



American LGBTQ+ liberation from day 1 to Stonewall.

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Season 2, Episode 5: “In the Library Lounge”

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For this episode, begin with posts starting June 28, 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 These texts contain **identifying terms** that may now be out of date.

Perhaps he is a fool and a coward but almost everybody is one or the other
and most people are both. —James Baldwin, *Giovanni's Room*

HOST: The homophile literature promoted in the *Mattachine Review* reaches all corners of the country. In a Florida prison, a young man finds solace in *Quatrefoil*, a novel by **James Barr**. *Mattachine* has also promoted that writer's play, the aptly named *Games of Fools*. 1950's *Quatrefoil* breaks the traditional gay novel's ending by allowing the homosexual lead character not to die by suicide or murder at the end. Instead, it's a plane crash. Nevertheless, **Albert Ross Puryear** loves the story from his prison cell so much that he contacts the novel's author. Through correspondence, the author James Barr is charmed. He arranges for Puryear's debts to be cleared, charges to be dropped, and sends him to New York City. James gives the young man the full *My Fair Lady* treatment: he teaches him how to dress, how to act, and gives him new clothes and cash. Ross Puryear meets the new *Mattachine* leaders of New York's first chapter: Sam, Joe, and Tony. The author also connects Puryear with the *Mattachine Review* offices in San Francisco so he can tell his story about the—

PURYEAR: —brutal prison camps that dot many of the Southern states where, once committed, the homosexual must live out his sentence without one friend to whom he can turn in his desolation, no one person to whom he can appeal for justice against the wrongs he suffers.

HOST: Despite James Barr's hopes, Ross Puryear is less his lover than his project. Puryear becomes an established young man in the *Mattachine* fold, and even while on a trip with James to Kansas, Puryear is responding to letters from *Mattachine* New York leader **Tony Segura**. Tony is urging him to return to New York. James Barr isn't aware that the *Mattachine* leader is writing to Puryear because he misses his new lover. Ross Puryear decides it's time to ditch the author in Kansas. Just days before James Barr plans to visit New York City, he wakes to find Ross Puryear gone. James's clothes, his cash, jewelry, his partially finished upcoming novel, and his car are all gone, too. Ross Puryear hits the road, and the national *Mattachine* Society begins its final unraveling...

Act 1

Ross Puryear writes to Tony in New York. He's driving to California, Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Oregon... When James Barr finds out Tony is in contact with Puryear, James starts sending money through Tony and covering over \$5,000 worth of his own checks bounced by Puryear. Tony says he's forwarding the letters from James, too, but James soon believes Tony is telling Puryear to keep running and avoid the author's revenge. The games of fools drag on – until three months later, **January 1957**, word spreads through Mattachine's grapevine: a car crash has killed Ross Puryear. James is devastated. In San Francisco, Hal Call types up an obituary for the **Mattachine's private quarterly publication *Interim***, mourning the loss of the young writer. Tony Segura is left without his lover. James Barr is left without his lover, his car, his cash, and his book.

AUDIO: door buzzer

HOST Mattachinos buzz the door at Hal's apartment to join him in assembling the *Interim* issue including the obituary. Paste-ups, plates, folding, stapling, trimming, envelopes, sealing, addressing, stamping, and soon to be mailed. Over and over. The buzzer goes off again, and Hal heads to answer it. A draft whips through the apartment as the door opens. A nice suit, a tweed overcoat, and a room key for a nearby hotel in hand, Hal is stunned to see him there: Ross Puryear back from the dead. Hal invites him in to read his own obituary. The plates are quickly blocked out and the pages reprinted. After the *Interim* issue is remade, Hal takes Puryear to the Copper Lantern in North Beach to celebrate with drinks. He hears the whole tale: James Barr's possible affair with a man in the Kansas oil fields, the fight, the disappearance. When Puryear returned to Kansas for the Henry Higgins to his Eliza Doolittle, James Barr's family – who knew of the financial wreckage done – convinced Puryear to leave Kansas and they told James that Puryear died in a car crash. Hal is stunned by the tale, and will later say he, too, was—

HAL CALL: spelled by his grace... sincere, talented, intelligent, and a fine type of person in all respects.

HOST: Puryear would even make a great Mattachine chairman, Hal says. Hal's longtime lover Jack has just moved out in one of their many fights, so Hal invites Puryear to stay. Ross settles in as Hal travels to Nevada for work. And when Hal returns, of course, his apartment is cleaned out. LPs, brandy and gin, stacks of checks that will be forged. A half-eaten plate of beans covered in ketchup sits on the kitchen table beside an empty carton of cigarettes. The stolen records are sent to James Barr as a gift.

