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# CONFIDENTIAL

Gay Coalition meeting, Thursday, August 14 8 pm - 11:30 pm  
(Church of the Beloved Disciple, 368 W. 14th St.)

Over 100 persons in attendance from a variety of the groups composing the coalition.

In this meeting, convened to set a strategy of how to push for passage of 554 between now and the time it comes up for vote, the coalition resolved the following:

- 1) Targeting the Jewish community, especially Queens
- 2) Push 554 opposition onto defensive with an aggressive campaign to characterize them as bigots and supporters as enlightened opponents of bigotry in all forms.
- 3) Concentrate on "the movable middle" councilmanic votes as opposed to the unattainable hard core opponents and the safe proponents.

(A)  
Actions now specifically being worked out include/an as yet undated press conference which will concentrate on having representatives of non-gay groups who support 554 together with gays, plus experts on the results of Authoritarianism such as Hannah Arendt and Lucy Davidowitz, the idea being to analogize the situation of gays with that of Jews in Nazi Germany. (B) A demonstration to be in at a Thomas Moore's Club in Kew Gardens (reported scene of an assault upon a gay) and proceed to Queens Borough Hall. As yet undated. Other demonstration in areas where Jewish opposition is clear

cut. The only one specifically mentioned: Rego Park.

Governing rationale of the Target Queens Jews gambit ~~isxtzxbz~~ was derived in several study group reports as follows: No Jew likes to be seen asa bigot; and it will provide a good media slant.

It was specifically noted that "the votes of Kaufman and Silverman were lost because of opposition from their (Jewish districts)... The aim is, therefore, to create a media atmosphere in which they as well as Horowitz and Katz will feel impelled to support 554... To divide the Jewish community or at least get the liberal community to stand up."

Undecided as to specific tactics but agreed upon with reservations was a scheme, linked to the above, to point out the homosexual plight under the Nazi holocaust as a historical fact as well as an analogy.

Alan Roskoff, head of the behind-the-scenes lobbying groups, reported that Chairwoman Aileen Ryan had successfully flouted the council's sponsor's privilege motion designed to force a vote within 90 days and that it seemed unlikely that a remedy would be forthcoming either via the council's acting to enforce its own rule or the courts. Roskoff said a letter was sent to Mrs. Ryan <sup>ten</sup> "ten days ago" requesting the setting of a date for reporting the measure, with no answer as yet received. He expressed exasperation at the group's frustrated efforts to get "anything definite" from either Mrs. Ryan or, surprisingly, Carter Burden, whom he said they haven't been able even to reach at all on "at least 12 occasions. (Compare with press room murmurings that since the spring defeat some of the moneybags have



backed off and become disenchanted.)

At any rate, Roskoff said the lobby group is setting "meetings with council people to pin down exactly where to go and what to do!" He stressed also the angle of using the "political clout of non-gay groups" but did not specify other than to spur coalition members to work to urge outside groups to make their support of 554 better known. Named here was the Episcopal Church which, it was said, supports the measure but whose support has not been adequately communicated "to the grass roots, to the City Council or to its rectors."

( It was resolved also to "get women's groups to go after Congresswomen Chisholm and Holtzman to pressure the councilmen in their district." ... It was reported that "supporters like Ted Weiss are tired of sticking their necks out and not being supported" by the group at election, reference being made to failure of the coalition to produce the expected numbers.)

The Gay Media Coalition, reporting under ~~xxx~~ Eleanor Cooper, ~~commented~~ ~~reported~~ positively on a NY Times editorial of July (16?) and an unspecified later one by LI Press. Reported that the New York Voice had been reached and "is planning an editorial in support."

The latter is part of a stressed effort at "hitting not only the major media but the more localized media in specific areas which need repeated specific information about the bills and a concentration of special groups such as consumer and ethnic groups, pointing up the energetic roles gays have played in their specific drives and requesting their 554 support as quid pro quo. Especially noted here was the apparent receptivity of Elaine Parker of

This is a breakdown of Alan Roskoff's assessment of the current positions of various councilmen re 554. He rendered it as an oral report to the Gay Coalition and was apparently not intending to be complete or systematic but rather to afford the assemblage an informal backgrounding to his committee's lobbying.

He noted that most of those who voted pro last time are felt still to be in camp although some are growing restive, notably the liberal Jews, at taking a stand they feel to be at odds with basic sentiments certainly in their synagogues if not in their communities generally. It is at their urging, in part, that the coalition has tacked toward the wooing of Reform Jews.

Leon Katz (BKlyn-D) - Sick and tired of the pressure.

Reportedly will vote pro "just to get you people off my back."

Steve Kaufman (Bx D-L) - Screaming for help. At odds with feelings in synagogue.

Theodore Silverman (BKlyn -D)	:	Have no principled stand
Monroe Choen (BKlyn - D)	:	against 554 and personally would
David Friedland (Man-D)	:	vote pro but for the feared ire
	:	of their congregations. Urged
	:	campaigning.

depressed!

Samuel Horwitz (BKlyn-D) - Create media campaign so it will appear we are impelled to go along with an irresistible tide.



