



American LGBTQ+ liberation from the beginning to Stonewall.  
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Season 3, Episode 1: “A Minority of Militant Homosexuals”  
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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 These texts contain **identifying terms** that may now be out of date.

AUDIO: Sirens. Then, cameras flash. Metal clinking—handcuffs. More sirens joining.

HERB DONALDSON: Am I under arrest?

NANCY MAY: Betty, you're a religious woman aren't you?

OFFICER: We need to make a health inspection.

DEL MARTIN: Officer, I thought we had a deal.

ELLIOT LEIGHTON: Nancy! Nancy May! You can't take that woman!

RUDY NIETO: We'll uphold God's laws if you won't.

AUDIO: sirens growing louder, typewriter, doors slamming shut, blocking out the sirens, now muffled

HOST: One year earlier.

MUSIC: early 1960s party

AUDIO: chattering, laughter in bar. José Sarria singing.

HOST: **October 31, 1963.** Last night, the Alcohol Beverage Control board finally took the Black Cat Café's liquor license. After 15 years of owner Sol Stoumen fighting, and \$38,000 of legal debt, he decides to finally let the license go. **José Sarria** tried to get other gay bar owners to chip in to pay the legal bills, but it didn't work. Stoumen's fight is the end of a long battle to keep the Cat alive, since its beginning in 1906 in the basement of a Tenderloin hotel. Tonight, on Halloween of '63, the Black Cat's annual party is alcohol-free. They'll attempt to run this way, on food and soft drinks, until February, when the Black Cat Café closes for good.

In response, the Tavern Guild launches a new fundraiser for their organization, in order to support their alliance of gay bars and protect each other from further harassment. The fundraiser is a drag ball — The Beaux Arts Ball. Like their picnics and Monday night auctions at various bars, their drag ball starts bringing in the bucks, and when politicians get invitations to these large events with big money and several voters, it's hard for them to resist paying attention to that community. People running for office appear at the gay events. The Tavern Guild even raises enough money to send two ministers to Selma during Freedom Summer. And soon, their Beaux Arts Ball will be a new home for José Sarria.

AUDIO: party music, chattering, and laughter fades away

HOST: Fighting to save the bars in court is one of many tactics in the movement for queer liberation. They're fighting for new rulings and changing the laws — it's a very slow and often unrewarding process. Some activists and readers of the homophile magazines say that's not the way to liberation, convincing doctors to deem us healthy is

the next step toward liberation, then convince the courts to like us. Others say, no, not doctors, we need ministers to de-stigmatize us first, then the doctors, then the courts. But don't picket for any of this. And don't do a sit-in. Oh, and don't cross genders with your clothes. But don't be quiet—but don't be too loud. And certainly don't be too *openly proud* of your condition. New activists joining the movement want to participate, but what's the point of fighting for liberation if it has all these rules and caveats? That's not liberation, that's assimilation into world that doesn't want us to exist. The younger activists, in particular, want nothing to do with the self-imposed rules. They want the freedom that has long been promised, and most of them have nothing to lose.

AUDIO: typewriter

**DEL MARTIN/PHYLLIS LYON:** Pants are proper!

HOST: *The Ladder's* newest issue exclaims,

PHYLLIS LYON: The running debate among top fashion designs on both sides of the Atlantic has at last subsided. With help from *Harper's*, *Vogue*, and the *New York Times*, the ayes have it! This season you can wear pants absolutely anywhere—which means dandy pants for town and fancy pants for evening. You can choose from knickers, britches, jumpsuits, pantsuits, pant-shifts, etc. Combine with a champion-swimmer hairdo sleeked back behind your ears and a cropped coat. An inside contact reports that fashion artists are being told to draw their panted women to 'look like lesbians.' But who can be sure what that means?"

HOST: Things are changing quickly at the Daughters of Bilitis. National DOB President Jaye Bell suddenly resigns, and **Cleo Bonner** takes her place as acting president, then earns the seat and holds it until 1966. Cleo is a tall, elegant woman who served as circulation manager for the Daughters' magazine, *The Ladder*, while she was working at Pacific Bell — and she's the first woman of color to head a national gay organization. The San Francisco chapter gets a new president, too. Also a woman of color, **Pat Walker, AKA Dubby**, is extremely popular among the Daughters. She's also extremely busy in her work. Dubby runs a wakeup call service, she volunteers on the city's suicide prevention hotline and she runs a snack bar outside a public office building in Berkeley. She's blind, but refuses to get a seeing-eye dog. She always says,

DUBBY WALKER: They get all the credit.

HOST: She can tell who is approaching her by how their steps sound. And if anyone at her snack bar tries to steal from her, she chases them down and tackles them.

Over on the East Coast, the Daughters of Bilitis have just attended the first official conference for the **East Coast Homophile Organization — ECHO**. On Labor Day

weekend in Philadelphia, the Mattachine Society of Washington, the Daughters of Bilitis New York, the Mattachine Society of New York, and the Janus Society of Philadelphia all met to strategize an agreed, cohesive plan for their movement as the eastern alliance, ECHO.

REPORTER: Confidential Reporter Attends First Homosexual Convention in U.S. History,

HOST: reporter Ken Travis wrote, inaccurately. The first one was way back in 1953, (season 1 episode 6).

AUDIO: typewriter

REPORTER: Respectability was the keynote. Everyone was conservatively dressed, the men mostly in Ivy League fashion, the women in dresses or suits. No bottled-in-blond men, limp wrists or lisping here, thank you.

HOST: Their special guest speaker was psychologist Albert Ellis, who spoke of homosexuality as a sickness that makes them psychopaths. Someone shouted from the audience,

DAUGHTER 2: Any homosexual who would come to you for treatment, Dr. Ellis, would *have* to be a psychopath!

AUDIO: happy laughter and applause

HOST: **Barbara Gittings** is there in the audience. After many years organizing the New York DOB chapter, Barbara is chosen as the new editor of their magazine *The Ladder*. Along with her lover of two years, **Kay Lahusen**, they begin to make big changes. Fed up with the quiet discretion of their little magazine with the vague title, they add a subtitle to the cover, announcing that *The Ladder* is “A Lesbian Review.”

BARBARA GITTINGS: I’m done worrying about who’s bringing what to the covered dish supper.

HOST: It’s time for these activists to be bold.

Act 1

AUDIO: cough, and a drag on a cigarette

SHIRLEY WILLER: Look, I don’t feel like a big butch. I wear men’s clothes because I’m too damn fat to buy women’s clothes,

HOST: **Shirley Willer** tells her new Bilitis group.