James takes to the New York Mattachine podium, telling the whole sordid story. But Tony turns and spreads his version: that James is a liar and Puryear is the victim. The author is furious to see his reputation falling apart in the homophile community. The New York members begin pointing

fingers at each other. Tony, Joe, and Sam barely have control of their new chapter. Hal in San Francisco asks James Barr to drop the matter and forget the debt. James writes to Hal:

JAMES BARR: Perhaps, Puryear will believe at last that I do love him, that I was faithful to him all the time he was in Kansas, that I did not see one of the eight men in the oil fields with whom I had once been intimate before his arrival out there. Perhaps, he will believe me now when I say that I will give up everything, even my life, to make him happy.... I shall live alone then, and from then on, until Ross is able to join me.

HOST: Hal also says won't be pursuing Puryear with the police. He writes to Tony:

HAL CALL: Just as I was so impressed initially by Ross....a sinister, calculating, criminal person.... Tony, let me tell you kindly and in friendliness that you are wrong—completely, deludedly, and absolutely wrong. We were all graced by his spell.

HOST: Tony won't hear it. To Sam Morford, one of the other New York leaders, Hal writes,

HAL CALL: I see signs of a schism in New York.

HOST: He's correct. Sam quits. James Barr is done with Mattachine, too. He furiously writes to Hal:

JAMES BARR: In consideration of the serious injuries and humiliation suffered recently at the hands of some of your people here in New York, I am forced to ask you to remove my name from your mailing list. From this date forward you no longer have my permission to use my name or my works in any manner.

HAL CALL: The San Francisco police were as glad as anyone that the case against Ross is now closed. I hope that one day you will see this whole thing unemotionally. Surely then you will realize your error in wildly blaming everyone except the person who caused his own reincarceration.

HOST: From the beginning of New York's first Mattachine chapter, they're on bad terms with San Francisco. Hal blames Tony. Tony points at James. With Sam out and Tony at the head of New York, Hal stops responding to letters. Joe writes to Hal that Tony will quit, too, and Mattachine here in Manhattan will fall apart unless he hears from you. Hal finally responds to Tony:

HAL CALL: I know it's frustrating and your blood pressure soars when you want and need something and it seems you can't break through our shell...So, let's forget this 'do it or else' business. Everyone here is working as hard as human endurance permits.

HOST: As the homophile men turn on one another, the women face new challenges, too. The January 1957 issue of *The Ladder* hits newsstands, and lesbians all over the country are shocked to see the headline announcing their editor's death:

PHYLLIS LYON: "Ann Ferguson Is Dead,"

HOST: the headline says – the penname of Daughters of Bilitis co-founder Phyllis Lyon. The obituary begins:

PHYLLIS LYON: I confess. I killed Ann Ferguson. Pre-meditatedly and with malice afterthought... We ran an article in the November issue of THE LADDER entitled 'Your Name is Safe.' Ann Ferguson wrote that article. Her words were true, her conclusions logical and documented—yet she was not practicing what she preached... At the December public discussion meeting of the Daughters of Bilitis we got up—Ann Ferguson and I—and did away with Ann. Now there is only Phyllis Lyon.

HOST: Phyllis boldly brings the Daughters of Bilitis into a rarely visited territory of homophile activism: no masks, no pseudonyms. And it's a success. Letters continue to flow in asking for more DOB chapters. Phyllis and Del set their sights on LA. In *ONE Magazine*, the Daughters print an ad for a \$1 brunch for potential Daughters to meet at the Clark Hotel during ONE's Midwinter meeting. Monitoring *ONE Magazine* since its beginning, the FBI looks into the Clark Hotel reservations listed in the ad. They find the lesbians will be gathering with Del Martin. They're reserved as a "tour group." The FBI scours their files for more on Del and these Daughters of Bilitis. They turn up a book recently published by ONE, *Homosexuals Today*. They send word of Del Martin to Director Hoover. There's not much Hoover can do here but watch people exercise their rights. Meanwhile in LA, Del and Phyl host their brunch of 16 women. ONE, Inc. member **Stella Rush** decides to head up the new chapter. Del and Phyl ask member **Helen Sandoz**, who secretly printed their magazine at Macy's, to stick around and help Stella establish the LA chapter. The two women continue meeting at the bar of the hotel where they hold DOB meetings, and soon after, Helen moves to LA to be with Stella.