1972

INTRO 554

COALITION MEETING

THURS., AUG. 14 8 PM

CHURCH OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE

348 W. 14TH STREET (NEAR 9TH AVENUE)

The coalition effort to win passage of Intro 554 got off to a good start with the widely publicized July 12 march on St. Patrick's Cathedral. But if the gay civil rights bill is to pass this year, the momentum so far generated must be kept up and stepped up. Therefore, the coalition steering committee is calling an important meeting for Thursday, August 14. All groups and individuals who support this campaign should be represented at this meeting so a forceful and effective strategy for continuing action can be discussed and implemented. Bring your ideas--and your determination to win!

**SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT THIS MEETING!** WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.

For further information, call: 677-6090, 691-3679, 691-5460, or 691-1066

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At midnight, on Christmas Eve, 1946, the first Liturgy of the Eucharistic Catholic Church was celebrated in the Cotton Blossom Room, a gay cocktail lounge, in Atlanta, Georgia. Normally accommodating about 50 persons, the cocktail lounge - turned - church saw 85 gay people crowded into its small interior for the world's first gay service. Thus was the beginning of the first open ministry to the gay community.

In 1970, Bishop George Hyde, the founding priest of the Eucharistic Catholic Church delegated Father Robert Clement as his representative in New York City. Father Clement soon became the founder and pastor of The Church of the Beloved Disciple in New York and a worthy continuation of the gay Christian ministry.

In recognition of this, Bishop Hyde turned over the title of The Eucharistic Catholic Church to Father Clement who, on October 6, 1974, was consecrated Bishop of New York for The Eucharistic Catholic Church by Archbishop Richard A. Marchenna.

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THE MOST REV. ROBERT M. CLEMENT, S.T.D., ARCHBISHOP  
The Most Rev. John Noble, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor  
The Very Rev. Fr. Philip R. Clement, Chancellor

SUNDAY MASSES: 12:00 NOON

Music Director: Robert Mottlingdorfer

1983



NSA LIAISON 88A INTERCHG  
 26 FED PL 1/5/83 REYNOLDS  
 ATLANTA OFFICE/PEACHTREE

CHECK ON GEORGE HYDE. CONNECTED TO MORAVIAN GROUP WITH BRANCHES IN PA., OHIO, AND N.C. HDQTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. MGT BE PENETRATED. GROUPS USES STRANGE RITES COMBINING LATIN & EASTERN ORTHODOXY. SEES ITSELF AS TRUE FAITH. ROOTS BACK TO JOHN HUS AND THIRTY YEARS WAR. INFLUENCED JOHN WESLEY METHODIST FOUNDER.

THKS FOR COPY. SEND INFO ON ROSKOFF. CYNICAL MANIPULATION OF JEWS THERE & POLITICOS. IMGE THY APPLY TECHNIQUE TO ANY TARGETED GROUPS. SEEMS LIKE A WATERGATE TYPE OPERATION.

THE BELOVED TOO CLOSE TO OUTSIDE GROUPS. CONNECTED TO EXTENSIVE NETWORK. WILL CHECK WASHINGTON, D.C. GROUP ON 721 2 ST NE. GD INFO SOURCE.

WILL FEED BACK TO NATL. SOMETHING BREWING HERE. GRADUAL CONTROL OF CITY POLICE ACROOS USA. INTERFACE WITH SS WASH OFCE.

REVIEWED YOUR REPORT ON METHODIST MINISTER HARRY BRITT CITY SUPERVISO SAN FRANCISCO. NATIONAL STRATEGIST. NEED MORE INFO ON DSA DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISTS HDGTED NYC BWAY. CONNECT WITH JIMMY G. CULTIVATING GLENN & CUOMO? EXPLAIN.

FOLLOWUP ON WINSTON SALEM AND ASHEVILLE NC BILTMORE VANDERBILT CONNECT WITH BETHLEHEM PA.

CANT BUY CONNECT TO OVERSEAS. SEE DOMESTIC CURRENTS AT WORK WITH TACK ONS PERIPEERAL. WILL KEEP OPEN ON THIS....A.R.'S REMARK. IT WON'T BE EASY TO GET BY HIM.

**MANHATTAN**

2nd C.D.	Miriam Friedlander (D) 566-3124	Yes, S, on GWC '81
3rd C.D.	Gari Gritzer (D-L) 349-2466	Yes, S
4th C.D.	Ruth Messinger (D-L) 566-0709	Yes, S, on GWC '81
5th C.D.	Fred Samuel (D-L) 663-3900	Yes, will S
6th C.D.	Stanley Michels (D-L) 566-1322	Yes, will S this time
7th C.D.	Bob Dryfoos (D) 535-5866	Yes, S
at-large	Ed Wallace (D) 566-0709	Yes, S
at-large	Henry Stern (L) 566-1320	Yes, S

**BRONX**

8th C.D.	Carolyn Maloney (D)	Yes, will S, Manh. also*
9th C.D.	Wendell Foster (D) 566-7823	Yes, will S
10th C.D.	Jane Eisland (D-L) 549-0158	Yes, will S
11th C.D.	Rafael Caten (D-L)	Should be approached*
12th C.D.	Michael DeMarco (D-C) 931-6063	No, hopeless
13th C.D.	Fernando Ferrer (D-L)	Should be lobbied*
14th C.D.	Jerry Crispino (D-L) 344-5854	No
at-large	Aileen Ryan (D) 566-5065	No, chairs GWC
at-large	Joseph Savino (R) 654-5000	No, outspoken app.

