



American LGBTQ+ liberation from day 1 to Stonewall.

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Season 2, Episode 4: “The Fairy Project”

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For this episode, begin with posts starting June 21, 2020. (Click above.)

The original Mattachine Society jester logo is courtesy of ONE Archives at the USC Libraries.

This transcript includes text from real homophile-era publications, letters, organizational documents, et cetera. These texts contain **identifying terms** that may now be out of date.

HOST: **Germany, 1938.** Adolf Hitler ordered 12,000 Polish Jews out of their homes, out of the country, overnight with just a single suitcase per person. Hitler had spent the past five years building resentment toward Jews, blaming them for Germany's defeat in WWI, taking their rights away one by one, including forbidding them from marrying non-Jewish Germans and from being hired for civil service jobs. The 12,000 people were put on trains and sent to the Polish border, where Poland refused to let them in. They were left there in the rain for days with no country.

Herschel Grynszpan received a postcard in Paris from his parents, who were left waiting at the border, asking for his help. Herschel responded with a postcard, "My dear parents, I could not do otherwise, may God forgive me, the heart bleeds when I hear of your tragedy and that of the 12,000 Jews. I must protest so that the whole world hears my protest, and that I will do. Forgive me." Herschel slipped the postcard in his pocket, not even mailing it. He bought a box of bullets and gun, went to the German embassy, and asked to see someone on the diplomatic staff, and is pointed toward the third secretary, Ernst vom Rath. These two men may have been lovers, history is unclear. Either way, André Gide even mentions Ernest vom Rath in his diaries as well-known in the Paris gay community. But whether or not Herschel was his lover, Herschel still made his protest for the abandoned Jews. He fired five times, hitting Ernst in the abdomen twice.

In retaliation, the German government banned forbade all Jews from carrying weapons of any kind, and they banned Jewish children from schools, and stopped all Jewish newspapers. Hitler's Propaganda Minister told Nazi leaders that demonstrations should not be prepared by the Nazi party... but should they spontaneously erupt, they're not to be stopped. And so on November 9, 1938, Hitler Youth and Nazi sympathizers shattered the windows of over 7,000 Jewish-owned businesses. 267 synagogues were destroyed and Jewish homes all over Germany were ransacked. Dozens of people were murdered, hundreds committed suicide. Tombstones were overturned and libraries were set ablaze. Glass shattered onto the German streets in a night that would be called Kristallnacht.

In Berlin, a young American woman was staying with a Jewish family. She had just won a fellowship to study at the Institute for Psychotherapy. As Germany erupted in riots, the young doctor listened in the next room as the family's youngest daughter cried and begged her parents to let her be Protestant. The little girl didn't understand that you couldn't just stop being born Jewish. She wept through the terrifying night. Soon after, the family was sent to a concentration camp, and the doctor returned to America.

The doctor, **Evelyn Gentry**, begins teaching introductory psychology at UCLA. She's a much more sympathetic and understanding doctor because of her experience in Germany, and perhaps because she's read books like *The Well of Loneliness*. Her most outstanding student, Sam From, comes to talk to her during class breaks and walks with her downstairs at the end of the day. He gives her rides home so she doesn't have to take public transit. When Sam completes her class and is no longer her student, he calls and asks if he can come over. They spend the evening

chatting with Evelyn's husband Don, who is a screenwriter, and they all quickly become friends. Sam leaves, and Don asks Evelyn,

DON: Well, you told me everything else about him, why didn't you tell me he was queer?

EVELYN: How could you possibly tell?

DON: He did everything but fly out the window!

HOST: They invite Sam back over, and this time he brings his cousin George. Sam describes Evelyn to George as nearly 6 feet tall and—

SAM: another Eleanor Roosevelt!

HOST: George isn't really his cousin, but they aren't sure they should be open yet. They want Evelyn's approval so much, they're afraid to let her know they're gay.

EVELYN: Sammy was one of these people I described as an 'If' personality. If all restraints were off, if he didn't have to behave like a businessman or a manager, then he was funny, funny, funny! He was dramatic, campy.