At the Midwinter Institute meeting hosted by ONE, a "folklore specialist" from LA takes the stage to sketch the history of homophile life from the dawn of history to the present time. It's **Harry Hay**, quietly working in the background now, promoting the importance of queer history. We've been here all along, falling in love and, often, running from enemies. Some of them are even here with us now. An informant on the inside reports to the FBI of Mattachine's move to San Francisco, to—

INFORMANT: expand activities of the male and female queer sections, because of the sanctuary here in San Francisco as a bohemian city.

HOST: The informant plans to send a list of members as the organizations rapidly expand.

DEL MARTIN [typing *The Ladder*, **February 1957**]: Why a Chapter in Your Area? ...only so much can be accomplished by the printed word; there must also be the spoken word, the personal contact. The therapy of group discussion of mutual problems, of talking it over with those in similar circumstances, cannot be denied.

HOST: But some women can't talk it over in person. Not because they're cowards or fools, but because they have reputations to uphold. In **April of 1957**, Del and Phyllis receive a discrete message:

AUDIO: typewriter

LHN: Please find enclosed a money order for \$2.00. I should like to receive as many of your back issues as that amount will cover. In the event \$2.00 is in excess of the past six issues—well, fine. Those few cents may stand as a mere downpayment toward sizeable (for me, that is) donations I know already that I shall be sending you...

HOST: One day, everyone will know the author's name, but not because of her letters to the Daughters. Her play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, will soon be the first play written by a woman on color produced on Broadway. **Lorraine Hansberry** currently lives alone in Greenwich Village, quietly separated from her husband Robert Nemiroff.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY NEMIROFF: I'm glad as heck that you exist. You are obviously serious people and I feel that women, without wishing to foster any strict *separatist* notions, homo or hetero, indeed have a need for their own publications and organizations... As one raised in a cultural experience (I am a Negro) where those within were and are forever lecturing to their fellows about how to appear acceptable to the dominant social group, I know something about the shallowness of such a view as an end in itself... One is oppressed or discriminated against because one is different, not 'wrong' or 'bad' somehow..."

HOST: On undated sheets of yellow legal paper, Hansberry writes radical thoughts of how homosexuals are born homosexual.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Since it does not follow that all which proceeds from nature is in any way automatically desirable for human good, it is silly and baseless to posit the rights of homosexuality on the remote (+ in some sense irrelevant) possibility of its possible congenital character.

HOST: Annually, she writes lists of her likes, dislikes, loves, and regrets.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Myself in Notes... Likes: Slacks. Deeply intelligent women. Eartha Kitt's eyes, voice, legs, music. Dislikes: loneliness, most sexual experiences, myself. Masculinity in women. Bored with *A Raisin in the Sun*. Indifferent to: most men. I like: My homosexuality. I hate: My homosexuality. I like: 69 when it really works. The inside of a lovely woman's mouth.

To look at a well dressed woman. I am proud: that I struggle to work hard against many, many things.

HOST: She tells the Daughters of her wariness of masculine lesbians:

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Someday, I expect, the ‘discrete’ Lesbian will not turn her head on the streets at the sight of the ‘butch’ strolling hand in hand with her friend in their trousers and definitive haircuts. But for the moment, it still disturbs.

HOST: Phyllis is so excited for the support from this up-and-coming playwright that she prints the entire 4-page letter in the next *Ladder* under Lorraine’s initials.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Women, like other oppressed groups of one kind or another, have particularly had to pay a price for the intellectual impoverishment that the second class status imposed on us for centuries created and sustained. Thus, I feel that THE LADDER is a fine, elementary step in a rewarding direction. –L.H.N. New York, N.Y.

HOST: The playwright stays in touch for years.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Just a little afterthought, considering *Mattachine*; *Bilitis*, *ONE*; all seem to be cropping up on the West Coast rather than here where a vigorous and active gay set almost bump one another off the streets—what is it in the air out there? Pioneers still? Or a tougher circumstance which inspires battle? Would love to hear speculation, light-hearted or otherwise.