**QUEENS**

15th C.D.	Walter Ward (D-R-C) 845-0808	No
16th C.D.	Sheldon Laffer (D-L) 465-8202	No, but might change
17th C.D.	Archie Spigner (D-L) 776-3700	No
18th C.D.	Morton Pevman (D) 793-2255	No
19th C.D.	Edward Sadowsky (D-L) 539-2020	Yes, S

**QUEENS (Cont'd)**

20th C.D.	Peter Valone (D) 274-4500	No, appr'chble, but firm
21st C.D.	Thomas Manton (D-C) 429-0808	No, on GWC in '81
22nd C.D.	Arthur Katzman (D-L) 544-3212	Yes, S, former lead S
34th C.D.	Joseph Lisa (D)	Said to lean favorably*
at-large	Steven Oriew (D)	No, but may go yes
at-large	Jack Muratori (R) 353-3200	No

**BROOKLYN**

23rd C.D.	Herbert Berman (D) 566-8144	No, should be lobbied
24th C.D.	Priscilla Weeton (D)	New member*
25th C.D.	Susan Alter (D) 438-0227	No, a "reformer"?
26th C.D.	Enoch Williams (D) 498-9012	No, a key GWC no vote
27th C.D.	Luis Olmedo (D-L) 387-8119	Yes, should S
28th C.D.	Mary Pinkatt (D) 857-0959	Yes, S
29th C.D.	Abe Geryes (D-L) 875-5200	Yes, S
30th C.D.	Thomas Cuite (D-C-RTL) 566-5250	No, Maj Ldr: What now?
31st C.D.	Salvatore Albanese (D-L)	Replaces a no vote*
32nd C.D.	Noach Dear (D)	Lobbyable?*
33rd C.D.	Samuel Horwitz (D-L) 648-1200	No
at-large	Bob Stainout (D) 566-0871	Yes, S, on GWC '81
at-large	Michael Long (C) 566-4785	No, mouth of opposition

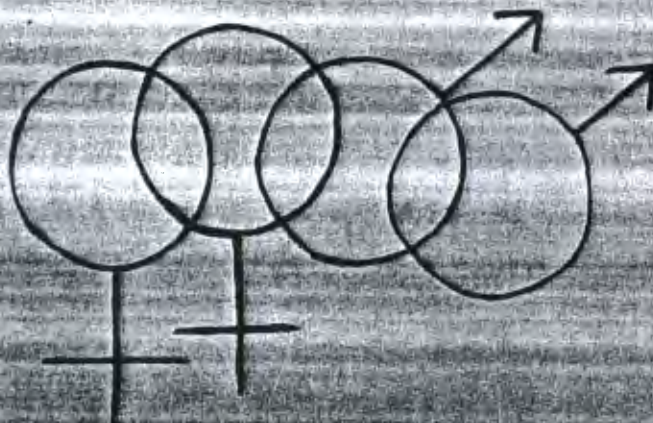
**STATEN ISLAND**

1st C.D.	Nich. LaPerte (D-C-RTL) 273-3513	No, also in Bklyn.
35th C.D.	Jerome O'Donovan (D-C)	Dist. also in Bklyn.*
at-large	Mary Codd (D-L) 566-0334	Yes, will S this time
at-large	Anthony Glacobbie (R-C) 273-6900	No

New York gays are now calling for a **NEW MEMBER** • S = sponsor • GWC = General Welfare Committee Pennsylvania-style commission investigation into discrimination, to educate state bureaucrats on the issue and to ensure that when Cuomo writes his order, it ad-

dresses existing bias. Cuomo's staff reports that former Lambda Independent Democrat Club President Peter Vogel will be among those named to a transition-team task force.





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# CLOSETS OF POWER

BY TAYLOR BRANCH

As a high government official and a homosexual, Dan Bradley

led a double life that is common among congressmen, White House aides, and others in the political world. Here is his story, and theirs.



POLITICS came naturally to Dan Bradley. Despite his handicap as a "children's-home boy," he was elected class president every year in high school. At Mercer University he beat out eleven candidates to become freshman class president, and served on nearly every board and society in the school—the classic popular student-activities zealot. "I knew their names, faces, majors, where they came from, and their activities at school. I made it my business to know." In his career as a leader of the movement to bring legal services to the poor, Bradley operated the same way. Perhaps unconsciously, he sought to become acquainted with a wide mass of people at a genuine though superficial level, and he sought their approval on the same plane. He was preoccupied with the general good and with the

broader classes of human nature, as opposed to the quirks or depths of any individual. His knowledge of people was wide but thin, precise but not intimate. All this made Dan Bradley a good politician. It also helped guard his secret even before he knew he had one. The ability to live in a web of broad but shallow relationships, to design a public face and hide a private one, served Bradley well in both worlds of his adult life. The political personality, it seems, is tailor-made for life in the closet.

