



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

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 These texts contain **identifying terms** that may now be out of date.

We are forced to consider this tension between God and nature and are thus confronted with the nature of God because He is man's most intense creation and it is not in the sight of nature that the homosexual is condemned, but in the sight of God.

—James Baldwin, *Preservation of Innocence*

Act 1

AUDIO: sirens, cameras flash, bulbs bust.

HOST: I'm Devlyn Camp, and this is the serialized story of queer liberation in America from the beginning to Stonewall.

AUDIO: phone ringing

TED MCILVENNA: Hello?

HAL CALL: [over phone] You better get down here, reverend. The Clift Hotel.

AUDIO: quick footsteps on sidewalk, cars passing, groans of pain

TED MCILVENNA: My God, what happened?

HAL CALL: I got a call from these men a few minutes ago.

TED MCILVENNA: [to the men] Are you okay?

HAL CALL: The police beat them senseless. Can you take them to the church for some ice and bandages?

TED MCILVENNA: I'll call the Presbyterian Hospital. Maybe the hotel staff—

HAL CALL: The hotel staff kicked them out.

TED MCILVENNA: What?

HAL CALL: Cops came and kicked their genitals in. And the hospital won't take them. They said they're dirty, filthy queers.

TED MCILVENNA: [sighs] Thank you for calling me. This way, the church is right around the corner.

MUSIC: bar music

HOST: **July 8, 1964.** At the Hideaway, in Washington, D.C. Jack Nichols drinks with friends. It's a gay bar, daringly operating just across the street from FBI Headquarters. In the crowd, he spots—

JACK NICHOLS: an apparition.

AUDIO: His friends talking to the waitress

HOST: Tight blue shirt. Sitting. Looking. Making eye contact. Jack walks through the crowd to the young man.

JACK NICHOLS: Would you like to join us? I'm sitting over here with a straight couple. They're pretty nice. I'm Jack.

LIGE CLARK: [over the music] Lige.

JACK: Huh?

LIGE: Elijah.

JACK: Bobby?

LIGE: (laughs) You heard Bobby?

JACK: You sure can smile.

LIGE: One learns to smile in the army. It's all such a big joke.

GAIL: Hi.

JACK: This is Bobby.

LIGE: [laughs] Lige.

RAY: So you're military?

LIGE: Keep it secret. I'm not supposed to be in this bar.

GAIL: Who is? We can keep secrets. Ever heard of Mattachine?

LIGE: No, I—

RAY: Clearly she's not that great at keeping secrets.

GAIL: *He* told us one! And it's hardly a secret. [to Lige] We're activists with Mattachine.

LIGE: What does that mean?

GAIL: We stand for equality for gay people.

LIGE: Wow, that's wonderful! Somebody ought to stand up for our rights.

RAY: If you hang around these two, they'll turn you into a radical homo.

LIGE: Maybe they'll succeed.

HOST: (Credit to Jack Nichols for writing that scene — in his autobiography.) **Lige Clark** works in the offices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He has 11 security clearances. He works on sensitive documents from the Pentagon, State Department, FBI, and the White House. By the end of the night, he's giving Jack a ride home. It's Lige's first date with a man. They kiss goodbye and make plans to meet up again on Friday around 10PM for McDonald's and a movie. At the end of their second date, Jack takes Lige to meet Frank Kameny.

AUDIO: mimeo machine, papers shuffling

FRANK KAMENY: Come on down, I'm mimeographing some Mattachine things.

JACK NICHOLS: Do you need a hand?

FRANK KAMENY: What else are you two here for? Fold those papers, Jack, I've got purple all over my hands.

LIGE CLARK: What do you do with all these pamphlets?

FRANK KAMENY: We try to get them into the hands of as many homosexuals as we can because eventually they're going to need our help.

LIGE CLARK: I could put some in the Pentagon.

AUDIO: papers stop shuffling. Mimeo runs quietly.

LIGE CLARK: If you need help. I don't even know how to begin joining your Mattachine.

FRANK KAMENY: I think you just did.

HOST: Jack takes Lige home that night.

MUSIC: hope

JACK NICHOLS: You're gonna need a pseudonym.

LIGE CLARK: I already thought of one.

JACK NICHOLS: Really? Tell me.

LIGE CLARK: Robert C. Hayden.

JACK NICHOLS: Is Robert because—

JACK AND LIGE: I/You called me Bobby! [laughing]

AUDIO: writing

GER VAN BRAAM: I am no longer alone, I have suddenly found friends!

