



American LGBTQ+ liberation from the beginning to Stonewall.
Written & produced by Devlyn Camp
queerserial@gmail.com

Season 3, Episode 10: “The Walls of Jericho”
Episode released June 21, 2021

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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 These texts contain **identifying terms** that may now be out of date.

Act 1

HOST: **August 23, 1968.** In D.C., Frank Kameny writes to Randy Wicker at his New York City [button shop](#).

AUDIO: typewriter

FRANK KAMENY: Just a short note relating to buttons and the like. I've just returned from Chicago, where we had our annual National Conference of the Homophile Movement. Among the actions taken was the adoption, by the Conference, as a slogan or motto for the Movement, of: **GAY IS GOOD** in obvious parallel to the Negroes' 'Black is Beautiful.' We want to get this published as widely as possible, and are hoping to have it made into buttons, stickers, etc., etc. Anything that you care to do would be appreciated. At least one of your competitors on the West Coast is going to be making up *Gay Is Good* buttons and stickers.

Things proceed busily here.... Unfortunately, for the present, I am once more out of work, with my creditors howling. That's all for now. Keep in touch. Let me know about our slogan. GAY IS GOOD!

Cordially, Frank

AUDIO: another typewriter

RANDY WICKER: The 'Gay is Good' slogan is not nearly as good as 'Black is Beautiful' simply because it soft sells rather than puts the idea over with a punch. We even have an 'It's Great to be Straight' button. Why didn't they at least decide 'Gay is Great'? In any event, it's so wishy washy, I'm afraid I'll let my competitor on the West Coast distribute it. If you want to have it printed, I will give you the buttons at absolute cost—which is ½ the listed price. A thousand would then cost you around \$25.00. But I just can't see putting \$25 of my money into slogan that is so absolutely colorless.

HOST: Perhaps not Randy Wicker's best business decision. Frank goes ahead and orders his "Gay is Good" buttons. His relentlessness has only grown stronger as the movement gains power. Kameny is unanimously reelected chairman of the **Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations**, and for his first move, he immediately mails off a press release announcing ERCHO's opposition of New York Congressman John Rooney in the current election—Frank mails his press release directly to Rooney. Congressman Rooney had voted in favor of the anti-gay purges in Washington. After Rooney also sweeps his election, he writes to ERCHO chairman Kameny, saying, "I do want you to know that I appreciate your sending me a copy of the report of your October 26th meeting. Enclosed is a deplorable full page ad which appeared in this morning's New York Times which I am sure you all will find interesting." Frank unfolds an ad for the off-Broadway play *Boys in the Band*.

Frank powers ahead. He refuses get a job outside of astronomy, the job he trained for, so as his bills pile up he fills his time with homophile speaking engagements, and, of course, always taking calls from local gays looking for help. The local Mattachine has been so inactive that the phone was moved out of their office and into Frank's house, he has two phones now. He also has meetings with Barbara Gittings and their gay legal clients. Recently, Dick Leitsch of the MSNY wrote to Barbara, suggesting she come work with them in New York, instead of...

AUDIO: typewriter

DICK LEITSCH: playing solicitor to his barrister in Frank's legal charades.

HOST: Barbara folds Dick's letter back up, puts it in a new envelope, and addresses it to Frank. She has no interest in ruining her relationship with Frank. They are closer than ever to accomplishing one of Mattachine's first goals: winning back federal jobs. They're bringing gay cases to the NCACLU. And they don't care if they're pissing off other homophiles. When Gittings and Kameny announce they're working on a new case this year, the legal chair of the national homophile alliance, NACHO, furiously writes that Frank should have told them in advance. Frank writes back,

FRANK KAMENY: I shall continue to use MY methods. I am not interested in resting upon my laurels, but if I were, I have them, in considerable quantity, to rest upon very comfortably. Nothing succeeds like success, and thus far I have the successes and you do not.

HOST: They don't call him the "homophile Caesar" for nothin. He returns another letter. Frank opens another from Shirley Willer, former DOB president, now resigned from the movement. She's sent a \$100 donation to the MSW, and a note: "**Happy 1969.**" Frank sends his thanks. He writes to the new *Ladder* editor, **Barbara Grier, A.K.A. Gene Damon**. He's just read her review of *The Gay World* by Martin Hoffman in her book column, "Lesbiana." In a passing comment, Gene Damon criticizes the author for being outdated. Frank has a problem with how she stated it. Damon wrote,

AUDIO: typewriters

GENE DAMON: Superficially, this is an obvious truism, but looked at in the form of a case history or two, you come up wondering why only black people march on Washington.

FRANK KAMENY: [clears throat] Dear Miss Damon:
I noted with some interest—and wry, but not malicious amusement—your comment that 'you come up wondering why only black people march on Washington.' As you may

remember, precisely such marches in Washington and Philadelphia, by homosexuals, were the subject of lengthy and mildly heated discussion and correspondence between us in 1966. At that time you were quite unequivocal in your disapproval and condemnation of such activities and of those who participated in them.

Am I to assume, from the remark quoted, that you have reversed your position, and that we may welcome you into the ranks of **militant** homophile activists? I sincerely hope so.

Cordially,

Franklin E. Kameny

GENE DAMON: What is with this ‘Dear Miss Damon’? People I have snarled at in my own front room are usually less formal. I still feel as I did about the well-dressed demonstrations. I still feel that the people who run the world are not impressed with any kind of demonstration (except negatively). I still believe that each issue of *The Ladder* and comparable does more to aid our cause than any and all of the marches. Actually, just such a statement as mine in that review is meant to be a militant statement. I live the propaganda life constantly, and am directing the magazine that way. I simply believe that **education** is the only way to get anything. I also believe that pens work better than swords. Don’t worry—everyone agrees more with you than me. There are far more people eager to march than to simply sit down and work. (I am not including you, I know how hard you work. We have no direct contact, but I hear of you constantly.)

HOST: Which methods work? Putting our thoughts on paper or picket signs? Gay is Good, or Gay is Great? And black ink on those buttons, or lavender ink? Every move feels crucial. As Frank and editor Gene Damon battle it out through letters, other *Ladder* writers also face backlash from their readers—gay conservatives who believe even all this *writing* is too militant. Helen Sandoz gets a letter early in 1969 criticizing her encouragement of the homophiles who are—

DAUGHTER: —taking up other banners, other causes. Lesbians have less civil rights than any other group.

HOST: Helen responds.

HELEN SANDOZ: I don’t think we can win our objectives at the exclusion of other minorities’ battles. If I could not work in the field of civil rights for all people, I could not, in an honorable fashion, work for the civil rights of the homosexual. I cannot say to my Black sister that her problem is being homosexual. I have to say to her that I care about all of her problems. I cannot imagine anything more horrible than to be a ‘free’ Lesbian in society and find that my color still held me back from full and honorable participation in that society.