HOST: Gradually, as they grow closer to Evelyn and Don, they relax. In 1945, Sam and George take Evelyn and Don to San Francisco to see the show at Finocchio's....

[Echoes from episode 202:]

*SAM FROM: We have let you see us as we are, and now it's your scientific duty to make a study of people like us. People don't know what we are.*

*EVELYN: I can't study you, because you're my friends. I can't be objective about you.*

*SAM FROM: We can get a hundred men, any number of men you want. You're the person to do it. You know us. You have the training.*

HOST: She already has a lot on her plate with 18 hours a week teaching and animal research, but Evelyn goes to her shared office and tells her colleague, Bruno Klopfer. He's an expert in Rorschach tests, the ink blots. He jumps up out of his chair, shouting, "You must do it, Eee-vah-leeen! You must do it! Your friend is absolutely right. We don't know anything about people like him." The only homosexuals they know about are the people who come to them as patients, who are already disturbed or pathological. Evelyn is certain the current thinking that all homosexuals are pathological is wrong, so she decides to prove it.

Act 1

HOST: She starts with Rorschach ink blot tests. All of her gay friends want to be included in the study.

EVELYN GENTRY: Now, don't talk to anybody else about what you saw in the Rorschach. Don't tell them how many responses you had or what you saw.

HOST: But she can tell, by the similar answers over 50-75 tests, that they're definitely talking to each other. But she can at least see that most homosexual men have varying personalities. That means that they don't constitute a clinical entity. She sees what she already thought was true: nonconforming sexual behavior and conforming social behavior can go hand-in-hand in one person.

Around this time, Don files for divorce. His alcoholism has torn their relationship. Evelyn briefly goes to Philadelphia, but returns to UCLA in 1948. She hits it off with a new friend, Helena Hooker, who invites Evelyn over for dinner at her home in Brentwood. Helena and her husband Edward live on an acre of land down Saltair Avenue with a small orchard and a little house on the side. After dinner, Helena whispers to Evelyn,

HELENA HOOKER: I'm leaving my husband and I'm not coming back. Would you like me to talk my husband into renting you the house once I'm gone?

HOST: It's only 15 minutes from UCLA and Evelyn needs a new home, so she rents the little house next door. On her first day in the little house by the orchard, Edward invites Evelyn inside for dinner. They realize they both got their PhDs from John Hopkins on the same day in 1932, but never met. He continues to invite her in for dinner, and they slowly fall in love.

By 1951, *Evelyn Hooker* is pretty comfortable. She's not teaching so much, and she's very much in love. Looking through her old research, she realizes her study of homosexuals is useless without a control group. Upon hearing the National Institute of Mental Health has been founded, she gets an idea, and writes up a grant. If the NIMH approves it, she'll do the study for real.

The following year, the American Psychiatry Association publishes their Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, listing homosexuality as a "sociopathic personality disorder," so it makes sense that that chief of grants at the NIMH wants to come spend a day with the kook who applied for a grant to study these "sociopaths," and also claims to have access to any number of them. Dr. John Eberhart visits Evelyn, possibly to be sure she's not homosexual, too. He realizes she's legitimately interested in studying these men.

DR. EBERHART: Well I can tell you we're prepared to offer you the grant. You know what it's called back there on the ranch? It's called 'The Fairy Project.'

EVELYN HOOKER: Okay.

HOST: Dr. Hooker takes the grant and goes to the UCLA psychiatry chair to request him to be her consultant.

EVELYN HOOKER: I'm studying normal male homosexuals.

UCLA CHAIR: What do you think you're doing? There is no such person.

HOST: He reads over her application.

UCLA CHAIR: I have never seen such persons, but I sure would like to.

HOST: So he signs on. Dr. Hooker gathers her men through ONE, Inc. and the Mattachine Society, who take up volunteers for her – including co-founder Chuck Rowland. She tells Chuck,

EVELYN HOOKER: You have an absolute genius for organization.

