Mr. Bob  
Potter, 34, who handles 14 beat  
groups, does not mind him using  
bones and entrails in his show.

"But I draw the line at real  
sheep's blood," he said. "This  
is really sick."

Patterson and Potter seem to  
see little wrong in an act which  
disgusts many young people out  
for an evening's enjoyment.

But this reporter did. And be-  
cause of what I saw I ask any  
English promoters to keep Pat-  
terson and his blood and guts  
in England.

We love the Beatles, but Gor-  
don Patterson . . . UGH!



## \$60 Gets Him Over \$15,000

By LOIS WORKER

Old timer Steve Mas-  
chue, 92, of Miami, Flor-  
ida, has just received his  
300th Social Security  
check!

He thinks the program is  
great—and no wonder. He's got-  
ten over \$15,000 in monthly  
payments, and his payments to  
Social Security came to \$60!

"I didn't start paying Social  
Security until I took a part-  
time job as a doorman, after  
I'd retired from the steel  
mills," he said. That was in  
1937, the first year of the  
program.

"But I piled up enough cred-  
its to be eligible for a monthly  
pay check," he added.

## A Dram of Whiskey

We consulted the Social Se-  
curity office and learned that  
for a few elderly citizens like  
Steve, who got into the program  
at the beginning, this is possi-  
ble. It isn't anymore.

Now Steve spends his money  
on a daily dram of whiskey and  
rather bad cigars, according to  
his daughter. He lives with two  
of his unmarried children in  
Florida. His other six kids and  
heaps of grandchildren are in  
other parts of the country.

Says daughter Susanna,  
his favorite hobby is listening  
to news of the space shots  
from Cape Kennedy."

# Psychiatry Can't Cure Teen Delinquency

By MARY McCARTHY

Teenage crime shows  
may end with the hood-  
lum going hopefully off to  
a psychiatrist, but in real  
life it probably wouldn't  
do him much good.

The Russell Sage and Grant  
Foundations gave \$119,000 to  
learn if psychiatric treatment  
would change the personalities  
of 200 Negro, white and Puerto  
Rican high school girls in New  
York, whose lives in junior high  
had marked them as potential  
delinquents.

After six years, the investi-  
gators learned that psychiat-  
ric help had no effect on the  
girls' dropout, delinquency or  
pregnancy rates.

They were the same as  
those of 200 similar girls who  
had had no treatment at all.

Wyatt Jones, associate re-  
search director of New York's  
Mobilization for Youth, believes  
that the mental treatment didn't  
help because the girls weren't  
mentally ill to begin with!

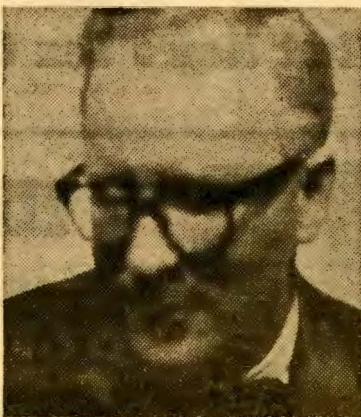
## Well-Adjusted Young Ladies

"We assumed the delinquent  
girls were sick," he said, "and  
so we were shocked to see how  
much their psychological re-  
sponses resembled those of  
normal, well-adjusted young la-  
dies."

Wyatt said that for many of  
the girls delinquency was not an  
emotional problem but "a re-  
sponse to their surroundings."

"We must work to change  
families, schools and commu-  
nities before we can end de-  
linquency," he said.

Jones explained the study was  
set up on theories of Sigmund



Wyatt Jones

Freud, who formed them after  
extensive work on middle class  
neurotics.

"When we tried to apply his  
theories to lower-class social  
problems," he said, "they didn't  
work. We showed the girls  
could be attracted to the pro-

gram, but that it didn't help  
them.

"The operation was success-  
ful, but the patient died!"

Many of the girls who were  
treated, however, felt that they  
benefitted from therapy.

Jones agreed that they be-  
came more like normal teens in  
will-power and self-control.

But he said that more prog-  
ress could have been made by  
working on the girls' immedi-  
ate problems than by attack-  
ing emotional ills.