HOST: Get her, Helen! The **Homophile Action League**, which formed in Philadelphia to replace the slow-moving Daughters of Bilitis, they also write in their newsletter about education and lethargic homophiles:

ADA BELLO: We do not intend to concentrate our energies on “uplifting” the homosexual community, for such efforts would be sadly misplaced. It is our firm conviction that it is the *heterosexual* community which is badly in need of uplifting.

We are living in an age of revolution, and one of the by-words of revolution in this country is ‘confrontation.’ During the time when the black, the poor, and the student have been actively confronting the systems which deny and demean them, we have been (sometimes) writing letters to our congressmen. While others have been openly challenging discriminating statutes, we have been (sometimes) satisfied with not being persecuted. While other groups seize the initiative and therefore fight their battle on their own terms, we wait (sometimes) in dread, always in a *defensive* posture, never prepared.

HOST: People come and go so quickly in this story, but the one thing every season of this podcast has in common is that the activists are constantly reexamining, always trying to answer those two elusive questions: **what are we actually fighting for?** and **how do we win it?**

Still fighting it out through letters with the new *Ladder* editor, Kameny retreats, knowing that bickering via mail won’t get them very far. He’d rather collaborate—to an extent.

AUDIO: typewriter

FRANK KAMENY: Dear Barbara—

HOST: Now using Gene Damon’s legal first name, not her pseudonym—

FRANK KAMENY: There is little point in getting into a long discussion, via letter, on demonstrations. I think that current events prove the effectiveness of demonstrations, after other methods have failed. Our demonstrations have been effective, and went a long way. Yes, I would be delighted to write an article for *The Ladder*. Do you have any specific ideas for a subject? Once we’ve worked that out, I’ll be glad to get to work on it. There should be no problem with its being applicable to female as well as to male homosexuals, since I (like Barbara) do not recognize any difference at all in the base interests and concerns of the two groups (I am deeply distressed at the increasing tendency to inject feminism and women’s rights into DOB and *The Ladder*—these are commendable causes in their own right, and I’m wholeheartedly a supporter of them—but I don’t believe in mixing causes).

Sincerely,

Frank

HOST: Gene Damon responds to his first draft:

GENE DAMON: It was a good article but it isn't anything special for women.

AUDIO: typewriter *ding!*

FRANK KAMENY: But DOB is for *lesbians*, not women. Lesbians are homosexuals, first, and women only incidentally. Women's rights organizations are a dime a dozen; lesbian organizations are unique. Don't degrade yourselves (and that carries with it NO implications as to a lower valuation of women or women's rights).

Come, come now—a little proper perspective and sense of proportion are in order. Obviously, if anti-homosexual discrimination died out overnight, Lesbians would still have the 'woman' issue to cope with. And if the 'woman' issue dies out overnight, they would still have the homosexuality issue. And if the Negro issue dies out overnight, the black homosexual would still have the homosexual issue to cope with; and if the homosexual issue dies out overnight, he would still have the Negro issue to deal with. And if anti-Semitism died out overnight, the Jewish homosexual would still have the homosexual issue to cope with; and if the homosexual issue died out overnight, he would still have the Jewish issue to deal with—ad infinitum.

All that that says is that many people (the lesbian among them) have more than one problem to cope with in their lives. These remain—in EVERY case cited above, including the lesbian one—TOTALLY and UTTERLY *separate* problems, which only interact to the detriment of both if mixed.

Point made. 'Nuff said.

Cordially,
Frank

HOST: Ugh, so close! Frank has perfectly explained [intersectionality](#), and then denies the power of uniting their causes. Del Martin writes an essay for *The Ladder* explaining that our various causes are already more separate than most men seem to know:

AUDIO: typewriter

DEL MARTIN: Lesbians tend to think of themselves as belonging to a minority group which is commonly known as the homosexual community. In reality and certainly for all practical purposes, this is a myth, a delusion, a bill of goods sold to us by male homosexual organizations which pretend to be co-educational in character and membership. The news media has certainly emphasized what we had become increasingly aware of, but reluctant to admit openly. *CBS Reports*, of course, did us a favor by excluding us. *Life* and *Look* have been equally kind in their omissions. There are

advantages, we find, in the slanted press, in the bias of male reporters trying desperately to cling to the last vestiges of the superior male image—the Masculine Mystique, if you will—which is as hollow as the culturally learned and perpetuated Feminine Mystique, so aptly described by [Betty Friedan](#). The Lesbian, after all, is first of all a *woman*—an individual who must earn her own livelihood, who must provide her own household. She is much more concerned with problems of inequality in job and educational opportunities than in the problems of male hustlers and prostitutes. There are new organizations which might more successfully capture the imagination of the thoughtful and responsible Lesbian. **The National Organization for Women (N.O.W.)** has been formed “to take action to bring women into full participation in the mainstream of American Society now, exercising all the privileges and responsibilities thereof in truly equal partnership with men.

HOST: Later, that same month, **April 1969**, young Bay Area writer and activist **Leo Laurence** publishes an article for *Vector*—

AUDIO: typewriter

LEO LAURENCE: “Gay Revolution”

HOST: *Vector* is the popular publication made by SIR, the Society for Individual Rights. While the organization has been expanding quickly, some members have been critical of leadership:

LEO LAURENCE: Homosexual organizations on the west coast are doing very little to spark the Homosexual Revolution of '69. Timid leaders with enormous ego-trips, middle class bigotry and racism, and too many middle-aged up-tight conservatives are hurting almost every major homosexual organization on the West Coast and probably throughout the nation. Only about one per cent of the homosexual leaders I've interviewed are willing to publicly say: “I'm gay and I'm proud!” About the only people with that kind of courage are the new breed of young gay kids. And that's just why organizations like SIR keep them out. The old-timers are scared that these kids will come in and really create a gay revolution.

Racism is as big in gay organizations as it is in our middle class straight world. Gay businesses in the Bay Area forming a group called the Tavern Guild refused to join **Citizen's Alert** last month, a group trying to put an end to police harassment and brutality. “I don't like Citizen's Alert 'cause that Rev. Cecil Williams is involved. He goes too far on civil rights,” said one vocal up-tight racist member. Cecil is a black militant minister.

President Larry Littlejohn of SIR recently told me: “1969 is our year, it's a time to move, to be militant, to demand our rights.” Unfortunately, most of his officers are not

supporting such militancy. Individual homosexuals must open up and honestly accept their own homosexuality. Say you're gay at work, at home, church, wherever you go. Come out from behind a double-life of straight at work and home, but gay at night. I'll admit it's not easy to be honest, but neither was writing this article.