HOST: Of course, many men do wonder if they might be sick. They want to know the truth. They're constantly told they're sick and their conversations about it is persistent. Their community's publications are printing articles like the beginning of this one from *ONE Magazine* titled "The Margin of Masculinity":

HOMOSEXUAL: First, watch your hands. No other physical factor is such a dead giveaway of the homosexual. Next, Johnnie, learn the upright posture of masculine males. To avoid the danger of ever lolling too prettily, don't ever let the knees or feet touch. It is impossible to strike an overly graceful pose while the legs are sprawled. A miserable trait common to many homosexuals is that of complaining about services received in public—kicking up a fuss over real or fancied slights. When you carry a small package through the streets, never clutch it high on the chest. Skip the gentle expletives, watch your adjectives, and use superlatives sparingly.

HOST: He goes on, describing a—

HOMOSEXUAL: blonded limp-wristed

HOST: —man he saw in a gay bar.

HOMOSEXUAL: His face could have belonged to any plain and overly self-conscious girl, and when he ordered a draft beer the lyric timbre of his voice did nothing to dispel the illusion. His black leather jacket with its bulky lines would have been out of character had he worn it in the usual manner. Instead, it was thrown around his shoulders in the fashion of a cape—and I knew that sooner or later he would pull it close against the ravages of some naughty little draft, after first touching the collar to be sure it stood up in the back. A dark out-cropping at the roots of his fluffy peroxide hair suggested he was slovenly, or maybe just tired of being a blond.

I have never had any real understanding of this sort of person and there was a day when I detested any semblance to his kind. Now, thank God, I felt a kinship with him. I knew that if the

two of us were ever to be accepted by society, the likes of him must first be accepted by the likes of me; accepted without condescension, accepted with the conviction that the only true measure of 'right' behavior and 'wrong' is whether one's actions are harmful to himself or to others. A virile facade wouldn't have changed the weight of this man's mind, the structure of his emotions, or the shape of his soul, and though I would always reserve the right to avoid his type in forming friendships, I knew we were brothers.

HOST: And so, many homosexuals decide it's time to examine their minds. Dr. Evelyn Hooker becomes rather famous in homosexual circles. In the mid-50s, Christopher Isherwood even moves into the little house by Evelyn's orchard. He says, "She never treated us like some strange tribe, so we told her things we never told anyone before." She interviews men in Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles, and each and every man puts his reputation at stake because they can be followed. They can't even conduct the interviews at UCLA because if a man enters Dr. Hooker's office, anyone who sees might assume the man is homosexual. Tests are often conducted in her home, down the winding road through her private orchard surrounded by a brick wall. She keeps her information confidential, often erasing tapes after information is recorded from the sessions. McCarthy's men even watch Dr. Hooker's work from afar, though she doesn't know. She does Rorschach tests, Thematic Apperception tests, and Make-A-Picture-Story tests in order to unconsciously reveal anxieties, fears, and fundamental personality traits. After she finds her 30 homosexual men, who are all Kinsey 5s or 6s with no extended therapy or arrest records, she looks for her control group.

Hetero men are more difficult to convince to participate in a sexual study. She looks for every opportunity to ask. While reading in her study, she hears steps coming down her driveway. Evelyn peaks out the window and sees firemen coming to check precautions.

HOOKER: [to herself] Oh boy!

HOST: She runs outside.

FIREMAN: I hope we didn't disturb you, ma'am.

HOOKER: Oh, no, I was just working in my study.

FIREMAN: Oh, you're a writer?

HOOKER: No, not exactly. I'm a psychologist. Would you like to be in my project?

FIREMAN: I'm sorry, I can't, I have to work.

HOOKER: What about your days off?

FIREMAN: I have boys to take care of.

HOOKER: How about I pay for a sitter?

HOST: After he takes the tests for Dr. Hooker, the fireman introduces her to a cop. He does the study in exchange for marital advice. Edward Hooker says,

EDWARD HOOKER: No man is safe on Saltair Avenue.