HOST: **Ger Van Braam** writes from Jakarta, Indonesia.

GER VAN BRAAM: I just learned myself that I am not the only one in the world with my deviation, that there are others just like me!

HOST: Ger van Braam has been married, but after three months, she writes,

GER VAN BRAAM: I revolted against my captivity and broke free.

HOST: Her family then disowned her. She goes on, writing to *The Ladder*,

GER VAN BRAAM: ...I would thank all your writers who give us something valuable from their own richness of feeling and understanding. If you could but know what any enlightenment means to us...

HOST: Ger found an issue of *The Ladder* at her friend's house. Her letter to editor Barbara Gittings, is titled "Isolation in Indonesia," and is printed in the June 1964 issue. She writes about the solitude of an Indonesian lesbian, and the lack of books. So Barbara and Kay start a book donation campaign through *The Ladder*.

BARBARA GITTINGS: Books for Ger!

HOST: Ger writes again, thrilled to be receiving so many wonderful books from American women. She returns Barbara's letter:

GER VAN BRAAM: No, I've nothing to fear of our customs in Indonesia for I know that our people are so ignorant they wouldn't even know what those books will be about, if they would think anything at all.

HOST: She includes a photograph of herself, and with her permission, Barbara and Kay put Ger van Braam on the cover of their November 1964 issue – the first person showing her face on the cover of *The Ladder*.

AUDIO: typewriter

BARBARA GITTINGS: The overriding problem is invisibility. How do you organize people that you can't see?

HOST: Reader J.N. from Australia writes in:

DAUGHTER 1: We have just seen several copies of THE LADDER and we were thunderstruck! The covers are beautiful! The content has improved 100%. We just look at each other and ask, 'Can this be THE LADDER?'

DAUGHTER 2: A love, a small masterpiece... Every month you move forward by leaps and bounds.

HOST: The covers drift away from drawings and silhouette photos. Kay Lahusen puts her photojournalism skills to work and they start printing pictures of real Lesbian women for the covers. Kay is credited as **Kay Tobin**, chosen from the phonebook.

KAY LAHUSEN: Lahusen is too hard to pronounce!

HOST: With the massive anonymous donations from the so-called "Pennsylvania," the magazine is now printed on 24 pages of slick stock. Each issue is printed into the high triple digits now. Many women all over the world, like Ger's friend, cling to their issues for years and share them, discretely, with other women. Ger writes again,

GER VAN BRAAM: I just finished reading your letter for the *n*th time and I am still marveling at your ingenuity... it's a way of thinking beyond our mentality.

HOST: Homophile publications are moving forward quickly. **The Janus Society** in Philadelphia begins their own magazine, *DRUM*. They write about sex and politics hand-in-hand, along with boldly sexual images, like a gay *Playboy*. *DRUM* is the first American publication to include full frontal male nudity. They debut the first gay comic strip, "The Man from A.U.N.T.I.E.," and after *Life* magazine's article "Homosexuality in America," which you heard last week, *DRUM* makes their own parody, "Heterosexuality in America," explaining to their readers that heteros exist *all over the country*. Frank Kameny even joins the staff, with his name on the masthead, and writes an article about his hearing at Congress with Dowdy, which we heard last season. The magazine's circulation quickly hits 10,000, surpassing all other homophile publications.

Meanwhile, Pan-Graphic Press is printing a new edition of Bob Damron's bar guide, now including 150 pages of gay bars across the nation. It's selling so fast Pan-Graphic Press can barely keep up. The new organization SIR's publication *Vector* becomes advertised as "A Voice for the Homophile Community," while its publishers at SIR are also busy working with Reverend Ted McIlvenna.

TED MCILVENNA: In listing sins, we need to include the Church's penchant for separating "the good" from "the bad" in a way that neither the experience of history nor the data of the behavioral sciences support.

HOST: The minister quickly incorporates the new **Council on Religion and the Homosexual**, a collective effort between the homophile activists and San Francisco's ministers to help improve the lives of homosexuals. The Mattachine, the Daughters of Bilitis, SIR, The Coits, Guy Straight and Associates, and the Tavern Guild all pitch in with ministers from the Lutheran, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Methodist, and Episcopalian churches. They decide to put on a New Years fundraiser in order for the united Council to launch their new programs for queers: new education and public activities so the city's ministers can provide services for gay youth. Their first big fundraiser will be a Mardi Gras-themed ball at the relatively run-down California Hall in the Tenderloin. This spectacularly public endorsement of homosexuals by ministers is an undeniably large step forward for homosexuals, at least that's what Bilitis founders Del and Phyllis think. They see change on the horizon and new work ahead. Del and Phyl decide it's time to hand over the reigns of the Daughters of Bilitis.