SHIRLEY WILLER: They don't make the kind of slacks that I like to wear in a 48-inch waist for women. They make them for men. They are cheap and fit better.

HOST: Shirley moved to New York from Chicago for her 40<sup>th</sup> birthday. She had a good time in Chicago, going to the annual Finnie's Halloween balls at the Aragon and Trianon Ballrooms. She would attend in a tux and her gay friends would do her makeup. When it's not Halloween, though, tailored pants got her into trouble. On her first-ever walk to a gay bar, a cop on Rush Street grabbed her by the shirt and beat her up, calling her a pervert. The discrimination in Chicago is worse than ever. When her gay friend Barney fell asleep smoking, the doctors in his hospital refused to take care of him as well as their other patients. Shirley can see all the neglect. She's a nurse. After begging, Shirley got him moved to a veterans' hospital, where he died the next day. **Shirley got angry.** She went to **Pearl Hart**, a Chicago attorney, a woman who wore tweedy Brooks Brothers suits as she defended sex workers and entrapped gay men. Shirley asked Pearl how to start an organization to help homosexuals.

PEARL HART: You don't. It's too dangerous.

HOST: So she found a friend who was also a nurse and they started taking in queer kids who needed housing. Sometimes they'd have three teens sleeping on their kitchen floor. They help the kids find jobs and let them wear any clothes they like. When she heard about the DOB, Shirley wrote to Meredith Grey in New York and made the move to the East Coast to catch the next meeting.

AUDIO: knocking on door, barking dog

HOST: Shirley arrives at the address given to her by Meredith. It's an apartment with a loud dog inside. She knocks. A woman opens the door.

DAUGHTER: What do you want?

SHIRLEY WILLER: Well, there's going to be a meeting here tonight, isn't there?

DAUGHTER: Oh my god, no! I forgot!

HOST: She lets Shirley in, revealing a wrecked apartment. Dishes everywhere. Shirley helps her wash the dishes and clean up just in time for **Meredith Grey, AKA Marion Glass**, and a dozen other women to show up. Shirley Willer soon after begins the search for a better meeting place. She finds a cheap office for the DOB. When they all enter the new space, they find a dried mess of blood all over the floor. It seems the last person to

rent the office had a hemorrhage on the floor and no one ever cleaned it up. The Daughters come back with spatulas, get on their knees, and scrape up the mess together. Shirley helps the New York DOB thrive as their new chapter president. She works with ECHO as she and Marion become lovers traveling the country to recruit women to start new DOB chapters in major cities. Shirley also brings on an anonymous donor to fund the DOB. The only thing Shirley will reveal about this donor is that she's a lesbian from one of the first ten families of the country. Del and Phyl nickname this donor "**Pennsylvania.**" Every month, "Pennsylvania" sends a \$3,000 check, each time written out to a different Daughter. Over the next five years, this "Pennsylvania" will donate a total of about \$100,000 to the Daughters – worth nearly a million dollars in 2021. Phyllis Lyon will meet her once, later describing her as a poised woman who fidgets and blushes when lesbianism is brought up. "Pennsylvania" barely makes eye contact. This woman also donates to Planned Parenthood, and she never takes credit for any of her philanthropy. Pennsylvania's true identity will remain, possibly forever, unknown. The money she provides to the DOB through Shirley Willer helps them get *The Ladder* printed in slick stock and sold on newsstands all over the country. Shirley will later tell historian Eric Marcus,

SHIRLEY WILLER: We wanted to try to see if that would work, but people were afraid to buy it from newsstands. I can't see why. It was the most boring thing I ever ran across. Cute little love stories of any kind, straight or gay, never did appeal to me. And that's what *The Ladder* was packed with.

HOST: Lovers Barbara Gittings and Kay Lahusen would like to change that with more radical, nonfiction writing under that new subtitle – "A Lesbian Review," which is in an ever-growing font size. "A Lesbian Review" is steadily getting larger and larger on every cover until it matches the size of the title "The Ladder." And the caption "for sale to adults only" at the bottom of the cover gets smaller and smaller. Pennsylvania's money also helps the group start two scholarships for women, and they'll soon be able to help out **Frank Kameny** when he's broke in D.C. After having recently appeared on a local radio show using his real name, Frank Kameny lost his new job offer to work as a geophysicist.

AUDIO: typewriter

FRANK KAMENY: Dear Charlie: ...While I will grant that the lavender buttons didn't look as bad as I'd expected—primarily because the lavender color isn't as apparent as I'd thought it would be—my basic reaction remains the same.

HOST: Frank Kameny writes to **Charles Hayden, AKA Randy Wicker**, about political buttons he asked Randy to make.

FRANK KAMENY: Whether you like it or not—and, perhaps, more fundamental, whether it's rational or not—the prejudiced connotations in regard to lavender vis a vis homosexuality and effeminacy DO exist. You don't attempt—at least you don't, if you hope to be successful—to overcome one prejudice by exacerbating another. In a good many instances where a plain, black-and-white button might arouse some anger (which sometimes leads to constructive thought) or just some startled re-thinking, the use of lavender will elicit a snickering “what can you expect of a bunch of pansies,” and a reinforcement of old prejudices. The reaction may not be logical, but it'll be there, nonetheless. They need to be made to feel at ease in accepting the new (for them) attitudes in question. They need to be made to feel that they aren't going TOO far out (socially, at least). Lavender buttons will not give them the ease of mind which will be conducive to a receptive attitude for the ideas which you want to promulgate. I won't belabor this point further. I think that I've made my position clear.

HOST: Randy Wicker responds:

RANDY WICKER: I am OUT of the movement for good.... I cancelled my book contract. Sent them the money back and filed the work I had done in a dusty drawer. I just couldn't get enthused or busy on a book concerning homosexuality. I am sick of the subject for present. Maybe after a few months or years of rest the old concern, drive, vision, and flame will burn brightly once more. Right now I have developed the feelings of “FUCK THIS STUPID WORLD AND THE PEOPLE IN IT WHO THINK STUPIDLY ABOUT SOMETHING AS BASICALLY SIMPLE AS HOMOSEXUALITY.” I have a life to live. I want to spend it learning and living with the enlightened, the informed, even the ‘hippies.’ I don't want to spend agonizing hours in publishers' offices, magazine offices, pleading like dirty for the right to advertise or trying to rile them into giving something legitimate publicity. I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED. I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT CITY HALL. I WANT TO EAT, SLEEP, FUCK, LIVE! I also want to try writing...an idea I am pursuing at haste right now. A radio show for WBAI and an article on ‘THE DOCTOR AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM: SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEWHERE!’...Again must go... give them hell in Washington. Write soon. See you soon.