HOST: Leo Laurence is promptly... fired from *Vector* by SIR leadership for his radical call to action, thus proving his point. Immediately after, the *Berkeley Barb* prints:

BARB: "Homo Revolt Blasting Off on Two Fronts!" "The Homosexual Revolution of '69 started this week in San Francisco as militant homosexuals made war on both gay and straight Establishments. Leo Laurence, deposed Editor of *Vector* magazine, lashed out against the repressive actions of the Society for Individual Rights on Tuesday. He and another gay militant, **Gale Whittington**, organized the **Committee for Homosexual Freedom**; and on Wednesday the group picketed Whittington's former employer, States Steamship Company, for discrimination against homosexuals. Tuesday night, the SIR Board of Directors took their monthly magazine, *Vector*, away from its revolutionary editor, Laurence, who was elected overwhelmingly by SIR membership only two months ago.

LEO LAURENCE: "Bullshit,"

BARB: says Laurence, who told *Barb*,

LEO LAURENCE: "Getting kicked out as *Vector* Editor by the Gay Establishment is a victory for the homosexual revolution. SIR leadership is damned worried because militant revolutionary homosexuals like myself and other members of the new Committee for Homosexual Freedom are on the attack."

BARB: States Steamship Company officials told a dozen Press, Radio, and TV newsmen that they were "ignoring" the homosexual pickets.

LEO LAURENCE: "Ignore us, hell. Our gay picket line will soon be a big noon hour feature of the financial district. Already several other radical groups are interested in helping us put a stop to discrimination against homosexuals. The revolution should stop every States Lines ship in the world until they rehire Gale Whittington,"

BARB: Laurence explained.

LEO LAURENCE: "It could be done with help from the unions and other militant groups. The Black man found self-respect and dignity when he said: 'Black is Beautiful and I am proud.' Now Homosexuals are starting to say: 'Gay is good and I, too, am proud.'"

HOST: **3 weeks later.**

BARB: "Homo Death: Group Will Act" "The Alameda County coroner has flatly denied a request to hold an inquest into the police killing of **Frank Bartley**, a 33-year-old Berkeley homosexual. Bartley was shot in the head by Berkeley pig Weiker Kline April 17 in a hassle over a sex offense arrest in Aquatic Park."

HOST: The officer attempted to entrap Frank Bartley.

BARB: "Bartley died April 24 from the .38 slug wound. His family wanted to donate his body for organ transplants, but the coroner ruled that since the death was a homicide, no organs could be transplanted. Official investigations into the shooting by Berkeley police and the District Attorney cleared Kline and his partner, Frank Reynolds, and indicated that no inquest was necessary. The request was made by Berkeley attorney Mary Montgomery, who is representing Bartley's family. Last week, attorney Montgomery told *Barb* that murder charges would be led against the two officers. Berkeley Police Inspector Jack Huston told BARB that, as far as the police department was concerned, the case of Frank Bartley is closed.

LARRY LITTLEJOHN: "It looks like an official cover up,"

BARB: Larry Littlejohn, president of the Society for Individual Rights, told *Barb*. SIR was one of several groups that participated in a mock funeral motorcade from Glide Memorial Church in San Francisco to the Berkeley Hall of Justice in protest of the killing of Frank Bartley a week ago Friday. Littlejohn and other SIR officials met with Berkeley Police Chief Baker Wednesday, requesting that the police make a public statement concerning the Bartley killing.

LARRY LITTLEJOHN: "We also wanted them to make the police investigation report on the incident public,"

BARB: said Littlejohn.

LARRY LITTLEJOHN: "Baker told us that no public statement would be made and that police reports were only available to those newspapers the department chose to recognize. . . ."

BARB: Leo Laurence, press officer for the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, told *Barb* that the demonstration did not go far enough.

LEO LAURENCE: "We are not interested in these absurd official reports of an official murder. CHF is demanding that the two officers involved be suspended immediately and remain off the force until murder charges against them are tried in court. We want these killers off the streets,"

BARB: he said. CHF is also demanding that Chief Baker issue immediate orders to his

men to cease harassment and entrapment of homosexuals or resign his post.

HOST: **Two weeks later, May 23, 1969**, Leo Laurence writes... for the *Berkeley Barb*,

LEO LAURENCE: "Gays Get Tougher." Militant homosexuals struck a blow to San Francisco's famed Fisherman's Wharf district when the Committee for Homosexual Freedom hit Tower Records with a picket line and launched a boycott against the store last Saturday. Tower Records recently fired a clerk, Frank Denaro, on suspicion that he was a homosexual. Their complaint was that he had winked at a customer.

MORGAN PENNY: "Tower's sign advertises a Joan Baez album. While Joan sings of love, freedom, and brotherhood, the management says 'We don't tolerate that free spirit around here' by our employees,"

LEO LAURENCE: says Morgan Penny of the CHF.

STEVE MATHEWS: "We intend to hit Tower Records hard with an economic boycott every weekend,"

LEO LAURENCE: says Steve Mathews of CHF.

STEVE MATHEWS: "There is a good chance that Tower will become the first to sign a Fair Employment Pledge protecting homosexual employees if people join our boycott by refusing to cross our picket line."

JIM CONNOLLY: "An amazing number of potential customers stopped at our line,"

LEO LAURENCE: says Jim Connolly of the CHF,

JIM CONNOLLY: "then drove away after we told them that Tower Records discriminates against gays. Friendly employees said our strike line was really hurting their business and creating a big hassle among the bosses."

LEO LAURENCE: Picketing remains undiminished at the States Steamship Company, where the CHF strike started seven weeks ago. Nearly one thousand leaflets are passed out every weekday noon hour. The gay picketers are getting bolder and are invading the offices of States Lines and their neighbor, Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner and Smith (stockbrokerage). Teams of CHF leafleteers swarmed through the Merrill-Lynch offices this week, ignoring the frightened objections shouted by the up-tight money mongers. Wednesday, CHF pickets marched into the States Lines offices and politely asked to discuss their grievances with Company officials. States Lines flatly refused to negotiate, and instead insulted the CHF members, who then formed a circle and sang their freedom songs.

MUSIC: empowered, in the distance

HOST: **June 20, 1969.**

AUDIO: typewriter

LEO LAURENCE: “Gay Power’s Invincible Rise” Revolutionary forces in this country seem to be ignoring a vast source of power in this country, a power that could literally stop the industrial-military complex that is controlling the politics and ruling the people of this nation.

The power I mean is the power of homosexuals, the largest minority in the United States. Homosexuals have the potential numbers to prove that all power is with the people. We exist in all segments of society and on all socio-economic levels. We are in the hip community, the underground, and in the Establishment.