PHYLLIS LYON: If the organization has any validity at all it can't be based on two people, it has to be able to stand and grow on its own. And it's never going to do it if we don't move out.

DEL MARTIN: Hell, we've been working all these years to get the churches to communicate with us. They're now about to. Do you think we're going to turn our backs on them? That's ridiculous. We've finally made a break-through and we've got to go with it!

HOST: Besides, the Daughters of Bilitis are in good hands, and *The Ladder* is being made on the East Coast, by Barbara Gittings and Kay Tobin, where they're already trying to focus on more radical issues.

Readers of *The Ladder* often write in to disapprove of Barbara's point of view, such as her open criticism of medical professionals:

AUDIO: typewriter

BARBARA GITTINGS: The New York Academy of Medicine is a medical group which myopically sees homosexuality only as a disease. The shoddy work behind this report is a discredit to a professional group in a scientific field.

HOST: Gittings plans to skip the upcoming homophile convention in DC, to stay home and work on the magazine. But she hears that the leader of Washington's Mattachine, Frank Kameny, is planning to openly criticize the DOB in a debate for their lack of action against oppressive laws. Barbara writes, "Wonderful. This movement needs to do some soul-searching." She decides to attend the event.

Before the convention, Frank Kameny addresses the Mattachine of New York:

FRANK KAMENY: The entire homophile movement is going to stand or fall upon the question of whether homosexuality is sickness, and upon our taking a firm stand on it until and unless valid positive evidence shows otherwise, homosexuality *per se* is neither a sickness, a defect, a disturbance, a neurosis, a psychosis, nor a malfunction of any sort.

AUDIO: light applause

HOST: ECHO, another alliance — of East Coast Homophile Organizations — they're getting restless in the East.

As doctors remind the public that homosexuals are sick, the military sends them to Vietnam to fight in the war, and then dishonorably discharges them due to their supposed sickness. At Kameny's suggestion, **Randy Wicker** brings the League for Sexual Freedom to the U.S. Army's Whitehall Street Induction Center in Manhattan. Frank wrote up a letter to the army secretary and a flyer for Randy. Randy adds a headline: THE ARMY VERSUS SEX.

AUDIO: rain

HOST: Randy called on the MSNY to join them in the picket, but most of them aren't ready for that. Picketing for homosexuality is essentially the same as being arrested in the park and having your name printed in the paper, because if that happens, you're done for. You're outed to the world, you're banned from federal work. No homophile group has ever picketed.

But, on Saturday, **September 19, 1964**, the rain drizzles down on three Mattachinos who join Randy outside the army induction center: 23-year-old **Craig Rodwell** (who, fun fact, was recently dating Harvey Milk), and two young lesbians from the MSNY and DOB, **Renee Cafiero and Nancy Garden**, they join Randy. Wicker's lover **Peter Ogren** and, of course, a few members of the **League for Sexual Freedom** join. Including a baby brought by one of the members, the picket's total attendance is 9 people. They pass out the flyers explaining the Army's policy of dishonorably discharging homosexuals.

RANDY WICKER: We Don't Dodge the Draft—The Draft Dodges Us

HOST: "Homosexuals Died for U.S. Too," Renee Cafiero's sign says. Another says "Love and Let Love." There is no mainstream media coverage, or really any attention at all from anyone even inside the building, but it is the first picket by homosexuals for a homosexual issue. No one got hurt or even outed! No one got reported on at all, so, overall, the activists feel defeated by the lack of press and attendance, but Randy remains determined to build on a little momentum.

John Waters and the Dreamlanders run around Baltimore shooting their first film, "Hag in a Black Leather Jacket." Waters is 18. His young troupe is developing their now-legendary ability to use crude characters to poke fun at the establishment and at social outcasts. The young, transgressive queers proudly take on the filthiest roles on film. And though "Hag" is just a 17-minute film, and Dreamland isn't successful in the mainstream yet, a generation of radically uncensored youth is coming of age along with them.