In March of this year, Bradley became the highest federal official in American history to declare publicly that he was a homosexual. Upon resigning as president of the government-funded Legal Services Corporation, he told *The New York Times* that he had survived in politics only by living a double life of "sheer, unmitigated fear." He also told the *Times* that he had many homosexual friends who were congressmen, congressional staff people, White House aides, bureaucrats, and lawyers throughout Washington. They all shared a clandestine life inside the closet.

*Taylor Branch, a former Washington editor of Harper's, is co-author of Labyrinth, a book about the murder of Orlando Letelier, published by Viking Press. He is at work on a biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*



As a powerful but frightened subculture, the closeted politicians in Washington have learned how to recognize, protect, communicate with, and seduce one another—all the while leading professional lives and keeping the “straights” largely unaware. In a capital where gossip, scandal, and political advantage are highly prized, this has been a remarkable collective feat.

Since “coming out,” Bradley has traveled the country on a tour of celebration. He has met reinforcements—who are closeted mayors, city councilmen, clergymen, ordinary folk—and they have feted him as one who has done what they cannot bring themselves to do. He has also received moving testaments of acceptance from heterosexuals, strangers and old friends alike. Casting off practiced habits of deception, he has spoken and moved about freely for the first time in many years, like a newly released prisoner. In June, a woman friend asked him to be the “bridesmaid” at her wedding. Bradley agreed, laughing. He carried an enormous bouquet out of the church in the traditional recession alongside the best man, former Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke.

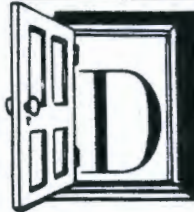
It has been a gay time for Bradley in the literal sense of that word, which homosexual activists appropriated for themselves from the police slang for prostitutes. The word itself is telling. Bradley hopes that this high will not be followed by a relapse into self-doubt and self-loathing, like all the others, but he knows that he has rejected his lies more than he has accepted himself. “I hated being in the closet more than I hated being gay,” he says. Moreover, he knows that many of the closeted gays who applauded his declaration are also threatened by it. He is a challenge to them; his general acceptance by heterosexuals undercuts their argument that they must remain in the closet to avoid persecution. Some gay public officials in Washington have criticized Bradley for drawing attention to them at a time when closeted politicians are menaced on several fronts. Shortly after the *Times* article on Bradley, an incipient scandal broke out in Washington over charges that several congressmen had had homosexual relations with young pages. Meanwhile, political groups affiliated with the Moral Majority have stepped up their mass solicitations for a war against the “homosexual conspiracy” in Washington, and conservative scandal sheets have surfaced, naming the names of liberal gay congressmen.

These and other forces could bring the enormous, hidden homosexual subculture under public scrutiny for the first time, with results ranging from suicide to improved mental health. Most people of all sexual persuasions wish to avoid the ordeal. Bradley doesn't, for reasons that are somewhat cloudy. Partly for personal catharsis and partly out of conviction that it is politically astute, he is revealing the details of a personal and political life in the closet. Dan Bradley's story is unique, of course, like every-

one's. But it is at least one true version of life as a closeted homosexual in the political world.

I.

## A Straight Pill



DAN BRADLEY formally entered the closet in 1968. At that time he had accumulated a grand total of “no more than ten seconds” of sexual experience with another person in his twenty-eight years. Those ten seconds convinced him that his life was cursed, as he had always feared.

He trembled and prayed on a trip from Philadelphia back to his office in Belle Glade, Florida, where he was a pioneer lawyer for migrant laborers and an early leader in the effort to make legal services available to the poor. During the lunch hour, Bradley locked the door and became dizzy and nauseated. In a state of panic, he began calling the psychiatrists listed in West Palm Beach, begging for an emergency appointment.

The psychiatrist he found shared an office with a dentist. Even in the late 1960s, some Florida analysts discovered that more patients would walk through the door if they could maintain the pretext of a sore tooth. Bradley welcomed the ruse. Greatly agitated, he told the doctor that he did not know why he was there. He blurted out half-sentences about symptoms ranging from dizzy spells and fits of nausea to attacks of inexplicable depression.

“Mr. Bradley,” interrupted the psychiatrist, “are you a homosexual?”

Bradley said nothing. After a long silence, he opened his mouth to reply, but he began crying instead. A great tide obliterated his reserve. He wept, shook, and sobbed for over an hour. When it was over, the psychiatrist said, “Tell me about yourself.” Bradley droned on for hours, disgorging himself again in words, looking expectantly at the doctor now and then in the hope that some detail might explain the beast.

Born into Georgia's once prominent Bulloch family, he had been packed off to a Baptist orphanage at the age of five, along with five brothers and sisters. His mother had died unexpectedly; his father was physically disabled and hospitalized; nothing was left of the family prestige except for memories of entertaining FDR in Georgia.