For example: If only ten per cent of the homosexuals employed in Bay Area businesses were attracted into the revolution, the “movement” could literally stop all big business at will. The military machine that’s running the Viet Nam war wouldn’t run if only ten per cent of the homosexuals in the military simply admitted being gay and demanded discharges. Homosexuals hold a tremendous source of potential political power, heretofore either ignored or feared by the leaders of today’s revolution. The revolution today is for world liberation. It is a struggle to liberate the oppressed peoples who are victims of our bigoted Establishment—the blacks, hippies, students, and the kids who enjoyed playing in the People’s Park. This is the “revolution” that we all know so well, the revolution of the streets, the revolution of politics, the war, the draft, Big Business, unions, and the campus. That is the revolution of the Black Panthers, Resistance, the SDS, the YSA, the BSU, the Hippies, and Yippies. These people are fighting for freedom, and I feel many of their leaders are today’s super-patriots. They are the Patrick Henrys of the Second American Revolution.

But why is all that manly courage missing on the homosexual freedom front? When Big Business kicked out a brother because he had the guts to say he was gay, where were all the so-called brave revolutionaries? Were they able to face the troops in Berkeley, but unable to help homosexuals fight for freedom?

In over two years of writing and fighting for the revolution, I have unfortunately discovered in the underground... Bigotry is not exclusive with the Establishment. It has permeated the revolution as well, and is aimed at the homosexual... They try to say the gay “thing” isn’t part of the “real” revolution, just as they once said of the hippy movement, now an integral part of our revolutionary forces. The world revolution today is also for the liberation of ourselves, freedom from up-tightness, and freedom to love—including homosexual love. We must eliminate all vestiges of prejudice and discrimination. It must be eliminated from our revolutionary forces as well as from the

Establishment. It is otherwise not justice for all. It is not freedom for all. It is not love for all.

HOST: Is there room for *everyone* in this movement for liberation?

Summer of 1969, *The Advocate*, still new and run by young writers, announces their new publication *Queen's Quarterly*, which is covered in yellow and purple pansies. They talk fashion and S&M and interview transvestites.

AUDIO: typewriter

QUEEN: “Dawn Is Just Breaking...” *Queen's Quarterly* wants to present a total picture of gay life—but we're happy being ourselves. We cannot be something we are not. We must be ourselves. Our message is simple: Stop apologizing for yourself. Face the facts and accept yourself as you are. There is a real place for us in this world. Be proud and excited about being gay—we have earned our place in society and it must now learn its lesson that we are here to stay and that our voice is loud and strong. This is the age of the gay renaissance.

Act 2

AUDIO: ‘Lindsay for Mayor’ anti-war advertisement

HOST: The movement on the East Coast confronts their police, too. It's a dangerous time to be queer in New York City, during campaign season. There are 26 bars, 12 nightclubs and restaurants, 4 hotels, and 2 private clubs where homosexuals gather regularly in this city. 5 of those 26 are lesbian bars. All of these places are vulnerable to a raid.

Most of these spots are close to the water, the Hudson River. It's fairly discreet in these bars but cops still find ways to make arrests inside these spaces.

Instead of risking it inside with a possible cop in plainclothes, queers often cruise Greenwich Avenue. And if they don't meet someone by the time they hit a spot nicknamed “The Corner”—on Greenwich and Christopher—they can turn and take Christopher down to the piers.

Down here, they'll meet some **street queens**.

AUDIO: Sylvia Rivera talking street walking, clip courtesy MakingGayHistory.com

HOST: That's the real **Sylvia Rivera**, audio courtesy of *Making Gay History*. Find

the Making Gay History podcast on all major podcast platforms and at www.makinggayhistory.com. Around the Village you might also meet **Zazu Nova**, Queen of Sex. Nova has a royal demeanor and a fierce temper, and is rumored to have served time for murder before hustling for survival sex work on the docks. Nova is a Black queen who's known to be aloof, and she's known for her striking African silhouette. Once, Martin Boyce ran into Nova on 42nd Street at 3AM and they were chatting, catching up and joking around. She let him touch her fake breast to see what it was made of and they suddenly realized that five men had surrounded them.

HETERO MAN: Look at that. He's touching that tit and doesn't get nothing out of it.

HOST: Nova senses they're about to be jumped. She pulls out a long, thick chain from her purse and swings it in the air over her head. The guys run.

Jackie Hormona also frequents the piers. He dyes his hair blond, wears facial powder and eyeliner. No one is really sure where Jackie comes from. He's kind, but also distant. Villagers sometimes see him drunk on a stoop, but he's often the level-headed one. When queens are fighting, Jackie is known to be the first to jump up and say,

JACKIE HORMONA: It's not worth fighting about. She's your friend. Why are you acting like this?

HOST: Another queen Villagers are bound to see on the Christopher Piers is **Marsha P. Johnson**. She used to call herself Black Marsha, but she picked up the last name Johnson, according to one rumor, after the Howard Johnson's—where street queens sometimes “eat and tip” out the door. The middle initial P, stands for “Pay it no mind.” Marsha P. Johnson wears all kinds of unconventional drag, collecting items off the street and creating a look. Fake flowers in her hair, costume jewelry, Christmas lights. (I'll put that one on my Instagram, it's great.) Stories of Marsha's generous spirit among the Villagers are endless and legendary. She steals bread for people who have no home or food, and defends her sisters from men on the street. Her hot temper for justice has her banned from several bars. She walks the waterfront, also working, getting arrested more than 100 times, and experiencing nervous breakdowns.

Marsha is a well-known Village personality and often a friendly guide in the neighborhood. If new gays visit the Village, Marsha will show them around. (Just ask Joey Cain, who voiced Elver Barker last season.) Marsha shows them the commercial trucks backed up to the waterfront, where produce and meat are loaded on the docks. The empty trucks are parked there, and left unlocked all night. If you peek in, you might see a lit cigarette burning in the darkness. Someone is waiting. Men slip into the empty trucks for discreet late-night orgies—as gay couples are often refused hotel rooms, and the bars and parks are unsafe, and they might have a family at home, so the trucks will do. Sometimes it seems like hundreds of men are inside these trucks. Sometimes this group

space is the safest place to be... until the police swarm the waterfront, banging their nightsticks on the trucks. Men fly out as police chase and beat them. Jackie Hormona and **Jerry Hoose** scream at the cops and throw bricks at them.

Some people have gone missing after these truck raids. The Mattachine Society of New York suspects murder.