Some members of the ECHO alliance feel the same urge artists and homophile publishers feel, the push to make their points-of-view known. After three hotels cancel on ECHO's conference, they finally find one that'll take them and they gather in DC for their second big meeting and dedicate their organizations to "immediate action." There, at the Sheraton Park Hotel, activists arrive for the convention of the East Coast Homophile Organizations, as the misprinted sign announces.

On the final day of the convention, six clergymen join a panel for a discussion, in addition to some...expected guests, who had threatened to show up.

AUDIO: heavy marching footsteps

HOST: It's not an undercover cop this time, though there is one in this audience, it's a uniformed Nazi trooper marches down the center aisle of the conference hall. The blond young man is followed by two other nazis. He's carrying a big pink box labeled "QUEER CONVENTION." A DOB member flips on her tape recorder.

The Nazi, in a Southern accent, calls for Rabbi Lipman to come forward. The room goes quiet. ECHO's emergency plan goes into action. Leaders from all four homophile organizations get up and link arms, forming a chain to separate the Nazis from the clergymen. The Nazi holds up his box and announces he has 24 quarts of vaseline here for you queers to make use of. Audience members jump up to join in the human chain and slowly push the Nazis back. "Would you quit pushing me, you queers" he shouts. The homophiles begin to shout back, pay an admission or leave! You are trespassing! Kameny says, "You are being asked to leave."

The Nazi backs up — onto New York DOB President Shirley Willer's foot.

SHIRLEY WILLER: Please remove your foot from my toe!

NAZI: I believe you're trying to kick me, aren't you, lesbian?

SHIRLEY WILLER: *I said remove your foot from my toe!*

HOST: Suddenly, the undercover officer stands up in the crowd and reveals his badge. The vice officer escorts the Nazis out of the convention, and they're all gone, cops and Nazis. Two birds...

AUDIO: applause

MATTACHINO: [quietly] Isn't that the cop that arrested **Walter Jenkins**?

HOST: Most of the people celebrating the officer and the Nazi leaving the convention have no idea that Officer Robert Graham was the same cop who cornered President Lyndon Johnson's right hand man while he was cruising in a bathroom at the YMCA last week. Check out the bonus episode all about it on my Patreon at patreon.com/QueerSerial or patreon.com/posts/50109635.

AUDIO: typewriter

KAY LAHUSEN: It was a gathering of men and women impatient to remedy the discrimination against the homosexual citizen in our society. Now there seems to be a militancy about the new groups and new leaders. There's a different mood. In other news, Randy Wicker made his appearance known at New York Medical College on **December 2** where a doctor gave a presentation titled "Homosexuality, A Disease."

HOST: Randy and three other activists waited at the entrances OF THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE. Some of them passed out homophile flyers to everyone entering while others held signs saying "WE REQUEST 10 MINUTES REBUTTAL TIME." And they got it during the Q&A segment. Wicker took the mic in the audience to explain to everyone that these experts don't all agree, and their research is full of biases and prejudices. Wicker criticized their methods of studying homosexuality, particularly that doctors only ever looked at unhappy homosexuals who came to them for therapy. Most of us are well-adjusted, he says. We're not sick. We're happy this way. Kay reports in *The Ladder* that Randy looked stunned to get more applause than the psychiatrist.

AUDIO: typewriter

KAY LAHUSEN: He noted that those who call homosexuality a disease rarely warn their listeners about the unscrupulous therapists who charge exorbitant hourly fees and promise quick, easy cures to naïve homosexuals or their distraught parents.

HOST: Kay Tobin's piece about Randy's protest, titled "Picketing: The Pros and Cons," enrages Bilitis members. Angry letters explain to her that only the lowly people picket. Kay and Barbara completely disagree. Barbara Gittings has quit her job to focus full-time on revamping *The Ladder* and push a pro-picketing message. She and Kay are inspired by the ECHO convention and likeminded militant style of other homophile activists like Kameny. Kay Tobin focuses on shooting photographs of real lesbians for their covers. *The Ladder* reports that Randy Wicker is also carrying the same militant message in New York, despite his earlier claim to be leaving the homophile movement.

Act 2

AUDIO: distant siren fading, office phones ringing

TED MCILVENNA: Hello, I'm here to meet with the chief of police.

SECRETARY: Oh, **Reverend McIlvenna**, he said for your issue you should see the vice squad.

TED MCILVENNA: No, I don't—okay, fine.