HOST: The Daughters’ diligent work brings their readers lively conversation and desire for organizing across the country. It’s coming, New York. And the Daughters’ contact with prominent authors is professional and financially supportive of their goals. In the *Mattachine*, theirs leads to scandal. Bickering continues over the Puryear affairs. Tony and Joe lead New York’s group as Tony writes to young **Ron Argall** leading the LA chapter. Ron looks up to Hal. Tony relentlessly whispers in Ron’s ear, but Ron can’t hear over Hal Call. Hal continues to dominate the national *Mattachine* Society with the magazine, working tirelessly as his longtime lover Jack continues to show up buzzing his apartment to be taken back, only to turn on him in violent outbursts again. Jack demands Hal’s attention, but Hal is already burning the candle at both ends until finally quitting his full-time insurance job to run Pan-Graphic Press for *Mattachine* and his other printing ventures. All his time is spent out of the apartment.

AUDIO: cage elevator

HOST: He goes to office, nods hello to the gray-haired trans woman who’s been operating the cage elevator for years, and heads into the Pan-Graphic and *Mattachine* offices on the third floor. He’s handling the legal briefs for the Black Cat’s case, and over 500 subscriptions for the *Mattachine Review*. Hal can’t stop working because he wants – and hoped for – over 5,000

subscribers. And without his day job, he says he's only taking home \$45 a week from Pan-Graphic. Mattachine owes him a debt. In order to bring in more cash, Hal his Mattachine partner Don Lucas launch the Dorian Book Service, which sells homosexual books via mail all over the country — like *Giovanni's Room* by **James Baldwin**. Pan-Graphic Press poises to publish their first original book, too: *Gay Bar* by **Helen P. Branson**, the tough bar owner in Los Angeles from the first episode this season. Helen lays the final manuscript on Hal's desk.

HELEN BRANSON: You won't find any statements in parentheses in my book. I typed this myself on a Polish model typewriter. It had no parentheses marks on the keyboard. So I made all of my statements direct—just as if I were talking to you.

HOST: Hal prints 1,600 copies at \$3 each. But that won't take care of his need to make a living. He promotes the book presales through the *Mattachine Review*. Hal then insists to the Mattachine board that if they want the survival of their organization's magazine – their one tool to promote their organization – Mattachine will need to repay its debt to Pan-Graphic Press so Hal can make a living wage. He's drowning in work. Jack is left in the dust.

Hal's interests in men leans more toward physical satisfaction than emotional. His Mattachine work consumes him. (Relatable.) As he finishes each issue of the *Review*, Hal hands them off to their attorney for consultation – **Kenneth Zwerin**.

MUSIC: Zwerin

HOST: Kenneth Zwerin, the lawyer who filed the incorporation papers for the Daughters and said they were so discrete then that they could have been a society for raising cats, he's closeted. But he helps homosexuals arrested by vice police or blackmailed with their sexuality. Zwerin takes case referrals from phone calls that come in to the Mattachine Society offices, and in return, he consults on the *Mattachine Review*. And of course, he and Hal Call are drawn to each other in the Mattachine offices.

HAL CALL: A dominating spirit 10 times more than I... A sexual fondness involved that I'm not ashamed to say at all.

HOST: Zwerin is an attractive and brilliant ally for Hal to have in San Francisco. So Hal sends Zwerin off to New York on a trip to consult their Mattachine offices.

Zwerin meets their remaining leaders, Tony and Joe. Joe is handsome, the lawyer notices. After addressing their chapter, Zwerin, Hal's ally, goes to Joe. They go home together. That night, Zwerin tells Joe... everything. *The Mattachine Review brings in a gross profit of \$4,000. Less than a third of that goes back into the actual Mattachine Society. Profits are being kept by Hal's Pan-Graphic Press. The Mattachine's own Publications Chairman's small business is bleeding the organization out, and now Hal's demanding payment on top of it from the Society's board.*

Zwerin does not sabotage New York, but confirms the suspicions of the New York chapter, and climbs his ladder of chaos to the top of the Mattachine Society.