AUDIO: typewriter

DICK LEITSCH: “Docks, Darkness and Danger.” The area has become a mecca for upright hoodlums looking for a ‘queer’ to beat up. One of their favorite games is to shove a homosexual into the cesspool known as the Hudson River. At least four people have drowned in the filth after hitting their heads on pier footings.

HOST: One man was beaten so badly he lost an eye. MSNY recommends the safer alternative: the bathhouses. And then, of course, the next month Mattachine prints this headline:

DICK LEITSCH: “Bathhouse Raided.”

HOST: **The Continental Baths**, where Bette Midler will soon launch her career, is raided, likely because they didn’t pay off the police. 22 men are arrested as cops wreck the place.

DICK LEITSCH: According to witnesses, uniformed city police entered the place and made the customers get dressed and file out. While they were leaving, a man, naked except for a towel, pointed out the ones he alleged had either had sex, or offered sex to him. Some of the people claim that the towel-clad man (a cop) had had sex with them.

Inasmuch as the police still have not found even a lead on who killed the homosexual in the “gay” section of Central Park last fall, and cannot deal with the muggings, pickpockets and others who prey upon homosexuals in the parks, the docks, etc., we pointed out, wouldn’t it be easier for them to wink at the bathhouses? After all, such places provide an indoor, protected location where assignations may be made, and don’t involve the crimes against person and property that semi-public places do.

The police say that someone saw an ad, thought the CB was just a bathhouse, and visited the place. When the “innocent customer” found himself in the midst of gay sex and lots of it, he called the cops and they had no choice but to raid. This is the first test, as this is the first time since May of 1966 that there has been a case involving anything like the use of plainclothes (or in this case naked) cops to make homosexual arrests. . . . We don’t know what they plan to do, but if you continue to see CB ads around town, our advice is to avoid the place. It could be raided again at any time.

HOST: Gay men can't even get away to **Fire Island** to safely spend their time in an almost exclusively gay group. Cops raided the Pines there, too. MSNY also reports on two Transit Police—who aren't like regular police, they can still legally entrap gays in certain bathrooms—they arrest three men and take their money. When one man argues, the transit officer asks if he'd like to be carried out of this bathroom with a shiv in his body.

Also, MSNY reports in this newsletter that one of their members stopped at around 1:15 outside **the Stone Wall** to talk to some friends, and two cops told them to move along. When the Mattachine protested because they weren't disrupting anyone, he was arrested. Where is it safe to go?

AUDIO: typewriter

DICK LEITSCH: "Grim Reapings—Coast to Coast." *Mattachine Society of New York Newsletter*, **June 1969**.

MUSIC: "The Skull"

On April 3, the NYC police found a male body floating in the Hudson River, near the Christopher Street docks. According to the Medical Examiner's report, the body had been in the water about 10 days; that is, since about March 23. The deceased was probably between 20 and 25, about 5' 11" tall, and weighed about 185 pounds. He had good teeth and brown hair. The corpse was clothed in golden-brown corduroy trousers (very tight-fitting), a tan and brown dress shirt, and one black shoe and one brown sock. The man was apparently strangled to death before the body ended up in the river. The police suspect he was probably another victim of the "dock scene," just about the most dangerous gay scene in New York... Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, a gay man was savagely beaten to death by the L.A. cops in a gay hotel. According to our reports, the whole hotel was awakened at about 1:00 A.M. by a loud struggle... [fading out]

HOST: All gay and trans people need is one place where they can simply exist. Somewhere they can hang out without being hurt or killed or mugged or arrested. Even straight places aren't always safe. As the Sip-in publicized, inside any bar—even a straight bar—appearing queer can get you kicked out. Even many gay bars don't let trans women in. So the only place for many queers to gather is in a business that they know will protect them from the police and from brutal attackers.

A bar with protection from police can only be run by one group: **The Mafia**. Cops can raid most any bar and shut it down for "disorderly conduct"—code for "homosexuals are existing in here." But the Mafia has plenty of money and they use it to pay off police to leave their bars alone. The Mafia makes this excess of cash by watering down the drinks and running cheap, unsanitary establishments that no customers can complain about to the city because the city doesn't care about a queer bar's safety.

The Mafia is also known to manage an ice cream parlor called the Tenth of Always. It's a known spot for gay teens to meet. Mafia management sells high-priced burgers and sodas. There's a little dance floor where teenagers can get together. As the police swing by, the manager flickers the chandelier lights, signaling everyone to sit down. Because, of course, it's illegal for gays to dance together. When the cops are gone, the teens get back up to dance. Over in the corner, a heavysset man in a gray suit and a gray beard watches them. He's always in the corner. At the ice cream shop. At a bar called Danny's. He watches the young boys cruising. His name is **Ed Murphy** and he's known as **The Skull**.

At the ice cream shop, johns stop by to see Ed Murphy and choose their pickings from the dance floor, some of these underage boys work for The Skull, they're called [chickens](#). His national extortion ring, [exposed](#) in the *New York Times* for blackmailing prominent homosexuals by setting them up with chickens, this scheme did not take The Skull down. He got away with it. Now, his empire is [rebuilding](#) on a new, but classic, scheme for exploiting gay people: cheaply run bars that pay off the cops. Ed Murphy has been in trouble with the police since he was a kid, when he whacked a cop over the head with a milk bottle. He served in WWII, then he worked as a doorman at gay clubs, he served a decade in state prison for some scams and had several violent outbursts inside. Murphy later shaved his head and became a professional wrestler called The Skull. He threw chairs at people who booed him. After that job, he went back to bouncing gay bars and working as a [house detective](#) at the New York Hilton, where he blackmailed wealthy gay men. The Skull is gay himself, so he knows how to find 'em.

His newest investment is a bar with an upstairs where he's rumored to run a new ring of extortion schemes targeting other gay men. It's perfect, two business in one building. The crowds of queers desperate for a bar protected from police should *disguise* the The Skull's other dealings inside. Visitors of the Village won't see any ads for his bar in the paper. You just have to hear about it.

MUSIC: Julius'

HOST: A teenager, **Danny Garvin**, leaves St. Alban's Naval Hospital after his discharge from the Navy and a suicide attempt. He goes immediately to his favorite bar, **Julius'**, to celebrate. An older guy approaches him.

MUSIC: Julius'

MAN: What you doing in here?

DANNY: Well, I'm having drinks.

MAN: You should be around the corner with all the chicken.

DANNY: Huh?

MAN: That new bar that opened up around the corner tonight, The Stone Wall. They're all over there.

HOST: Danny takes a quick walk over, around the corner.