HOST: Head of vice, **Officer Rudy Nieto**, and the police chaplain greet the reverend, Ted McIlvenna. Rudy Nieto is about 6'2". He shakes Ted's hand and listens to him explain the upcoming private ball planned for ministers and homosexuals. The chaplain immediately asks,

CHAPLAIN: Do you believe that masturbation is a sin against God?

TED MCILVENNA: Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

RUDY NIETO: Now, reverend, you know if it were Halloween, we wouldn't mind the dressing up so much—

TED MCILVENNA: Listen, the dance will happen. I just want to let you know about it.

AUDIO: a pause

RUDY NIETO: All right, reverend. Fine. We'll give you the permit. But it must be a private event. Tickets in advance. And hire your own security, we don't need this thing getting out of control.

TED MCILVENNA: Yes, sir.

HOST: The reverend leaves the station. Officer Nieto calls California Hall to try talking them into cancelling the reservation.

MUSIC: party begins

HOST: Guy Strait's paper, now called *Citizens News*, announces:

GUY STRAIT: Tickets are for sale in many of the bars in San Francisco, plus many of the organizations. The donation for the affair is \$5.00. This is a private affair and to keep it this way no tickets are to be available at the door or on the day of the ball... Since the fire department has put a 1500 person limit on this dance hall there will not be any more than 1500 tickets sold. Those planning to attend *must* get their tickets early.

HOST: Each organization gets a \$1 kickback for each ticket sold. Great money for the homophile groups, and to get the Council for Religion and the Homosexual up and helping the city.

New Years Day, 1965. California Hall is a large venue on Polk Street in San Francisco's Tenderloin. It was built in 1912 and has ornate windows and a beautiful small black awning over the front doors. It stands five stories tall over the intersection of Polk and Turk. The **Tavern Guild** sets up the bar inside the hall. **SIR** members decorate for the

dance. Herb Donaldson, their lawyer, gets a call from San Francisco Mattachine President **Hall Call**.

HAL CALL: [over the phone] You two better get down to 693.

HOST: **Herb Donaldson and Evander Smith**, the two attorneys hired by the Council for Religion and the Homosexual, they rush around the corner to the Mattachine Society offices on Mission. Herb is a private attorney, taking gay clients sent to him by the Mattachine and LCE. Evander works a corporate job, and secretly helps Herb with gay cases. They're also both gay and they both — coincidentally — have longtime lovers named Jim.

HAL CALL: [clearly shaken up] The cops came here and gave us an ultimatum.

HOST: The officer told Hal,

OFFICER 1: Get the message out to those queer ministers that if they hold the event tonight, we're going to get rid of everyone.

HAL CALL: You think they'll come?

HERB DONALDSON: The cops or the ministers?

AUDIO: cars arriving and honking, cameras flashing

HOST: Coming in across the Tenderloin, guests arrive at California Hall. Ministers enter with their wives on their arms. They're wearing beautiful gowns. As are the queens, some of them getting out of limousines. Reverend McIlvenna chose the ticket takers at the door carefully. Civil rights lawyers with rouge on.

Inside, Pat Lyon, DOB founder Phyllis Lyon's sister, sells drink tickets in a little booth. On the floor, ministers and queers mingle. Many women are in suits, many men in dresses. Clergy are in uniform, which is its own sort of drag. Men and women of all sexualities and races dance with each other. Some guests have never seen such comfortable interracial dancing.

AUDIO: distant, multiple photo flashes

WOMAN: What's going on out there?

DEL MARTIN: [echoing in the lobby] Phyl, what's happening out there? Open the door.

AUDIO: photo flash

PHYLLIS LYON: Well, let's have a look.

HOST: Phyllis and a minister peak their heads out of the California Hall doors.

PHYLLIS LYON: Klieg lights. There's a paddy wagon across the street, and a police car at the end of the block.

AUDIO: two quick photo flashes

PHYLLIS LYON: And a photographer. Two photographers.

DEL MARTIN: [dry] Probably just press, right?

AUDIO: periodic flashes

HOST: Herb Donaldson and Evander Smith pull up outside. The entire hall's entrance is lit up as Mardi Gras-costumed ministers and queers get their tickets ready for the door. It's lit up by police floodlights. A third cameraman films them entering. Some of the drivers that pull up see the photographers and the paddy wagon and they quickly pull away. Herb and Evander get out the car.

QUEENS: Over here! Give me two of these, honey!

HOST: Fearless queens pose for the police photographers.

QUEENS: Over here, darling!