The 500 boys and girls at the Georgia Baptist Children's Home led dreary, regimented lives. All the boys were bused regularly to the local barber college, where rookie barber students gave them patchy, telltale haircuts. All the orphans checked their clothes out of the general storage room, trading up as they grew. Each child lived in a cottage with twenty-three others, ruled by a married couple. For



some reason, both the husband and the wife were called "the matron." Generally, the matrons were poor, devout, often illiterate Baptists, who received free room and board in return for meting out Old Testament discipline to their wards. Bradley, a seven-year-old bed wetter, was obliged to drink mixtures of turpentine and castor oil, and to take cold winter showers in front of his cottage mates.

Bradley pleaded with the psychiatrist to tell him that there was enough stigma in this background to explain a thousand cases of homosexuality. What tortured him was that no one else at the orphanage had turned out like him, though they had all grown up under the same conditions. And his brothers and sisters had inherited the same genetic pool. Why only Bradley?

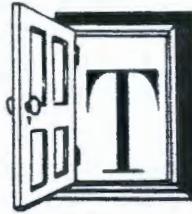
And he had flourished at the orphanage. He embraced the church wholeheartedly. He learned the Bible almost by heart, and his devotion and quick wit made him something of a religious prodigy. When he was only twelve, preachers in the churches around Atlanta would call on Bradley to lead the entire congregation in prayer. By the time he was fourteen, preachers from all over Georgia would ask the children's home to send Bradley as a shining example of the church's good works. Bradley would stand, the worshipers would beam, and the preacher would announce that the young lad planned to become a minister.

From his earliest Bible classes, Bradley learned to banish the subject of sex to the distant recesses, along with other sins. He remembered hearing the bolder orphans, at puberty, bragging graphically of their conquests in the outside world, describing sex with girls pretty much the way they would talk of pulling the legs off grasshoppers. To Bradley, it was an alien world, devoid of the Christian spirit. He planned to cross the great gulf by a vague, mysterious route that had something to do with magic and marriage.

Bradley did not know exactly how females were supposed to make their entrance into his private world, but he became increasingly worried, over the years, when he detected no stirring at all. In Psychology 101, he felt a quickening when he read descriptions of sexual attraction among persons of the same sex. Soon he was in the college library reading treatises on homosexuality, careful to conceal them inside his regular textbooks.

Instinctively, he reread the Book of Job—many, many times. Logic, faith, and the beginnings of desperation convinced him beyond a doubt that his religious belief was being tested. Just as God had inflicted pestilence, personal bereavement, and all manner of physical suffering on Job, Bradley thought, He was now dangling an invitation to heathen despair in front of Bradley. Bradley had always been proud of his inner strength. With the Book of Job firmly in mind, he contained all thoughts of his fellow males while awaiting his deliverance. He abstained from

sex during his teens and twenties, when his peers were coupling, reproducing, divorcing, and otherwise trying to match their genitals with their hopes.



THE CONFERENCE in Philadelphia was like many other gatherings of the "poverty bar" before and since. It ended on Friday. The next morning, several hours before his flight back to Florida, Bradley was reading the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and watching the skaters on an enclosed ice rink in an arcade beneath his hotel, when he sensed that others, also reading newspapers, were watching him. His fear told him that many were homosexuals congregated around the ice rink. Bradley walked quickly upstairs into the hotel bathroom. There, three urinals down, he was shocked to see a man standing casually waving an erect penis back and forth. Bradley had never seen another man's erection. He walked out, and paced the hotel floor in circles of confused fascination. Then he went back to the ice rink and posed nervously behind his *Inquirer*.

Presently, a blond young street urchin in blue jeans and a T-shirt walked up and said, "I'll let you suck me for five dollars." Bradley recoiled and fled without a word. He walked more circles and returned. When the young hustler repeated the proposition, Bradley nodded.

At Georgia Baptist Children's Home, the matrons had often punished Bradley by washing his mouth out with a lye-based soap. Now, after the hustler collected his money and left, Bradley rushed into the bathroom, lathered up a washcloth with octagonal soap, and scrubbed his mouth vigorously, feverishly. He told all this to the psychiatrist at West Palm Beach the following Monday, and on subsequent visits over the next several months. Bradley pressed the psychiatrist to reveal the accumulated wisdom of his profession on two questions: what causes homosexuality, and can it be cured? But nothing offered encouragement. He asked about the latest theories of behavior modification and shock therapy. He wanted a palliative, if not a complete, cure. "The words I used were a 'straight pill,'" he says. "I wanted to know if there was a 'straight pill' I could take to help me."

The doctor offered no pills. Gradually, Bradley abandoned his Job theory, though he would slide back to it many times. He could say to himself and the doctor that although he had never completed a sexual act with anyone, he was a homosexual. It was a permanent condition, not a divine test—or if it was a test, he had failed it. Bradley knew with greater clarity that he could never accept having sex with men; he would rather die. He realized that he could never be a lawyer, public servant, or politician and function as a homosexual. "I decided it was no big deal. I'd just be asexual, as I had been all my life."



## II.

## A Fraternity of Despair



WHEN THE Nixon administration came to power in 1969, Bradley managed to get himself assigned to the job of creating a new Legal Services program in the Virgin Islands, out of harm's way. He worked very hard and traveled constantly. During the six months he was based in the Virgin Islands, he took only one full day off—to wander on the white beaches of San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The quickening came to him in advance of the specific realization that one section of the beach was special. Several hundred men were packed together, surrounded closely on all sides by mixed couples. "They all had their slinky little bathing suits and their effeminate mannerisms," says Bradley. "I knew what it was."