As always, Charlie

HOST: Charles Hayden A.K.A. Randy Wicker is out... for now. He sees that society's problem isn't just with homosexuality, it's with sex in general, and Randy refocuses his attention on sexual revolution by joining the **League for Sexual Freedom**. This group isn't scared to march, and doesn't consider picketing too radical, like most of the homophiles do. The League for Sexual Freedom has marched against obscenity laws and for the legalization of sex work.

As the Sexual Freedom group looks for new sexual causes to consider picketing for, Frank Kameny quietly advises them with a suggestion...

AUDIO CLIP MONTAGE: **Martin Luther King, Jr.** speaking on the Civil Rights Movement, rising racial tensions across the nation, **JFK** assassination on the news, Vietnam war coverage, **Betty Friedan** on *The Feminine Mystique* and women's lib influence on gender liberation, King connecting the movements and calling to action.

NYT REPORTER: The *New York Times* reports GROWTH OF OVERT HOMOSEXUALITY IN CITY PROVOKES WIDE CONCERN. The city's most sensitive secret—the presence of what is probably the greatest homosexual population in the world and its increasing openness—has become the subject of growing concern of psychiatrists, religious leaders and police. The old idea, assiduously propagated by homosexuals, that homosexuality is an inborn, incurable disease, has been exploded by modern psychiatry, in the opinion of many experts. It can be both prevented and cured, these experts say.

HOST: The *Times* writer slants Randy Wicker's own statements to make homosexuality sound like a sickness from birth. This, on top of **Dr. Irving Bieber**'s terribly inaccurate new book, *Homosexuality: A Psychoanalytic Study*, which examines homosexual men already in analytic treatment and blames their mothers for causing their supposed illness, it all makes **Jack Nichols** in D.C. furious. Newspapers and magazines and universities start perpetuating Dr. Bieber's stereotypes masked as research – and they'll continue to quote him through the 1980s. As homosexuals have finally begun to make progress to liberate queer people on the legal front, doctors claiming they're sick and preachers claiming they're sinners are rising up as formidable opponents to the homophile cause.

Encouraged by his mentor Frank Kameny, Jack Nichols writes a letter to their board of the Mattachine Society of Washington.

AUDIO: typewriter

JACK NICHOLS: The mental attitude of our own people toward themselves, that they are not well, that they are not whole, that they are LESS THAN HEALTHY, is responsible for UNTOLD NUMBERS OF PERSONAL TRAGEDIES AND WARPED LIVES. It is responsible for mental masochism and guilt-inspired punishment which homosexuals inflict upon themselves.

HOST: He demands the MSW take action to change the medical understanding of homosexuality. Fighting the sickness theory should be one of their primary battles.

JACK NICHOLS: By failing to take a definite stand, a strong stand, that is scientifically open, I believe that you will not only weaken the Movement ten-fold, but that you will fail in your duty to homosexuals who need more than anything else to see themselves in a better light.



HOST: Can you tell Frank Kameny is his mentor? Kay Lahusen, with Bilitis and *The Ladder*, also hears Frank speak and comes home to Barbara:

KAY LAHUSEN: You have to hear this guy.

HOST: Barbara Gittings, new editor of *The Ladder*, becomes close with Frank and Jack through ECHO. Jack and Barbara are probably two of the most well-read activists in the movement. She's thrilled to finally hear someone else say that concerning themselves with educating heteros is a thing of the past, that they should follow the Civil Rights Movement and fight for their legal rights. Barbara invites the MSW to get involved in *The Ladder*. Frank contributes articles about this thoughts on the scientific study of homosexuals – he wants no studies conducted until there is a study of what causes heterosexuality. But *The Ladder* readers don't necessarily listen to him. They launch a new survey of lesbians as their contributors debate the merits of the "sickness theory" and whether or not they should consider doctors "the experts."

FRANK KAMENY: We are the experts and the authorities.

HOST: Kameny didn't have the stereotypical distant father and overbearing mother, and yet he's a homosexual. We are our own experts. He writes to Randy Wicker:

FRANK KAMENY: For us, education is not really what we are seeking to do. As the Negro found out, simple presentation of truth does not eliminate prejudice. It never has. That is what education is. We are NOT an educational organization; we are a civil liberties organization. We too have been critical of our fellow homophiles and homophile organizations. We certainly were so, by implication, when we set our own course of evolution toward the civil liberties direction, and away from New York's and San Francisco's education and research direction.

HOST: The *New York Times*, December 27, 1963.

NYT REPORTER: There is now an organized homophile movement—a minority of militant homosexuals that is openly agitating for removal of legal, social, and cultural discriminations against sexual inverts—

AUDIO: knock at the door, music stops

**HAL CALL:** Come in.

TED MCILVENNA: Mr. Call? Good evening, I'm **Ted McIlvenna**, I'm the reverend over at Glide Memorial.

HAL CALL: Oh yes, nice to meet you, reverend, have a seat.

TED MCILVENNA: I'm told you're the man to see to learn about homosexuality.

HAL CALL: (laughs) I'm certainly considered a professional.

TED MCILVENNA: (laughs nervously) Well, good, that's what I need.

HAL CALL: Are you a homosexual, reverend?

TED MCILVENNA: Oh no, no. I'm here representing the church's Young Adult Project. See, Mr. Call, my church is located right here in the **Tenderloin**. Young kids come looking for help, they need homes and food and affection, really, Mr. Call. These are the kids I see sleeping outside on the streets by our church. I believe it is the church's responsibility to take care of them.

HAL CALL: These youth are homosexuals?

TED MCILVENNA: They are, many of them. I know historically, the church has not been very welcoming—

HAL CALL: No, they have not.

TED MCILVENNA: But look at what Dr. King's doing. I could do more. My church should do more.

HAL CALL: You don't think that'll get your church into some trouble?

TED MCILVENNA: Do you think talking to me will get you into trouble with your constituents?

HAL CALL: I think approval from clergy is exactly what my constituents need. Some of the militant guys in the movement are trying to get laws changed, but that isn't going to happen without minds being changed.

TED MCILVENNA: I'm eager to change minds, Mr. Call. I just don't know where to begin.

HAL CALL: Well... we have an extensive library here in the Mattachine offices—

TED MCILVENNA: I'd love to see it—

HAL CALL: But the best way to learn is firsthand. [a beat] You ever been down to the Embarcadero at night?