HOST: **Nancy May**, from SIR, pulls up. More police cars pull in behind her.

EVANDER SMITH: Just ignore the police. Come on, let's just get inside.

HOST: The intersection is barricaded by police cars and some motorcycles. Officers get out and stand around, just to intimidate. **Reverend Chuck Lewis** takes a look outside at the clusters of cops and he leaves California Hall. He runs to North Beach, home, to grab his camera and he runs right back. It only takes 8 slides and requires a flashbulb for every photo taken. But the reverend runs back to the dance and takes quick shots of the police outside and of the other photographers taking photos of arriving guests. Back inside,

MUSIC: distantly, 1965 dance music

JO: I heard they're in riot gear out there.

CHUCK LEWIS: Take these, hide them.

HOST: Jo takes the film from Reverend Lewis and stuffs it down her bra.

OFFICER 1: We need to make a health inspection, it's required by the city.

HOST: Herb and Evander, the attorneys, are standing in the doorway.

HERB DONALDSON: Fine, go ahead.

HOST: The two officers enter California Hall and circle the dance floor. Nancy May goes to her position at the donation receipt table and offers to take over for Del and Phyl for a while. Ten minutes later:

OFFICER 2: Fire inspection, it's code.

HERB DONALDSON: [sigh] Okay, since you're not in uniform.

HOST: And soon after,

OFFICER 3: We're here for the inspection.

HERB DONALDSON: A third inspection? It's only been 15 minutes.

HOST: These cops are in uniform. Herb reluctantly lets them through, too. Two more cops hit the dance floor, pacing. Checking closets. Walking through the bar.

MUSIC: music fades out

NANCY MAY: [quiet] Bill?

BILL MAY: [whispering] Here.

HOST: Nancy's husband Bill May also slips some photos over — two full rolls of film into his wife's hand.

BILL MAY: I know nothing's going to happen to you, so do something with this.

HOST: Guy Strait gets up on stage. The lights go up. The music stops.

MUSIC: turns off suddenly

GUY STRAIT: [into microphone] There's nothing to be worried about. Don't be alarmed. [hesitantly] The police have the building surrounded.

WOMAN: Oh.

MUSIC: dance music is turned back on

HOST: All the gay people go back to dancing. The ministers watch the police scope out the room. Herb and Evander, at the door, stop two more ticketless men from entering the hall.

OFFICER 4: We're here to do the inspection.

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

MINISTER'S WIFE: [from a distance] I don't understand what the police have a problem with.

HERB DONALDSON: God dammit, no. If you're gonna come in, come in with a search warrant.

HOST: More officers push inside. The entryway fills. Herb and the inspecting officer stare each other down. The cops didn't think the council would stand them off. The council didn't think the cops would really raid. Finally, the cops grab Herb and Evander by the elbows.

HERB DONALDSON: Am I under arrest?

HOST: They pull the attorneys outside.

HERB DONALDSON: Am I under arrest?!

HOST: Their feet dangling, Herb and Evander are taken to the paddy wagon, frisked, and put inside.

HERB DONALDSON: Someone call the mayor!

HOST: **Reverend Cecil Williams** follows them out to the wagon.

CECIL WILLIAMS: The ministers are prepared to be arrested if you two wish.

HERB DONALDSON: No, you'll be better as witnesses than co-defendants.

HOST: Back inside, Hal Call, Don Lucas, Larry Littlejohn, Del, Phyl, and all the homophiles watch the cops still circling the ballroom. Reverend Clay Caldwell is on the telephone.

CLAY CALDWELL: Yes, I'm trying to report an emergency, help us.

911 DISPATCHER: [over the phone] If police officers are there, why don't you tell them?

CLAY CALDWELL: *They're* the problem! [sighs]

AUDIO: hangs up the phone

HOST: Head of the vice squad, Rudy Nieto, enters California Hall. Nancy May is cleaning up cups, alone in the lobby — her volunteer partner never showed up. She carries an armful of half-full cups toward a trash can, when the tall police officer steps in her way. Nancy moves to go around him. Officer Nieto looks down at her.

RUDY NIETO: We're coming in to inspect the premises.

NANCY MAY: Under advice of attorney, you have to have a warrant. This is a private party.

RUDY NIETO: I don't need a warrant. I have this.

HOST: Nieto flashes his badge.

NANCY MAY: Well that's not gonna get you in.

HOST: She drops the cups in the trash. Nieto grabs Nancy and pulls her toward the door.