HOST: Two years later, Dr. Hooker has her 60 men studied. So that she doesn't get accused of being too close to her subjects, she submits the results to three judges, all psychology experts who don't know who in the study is homosexual or heterosexual. They look through the results, rating each subject on overall psychological adjustment on a scale of 1 to 5 – superior to maladjusted. One of the judges is Bruno, the Rorschach expert. He's sure he can distinguish who is homosexual and who is not. Many of the experts tell Evelyn, "You'll never get away with this. Your face will reveal who is who." But even Bruno can't figure it out. He's amazed. Evelyn is thrilled. Looking through the tests, some judges say, "There are no clues, I just have to guess who is homosexual." All of the judges rate two-thirds of the studied men as 3 or better. They find no inherent association between homosexuality and maladjustment. One of the determined judges asks to come back another day to try again.

HOOKER: What is difficult to accept for most clinicians is that some homosexuals *may* be very ordinary individuals, indistinguishable, except in sexual patterns, from ordinary individuals who are heterosexual. Or that some *may* be quite superior individuals, not only devoid of pathology, but also functioning at a superior level.

HOST: She summarizes her findings in the first issue of the *Mattachine Review*. Shortly after, Sam From dies in a car accident before Evelyn publishes her study. His desire to understand his secret community inspired Dr. Hooker. Now she takes the stage with results at the American Psychological Association convention in Chicago – **August 30, 1956**.

[Echoes from 203:]

*AUDIO: Microphone feedback. Dr. Hooker coughs.*

*HOOKER: Good afternoon, I'm Dr. Evelyn Hooker. It seemed highly probable that few clinicians have ever had the opportunity to examine homosexual subjects... [fading out]*

HOST: Dr. Hooker's report, "The Adjustment of the Male Overt Homosexual," argues that upon her examinations she finds that homosexuality must be understood from the perspective of a minority group. At first she had told the Mattachine Society to avoid the minority approach, but it appears that scientifically, Harry Hay was right all along. She finds that homosexuals' mental health is normal, not the result of pathology. And she already knows homosexuals have their own community of gay bars, street groups, organizations, and friend groups, places like Finocchio's and other gay bars that she's experienced herself. Her study shows that negative mental health found in any of these homosexuals isn't based in pathology – it must be due to their similar oppressions in life as a group, or inner-group pressures they've kept on each other – such as misplaced misogyny. She goes in a different direction than Kinsey, not just studying sex, but looking at their relationships as a subculture. The negative effects on their mental health come from legal pressures and arrests in bars for showing affection. Coincidentally, she doesn't even know, the night before this presentation, an astronomer's arrest in a San Francisco bus terminal will soon lead to his own downfall, causing him to join the movement that she's advancing.

AUDIO: Applause.

HOST: After the presentation, many people approach Dr. Hooker:

MAN: What a light that sheds.

MAN 2: Astounding.

WOMAN: If I had your voice, I'd patent it.

HOST: Dr. Hooker returns to California to have dinner with all her gay friends in the study. She promised she'd let them know the results of the presentation.

AUDIO: Men laughing and cheering.

GAY MAN: This is great. We knew it all along!

EVELYN HOOKER: I didn't meet with the straight men. They didn't have the motivation to follow an old lady around.

HOST: Not long after, a young lesbian approaches Dr. Hooker, telling her that when her parents found out she's a lesbian, they put her in a psychiatric hospital.

EVELYN HOOKER: What means most to me, I think, is... if I went to a gay gathering of some kind, I was sure to have at least one person come up to me...

HOST: The lesbian's psychiatrist had read Dr. Hooker's report, and prevented the other doctors from giving the young lesbian electroshock therapy. She tears up telling Evelyn...

WOMAN 2: I've wanted to meet you because I wanted to tell you what you saved me from.