TED MCILVENNA: I have not. What happens then?

HAL CALL: (chuckles) Well, what's important is what happens when the cops show up.

TED MCILVENNA: I see.

HAL CALL: Especially in the bars. That's when it makes the papers.

TED MCILVENNA: Are there private spaces for homosexuals to meet? Do they have to meet in public?

HAL CALL: Sure, there's private sex clubs but you can't pay for that if you've got a wife at home.

TED MCILVENNA: What do the police do when they show up at the Embarcadero and other... meeting places—

HAL CALL: Cruising spots—

TED MCILVENNA: Cruising spots.

HAL CALL: Do you wanna take a walk, reverend?

AUDIO: typewriter

FBI AGENT: Nothing has come to the Bureau's attention reflecting that the Civil Service has changed its policies with respect to homosexuals.

HOST: **Director Hoover** sends the FBI Liaison Section to check with the Civil Service Commission to be sure they haven't started hiring queers for government jobs. CSC's director of policy and standards responds:

O. GLENN STAHL: Although it is Commission Policy to rule in favor of the individual if there is evidence of rehabilitation, in actual practice we rarely find evidence of rehabilitation. Really, we do not apply Commission policy at all; we apply our own individual emotional reactions and moral standards. Our tendency to 'lean over backwards' to rule against a homosexual is simply a manifestation of the revulsion which homosexuality inspires in the normal person. What it boils down to is that most men look upon homosexuality as something uniquely nasty, not just as a form of immorality.

HOST: On Christmas Eve, Hoover's agent informs him that the Mattachine of Washington has been pressuring the Civil Service Commission to hire homosexuals, but the agent reassures the Director that the CSC—

AUDIO: typewriter

FBI AGENT: —has not changed its basic policy excluding all homosexuals from Government service.

HOST: Hoover underlines this and writes

AUDIO: scribbling

DIRECTOR HOOVER: They should stick to it—H.

MUSIC: awards show

HOST: Live! At the Syriana Club on Connecticut Avenue! Welcome to the “Academy Awards of Washington, D.C.”! 200 people are expected to attend. Most men “will be dressed as females.” They’ll be competing for awards, such “bitch of the year, hostess of the year, Miss Washington, best-dressed homosexual, and others.” They “will be presented with engraved trophies” by the Mattachine Society of Washington.

How do we know about this spectacular event hosted by the MSW? The Washington Field Office SAC sends these exact details to Director Hoover on April 9, 1964. Kameny's longtime nemesis, Officer Blick at the Metro PD Morals Department, “has been advised.” Remember, drag is illegal. Their informant inside the Mattachine says there are “now three ‘Hollywood Houses’ housing homosexuals in the capital,” and this informant says he won “gayest guy in 1963.”

The FBI never finds out if these awards are real or if this is just a crank call. (Obviously it's a crank.) They receive another tip, this time from the Women of Cleveland chapter of Citizens for Decent Literature. Apparently a national convention for lesbians is gathering at the Hotel New Yorker in Manhattan this year. The Women of Cleveland probably read about this in the *New York Times*, which reported on this, the upcoming third convention of the Daughters of Bilitis. Director Hoover forwards the tip to the New York Field Office.

DIRECTOR HOOVER: Furnish this information to local authorities and follow this matter for possible Bureau interest.

HOST: And on June 8, 1964, FBI agents arrive at the Hotel New Yorker to interview management. The manager says New York DOB President Shirley Willer made the

reservations. They say they asked her for a \$400 deposit, but haven't received it. They also asked for "any credit rating on the organization." Unable to give one, the hotel cancelled the DOB reservation. The agents encourage that decision. From the Daughters' point of view, the hotel is just creating delays. The DOB treasurer writes to the hotel, explaining the incorporated group from California has never had any trouble booking conventions before. Still, they get nothing from the hotel. They re-book at the Barbizon-Plaza, but the Bureau doesn't know. Agents ask the first hotel where the lesbians went to re-book. They ask the New York City Convention Bureau, too, but nobody seems to know. The agents give up and file the documents away in the now-enormous Sex Deviates File.

Meanwhile, the *New York Times* covers a report from the New York Academy of Medicine about the homosexual activists and their push to be accepted as healthy individuals. The paper's headline announces, "Deviant Proud, Doctors Report." The article ends by reminding readers, "homosexuality is indeed an illness."

AUDIO: studio audience applause

HOST: **January 1964.** Randy Wicker smiles for the camera on New York City television, appearing on *The Les Crane Show*. Randy's TV appearances and media interviews pick up even more steam as he tours church groups and college courses to speak. *The Les Crane Show* is a talk show featuring controversial guests, such as Martin Luther King, Jr., George Wallace, and Lee Harvey Oswald's mom, who argues with an attorney and the audience about whether or not her son killed the president. Randy tries to get the Daughters of Bilitis on Les Crane's show too, but the network executives think that's too controversial.

But lesbians finally find a way onto TV, just four months later. Frank, Randy, and Chicago DOB president **Del Shearer** appear on Norman Ross's TV show "Off the Cuff" in Chicago. Shearer writes to the DOB publicity director:

DEL SHEARER: My friends have advised me against this possible exposure to ridicule and similar types of aggravation. I must admit that I have reached a point in my life when I must show my belief in people and in myself...I will not wear a mask.

Act 2

HOST: **May 26, 1964.** The League for Civil Education, LCE, or Elsie, is broke. They're thousands of dollars in debt, despite three mayoral candidates having purchased ads in Elsie's publication. That gay newspaper, *The LCE News*, started by Guy Strait and José Sarria, has been financially mismanaged over the past few years. Sarria resigned two years ago. Guy's leadership style is kinda like Hal Call's: members, just give me the money and I'll do the rest my way. Now the board sits in the home of Jim Foster, discussing what to do. They refuse to take on Guy's debt and, instead, vote to dissolve the organization. Elsie is dead. Then they all leave, ditch Guy, and walk across the street to board member Bill Plath's house. Bill May goes to use Plath's phone, and he calls his wife at home.

BILL MAY: We're thinking of forming a new organization and wondered if you were interested.

NANCY MAY: I'm on my way.