MUSIC: Stonewall groove holding pattern

HOST: Standing at the big oak doors, Danny is looked up and down by a set of eyes behind two vertical slats in the door. The bouncer, **Blond Frankie**, takes his time. The doors are reinforced with steel on the inside, with several locks, for when the police come knocking for a raid. But the bouncer has a plan for that. He can't always prevent a raid, but he can slow it down, taking his time unlatching each lock... Meanwhile, Blond Frankie would throw a switch by the door to bring all the white lights up on the dance floor to warn customers that a raid is imminent. The bartenders would jump over the bar and mix in with the crowd and mingle. The drugs would be hidden or flushed, and cash stuffed into the staff's pockets. Blond Frankie would easily sense a raid coming. He's worked the door at many gay bars and has a near-photographic memory for faces. He knows the cops. If you look like you don't belong, he might ask you to describe the inside of the Stone Wall, to see if you've been here before. So you describe the painted black walls and the jukebox and where the bathrooms are. Blond Frankie looks the young guy up and down...

Ands decides to let him in.

AUDIO: doors open

HOST: Once you're inside, the bouncer takes the \$1 charge. \$3 on weekends, and everyone gets two drink tickets.

In order for a club to have this type of private bouncer set-up to keep the police out, the Stone Wall is considered a bottle club. A bottle club is where customers can bring their own bottles, which will be held for them at the club with their name on it. Waiters serve them from their own bottles and take tips. The Mafia staff of the Stonewall just makes up names to stick on the bottles and uses them to serve whoever Blond Frankie lets into the club. And, in order to get into any ordinary bottle club, you sign in. Keeping up with the appearance of a bottle club, there's a big book to sign at the Stone Wall's entrance—yet another deterrent for straight people. Many gays write fake names anyway, like Judy Garland or Liz Taylor. But it's not just a joke. If cops seize the book, you don't want your name in there.

Passing through the entrance, there's a coat check closet on the left, with a boarded up window inside, facing Christopher Street. At the end of the tiny lobby, there's a door open, and one step down through it as you turn right to see the main bar of the Stone Wall Inn.

It's packed. Everyone is dancing, and not just gay men. Queens, trans girls, trans boys, lesbians, everyone. Danny feels an electric shock, something totally new. A thrill in his stomach. Like most people, he thinks, this place will never last. It'll have to be raided.

The first room is the largest in the club, painted black walls with a long bar and several stools. Typically white men in their upper 20s, lower 30s sit there. There's a ledge on the back wall for drinks to sit. A few little tables with lit candles. At the end of the bar: the jukebox, 10 cents a song. That's the main attraction. Good music and good dancing, and finally not in a hidden back room. The ceilings are low and the spotlights hanging over the floor are dim. Black lights line the dance floor. Smoky air fills the poorly ventilated space, leaving the scent of perfume hanging. And there are the go-go boys on platforms at each end of the bar every weekend, wearing their silver or gold bikini underwear. Once you're in, the bartenders start hassling for drink sales. \$1 each, steep. The booze is stolen or bootlegged, and never brand name, even if the label says so. Every drink is watered down, though there is no running water behind the bar. It's one sink and a rubber tub where the Mafia's bartenders dunk each dirty glass to rinse and reuse it. No wonder the Stone Wall caused a hepatitis outbreak. Staff occasionally dumps the rubber tub in the men's room toilet, causing the plumbing to back up and overflow. A men's room attendant works there, an older man named John. John makes sure the boys in the bathroom aren't doing anything illegal. The women's room just has red light. Customers pass through these bathrooms, or through another doorway on the dance floor with swinging doors, in order to get to the back room. It's a step up onto the back room's dance floor. Even dimmer in here. Some tables and candles. An old wishing well made of stone and cement is near the doorway, the well has a little roof and a couple little benches. It was once a beautiful feature in wedding photos when the Stone Wall was a restaurant in the 1930s. Now the well is full of ice bags, beer, and boxes. The dancing on the backroom's flagstone floor is typically more sexually charged. The music in here is more soul. Lots of waiters push the drinks hard as Diana Ross blasts over the Beach Boys playing in the front room. A younger crowd dances back here, many more people of color and street queens. **Throughout the Stone Wall clientele, there are femme gays, lesbians, street queens, drag queens, gender-nonconforming and trans queers, leather gays, white people, people of color, young people, poor people, and most of all, people who look too queer to get in anywhere else.** Tiffany, Desiree, Spanola Jerry, and Tammy Novak spend their time here. There are the "flame queens," the super-femme in eye makeup and teased hair. Boys wear pedal pushers and show their midriff. There are always many wigs worn at the Stone Wall Inn. Even teens, who aren't old enough to drink, can get in. The Mafia isn't very picky about what queers they take money from. Young gays who are homeless panhandle to get their cover money to spend their evening safely inside the Stone Wall. There's a true sense of freedom in here. It's not like the ice cream shop or Julius' where cops can just walk in. Here, anyone can ask anyone to dance and they can really let loose. You can cruise and camp and find your family.

MUSIC ON THE JUKEBOX: Dionne Warwick's "Trains and Boats and Planes"

QUEER: [singing over the music] Faggots and dykes and queers are passing by; it means to trip to Paris and Rome for someone else but not for me.

HOST: A line like that gets picked up and spread through the club to become a mainstay, everyone shouting it out anytime Dionne plays. Queens from the back room go out to the front room and stand under the pin spotlights and **vogue** for the girls.

Across the room, in the corner, The Skull is watching. His staff quietly deals drugs to the clientele from discreet cigar boxes. Many capsules. If any pills or money goes missing from these boxes, the Mafia breaks the arm or leg of their bar employee. During a normal shift, the bouncers go around carrying a baseball bat as they collect the cash from the bartenders and waiters, which is all hidden from police in more cigar boxes. They had registers at the Stone Wall, but they were seized by cops in a routine raid to prove the bar was serving illegal booze. Since they're technically a bottle club anyway, they're not supposed to have registers. On a Friday or Saturday, the Mob fills their cigar boxes with \$5-6,000. Their monthly rent: \$300. In fact, "The Skull," Ed Murphy, made back his initial investment on the club plus a profit on the first night the Stone Wall opened. It's been pure profit for two years.

Craig Rodwell dances on the main floor, watching bartenders dunk the dirty glasses, watching the bouncers rubber band the cash, as he sips an overpriced, watered-down beer in a dirty glass. Craig is furious, and decides to write about it relentlessly in his new bookstore's gay publication *Hymnal*. Craig writes,

AUDIO: typewriters

CRAIG RODWELL: Some of the 'queenie-boppers' on Greenwich Ave. and the Stone Wall have been approached to be heroin delivery boys.

HOST: *The Ladder* reports,

GENE DAMON: Since the SLA refuses to issue licenses to gay bars, these bars are generally run under unsanitary conditions.