HOST: The results of Evelyn Hooker's study do not have immediate *legal* results. Bars are still shut down as "resorts for sex perverts." The American Psychological Association still lists homosexuality as an illness in their DSM. But word spreads through the homosexual community, building self-esteem in those who read her findings. They begin to accept themselves as healthy people, and as a cultural minority – step one in Harry Hay's original call to action...

Looking through the mainstream psychology texts, a lesbian named Barbara finds that she's declared sick for the feelings she has. She doesn't agree, and she demands better answers. How could she be sick when she's only felt love for women? She even dated a boy in high school in order to double-date with another couple because she felt affection for the other girl. How does that make her sick? How can such a smart person be sick? **Barbara Gittings** qualified for the National Honor Society, but was rejected on the grounds of "character." A teacher took her aside

and said it was because of her “homosexual inclinations.” What are homosexual inclinations, she wondered. Barbara spends days in the Northwestern University library in Evanston, searching through texts that only tell her clinical language, and nothing of love. Instead, a secondhand bookstore gives her the answer. A book passed down from a queer ancestor, donated to the bookshop, is there waiting for Barbara. A paperback copy of—

BARBARA GITTINGS: *The Well of Loneliness*.

HOST: There, Barbara finds queer love. She continues her hunt for answers. She skips classes and flunks outs as she searches psychology texts, legal books, encyclopedias, and of course, fiction, ultimately leading her to **Donald Webster Cory’s *The Homosexual in America***.

## Act 2

HOST: During her quest for her people, she moves back closer to her home state, to Philadelphia. Dressed as a boy, she spends her Saturdays hitching rides with truckers from Philly to New York to search Fourth Avenue for gay fiction. In Philadelphia, she finds more homosexual friends. Barbara puts on her butch look so women in the bar know she’s one of them, and heads out with her friend Pinky, a schoolteacher. He’s getting friendly with a couple of uniformed marines in the bar, and the four of them head outside. Suddenly, the marines turn on them, putting on brass knuckles and kicking down Pinky. They beat Pinky right in front of Barbara. And when they’re done, they look at up her.

MARINE: We’d beat you up too, sonny, if you weren’t wearing glasses.

HOST: They jump in their car and drive away. Barbara picks up Pinky and rushes him to the hospital. He gets 13 stitches in his face. They don’t call the police. They know they’ll just get a hard time from them. Barbara doesn’t just demand answers now, but also justice. On one of her hitchhiking trips to New York City, she has a meeting with the author of one of those important books, Donald Webster Cory. Cory tells her about an organization seeking rights for homosexuals called ONE, Incorporated. They’re in Los Angeles. Barbara books a flight and heads out in **1956**. She goes to ONE. They’re more writers than activists, currently completing their new book ***Homosexuals Today: A Handbook of Organizations & Publications***. It’s the first directory of gay organizations and publications in the U.S. and all over the world, complete at 188 pages. They suggest Barbara check out the Mattachine Society, which is really growing now in San Francisco. She travels up to see them. The Mattachine’s new president is headed up there, too. President Ken Burns writes to Hal Call,

KEN BURNS: I am my usual displeased self. You are undoubtedly in great need of material. Some of things you used are the worst you have ever used—far below the original intent of the magazine.

HOST: He's upset over the *Mattachine Review* cover, a sketch that originally appeared in a Dutch magazine called *Friendship* of a fully nude man. The headline above him says, "Casting a Spotlight on Human Sex Problems—for THINKING Adults."

KEN BURNS: Since when do we have to show everyone that we are effeminate? Or, indeed, a person whose thoughts and dreams are about sex or the unclad person?

HOST: But another article speaks out against Puritanism:

AUDIO typewriter

HAL CALL: What does the average American homosexual want? Someone to go to bed with once.

HOST: While Hal has been vocal about his understanding of police raiding the parks, he's been hosting private sex parties, which were allegedly amazing, and he's becoming less shy about his sex-positivity in the publications. Ken Burns finally gives up his gavel and quits the presidency. Many of his friends follow behind him. He remains a member, sending in his dues and occasionally writing to Hal with advice, but his LA chapter dwindles. One of those remaining members, a college student named **Ron Argall** who had recently joined the *Mattachine*, excitedly writes to Hal Call, eager for a chair. Hal approves, encourages his election, and asks the Board for permission to move *Mattachine* national headquarters to San Francisco to operate alongside the magazine.