HOST: **Nancy May** comes right over. She knows her husband is gay, and since they're such close friends she wants to get involved in the movement with him. Nancy and Bill left San Diego to escape the conservative atmosphere and oppressive police. She walked out of her last job after being publicly reprimanded for hanging with homosexual friends. Now, Nancy sits down with the ten men to establish the **Society for Individual Rights**. Perhaps it's a nod to Henry Gerber's 1920s gay Chicago group, the Society for Human Rights. Their group's acronym spells out SIR. And SIR gets right to work. The organization speaks boldly about social action and promises that this group will not focus on personality conflicts inside the organization, but will fight sexual puritanism and unite the gay community. They pick up the social activism of Elsie, and publish their own newspaper, *Vector*. When their members are harassed, SIR fights city hall and publishes legal advice in *Vector*. Their legal committee, two gay lawyers – **Herb Donaldson and Evander Smith** – they write up a "Pocket Lawyer" for gays to carry in case of arrest. They inform their members about their civil rights, and they're not as elitist as Mattachine about it. And SIR isn't scared of simultaneously being a social group. They sponsor theatre productions, drag shows, and private dances, since same-sex dancing can still get people into trouble. These dances are a huge incentive to join SIR. They also have tennis groups, hiking trips, softball, card games, discussion groups, camping trips, and bowling! There's something to do with SIR almost every night. They start with one bowling lane on Monday nights, but eventually, in a few years, they'll be renting out the entire bowling alley two nights a week. SIR joins forces with the **Tavern Guild** to host fundraisers in the bars, and the bars donate food. Gay customers pack the places as the gay organizations and businesses work together to help the community. Just one example: while people there at the bar drinking, they can pick up brochure about VD made by SIR and the Public Health Department and displayed by the bars. By getting their members to

socialize and bond, SIR is more likely to get members involved politically. This makes them simultaneously a political action group and a social service agency for queers. SIR shifts the conversation from individual, case-by-case work to collective social action. They're inclusive of everyone — people of all genders join. Within the first year, SIR's membership of 300 people will pass every other gay and lesbian organization in town. On page one of the very first issue of *Vector*, president Bill Beardemphl writes,

AUDIO: typewriter

BILL BEARDEMPHL: SIR is an organization formed from within the Community working for the Community.

HOST: While encouraging members to get out and vote, Nancy May's political committee for SIR puts out word that all 90,000 gay votes in San Francisco should unite. Bill writes to all members:

BILL BEARDEMPHL: We are in agreement. Even the Mattachine and the *Citizens News*, who always are miles apart, agree on this. The Bars agree, the DOB agrees. Our straw poll has overwhelmingly shown that *the whole gay community*, when it becomes informed, agrees on these issues.

HOST: Nancy May keeps hard at work to unite the gay vote.

AUDIO: phone ringing

NANCY MAY: Hello?

TED MCILVENNA: Good morning, I'm Reverend Ted McIlvenna, from Glide Memorial. I just read your *Vector* publication and I'm wondering if you might be able to answer a few questions for me.

HOST: Meanwhile, the Tavern Guild meets with the Daughters of Bilitis and Mattachine leaders to suggest a new campaign to change California's oppressive laws. They want to pass an anti-discrimination bill. State assembly members don't think they have a chance at passing such a bill without the support of someone like a church leader.

DEL MARTIN: That'll be the day.

AUDIO: typewriter

BARTENDER: The Tavern Guild has actually been contacted recently by a minister with some ideas about that.

MUSIC: religious chorus

HOST: With the help of Del and Phyllis, co-founders of Bilitis, a meeting is organized between all of the San Francisco homophile leaders and Reverend Ted McIlvenna, along with ministers of local Methodist, Lutheran, United Church of Christ, and Episcopalian churches.

MUSIC: Retreat

HOST: May 31. In a Mill Valley cabin 14 miles outside the city, Del Martin, Phyllis Lyon, Cleo Bonner, Dubby Walker, and Billye Talmadge of DOB, Hal Call and Don Lucas of Mattachine, Guy Strait formerly of LCE, along with 6 other homophile activists from the Tavern Guild and SIR meet with 15 clergy men and the Reverend Ted McIlvenna. It's a three-day retreat. Billye makes sure most people are brought there and dropped off so no one can leave.

BILLYE TALMADGE: They came to convert us, and we came to convert them.

HOST: On the first night, the ministers make dinner. Everyone is sitting in their little cliques of gay women, gay men, and ministers. It's clearly uncomfortable, until the next day. They all get up early and sit down for a discussion.

TED MCILVENNA: Ladies first.

BILLYE TALMADGE: No, I'm last.

HOST: Billye will later say she was ready to "drop some real bombs."

BILLYE TALMADGE: Where does it say in the Bible that homosexuality is wrong? Where does it say that love is wrong between two women?

HOST: By the time lunch comes, everyone is talking. They all answer each other's questions and get on the same page. Soon they're strategizing how they can help churches understand these questions and help them help homosexuals. On Saturday night, the group of nearly 30 takes a bar tour in San Francisco.

MUSIC: eerie nightlife, distant sirens slightly growing

HOST: They start at dumpier bars. They explain to the ministers that these are the bars we're forced to gather in — because systems like religion keep homosexuals from being able to meet in more public, safer places. Most religious leaders uphold the values that encourage oppressive laws, and the homophiles want the ministers to see the vivid results of such laws.



DEL MARTIN: Would you want your son to go here? How do you know your son isn't going here?

HOST: The ministers are clearly moved by these rundown bars. The group continues on their tour, hitting every gay bar they can. By the time they all return to the cabin, no one can sleep. Everyone is all over the house talking excitedly.

TED MCILVENNA: I see now that you can't understand heterosexuality without understanding homosexuality, and the other way around. It's just part of the human condition.

HOST: They all agree to co-sponsor a fundraising event for their new united organization: **The Council on Religion and the Homosexual.**

In the upcoming December issue of the *Mattachine Review*, Hal Call writes,

HAL CALL: Never before have all six groups united in concert to promote a community project.

MUSIC INTERLUDE

HOST: In **June of '64**, the Daughters of Bilitis meet for their Third Annual Convention, titled,

SHIRLEY WILLER: The Threshold of the Future!

AUDIO: audience applauds

HOST: President Cleo Bonner, who drove 3000 miles with Del and Phyl shortly after the retreat, takes the podium to speak.

CLEO BONNER: As President of the Daughters of Bilitis, I must say that we've come a long way—we hold our convention every two years and that in itself is a world-shaking event. It now stands for six years. We have our struggles and disappointments, our financial difficulties—and when I say 'financial difficulties' it's a nice way of saying how broke we usually are.