HOST: Some people call the Stone Wall "The Cesspool." The Mafia runs this dump and takes huge profits off of gay people, charging prices heteros don't have to pay anywhere—and they get to hang in far nicer spaces. The Stone Wall Inn doesn't even have rear doors or fire exits. This isn't even the mob's main business at 53 Christopher. A back door, accessible from West 10th Street, is where The Skull's dealers head upstairs for their supply. This space is also rumored to be the new location of his prostitution ring.

The recently released second volume of the *New York City Gay Scene Guide* contains a long list of gay bars, just like Hal Call's gay bar lists that were numbered and people had

to sign for. This new list is much longer, and tells gay tourists and locals alike where they can grab a drink. Only one bar has an exceptionally long note.

AUDIO: typewriter

GAY GUIDE: The Stone Wall, 53 West Christopher St. (near Sheridan Square). It continues operating amid persistent rumors of closing. Caters to a younger crowd who seem to spend all their time perfecting their dancing. Observers note that “go-go-boys” installed on platforms have failed to attract dwindling crowds.

The following news item was reported in the March 1968 *Mattachine (N.Y.) Newsletter*, and is presented here in condensed form...the Mattachine Society Inc., of New York, was instrumental in aiding D.A. Frank Hogan’s office with information that led to the arrests of a number of blackmailers:—

DICK LEITSCH: “Edward F. P. Murphy, an ex-convict who is alleged to have been the head of the national ring which recently was active in extorting money from homosexuals. Murphy has served prison terms for larceny and for carrying deadly weapons, and was arrested for impersonating an officer, and for extortion at the New York Hilton Hotel, where he was working as a house detective. Murphy was under Federal indictment on extortion charges and was permitted to plead guilty and received a five-year probation. On a number of indictments in that state courts, Murphy pleaded guilty on May 16, 1966... Sentencing has been postponed six times... He could get up to 15 years in prison as a second offender, on the robbery charge alone. MSNY has also been informed that Murphy has an interest in the Stone Wall, a club on Christopher Street, and several other gay clubs in New York.”

GAY GUIDE: We *caution our readers NEVER* to use your real name when cruising, NEVER to give your address to a questionable bar or club, and remember, that trick or hustler you’ve just picked up may be “working” for the management! We urge you, if you’ve been intimidated or blackmailed in the past, to report it to the D.A.’s office, or to M.S.N.Y.

HOST: The *Homosexual Handbook*, a similar guidebook—the one that lists Hoover as a gay celebrity—it goes on to say that the person at the door of the Stone Wall “keeps boxes that hold, or are rumored to hold, thousands of cards upon which are printed the particulars of the many thousands of customers.” It seems some customers do believe that they are being screened at the door to protect the clientele from police, but the bartenders and waiters are also hired by the mob, and are ordered to extort the customers. Waiters get friendly with the customers who appear to have money, which is quite similar to The Skull’s national extortion ring strategy. Now his employees are in a position to research their mark right here in the bar. They particularly enjoy targeting the stock market guys. The Stone Wall’s new bartender, [Tree](#), used to work as a page boy on the New York

Stock Exchange and he knows that place is full of wealthy gays. Their third floor men's room at the Stock Exchange is notorious as one of the most active t-rooms in town. Tree and the waiters spot stock market gays constantly in the Stone Wall.

With all this money coming in, it's easy to pay off the Sixth Precinct of the New York Police Department. Once a week, an officer on his beat swings by for an envelope of cash. Then a captain or a desk sergeant will stop by for a second envelope. It's hundreds, if not more, every week. Sometimes the officer might even sit and have a drink on the house. But the raids will still sometimes come, no matter if there's payoff. Election season always brings them. Before a raid comes, though, the cops who take the graft will warn the bar owners in advance. Then the staff can make sure there's less money in the building when the raid hits, and less liquor to confiscate. The Mafia bosses can all disappear for the night. The bribed cops will even try to time the raids to hit during a slower business time, probably before midnight, on a Tuesday. Sometimes staff members get arrested, but they're not worried about it. A few hours later the Stone Wall's lawyer, a "family lawyer," named Enid Gerling, will have them back out. Despite paying off the cops well, the raids have to happen from time to time if the mayor orders them. The 1969 mayoral race between incumbent Mayor Lindsay and two conservative opponents requires such a display of street cleaning.

AUDIO: 'Lindsay for Mayor' "Things that go right" advertisement

In June 1969, the *Mattachine Society of New York Newsletter* reports three more gay men robbed and killed on Manhattan's East Side. The parks are full of cops and the Hilton Hotel is, as Mattachine writes, "hot with private dicks." Near the end of the month, the public park and popular cruising ground Kew Gardens in Queens is taken by vigilantes with walkie-talkies and flashlights looking for homosexuals. The gay men stand their ground, saying they have a right to cruise in this park. The next night – the night after Lindsay loses the primary race – the vigilantes return to Kew Gardens with axes and saws and begin cutting down all the trees. Someone confronts one of these guys and he swings his ax at them. He wants all the trees and bushes taken down so that gay men can't cruise here. The person he attacked goes to the police to report the violence, but the cops don't stop the vigilantes. The cops actually go talk to the ax-wielding homophobes and let them carry on cutting down the trees. Over these few weeks in June, five gay bars are raided. Three of them are shut down for good.

In the press, the *Village Voice* and the *New York Times* both refuse to print ads for *The Homosexual Handbook*, even though it's sold out its second printing of 50,000 books. Meanwhile, the *Medical World News* publishes an article supporting conversation therapy:

MEDICAL WORLD REPORTER: Dr. Socarides and others voice a growing optimism that sexual redirections is possible for many homosexuals. Leaders in the field report that

from one-third to one-half of their patients are successfully converting to heterosexuality. Some therapists are treating with psychoanalysis. Some are using group therapy, alone or with individual psychotherapy. Some are using hypnosis. Others are using conditioning—aversion therapy—with electroshock or nauseating drugs and photographs of nude men. Twelve troublesome homosexual inmates at New Jersey State Hospital, who were so overtly aggressive that they were placed in the maximum security building, were given 50 mg to 200 mg of the drug thioridazine three times daily. Within a week, attendants and nurses were commenting on the improvement.

FRANK KAMENY: Gentlemen: Your article illustrates how far medicine and its related disciplines of psychiatry and psychoanalysis have yet to go before they move out of the realm of spells, incantations and witchcraft, cease being pseudo-religious, and become the sciences that they should be. You refer to [aversion therapy](#). So intent are you people upon your monomania of conversion to heterosexuality that you do not perceive the utter barbarism of these methods. They are horrifying. Descriptions of aversion therapy remind one of a page out of a tome on medieval torture, a discussion of the techniques of the Spanish Inquisition, or a text on modern Russian brainwashing.