Bradley stood by a hot-dog stand to watch.

A sunbather approached and introduced himself vaguely as Tom the sailor. Bradley called himself Dan the lawyer. After some evasive conversation, the sailor departed, but then returned. Bradley kept a rendezvous that night and managed to taste piña colada and smoke marijuana. Later that night, he took Tom the sailor back to his hotel room for what amounted to the first sexual experience of his life.

When the fear rushed in on him the next day, he resolved to think of the incident as an isolated blip of failure after a year of successful repression. It helped that he did not feel the slightest personal interest in Tom the sailor, whom Bradley took to be from the unsavory caste of those who had given in to their homosexuality.

In 1970, after a brief tour of duty in Mississippi helping victims of Hurricane Camille, Bradley was called to Washington as special assistant to Terry Lenzner, President Nixon's director of Legal Services. There Bradley used his growing political skills to stave off attacks on Legal Services by disgruntled conservatives. Consumed by the political war, Bradley lived for months in a small hotel room, surrounded by phone messages and legal tracts. His discipline held up, and he never ventured into the seedy downtown areas where he imagined the homosexuals to be. For safety's sake, he tried to limit his few social engagements to female company and to pick out women with whom he sensed a nonsexual, "buddy" rapport. This plan did not always work, however. After many convivial lunches, one woman lured Bradley into bed by telling him that her fiancé had just informed her that he was a homosexual, and demanding comfort. "It was horrible," Bradley recalls, but some days later, she wrote to

say that she had fallen in love with him.

To fend off this woman's advances, Bradley began inventing fairy tales about his romantic passion for a woman named Barbara, Terry Lenzner's assistant. His violent nerves lent an air of authenticity to the stories. Bradley began seeing more of Barbara, who became one of his lifelong friends. Rumors soon were circulating in the Legal Services office about Bradley's love triangle, and about how he was conducting himself with admirable restraint.

The charade taxed Bradley's limited social prowess for several months, until fate rescued him in the form of a promotional transfer to Atlanta as director of Legal Services for the Southern states. The job required a civil-service background investigation, and Bradley imagined how brilliant sleuths might locate Tom the sailor; but they didn't, of course.

One day in Atlanta, a high-powered real-estate woman named Sally\* walked into Bradley's office and sat down on his lap. "She was the most aggressive woman I've ever known," he says. Sally announced that she had heard about him from mutual acquaintances in Washington. She listed a number of her illustrious Washington lovers from the past and wondered out loud when and how she would get to know Bradley. She pursued him, and eventually trapped him into a skiing trip.

On the drive north, Sally pestered him with questions: about his childhood, about the orphanage, about his mother. This confused and angered Bradley. "Why are you doing this to me?" he asked.

"Don't you see?" she replied. "Dan, I love you."

"What do you mean, you love me?" said Bradley. That weekend, he watched her make love to him. Passive and frightened once again, he made the experience palatable by fantasizing about Tom the sailor. After he dropped Sally off at her home back in Atlanta, Bradley drove through the downtown area, looking for a man. "I was so confused that I wanted to reassure myself that I was a homosexual," he says. "But I didn't know where to look."

Within a few days, he began a homosexual sex life for the first time, based in a fast-food restaurant in Atlanta called the Varsity. He found men at the Varsity and brought them home for one-night stands, giving them a phony name and phone number, never the same man twice.

Meanwhile, he and Sally became "an item" in the heterosexual world. "It definitely helped my reputation at Legal Services," says Bradley. Three or four times that year he made heterosexual love, and the act always precipitated an immediate emotional crisis. Finally, when there was widespread talk of marriage, guilt pushed Bradley to seek a way out. He broke off the affair by concocting a desperate story about being all balled up inside over growing up in the orphanage, and promising Sally that he would see a psychiatrist.

Alone one Friday night in his Atlanta apartment,

\* A pseudonym.

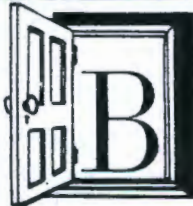


reading Eisenhower's memoirs, Bradley toyed with the idea of visiting one of the gay bars he had been reading about in Atlanta's underground newspaper, the *Great Speckled Bird*. He thought of horror stories, fought them off with suitable cover stories, and finally wandered into the Cove at nine o'clock. "It was empty," he says. "I didn't realize that those places don't get going until nearly midnight." A kindly bartender explained the customs of night life and wrote out for him, on a napkin, the names of other local gay bars. A week later, sitting at a gay bar, Bradley found himself staring at one of his Sigma Nu fraternity brothers from Mercer. The two of them played cat and mouse with each other before the fraternity brother took the initiative, volunteering that he knew all the gay bars from Key West to Provincetown. In parlance, he was "coming out" to Bradley.