AUDIO: audience laughs

CLEO BONNER: And when we feel despondent and sometimes say to ourselves, 'Oh, who cares? What's the use?' we will get a letter or some person will call. Then we feel we should go on a little longer, to help where we can and do what we can. I must say I am

very pleased to see all of you from the East, from the West, from Canada, and of course the New York people, to be up with us this morning and to come to our program. Thank you.

AUDIO: applause

SHIRLEY WILLER: We are very happy to have you here in New York—we've been waiting to meet you for a long time.

HOST: The convention guests are eager to get started after last night's cocktail party at the new DOB New York office. Co-author of the Kinsey Reports Wardell Pomeroy also speaks. So do Dr. Sylvia Fava and author Donald Webster Cory. Local radio personality Lee Steiner along with a fashion editor and dietician host a flop of a panel titled "Femininity: What Is It?" They talk about fashion, dating, and fitness. *The Ladder* writer NOLA later writes,

AUDIO: typewriter

NOLA: At the end of the exercise session, Miss Kenyon explained that 'the exterior look of femininity is built on a narrow base' and the look of masculinity was broad-based. The biologically revolutionary statement went unchallenged. This rather surrealistic session gave a lift to things toward the close of the long afternoon. Anyone seeing the triumphantly hatted panelists sashaying off the platform would have had to agree 'there's nothing like a dame.'

BARBARA GITTINGS: The strangest postscript to the DOB convention was the most inaccurate and oblique press notice from Dorothy Kalgallen,

HOST: Barbara Gittings also writes in *The Ladder*. She quotes Kilgallen's coverage of the convention:

BARBARA GITTINGS: "At a very proper East Side hotel...a conclave of ladies with crew cuts." Her comment was obviously not based on first-hand observation. If Miss Kilgallen looked for us on the East Side, that must be why she never showed up. Better luck next time!

HOST: It's unclear whether or not the FBI found and attended the convention, but either way, perhaps the Cleveland women that tipped off the Bureau about the gathering in the first place saw the *New York Times* write-up of the event afterward:

NYT REPORTER: Homosexual Women Hear Psychologists. The Daughters of Bilitis, a national organization of homosexual women, heard two psychologists take issue yesterday with the prevailing medical view that homosexuality is a disease. About 100

persons, including representatives of male homosexual organizations, attended the opening session of a two-day biennial convention at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel.

BARBARA GITTINGS: Thus, in a 5-inch, single column item tucked away on a black page, the *Times* made a rare departure from its usual touting of the disease and/or social menace theories.

AUDIO: sirens

HOST: Meanwhile in Chicago, another bar and another bathhouse are raided. Arrests, firings, and suicides follow. Chicago turns for the third and final time toward a new Mattachine chapter. But put a pin in that, because homosexuals all over the country are learning of a safer place to go. In San Francisco, *Life* magazine photographers scout the gay bars.

AUDIO: camera flashes

HOST: And the entire nation sees what the ministers saw, and more: a map of the underground queer community laid out before them:

REPORTER: *Life* reports: "Homosexuality in America." A secret world grows open and bolder. Society is forced to look at it—and try to understand it.

HOST: Under the headline is a photo of a mural displayed at San Francisco gay bar The Tool Box. The magazine contacted Hal Call to find out where to shoot photos of homosexuals, so he sends them to this shadowy gay bar with the mural. Their photographer is sure to only shoot the silhouettes of customers walking through the bar in front of the mural depicting men in leather jackets.

It's likely unintentional, but this issue of *Life* is basically a how-to guide and a map for any homosexual in the country to buy in their local grocery store. So, for the final minutes of this episode, allow *Life* magazine to show you around.

AUDIO: typewriter

REPORTER: These brawny young men in their leather caps, shirts, jackets and pants are practicing homosexuals, men who turn to other men for affection and sexual satisfaction. They are part of what they call the "gay world," which is actually a sad and often sordid world. On these pages, LIFE reports on homosexuality in America, on its locale and habits and sums up what science knows and seeks to know about it. Homosexuality shears across the spectrum of American life—the professions, the arts, business and labor. It always has. But today, especially in big cities, homosexuals are discarding their furtive ways and openly admitting, even flaunting their deviation. Homosexuals have their own

drinking places, their special assignation streets, even their own organizations. And for every obvious homosexual, there are probably nine nearly impossible to detect. This social disorder, which society tries to suppress, has forced itself into the public eye because it does present a problem—and parents especially are concerned. The myth and misconception with which homosexuality has so long been clothed must be cleared away, not to condone it but to cope with it.

HOST: Hal Call walks the *Life* photographer around the gay bars, assuring men who are captured on camera that they're in the shadows or their faces will be airbrushed. The men stand, crowded in the smoky bar. Finally, it seems like the community has returned to Henry Gerber's Berlin bar with the big, old-fashioned iron stove.

REPORTER: In New York City, swarms of young, college-age homosexuals wearing tight pants, baggy sweaters and sneakers cluster in a ragged phalanx along Greenwich Avenue in the Village. By their numbers and by their casual attitude they are saying that the street—and the hour—is theirs. Farther uptown, in the block west of Times Square on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, their tough-looking counterparts, dressed in dirty jackets and denims, loiter in front of the cheap movie theaters and sleazy bookstores. Few of the passers-by recognize them as male hustlers. By Chicago's Bughouse Square—

HOST: where Henry Gerber used to cruise—

REPORTER: a small park near the city's fashionable Gold Coast on the North Side, a suburban husband drives his car slowly down the street, searching for a "contact" with one of the homosexuals who drift around the square. A sergeant on Chicago's vice squad explains: "These guys tell their wives they're just going to the corner for the evening paper. Why, they even come down here in their slippers!" In Hollywood, after the bars close for the night, Selma Avenue, which parallels Hollywood Boulevard, becomes a dark promenade for homosexuals. Two men approach one another tentatively, stop for a brief exchange of words, then walk away together. In the shadows that reach out beyond the streetlights, the vignette is repeated again and again until the last homosexual gives up for the night and goes home.

Homosexuality—and the problem it poses—exists all over the U.S. but is most evident in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Miami. These large cities offer established homosexual societies to join, plenty of opportunity to meet other homosexuals on the streets, in bars or at parties in private homes, and, for those who seek it, complete anonymity.

REPORTER: Here tolerance, even acceptance by the "straight" world, is more prevalent than in smaller communities... California has a special place for them. In the city of San Francisco, which rates as the "gay capital," there are more than 30 bars that cater exclusively to a homosexual clientele. The number of these bars changes from week to

week as periodic police drives close them down (their life expectancy is about 18 months). Some bars, like the Jumpin' Frog, are "cruising" (pickup) bars, filled with coatless young men in tight khaki pants.