Act 2

LESBIAN: I have been receiving THE LADDER and have been a member of the Daughters of Bilitis for more than a year now. The day my copy arrives I sit and read it from cover to cover. If only there was a chapter here in New York or New Jersey I would be the first to join. –G.M. from Orange, New Jersey

LESBIAN 2: Like many another LADDER reader, I am always thoroughly delighted with your magazine and all too seldom write to tell you so. I wish I were blessed with financial means, talented with writing ability or in some other way qualified to make more of a contribution to DOB than I can, but as I am not I join the ranks of those quiet follows who find you a light in the dark night and a warm fire for alien souls. – C.H., Pasadena, California

HOST: During these years, the mid-to-late '50s, the Daughters of Bilitis thrive. There's not much scandal to report. They witness plenty of it, though, as many San Franciscan Daughters arrive at the Fourth Annual Mattachine Convention. Arranged by attorney Kenneth Zwerin to be held at the Hotel Sheraton-Palace, Mattachine President Don Lucas welcomes everyone and congratulates them on their many accomplishments since... well, since they stole the Mattachine from Harry Hay and the communists. He also announces the completion of Chicago attorney **Pearl Hart's** pamphlet called "**Your Legal Rights,**" educating individuals on their rights if they are arrested and listing the criminal offenses typically used against homosexuals. Her Chicago Mattachine chapter distributes them through the mail for 25 cents. And then President Don Lucas introduces a very different attorney: Kenneth Zwerin.

AUDIO: applause

ZWERIN: Throw away that brochure on homosexual rights and the law!

AUDIO: sudden silence

HOST: He unfolds the pamphlet.

ZWERIN: "After Arrest—What?" Stand up for your rights at your own risk! Most police have more respect for their billy clubs than for citizens' rights!

AUDIO: reluctant, but growing, applause

HOST: Later that night, receptions are hosted by Pan-Graphic Press and the Daughters of Bilitis. Zwerin toasts to Member of the Year, New York's Tony Segura.

The following day, **Labor Day 1957**, the annual business meeting holds the election of new chairmen nationally. The call for presidential nominations is held. Hal Call, shocked, runs to the incumbent Don Lucas. Kenneth Zwerin is on the ballot. Don knew it was coming. The votes are tallied and the new president takes the stage. Hal Call is astonished to watch the organization he once stole, now stolen from him by his former lover and attorney. As Hal gives his publications report, delegates speak up to accuse him of profiting off his position as Publications Chairman.

AUDIO: gavel

HAL CALL: First of all, I resent the implication that I would quote as minimum average commercial prices for comparable quality which were not just that... These figures will stand up, as I am sure you will learn. Pan-Graphic was set up as a commercial publishing and lithographic firm primarily for the purpose of printing the *Mattachine Review* at the lowest possible cost. It hasn't charged the magazine for labor.

HOST: But combing through the books, historians like James Sears have found that Pan-Graphic did charge the *Mattachine* for "over-head" and "administration-editing." When he launched the *Review* two years ago, Hal recorded a commercial printer's quote to make the magazine at \$266 for 3,000 copies of the first issue, including envelopes and labor for mailing. Call launched Pan-Graphic, printed the issue, and invoiced the *Mattachine* Society for \$600, not including postage. Hal wrote at the time,

HAL CALL: This is less than one-half of what it would have cost if done commercially....No individual has profited one cent.

HOST: The delegates here at this convention don't even know these facts, but they're suspicious of the Society falling into Pan-Graphic's debt, while subscription rates rise and Hal is demanding more money. The new leadership, most of whom are from other cities, are fed up on the San Francisco centrality of the magazine anyway. Turning on his former lover, President Zwerin demands Hal not even open the *Mattachine* Society's mail anymore. The Board votes for a new commercial printer to take the magazine. The next issue is to be published by the New York chapter — not by Hal. Bob Eastlick is given authority to investigate wrongdoings against their constitution possibly committed by Hal Call. The convention is called.

AUDIO: gavel

The *Mattachine* Society leaders gather in the library lounge with their new president for a group photo, just below a small poster of their court jester logo.

AUDIO: camera flash

HOST: Eastlick's investigation gathers dirt quickly. The disorganization of the San Francisco Area Council and abandonment of social programming for homosexuals leads him to propose demoting San Francisco to chapter status. Publicly, Hal Call says,

HAL CALL: I have no objection to anything that is taking place in the San Francisco area.

HOST: Privately, Hal furiously writes missives to his friends:

HAL CALL: I'm not about to let New York jerk the rug out from under us.

HOST: Don Lucas, Hal's *Mattachine* partner in San Francisco, writes to Joe in New York:

DON LUCAS: If I see that the results of this investigation into Hal are not going to be sufficient, then I am definitely planning on flying to New York to talk to you in person.... I cannot say what I have to say in writing.

JOE: It is very unfortunate that 90 percent of our efforts are at the present time directed at solving internal conflicts.