"Many of the girls who were  
treated stayed in high school for  
four years," he said, "but were  
unable to graduate.

"Perhaps we should have  
helped them with their school  
work.

"We can't underestimate the  
therapeutic value of a high  
school diploma in changing a  
girl's picture of herself and her  
future."

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## Insider

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Delisa Newton  
I am the first Negro sex change.

# The National THE FIRST

On June 16, 1963, a young Negro man, Lionel Newton, entered a California hospital and began a series of operations that would end nearly one year later on June 17, 1964.

The operations changed Lionel Newton to Delisa Newton and made her the first Negro sex change in the world.

Now, for the first time, Delisa Newton tells her own incredible story of rebirth as a woman from the body of a man.

And she tells it exclusively to National Insider readers.

By DELISA NEWTON

On this crowded planet where billions of people live, I am the one and only Negro sex change!

It took many years before I could claim this famous first, years of heartache, tears and pain. But now at last I'm a woman, really a woman.

You men who feel at home in your muscular, strong bodies — you'll never know what I have undergone.

You women who were lucky enough to be born female and soft, you'll never understand what a blessing your natural femininity is!

But I know, because I struggled for years to achieve it.

Let me tell you what it was like to realize even before I became a teenager that I was born the wrong sex.

Let me go back to the beginning and picture for you the life of a complete misfit — complete because I had the

mind and soul of a girl, but the body of a boy.

I was born in New Orleans, 32 years ago. New Orleans, a town of mixed blood, mixed languages and mixed desires.

### Exotic Heritage

Some of that exotic mixture may have rubbed off on me.

My mama is from Haiti, a beautiful, mulatto woman who speaks both French and English

fluently in her soft musical voice.

My father, a Baptist minister, I never knew well. He and mama separated when I was three.

The doctors say I had no father figure to pattern myself after, so I identified with my stern, no-nonsense mother. Maybe.

But I did have brothers, one of them 14 years my senior. And he had as much authority in the house as any father could have.

In fact I had a big family, four brothers, five sisters. But even in the midst of this large, noisy clan, I was very much alone.

I never rough-housed with my brothers. I had no taste for such wild carrying on. And my sisters, naturally, didn't want me to join their games.

So I would go out to my playhouse, alone, and sit for hours in solitude. I had no friends, nobody.

The only person I could talk to was my mother, and I stayed around her as much as she'd let me. I wanted to help in the kitchen, join in the house cleaning, cook, bake—all the things she did.

### Heartbroken

At first, mama would shoo me out into the garden of our home in Houma, La. where we'd moved to. But I was stubborn and persistent.

Finally she got used to having me around her, and she got to like it. To this day I have kept up my housekeeping skill; it was good early training!

My memories of school in those days are dim. It was just a place I had to go for awhile during the day.

But when I turned 12, things changed. My peaceful little world centering between the playhouse and mama's kitchen was shattered. And all because of a note the principal sent home.

It was my hair the school official objected to. It was too long, she said, and must be cut close in a style appropriate for a young boy.

I was heartbroken. You see, until that day, I had never thought about my sex at all.

(Continued Next Page)

## Jayne Mansfield's Own Column

### There Is Nothing Like A (Bosomy) Dame

SOMETHING'S MISSING I thought as I leafed through the top women's fashion magazines.

No bosoms, no bottoms, not a drop of flesh on the thigh—it was horrible!

As I looked at the poor, skeletal creatures displayed in these bibles of high fashion it was pity I felt, not envy. Why to look at them, you'd think the American woman had a concave chest, flat fanny and bones in between.

Which, thanks to anatomy, isn't the case at all.

I WISH THE BONY BEAUTIES could be replaced by robust all-American gals with something in front and a bit in the rear too!

This would be the biggest favor anyone could do for men and women—especially the undernourished models themselves.

Do you know that many models can only pick at one meal a day so as not to gain a dreaded ounce? They rarely enjoy their food. I ask you, what kind of life is that?

I ASKED A FAMOUS DESIGNER why he and all the other fashion creators want underfed models.

Because clothes look better on them, he told me. On a thin girl, the line of the dress, not the line of

the woman, shows up.