HOST: The Jumpin' Frog's business BOOMS with gay tourists following this article's publication.

REPORTER: They spend the evening standing around (there are few seats in "cruising" bars), drinking inexpensive beer and waiting. As each new customer walks into the dimly lit room he will lock eyes with a half dozen young men before reaching his place at the bar. Throughout the evening there is a constant turnover of customers as contacts are made and two men slip out together, or individuals move on to other bars in search of luck. As closing time—2 a.m.—approaches, the atmosphere grows perceptibly more tense. It is the "frantic hour," the now-or-never time for making a contact.

HOST: It's not just a how-to guide on where to meet, but also a guide to **cruising**.

REPORTER: In contrast to the "cruising" bars are the "gay" cocktail lounges, some of them just off the lobbies of the city's better hotels. They are frequented by local businessmen and out-of-town visitors—plus occasional innocent heterosexual travelers. A step or two down from the cocktail lounges are the "gay" bars where a single personality draws the customers. Until it closed recently, the Backstage was one of the town's most popular because of José Sarria, who entertained regularly on Sunday afternoons. Sarria winds up his routine—and interpretation of "Salome"—standing in full "drag" (dressed and made up like a woman) and shouting to the audience: "All right, you nellie queens, on your feet! United we stand; divided they'll catch us one by one!"

HOST: I am obviously delighted that he included that detail.

REPORTER: As San Francisco's self-styled "dowager queen," José has achieved a certain notoriety: in 1961 he openly ran for city-county supervisor and polled almost 6,000 votes.

In San Francisco's Tenderloin, off Market Street, are the bottom-of-the-barrel bars where outcasts and misfits of all kinds hang out. Their bedraggled clientele includes dope pushers and users, male and female hustlers. Most of the customers have been "busted" (arrested) at least once. Here one finds the stereotype of effeminate males—the "queens" with orange coiffures, plucked eyebrows, silver nail polish and lipstick. There may be a man or two in "drag,"—

HOST: trans women

REPORTER: a few Lesbians, some "gay" prostitutes, drunks and cheap con men.

On another far-out fringe of the “gay” world are the so-called S & M bars (“S” for sadism and “M” for masochism). One of the most dramatic examples is in the warehouse district of San Francisco. Outside the entrance stand a few brightly polished motorcycles, including an occasional lavender model. Inside the bar, the accent is on leather and sadistic symbolism. The walls are covered with murals of masculine-looking men in black leather jackets. A metal collage of motorcycle parts hangs on one wall. A cluster of tennis shoes—favorite footwear for many homosexuals with feminine traits—dangles from the ceiling. Behind it a derisive sign reads: “Down with sneakers!”

HOST: “This is the antifeminine side of homosexuality,”

REPORTER: says Bill Ruquy, part owner of the bar.

HOST: “We throw out anybody who is too swishy. If one is going to be homosexual, why have anything to do with women of either sex? We don’t go for the giddy kids.”

REPORTER: Metal is much in evidence in the room: chains on the wall, the collage and bunches of keys hanging from the customers’ leather belts... The effort of these homosexuals to appear manly is obsessive—in the rakish angle of the caps, in the thumbs boldly hooked in belts. Ruquy says,

HOST: “This is a place for men, a place without all those screaming faggots, fuzzy sweaters and sneakers. Those guys—the ones you see in the other bars—are afraid of us. They’re afraid to come here because everything looks tough. But we’re probably the most genteel bar in town.”

REPORTER: The hostility of the minority “leather” crowd toward the rest of the “gay” world is exceeded...[fading out]

HOST: The *Life* reporter then goes on to teach a history lesson on the movement!

REPORTER: A recent phenomenon in American society, the homophile groups actively conduct programs to increase public understanding of homosexuality...One of the earliest and most active homophile clubs, the Mattachine Society, was started in 1950 as a secret organization by a group of... [fading out]

HOST: He explains the San Francisco Mattachine, the D.C. group, *ONE Magazine*. No mention of Bilitis, as usual. Sprinkled throughout the piece are photos of actual homosexuals.

REPORTER: A homosexual sits on a rail in Los Angeles’ Pershing Square, where homosexuals new in town make contacts.

HOST: That's right where Harry Hay cruised Champ and got his first inklings of his idea to start the Mattachine! Two pages over, a photo of Hal Call at his printing press.

REPORTER: Hal Call, president of San Francisco's Mattachine Society, a homosexual organization, gets press ready for the monthly Mattachine Review. Available to subscribers or on newsstands, the magazine carries articles on homosexuality and fiction on homosexual themes...[fading out]

HOST: How-to find more information!

REPORTER: In Los Angeles Don Slater edits magazine, One,—

HOST: also pictured—

REPORTER: for homosexuals, circulation 5,000. In a recent editorial he wrote, "It is the responsibility of every thinking homosexual to be enlightened."

HOST: Flip a few pages, as he explains in detail the laws that police use to arrest homosexuals, *Life* includes a picture of the backsides of three gentlemen walking away, two policemen on either side of a caught homosexual:

REPORTER: Decoy officer and partner lead handcuffed homosexual away in Hollywood. When arrested for soliciting, he burst into tears. Inspector James Fisk says that the 3,069 arrests for homosexual offenses made in Los Angeles last year represent merely a "token number" of those that should have been made.

HOST: "We're barely touching the surface of the problem,"

REPORTER: Fisk says.

HOST: "The pervert is no longer as secretive as he was. He's aggressive and his aggressiveness is getting worse because of more homosexual activity."

REPORTER: As part of its antihomosexual drive the Los Angeles police force has compiled an "education" pamphlet for law enforcement officers entitled "Some Characteristics of the Homosexual." The strongly opinionated pamphlet includes the warning that what the homosexuals really want is "a fruit world." In their unrelenting crackdown on homosexuals the Los Angeles police use two approaches: one is an effort to deter homosexual activity in public, and the other is an arrest effort. The first includes patrolling, in uniform, rest rooms and other known loitering spaces, such as Selma Avenue. Then the police go the rounds of the "gay" bars and make their presence felt. To arrest homosexuals the police have an undercover operation in which officers dressed to look like homosexuals—tight pants, sneakers, sweaters or jackets—prowl the streets and

bar. The officers are instructed never to make an overt advance: they can only provide an opportunity for the homosexual to proposition them. Arrests are made after the officer has received a specific proposition.