Barbara Gittings soon shows up there, too, seeking advice for activism. The men take one look at her and point her to the corner, where the lesbian group, the Daughters of Bilitis, rent an office from them. Barbara greets the women, who are planning their first issue of their own magazine. She asks to be put on their mailing list. They invite her to attend a meeting.

BARBARA GITTINGS: Of course!

HOST: Barbara joins a room of about a dozen women. She's never seen anything like it. Upon her return to the East Coast, she eagerly awaits the first issue of *The Ladder*, which arrives in her mailbox in a brown paper sleeve in **October 1956**.

Two women, one in tailored slacks, the other in a skirt, look up a ladder, which reaches into the clouds. Written just above the clouds is "1956 1<sup>st</sup> Rung." The mimeographed magazine, one of 175 copies printed, is edited by **Ann Ferguson**, A.K.A. Bilitis co-founder **Phyllis Lyon**. The articles avoid politics, choosing instead to focus on poetry, history, biographies, and lesbian literature in general. On the back cover, the Daughters have written their slogan, "Qui vive," on the alert. Their magazine hopes to teach the lesbian how to elevate herself out of societal pressures and self-hate. They want her to find self-esteem and then reform social norms.

Soon, a whole stack is sent to Barbara Gittings. After they're printed by Pan-Graphic Press in San Francisco, Hal and the Daughters ship off copies to activists in Chicago, LA, and Barbara in Philly, who loads them into her VW and delivers them to bookstores in New York and Philadelphia. *The Ladder* is found in Detroit, Cleveland, and Dallas on the newsstands beside *ONE Magazine* and the *Mattachine Review*. Women all over the country pick up copies to see the Daughters' of Bilitis "CALENDAR OF EVENTS." There's a picnic on September 30, a group bowling outing on 30<sup>th</sup> and Mission on October 13.

PHYLLIS LYON: Meet at the coffee counter.

HOST: The first of a series of discussions on lesbians' fears "both real and imaginary" will be held on October 23<sup>rd</sup>. Then a Halloween party on the 27<sup>th</sup>. But it's not just socialization that they're promoting among lesbians. They also want social change. Editor Ann Ferguson writes,

PHYLLIS LYON: It is to be hoped that our venture will encourage the women to take an ever-increasing part in the steadily-growing fight for understanding of the homophile minority.

HOST: President Del Martin adds,

DEL MARTIN: Women have taken a beating through the centuries. It has been only in this 20<sup>th</sup>, through the courageous crusade of the Suffragettes and the influx of women into the business world, that woman has become an independent entity, an individual with the right to vote and the right to a job and economic security... What will be the lot of the future Lesbian? Fear? Scorn? This need not be—IF lethargy is supplanted by an energized constructive program, if cowardice gives way to the solidarity of a cooperative front, if the 'let Georgia do it' attitude is replaced by the realization of individual responsibility in thwarting the evils of ignorance, superstition, prejudice, and bigotry.

HOST: The issue also has tribute to the recently deceased Dr. Kinsey written by Dr. Harry Benjamin. Put a pin in him for another day. On the back page of *The Ladder*, a questionnaire asks how the DOB can best help lesbians. While the Mattachine Society is fearful of even using the word "homosexual" in their new constitution, *The Ladder* prints the word "Lesbian" – always with a capital L – in all of their prose. They proudly reach out to their sisters, and the readers reach out theirs, too. Women pass the magazines from friend to friend across the country. Lesbians in big cities send their copies to friends in small town. It's totally new to people who only ever had sad endings in pulp novels. The mail for Del and Phyl starts stacking up.

WOMAN 2: What kind of women are you, sticking your necks out and doing this kind of thing?