What utter nonsense! What, I ask you, is more beautiful than a full-bosomed woman with cleavage and clothes that can grab onto something from bust to knee and all parts in between?

I personally wouldn't want to put on a dress that made my lines secondary to fashion's party line.

Most actresses would agree with me. And if you went to any Hollywood opening, you'd see all the celebrities dressed to kill in lovely, original clothes that mold their stunning, curvy figures.

THERE ARE VERY FEW BONY actresses, because the studios won't have them. Can you imagine an emaciated Sophia Loren, Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollobrigida, Claudia Car-

inale, or if I may pat myself on the back, Jayne Mansfield?

Even one of the top fashion books admitted, after doing a photographic study of Sophia Loren, that she made skin and bones look abso-

lutely boring.

All I can say is, I'd rather look like a voluptuous Hollywood actress than a scrawny New York model anytime.

I like to bring out the man in a man, not his desire to fatten me up.

*On Love*  
*Jayne Mansfield*



Read the National Insider, my favorite paper, every week.

# Insider Discovered Her NEGRO SEX CHANGE

(Continued from Page 8)

But I did like my hair. I thought it was pretty and I didn't understand why I had to cut it. The barber trimmed it very close, and I remember sobbing mournfully as he shaved around my ears.

And when my mother explained that I was a boy, and boys didn't go around in long hair, I screamed, "Then I want to be a girl!"

I was so upset that I even ran a temperature, and had to stay in bed for a few days.

But nothing I did would change the fact I had learned that day, the fact that I reacted to so primitively — I was the wrong sex.

It was around this time the dream started. In it, I would be struck by lightning. The pain was agonizing, but when I awoke, I was a girl.

I didn't know then how prophetic this dream was. Years later I would know such pain, agony that the strongest drugs couldn't subdue. And years later I would be reborn as a woman.

As I got a little older, my body began to awaken sexually, as all bodies do at this age. But it was boys I longed to touch, and this feeling scared me.

I never, ever made a pass at a schoolmate. I was too scared of what my mother would do to me if she found out. Instead I kept to myself, a lonely outsider always.

## I Wanted To Die

When I turned 14, I decided to make a move. I couldn't bear living in isolation any longer. After all, I was a child. I needed to have fun, to make friends, to live!

So I lied about my age and joined the army. That was in 1949. I don't know how I got away with it.

I was skinny, has no muscles, and I had no body hair at all. But I made it all the same.

It wasn't long before I was sent overseas, an earthshaking trip for a boy who had only commuted between Houma and New Orleans. Those first months in the army were even lonelier than the isolated days at home.

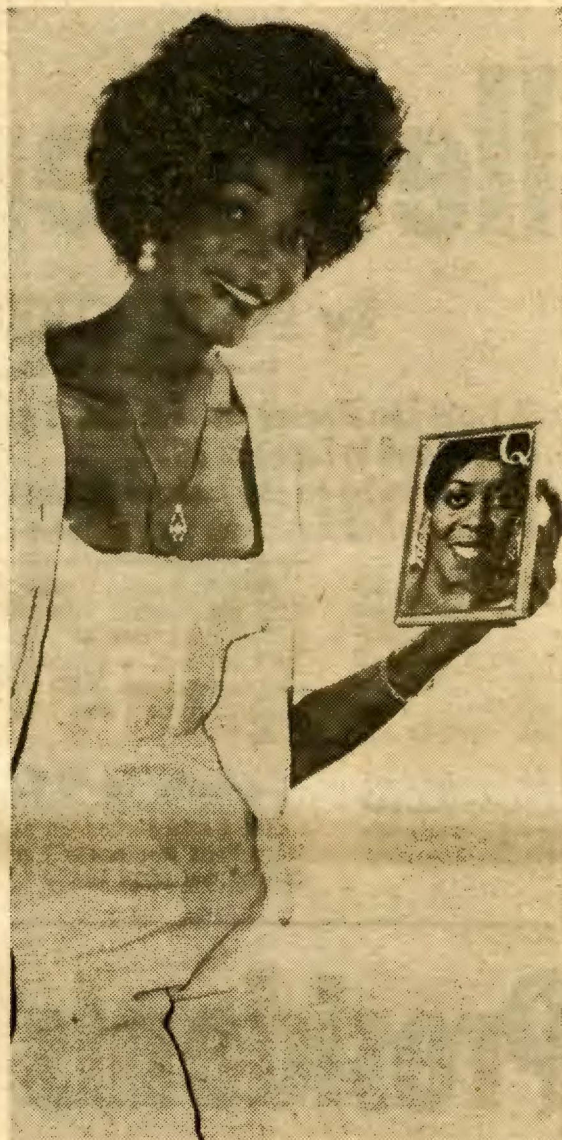
I would lie in my cot at night wanting to die. For I felt none of the longed-for friendship for the other fellows in my company. I was not one of them—they knew it and I knew it.