REPORTER: In a typical arrest effort in Hollywood this spring, a plainclothes officer loitered under the streetlight at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Stanley Avenue. Soon a car slowly turned the corner onto Stanley and the officer drifted into the darkness down the block. When the car pulled over to the curb, the officer (“Jim”) approached it. After a few minutes of idle talk the driver established that his name was Jerry. He lived many blocks away, but Jim indicated that he himself had a “place on Wilcox” (actually the police station). Part of the conversation, which the officer hoped would enable him to make an arrest, went like this:

HOST: Then, the reporter actually includes the real transcript of a cruising plainclothes cop luring a man in for arrest. The cop’s cruising is so hilariously bad, I have to wonder if including this conversation was the reporter throwing shade at the police. This part is *not* a how-to guide. (I could cut this from the episode for time, but it’s just so much fun.)

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: [Officer] What’s on your mind after we get home? That’s what I want to know.

JERRY: Well, what’s on your mind?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well...I don’t know.

JERRY: You don’t?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, that is to say (laughs)... there isn’t anything to drink at my place, you know.

JERRY: Well, I can always drink coffee. I don’t drink anything stronger.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Uh huh... Well, anything else...?

JERRY: Anything else?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: I said, is there anything else?

JERRY To drink?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: No.

JERRY: No?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: I was just wondering...maybe...what else you had in mind, if anything.

JERRY: (sighs deeply) At this point I don’t care.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, I don’t exactly know how to take that.

JERRY: Well... how do you want it to go?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Like I say, it’s up to you, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, you call it and...we’ll go from there. I’m your guest...self-invited.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well...I know, but...I wouldn’t want to be a presumptive host, you might say, In others, a good host always looks out for the welfare of his guests. You understand? So....I’ll leave it up to you.

JERRY: Well...we can just let the chips fall where they may or forget it.



PLAINCLOTHES PIG: I always say, if you know what you want and aren't man enough to ask for it, why then to heck with it. You know? (laughs)

JERRY: Yeah, I know.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, there's no use wasting any more of your time...or mine, I guess. Jerry?

JERRY: Well? I don't know. It's up to you.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: You don't know? What's the matter, are you afraid?

JERRY: Well, isn't everybody?

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: I'm not afraid of you.

JERRY: I don't know you and you don't know me.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, that's true, but...still and all, like I say, I'm not...although maybe I should be. I don't know. You're not a policeman, are you?

JERRY: No.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, you could be.

JERRY: So could you.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Well, that's true. I understand they got a whole lot of plainclothesmen they use, so I don't know what to think sometimes. But that's why you got to be kind of careful.

JERRY: Uh huh...it pays.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: You understand of course.

JERRY: So, maybe we just better drop it at that.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Oh? Well...

JERRY: I mean (laughs), we're both getting a little on the leery side.

PLAINCLOTHES PIG: Yeah... Well, so long.

JERRY: I won't take any more of your time.

AUDIO: typewriter

REPORTER: The police officer had decided that the encounter was not going to reward him an arrest. Jerry drove away and the officer went back to work on the corner.

HOST: Honestly, until Jerry actually said he wasn't a cop, I started to wonder if this story was just two undercover cops cruising each other. America reads the entire interaction, the whole strategy of the police, and they learn the cities and bars homosexuals should go to, and it's all complete with photos.

TOOL BOX BAR OWNER: Jesus Christ, Hal, we shouldn't have done that! Now the ABC is going to close my bar.

HAL CALL: Don't you worry. You've got a black-and-white double-page ad in *Life* magazine. You couldn't have bought that for \$75,000.

HOST: From a medical perspective, the *Life* journalists draw from Dr. Irving Bieber's incorrect theories, and one writer notes "There are also women homosexuals, of course, but the number is much smaller." But overall, most of the information in this extensive article is correct. Another huge migration of gays to San Francisco follows.

REPORTER: Do the homosexuals, like the Communists, intend to bury us? Yes, indeed, suggested a startling front-page story in the *New York Times* and other newspapers last month. A committee of the of the highly respected New York Academy of Medicine had come to the conclusion that American homosexuals want far more than to be merely tolerated an even more than to be ungrudgingly accepted. Their true goal, said an Academy report, is to convince the world that homosexuality is a "desirable, noble, preferable way of life."

AUDIO: typewriter

HAL CALL: *We cannot counsel you to use demands or aggressions and only hope you won't come begging on our doorstep if YOUR aggression stirs up retaliative aggressive acts against YOU.* Educations and enlightenment are the Mattachine Society's goals, but shock techniques are not its way. Problems disappear through evolution; they are only aggravated by revolution.

AUDIO: typewriter

*HOMOPHILE: Letter to the editor of the Mattachine Review. I believe the time has come for homosexuals to demand their civil rights as aggressively as Negroes are demanding theirs. We will get no where by pussy-footing our own cause. In their hearts, people respect those who stick up for their rights, even when by non-violent means.... The time has come for social enlightenment on this subject kept so long in the dark in our culture. And some people in their lethargy need to be shocked into consciousness. —Mr. E.A.B. in Denver*

HOST: Education of the public—that's the goal for the Mattachines of San Francisco and New York. Social activities leading to united voting—that's the goal of SIR. Many San Francisco groups work together on the Council for Religion and the Homosexual to begin their goal: changing churches and educating ministers. Mattachine of Washington, D.C. focuses on civil rights. The Daughters of Bilitis, still a national organization, focus on social services, but *The Ladder* editors plan to radicalize their magazine. Most homophile groups across the country disagree on how to liberate the queer community, and they all take different tacks. It's divisive, but a strategy, however unintentional—activists simultaneously gearing up for battle on every front. By 1964, the fight for liberation is stronger than ever.

The revealing issue of *Life* hits newsstands on **June 26, 1964**—almost 5 years to the day before the queers stop trying to educate and enlighten and convince, and start throwing bricks.

And in six months—

AUDIO: Sirens, cameras flash, handcuffs.

ELLIOT LEIGHTON: Nancy! Nancy May! You can't take that woman!

OFFICER: We need to make a health inspection.

NANCY MAY: You're a religious woman aren't you?

DEL MARTIN: Officer, I thought we had a deal.

HERB DONALDSON: Am I under arrest?

ELLIOT LEIGHTON: You can't take that woman!

AUDIO: doors slamming shut, blocking out the sirens, now muffled

HOST: Next week on episode 2, "The Raid on California Hall."

*Learn more in the episode credits & at [queerserial.com/s3e1](http://queerserial.com/s3e1)*