RUDY NIETO: Look, lady, we're coming in.

NANCY MAY: I've just about had it with you people. You don't belong here. Now get out!

HOST: Nieto turns toward the door.

NANCY MAY: [sighs]

RUDY NIETO: Officers.

HOST: She turns back to see him with three uniformed policemen.

RUDY NIETO: Put that woman under arrest.

NANCY MAY: [smug] Can I get my coat?

RUDY NIETO: No. Take her out there.

CECIL WILLIAMS: Let the poor girl get her coat. For God's sake, man, it's cold out there.

HOST: Cecil escorts Nancy to the coatroom.

NANCY MAY: [whispering] Tell Bill that I'm being arrested.

HOST: Cecil books it to the dance floor, and grabs Bill. The wrong Bill, Bill Plath, not Nancy May's husband. But still. She gives Bill *Plath* the rolls of film from her pocket and returns to the lobby to be arrested. Another attorney, **Elliot Leighton**, runs into the lobby behind her and the officers arresting her.

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

OFFICER 4: You're under arrest, you can go with her.

TED MCILVENNA: What's going on?

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

AUDIO: handcuffs

HOST: Nieto and his officers circle the ballroom. Plainclothes cops approach gay dancing guests and ask them to come with them. Some people think these pigs are also guests at the party and follow them outside. Once lured out, the homosexuals are put under arrest. Two gay men, **Konrad Osterreich and Jon Borset**, are put into the paddy wagon. Nancy May and Elliot Leighton are led to a car and taken away. The cops continue looking to pick off guests until the dance floor is in a panic. People suddenly realize what's going on and they run for the doors.

AUDIO: sirens, doors slam open

HOST: Outside, cops swarm the block.

A minister at the front entrance opens his coat wide for six people to duck behind him as he blocks the officers and guides the guests to the street so they can hop into a limo. The minister returns to the front door, and he does it again.

OFFICER 1: I want you to know you are interfering with an officer in the line of duty. If you ever do that again you will be arrested.

HOST: The cops take the place.

AUDIO: party music settles

HOST: At Northern Station, Herb and Evander have already called a judge they know to order them released on their own recognizance. Nancy and Elliot have just arrived and are being charged with obstructing the police.

OFFICER 5 [female]: Where are you currently employed?

HOST: Nancy has her **SIR Pocket Lawyer** memorized. Her organization printed it.

NANCY MAY: This is not going to get back to my employer?

OFFICER 5: [phony] Oh *no!* Good heavens.

HOST: Bill Plath is making arrangements for Nancy and Elliot's bail. But the cops take their fingerprints and strip search Elliot anyway. Konrad and Jon, the two arrested gay men, are booked and detained for lewd and lascivious conduct.

Herb and Evander quickly return to California Hall. The place is wrecked. Cops roam the hall like they rented the space for their own dance. Schoolteachers who attended the ball are still inside, trying to figure out what to do. If they go outside they'll be arrested. One of them runs up to Herb and Evander.

SCHOOLTEACHER: Can you sneak us out through the back door? We could lose our teaching licenses if our photos are in the paper.

HERB DONALDSON: They won't get that photo.

HOST: He sneaks them out easily. They don't get that photo. The teachers don't get caught. Herb will later joke,

HERB DONALDSON: The state government is as inefficient as the federal government.

HOST: There's nothing else the lawyers can do. The dance is over. Herb and Evander return to their respective Jims at home. Reverend Chuck Lewis gets back to his car and he's so angry he can't even drive. He gets out of the car and walks down the block toward home, pulling his leftover flashbulbs from his pockets,

AUDIO: glass breaking

HOST: smashing them on the wall one by one. The reverend looks up and sees two police officers inside a hotel lobby across the street, just talking to a desk clerk. Reverend Lewis watches them, white-knuckled.

AUDIO: bulbs shatter

HOST: Nancy May is released from jail. She immediately goes for California Hall, too. Herb lies down in bed with Jim. This is the end of his legal career. Tomorrow his name will be printed in the paper. He's done, he's quietly lying in bed thinking. Jim suddenly says,

JIM: I'm so proud of you.

HOST: Nancy May walks onto the dark California Hall dance floor. The police are gone, the guests are gone. The staff is cleaning up. Nancy goes home...

Next week, episode 3, "The Raid on California Hall: Part 2."

Learn more in the episode credits & at queerserial.com/s3e2