The only person who showed me any compassion or understanding was an officer, a man whom all of us respected deeply.

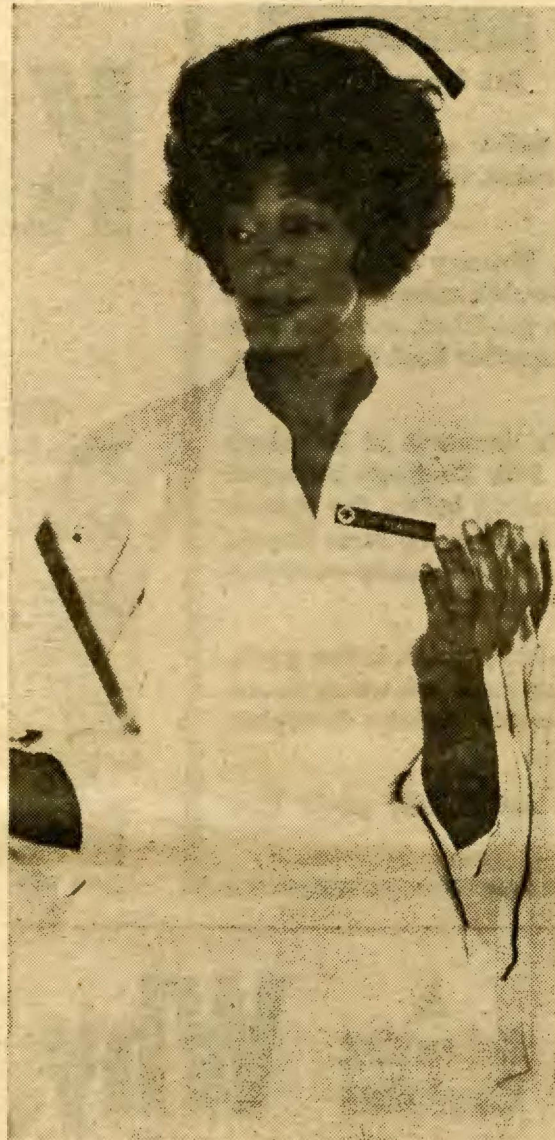
He was a kind of father to the group, someone who offered an open ear and mind to your troubles.

Though he was in his thirties, he seemed terribly old to me. The war had aged him a great deal, maybe that's why.

At first I found it hard to believe that a white man could



Delisa looks at photo of Dinah Washington, her musical idol.



Delisa learned to be a nurse under the G. I. Bill.

have such understanding of us, but he did.

One night, our company went out into the field on a bivouac. I was assigned to a tent with two rough guys I was downright scared to bunk with.

They had never liked me, and their taunts and jeers still rang in my ears as we set up camp that night.

## Crawled To Tent

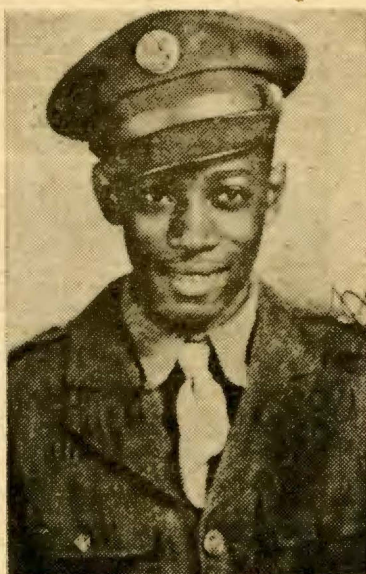
So after everyone bedded down, I crawled over to the officer's tent. I wanted to stay with him.