MUSIC: Annual Reminder

HOST: While preparing for the fifth **Annual Reminder** picket next month, Dick Leitsch writes to Barbara Gittings again, **June 24, 1969**,

DICK LEITSCH: We cannot support a demonstration that pretends to reflect the feelings of all homosexuals while excluding many homosexuals from participating in the demonstration. Since our membership covers all the spectrum of gay life, we encompass drag queens, leather queens, and many, many groovy men and women whose wardrobe consists of bell-bottoms, vests, and miles of gilt chains. Rather than risk the embarrassment and insult of having some of our people rejected (as did happen a few years ago), we choose neither to participate nor support the demonstration and to make our reasons plain in our publication. The Annual Reminder held out such promise at its inception, and I am sorry to see it become the personal property of a few who would set themselves up as an 'establishment,' no less bigoted and exclusionary than the real 'Establishment' we're supposedly fighting.

HOST: Many homophiles are contesting the dress code for the 5th Annual Reminder. It seems like the MSNY is dropping out. And Dick seems to be blaming Frank. Barbara forwards the letter along to him. This time, Frank bites his tongue. When the moment is right, he'll tell Dick Leitsch how he feels. On to the next letter: Frank writes back to a friend in the summer of '69,

FRANK KAMENY: With rare exceptions, the people of highest caliber feel that they have too much to lose by association with the movement, and steer clear of it. We have

long ago become resigned to the fact that wealthy, professionally established, prominent homosexuals, for example, will give us no support whatever.

HOST: And returning another letter, this one to a weary activist,

FRANK KAMENY: Don't get discouraged at slow progress. I learned long ago that things move with excruciating slowness. When I founded the Mattachine Society of Washington 7 ½ years ago, I felt sure that now that we had an organization, all we had to do was to approach the government, and the 'walls of Jericho' would come tumbling down at once. It's almost a decade later, and they're still standing, if somewhat weakened.

Cordially,
Frank

HOST: A decade ago—mid-season 2—the New York Mattachine president at the time went on TV for an interview while wearing a mask. The Daughters of Bilitis were loading their files into a station wagon just before the SFPD showed up at their office to ask questions. Homophiles had no influence on the federal government a decade ago. Now, in 1969, the activists have picketed to the point of exhaustion. They're discussing feminism and Black Power as part of the movement. The CSC is budging, and Hoover talks about Mattachine in the press. And homophiles are continually calling out police brutality in their publications, under their own names. They're shaking the walls.

And now, a group of gay people who are even more blatant than homophiles are being discussed in the *New York Times* because their cast recording of *Boys in the Band* is being released—the whole play on vinyl. That's how popular it is. Soon young gays like Albert Williams will camp around in their college dorms playing the record, memorizing every gay little quip. ([Albert Williams](#) voices Frank Kameny on this podcast.) The *New York Times* explains, self-hate is no longer the style of homosexuals. Now they're not just angry, they're proud of what they are.

AUDIO: *Boys in the Band* clip: camping queens

Music settles.

AUDIO: sirens

MUSIC: approaching raids

HOST: The captain of Brooklyn's Tenth Division, **Seymour Pine**, is called into the office of Chief Inspector Sanford Garelick, who led that Village meeting in the church right before the Sip-In. Garelick is impressed by how Captain Seymour Pine handled a tricky race riot on Coney Island. He offered Pine a promotion, which Pine initially turned down

so that he could run a volunteer program to help brain-injured children learn how to crawl. But in 1967, Garelick forced the promotion on Pine. Pine has to move into Public Morals. It's probably the perfect job for him, though. Pine has a good reputation. He takes on Mob leaders and does his best to keep his officers out of corrupt behavior. That's why he's transferred. Garelick can't seem to clean up Manhattan's First Division Morals office on the inside—all the cops are taking graft. First Division is everything from 35th down to Battery Park. Lots of gay bars and other vice issues. Pine will also be required to meet with members of the Mattachine Society.

On the new job, Detective **Charles Smythe** calls Deputy Inspector Pine into his office to discuss their shared responsibility of the First Division's Public Morals officers. Smythe and Pine served together in WWII. They know each other well, which will be helpful in their new assignment.

Their commanding officer tells them that there have been financial irregularities in Europe connected to New York City. Interpol has discovered a huge cache of negotiable bonds vanished from the United States and were put up for sale in Europe. While working The Skull's 'Chickens & the Bulls' case, the NYPD discovered collusion between the Mafia and employees of a federal depository, who happen to be frequent guests of a Mafia bar called The Stone Wall. Perhaps these federal employees have been blackmailed by the Mafia with their gay secret, just like the national extortion ring.

The commanding officer explains to detectives Pine and Smythe that this activity seems to be coming from a certain set of gay clubs — in Manhattan's First Division. He says there have been reports of several big cars stopping outside the Stone Wall, dropping off people who appear to be wealthy. What would they be doing there? Deputy Inspector Pine is ordered to shut down these clubs, especially the Stone Wall Inn.

Tuesday, June 24. Pine raids the Stonewall, routinely arresting the bar staff and confiscating all the bar's liquor. The staff will be bailed out by the lawyer and new liquor is already on the way. As Pine is heading out the door of the Stonewall, one of the owners says,

THE SKULL: If you want to make a bust, that's your business. We'll be open again tomorrow.

HOST: Of course, Inspector Pine knows that's true. So he accepts the challenge. He'll plan a surprise bust that shuts the Stone Wall down for good.

On Friday, Jack and Lige head out for a fun weekend on Fire Island. Martha Shelley meets up with two women from Boston who want to start a DOB chapter. She's gonna give them a tour of the lesbian bars in the Village. Dick Leitsch listens to the radio while he packs his suitcase for a trip to Europe with his lover. Sylvia Rivera is getting back

home to New York City from a trip to D.C. with her lover. She's wearing a women's suit she made herself, lots of makeup and hair. She looks good and she wants to go out.

SYLVIA RIVERA: Let's go to the Stonewall.

HOST: Next week on episode 11, "The Devil with the Blue Dress On."

Learn more in the episode credits & at queerserial.com/s3e10

POST-CREDITS:

FRANK KAMENY: March 10, 1969. To Barbara Gittings:

A little gem from a letter received today from Ed Sagarin. I'd sent him a copy of the Gay Is Good resolution and a button, and had mentioned my article in *Playboy*:

[reading Sagarin's letter] "Alas, I do not think gay is good, and I do not think the slogan is good, and I do not think it is good for gay people to have such a slogan, and I do not think it is good for a society that people have the courage and fight to say that gay is good even though gay is not good. Whew! Don't quote that—I might want to refine it a bit!"

[laughs]

Frank