HOST: She includes a dollar for a year's subscription. On **Oct 31, 1956**, the Daughters receive a letter from reader Sherry Horn.

SHERRY HORN: After reading your first issue of *The Ladder*, I was deeply impressed, and fully intended writing you at once. Now that I've read the second issue, I simply cannot let another day go without telling you how deeply I appreciate you sending me this wonderful publication. *The Ladder* is exactly what the name implies, a way up—and out of the dark confusion and despair which so many of us live in. How rapid the climb shall be, depends on all of us, not just a few crusaders.

HOST: Dr. Kinsey's Institute in Indiana thanks the Daughters for their complimentary copy of the first issue and requests all subsequent issues for their library. Then a letter from "J.M., Cleveland, Ohio" arrives:

J.M.: I cannot tell you what a source of both inspiration and pleasure *The Ladder* contained for me within its pages. I, as an invert, can only know of what momentous importance such a movement as yours can mean, for the ultimate good of all of us. One of the insertions in *The Ladder* caught my attention and I could not help but muse over it with some irony. The part about 'Come out of hiding.' What a delicious invitation, but oh, so impractical. I should lose my job, a marvelous heterosexual roommate, and all chance of finding work...I would be blackballed all over the city.

HOST: Women continue to remain fearful, necessarily so. The women they seek to join, who they consider professionals, are often too scared to join or subscribe. Many of them have children. Jeani Gnapp, a Salt Lake City schoolteacher and reader of the first issue writes in,

JEANI GNAPP: How do you or any of the other members know that I or someone else who might learn of this new organization are not policewomen? How can any of us be absolutely sure that our names are safe and not subject to persecution by any number of sick laws which exist in many states even in this day and age?

HOST: After a September police raid of a lesbian bar called the Alamo Club in San Francisco, *The Ladder's* second issue reports:

DEL MARTIN: hauled into the city jail and booked on the charge of frequenting a house of ill repute were a reported 36 women. At the hearing the following Monday we understand only four of those arrested pleaded not guilty. We feel that this was not due to actual guilt on the part of those so pleading but to an appalling lack of knowledge of the rights of a citizen in such a case... There is a marked reaction of fear and retrenchment among the Lesbian population of San Francisco after the recent raid...

HOST: "House of ill repute" is a prostitution charge, but most of those women were lesbians not doing sex work. Cops basically blur lesbians and sex workers due to a long history of anti-prostitution laws used to regulate queer spaces. The Daughters announce that an attorney will speak at their meeting to inform women of their rights if arrested. They'll print a guide in the next issue. Again, unlike Mattachine, which pushes for assimilation and integration, DOB is

protective of lesbian spaces. This second issue responds to Jeani's concerns. An article titled "Your Name Is Safe" by Ann Ferguson declares,

PHYLLIS LYON: Already, with only one issue of *The Ladder* published, we have run up against the fear that names on our mailing list may fall into the wrong hands, or that by indicating interest in this magazine, a person will automatically be labeled homosexual. This is not so.

HOST: The only trouble they really get themselves into is when the DOB mails the second issue of *The Ladder* to all the female lawyers listed in the San Francisco phonebook in order to make connections. Many of them respond, angrily demanding to be removed from the mailing list.

After two issues, the Daughters are no longer printing on Mattachine's mimeo machine. After all the writing, typing, and paste-ups are done, Daughter **Helen Sandoz** begins secretly taking the issues to her job at Macy's after hours. She prints the next three issues at that Macy's on Union Square, in an act some activists will start calling "corporate grant-taking." Sandoz sorts, staples, types the address labels, envelopes the issues, and mails them out to women all over the country.

PHYLLIS LYON: Many women work one night a week at the office—but just before LADDER deadline it usually is every night of the week.

HOST: After too many close calls with Helen almost getting caught in the Macy's office, the Daughters will find a professional printer. Readers look forward to the magazine showing up in their mailbox, and they find themselves longing to join the "Calendar of Events" in San Francisco. They write to the Daughters that they're dreaming of migrating.