The fraternity brother introduced Bradley to a group of about ten closeted professionals who saw one another every weekend. One of them would cook dinner for the rest, and they would go out to one or more "cruising bars" at the "witching hour," looking for sex. Bradley joined them occasionally. The gatherings offered a lot of gossip and some chance of friendship. They also gave Bradley his first inkling that the closet could be a social place; for him it had always been solitary. But he was frightened that so many people knew his real name. He disliked their habit of asking new people to join the group. He refused to invite them to his apartment for dinner. And much of what he came to know about them was depressing. His fraternity brother, a chronic alcoholic, began calling him at home late at night, begging for help. Another member of the group overdosed on PCP pills and suffered a complete breakdown. To Bradley, these were some of the many signs that homosexuals were badly damaged people, a fraternity of despair. Gradually, he withdrew from the group and resumed the solitary life of the dedicated workaholic.

### III.

## The Wedding Ring



UT BRADLEY couldn't sustain this pose. After a frightening episode when he found himself leaving a note with his real name and phone number on the car of a handsome blond student who lived across the street, Bradley resolved, with the help of yet another psychiatrist, to design a secure closet life for himself. The solution, he concluded, was to adopt an elaborate double identity. Knowing that he could not suppress his homosexual impulses entirely, he resolved to channel them into anonymous sex. To attain security he would give up any

hope of emotional attachment, which he was convinced he didn't need.

Bradley resolved to shape an imaginary heterosexual life in Washington that he could talk about in Atlanta, and vice versa. He wanted to regularize and systematize the imaginary love letters, dates, and dilemmas, to minimize the risk of being discovered in a contradiction. So as not to neglect the small touches, he took out a subscription to *Playboy* magazine and displayed the copies prominently on his coffee table for the benefit of his visitors.

As for sex, he made a heartening discovery. He found the baths. Having read about the gay baths, he finally worked up the courage to visit one in Miami after delivering a speech to a local bar association. He joined under the name Doug Bailey. Then he walked behind the forbidding walls and saw hundreds of gay men wearing towels. It took Bradley about five minutes to discern that the whole place was expressly designed for promiscuous, anonymous sex, which was exactly what he had in mind. He felt secure behind the great walls. "I must have had sex with ten different guys that first night," he says. "I was like a kid in a candy store. Nobody talked about what anybody did for a living."

The Club Bath chain alone owned outlets in thirty-seven American cities. Bradley visited most of them. They were listed in his *Gay Guide* (which comes in a plain gray cover marked ADDRESS BOOK, suitable for the closet), along with the gay bars and nightclubs. To facilitate his secret gay exploits, Bradley instructed his secretary to tell all those who invited him to conferences that he *must* stay in a hotel and not with a host family. He told everyone that he liked to work in his room and go to bed early. Citing these unbreakable habits, he could excuse himself to his hotel room and then slip off to the baths.

Growing bolder with time, he bought a gold wedding band at a pawnshop and carried it with him wherever he went. He put it on during out-of-town meetings whenever he was sure that no one there knew his marital status. To Bradley, the ring was a magic time-saver. It kept strangers from trying to set him up with dates. People made fewer social demands on a married man traveling alone.

During a bar-association conference in New York, Bradley told his colleagues that he had to leave early to see relatives on Long Island, and went off to see the musical *Hair*. In the dark he fell under the spell of a particular member of the cast. After some anguish, he managed to get a note to this actor, and soon they arranged a rendezvous in Washington—the first time Bradley dared indulge his gayness in the heart of his professional world. Eddie was also the first man Bradley went to bed with more than once. "And we talked for days," he says. "He completed my gay education." Bradley learned that the closet would always be a fearful adventure, with more shadowy corners than he could imagine. He learned the rudiments of the lingo and the standard person-



ality types. He learned that the macho, short-haired "clone" look was coming into fashion, and he mastered the difference between "nellies," "twinkies," and "chickens." He asked a hundred questions about the "Hankie Code," which was printed in the front of his *Gay Guide*. A man entering a "cruiser bar" with a handkerchief on his left hip signaled a desire to be the active one, the doer. Those with one on the right hip wanted to be passive. Colors indicated the favorite sport. A dark blue hankie on the left wanted to "give" anal sex—on the right to "receive" it. There were fourteen colors in the code, reaching down to Dante and beyond. Maroon on the right wanted to receive an enema. Yellow on the left wanted to urinate in someone's face.

Comforted to find out that only a small percentage of homosexuals take part in such practices, Bradley sought to understand the far reaches of his new sociology. By now he was no longer the naïve Georgia preacher.

For every new low of closet life, there was a high. Primarily, for Bradley, it was the thrill of living in two separate worlds that came together but did not touch, saw each other but did not understand. He could live separately as Judd with pickups, Doug in the baths, and Dan in the halls of Congress. In camp circles, he was called Elizabeth. When Eddie left forever after a three-day spree, Bradley invented a new character in his life named Edie. He told people at Legal Services that he had fallen for her. He told them about letters from Edie, about phone calls and secret trysts—all based on the afterglow of the chorus boy from *Hair*. "I became a master of deception," says Bradley. "And it brought me vicarious joy every day to pull it off. That's one of the joys of the closet. There's no denying it."