HOST: New York leadership entertains ideas of the Society absorbing Hal's Pan-Graphic Press. Hal sits back and waits for them to figure it out on their own. The new *Mattachine Review* issue, in the hands of New York, is weeks behind schedule. Hal answers questions from the new printer, but it still doesn't hit the post until 25 days after deadline. The printer tells Hal,

PRINTER: I'll tell you how to get the *Review* back. Take the damn thing. I don't want it.

HOST: New York realizes they don't have the expertise that Hal has. If they buy Pan-Graphic, they don't have their publisher or the funds to produce the magazine. And Pan-Graphic needs the *Review* just as mutually in order to make money. As he waits for *Mattachine's* decision, Hal proceeds in publishing Helen Branson's book, *Gay Bar*, with Pan-Graphic Press. Three months behind schedule, Hal sends Helen her first copy, writing on the inside cover,

HAL CALL: To my favorite *author* and my favorite *Gay Bar*. Your first is our first also. Here's hoping we can both create a second as successful as this one looks right now!

HOST: He later will describe the powerful bar owner as—

HAL CALL: a king without a penis.

HOST: The reviews in the homophile press – *ONE Magazine*, *The Ladder*, and the *Mattachine Review*, are great! Warner Brothers even reaches out to Helen for a copy to consider optioning *Gay Bar*. A king, indeed. Homophile book services sell out of it fast. Pan-Graphic printed 1,600 copies, despite a contractual agreement to print 2,500, and within a month, Pan-Graphic has only

300 copies left to sell. Within a year, those sell out too. With a grant and 15% royalties withheld from the author, Pan-Graphic will surely make a profit. Helen's royalties, which add up to \$572.40 – more than \$4,600 today – are never paid by Hal Call to Helen Branson. Her only profits for writing this book come from copies she sells herself in her small gay bar of regular customers. Hal never gave his king her royalties.

Hal continues his side projects as word still has not come down from the new Mattachine president. He prints the new issue of *Interim*, the members-only Mattachine quarterly that almost had Puryear's obituary. Reporting on the recent convention, the group photograph of Mattachine leaders in the library lounge is pasted, plated, folded, stapled, trimmed, slipped into envelopes, sealed, and addressed to all members, the names of those leaders printed below the photograph. It's the first time an American homophile organization has ever printed a photo of their leadership. All over the country, members open their new *Interim* issue to see something revolutionary. Kenneth Zwerin, the closeted attorney and new president of the Mattachine Society and all-out drama queen, goes through the roof. Just about everyone in the photo does. Their faces are now public.

A San Francisco Mattachine member shows up at Don Lucas's office. He says he was recently in trouble with the police and went to a lawyer for help. He told the lawyer everything he had done. This lawyer then told the young man to pay up – a hefty fine, too – because he had just recorded this entire conversation. If the young man doesn't pay up, the lawyer is gonna use the information against him in court. It's illegal, but it's what many lawyers do to gay clients. Don isn't surprised. He asks the young man the lawyer's name.

Don Lucas storms from the Mattachine offices and marches down Market Street, barging into Kenneth Zwerin's second floor office. He grabs flower arrangement from Zwerin's desk and rips the microphone cord from it.

DON LUCAS: This is the cause of it!

ZWERIN: Get the hell out of my office!

DON LUCAS: THIS IS THE CAUSE OF IT!

HOST: Zwerin, irate, pushes Don out of his office. President Zwerin's resignation is quick to follow. Though he insists he never gave written permission for the use of his photograph in *Interim*, he agrees to hold off on a lawsuit against Mattachine. As his house of cards flutters back down into his hands, Hal Call has one last move to play.

AUDIO: typewriter

HOST: Jim Kepner, the homophile reporter in Los Angeles, writes to Joe in Mattachine New York to confirm a report—

JIM KEPNER: of such a disturbing significance to the entire homophile movement—

HOST: —for his news column in *ONE Magazine*.

JIM KEPNER: Unless we hear from you further, we will consider this news authentic.

HOST: Joe confirms the news to be true, and Kepner's piece goes to print:

JIM KEPNER: *One Magazine* is informed by Joe McCarthy, New York City chairman of the board, Mattachine Society, that it has been compelled to accept the resignation of Hal Call, San Francisco, as editor of the *Mattachine Review*, publications director, and as a member of the Society, due to threats made against various members of the Society by Kenneth Zwerin, San Francisco attorney, formerly a member of the Society and its president.

HOST: Next week on episode 6, "Faces Behind the Names."