KAY FERRIS: I think I should like living in San F.

WOMAN 2: I wonder what it would be like...

FLORENCE RAY: We envy you there in Frisco, having the splendid opportunity to get together over a cup of coffee rather than a fifth... to discuss the problems that beset us and spend worth while time and effort in trying to find a solution rather than the intent of seeing who can drink the most, and then so fortified—shake a defiant fist at the world.

HOST: Ladies across the U.S. aren't the only readers of the new magazine. That November, the San Francisco Special Agent in Charge sends photocopies of dozens of *Mattachine Review* issues to the Los Angeles office. At the bottom of the stack, he adds a copy of the debut issue of *The Ladder*, noting their goals, the meaning of the magazine's name, and that they're the "feminine viewpoint" in homophile publications. He also sends it along to the New York Field Office, explaining that there's not a DOB chapter there, but someone out there is planning to open one.

While Ron Argall clears out the Los Angeles Mattachine office and packs all their furniture and files into his car for San Francisco's new national headquarters, Barbara Gittings is in

Philadelphia, writing to all women on the DOB mailing list within a 100 mile radius of her home to start DOB chapters throughout the East Coast. Soon, as the FBI watches, Barbara will have a letter from a woman named **Kay Lahusen** out in Boston, who is interested in finding women like her.

Kay has been attracted to women since childhood, when she kept a scrapbook of Katherine Hepburn photos. But she was raised in a very conservative Christian Scientist family. So when she realized at 19 that she was in love with her best friend, she felt so ill that she was down for two weeks. Her family thought she had the viral pneumonia going around. She came out of her funk, and ended up being lovers with her friend for six years, all through college. But eventually, her lover couldn't accept life without marriage and heteronormativity.

WOMAN 3: We'll always be this separate little twosome off to the side without any friends.

HOST: She married a man. Kay is left behind. She hears the marriage is quite unhappy and the man is always in charge. Her love never speaks to her again. Kay rips up every photo of them together, and tries to love men, but of course it doesn't take. In Boston, researching for the Christian Science Monitor in their reference library, she's still miserable in her love life. Kay decides it's her turn to research herself, much like Barbara did in Chicago. She also finds homosexuality filed under things like "vice." One book, called "Voyage from Lesbos: The Psychoanalysis of a Female Homosexual" by psychiatrist Richard Robertiello, claims the author has cured a homosexual. Kay sets up a meeting with him to ask questions about what makes a person homosexual. It's all her pretense to ask the real question:

KAY LAHUSEN: How do I meet others?

DR. ROBERTIELLO: Oh if that's what you want, that's easy.

HOST: He reaches over on his desk and picks up a magazine.

DR. ROBERTIELLO: Here. This is published by the Daughters of Bilitis. They have an office here in New York. You can call them up. Here's the phone number.

KAY LAHUSEN: That's enough for me!

HOST: She writes him a check for the full hour, though she was only in his office for 10 minutes. She leaves with the copy of *The Ladder*. As soon as she's back in Boston, Kay reads the whole issue, thrilled, ready to find and help other lesbians. And if New York's chapter doesn't have women she's interested in knowing, she'll go to Chicago. And if not there, then San Francisco. She writes to New York for information. Barbara Gittings writes back.

At the new Manhattan Daughters of Bilitis office, Kay Lahusen assumes she'll enter a packed room. But it's a small space they share with the new Manhattan Mattachine chapter. Two women

named Marion Glass and Florence Conrad wait for her, and invite her to their DOB picnic of about a dozen women, including Barbara. When Kay shows up in her bright colors, Barbara is immediately taken by Kay's red hair. They're immediately taken with each other.

All over the country, chapters of both the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis begin to sprout up. As homosexuals find each other there, relationships begin. And while the government creeps into their flourishing organizations, it won't just be the FBI interference that undermines them. It will be jealousy, spoiled romance, and an insatiable hunger for power that poisons the movement. And it'll all be done with a just a single photograph. Next week on episode 5, "In the Library Lounge."