"Get back to your tent, Newton," he ordered.

"Sir, I can't bed down with those guys, you know that," I said stubbornly.

"Well then stay outside and freeze!" he said.

I sat outside his tent for over



Delisa Newton as a young soldier before the operation.

an hour, shivering in that icy forest, until he finally relented. "OK Newton, you win. Come on in," he agreed.

I crawled into the tent, still trembling with cold, and took off my boots, jacket and helmet. Since the officer had a tent to himself, there was only one cot in it.

## First Lover

So I climbed in next to him. I remember that it felt warm and safe.

And that night, for the first time, I knew love. How we began, I don't know. It was as if some prearranged signal sounded in both our bodies.

The officer, a white, married man over twice my age was my first sexual partner.

I don't know to this day if he ever engaged in a homo-

sexual act before, I don't think so. But I do know that he was as kind and good a lover as he was a friend.

We were lovers for two years, until I was sent home to the States, to be discharged. I wanted to stay on in Europe with him, but he wisely urged me to go.

"My life is a temporary one," he warned me. "I have to move around all the time, and I cannot take you with me."

I knew he was right, but I cried inside anyway when I boarded the train and rode away from the first person in my life who had showed me real warmth and love. My destination was Paris where I stayed for many months before I sailed for home.

(I'll tell you all about "gay" Parea later!) I think about him though nearly 20 years have gone by. And I have always loved him deep in a corner of my heart.

Time may have robbed me of the details of our affair, but I still remember clearly the feeling I had for him.

We never wrote to each other, for we both realized that there was no room in his world for our relationship.

## New Love

No, once I returned to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where I was discharged, it was all over for the officer and me.

But how I wished I could be his wife. How I longer to be a woman so I could have lived with him openly, anywhere in the world he was sent!

Once again, I started dreaming about the shattering bolt of lightning that would change my body into a proper house for my mind and spirit.

Once again I was the lonely misfit, the outsider with nobody who loved or care about him.

For a long time I just drifted around the country, visiting sisters and brothers and, of course, my mother.

They were all glad to see me, but were too busy with their own new families and babies to pay me any real mind.

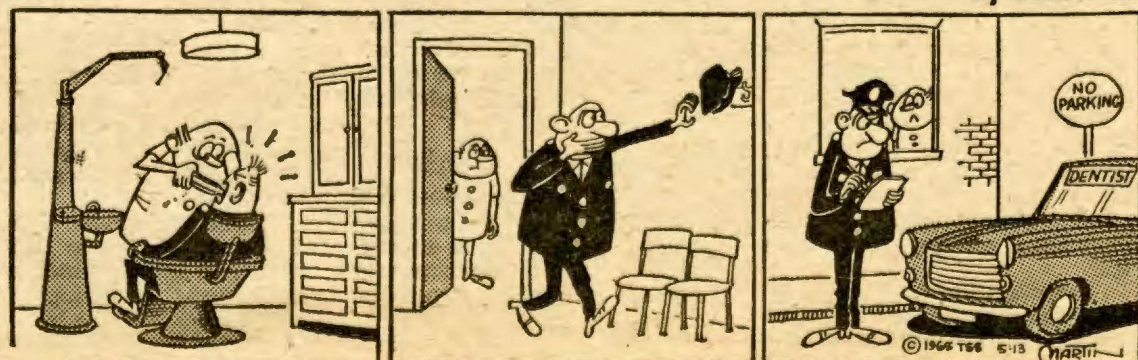
Finally I decided to go to school on the GI Bill. I had always wanted to be a nurse, my mother's profession, now I had the time and money to do it. And it took 4 years to become a registered nurse.

There was a good course taught out in Washington state, so I wandered out there, never dreaming that my next lover, an ex-Marine and heavyweight boxer, was waiting for me!

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Bunion

By Jack Sexton



## Next Week

The ex-Marine she loved brutally attacks her. Read it in the Insider as she tells it!