In recent years, gay scholars have laid claim of kinship to an astonishing number of big names in the history of art and ideas. Their list is quite impressive, even when it is stripped of the weaker and more tentative assertions (such as Shakespeare): Plato, Walt Whitman, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, Leonardo da Vinci, Cole Porter, Aristotle, King James I (sponsor of the King James version of the Bible), W. H. Auden, Tchaikovsky, Francis Bacon, George Santayana, Herman Melville, John Maynard Keynes, Michelangelo, E. M. Forster, and Horatio Alger, Jr., to name a few. Gay scholars usually lament the failure of nearly all the masters to come out and write explicitly about homosexual themes. The argument assumes that homosexuality is an engine of creativity and that the closet is a brake. Neither assumption is necessarily true. Maugham or Melville out of the closet might have written duller, not better, books. The closet itself may be a prime source of the internal friction that produced the works claimed for the gay hall of fame. After all, coming out is now associated with improved mental health, contentment, self-acceptance, and a host of states inimical to the unruly artistic temperament.



AFTER HIS landslide reelection in 1972, President Nixon moved swiftly to dismantle the poverty program, including Legal Services. The great political battle of Bradley's life was engaged. Nixon's director of the Office of Economic Opportunity was a flinty Kentucky Republican named Alvin Arnett, who surprised the poverty-law network by being open-minded. Arnett was so impressed by an impassioned three-hour speech Bradley gave in defense of legal aid for the poor that he tried to appoint Bradley head of the national Legal Services program. But the White House vetoed the idea. Bradley proposed a bureaucratic maneuver: Arnett should bypass the White House by appointing *himself* head of Legal Services and making Bradley his special assistant, to run the program in everything but title. Arnett agreed. Thus Bradley arrived for his first full-time stint in Washington with both his sexual life and his political mission in the closet.

Before leaving Atlanta, Bradley invited his old girlfriend Sally to dinner at an elegant French restaurant. She was getting married. Bradley felt guilty about having manipulated her during their bizarre affair and thought that she, of all people, would be happy to hear that he was homosexual. It would explain why he had hurt her.

At dinner he dropped teasing hints about a big secret. Sally pounced on them as usual, wanting to know instantly. Then Bradley backpedaled, unable to say the words. He promised the secret after dessert, then after coffee. Finally, he stopped stirring the coffee and said bluntly, "Sally, I'm a homosexual."

She looked stricken. Bradley knew instantly that his plan had gone awry. When she insisted that it was impossible, he could only reply that he ought to know better than she.

"What about those times we made love?" she asked.

Bradley sighed. "Well, that's not easy to talk about. But if you must know, I got through them by fantasizing that you were another man."

She swallowed and began to cry, softly and then hysterically. Before Bradley could say anything else, she ran through the restaurant into the ladies' room.

Bradley absorbed stares from the surrounding tables. Fifteen minutes later, he asked the manager to send someone to check on Sally, who returned looking spent and resigned. "Dan, it's sad that you're a homosexual," she said. "Does it mean you'll never get married and have children?"

Bradley was too busy and too frightened to lead a homosexual life in the capital. Whenever he became sexually desperate, he would arrange a quick business trip to Philadelphia and sneak off to the Spartan Baths. In Washington, he lived only politics. He thought he liked it that way.

Since Nixon was determined to abolish the OEO, Bradley and his cohorts determined to save Legal



Services by installing them in an independent corporation. Nixon vetoed one bill, and another fell by the wayside, but a third attempt passed Congress, and Nixon, weakened by Watergate, signed it. Bradley was triumphant.

One day, without warning, he started crying in his office at OEO headquarters. It came so suddenly that Bradley had to make up a story of family tragedy for his secretary. Then, when he could not stop, he locked the door and waited for the fit to pass. After an hour, he was panicky. Still crying, he placed a call to a closeted psychiatrist he had met during his brief social period in Atlanta. He begged for help, saying over and over that he was "incapacitated" for no reason, just when everything was going well.

The Atlanta psychiatrist advised Bradley that his [the psychiatrist's] old college lover was now a professor in the psychiatry department at a medical school in the Baltimore-Washington area. That same afternoon, still crying, Bradley drove to the psychiatrist's private office. The doctor talked openly of his being gay, but he was deeply closeted himself, with photographs of his wife and children on his desk. Bradley introduced himself and said, "I think I'm a homosexual." He emphasized his doubts. Years later, Bradley still marvels at the power of retrenchment. "After all I'd been through, I tried to act like it was something completely new," he says. He and the doctor plunged back into the fundamental questions.

#### IV.

## What Makes the Blood Rise



IN HIS *Problemata*, Aristotle (lover of his student Hermias) explained that some men are constructed physically so that some or all of their semen "settles" in their "fundament" instead of their testicles. In these cases, he declared, there cannot be enough "force" to expel the residue of semen, which then cools and congeals. Aristotle concluded that these fundament-oriented men naturally desired to submit to sexual intercourse, adding that if the semen "collected" in both places in the proper mixture, a man might be required to seek two pleasures.

Plato took a different approach in his *Symposium*, arguing that man had descended from an ideal type of being with four legs and four arms. When the gods divided this being into two human types, Plato suggested, some of the resulting males and females retained yearnings for the lost half of themselves. The human psyche, having been originally both male and female, would always have a fluidity at its core that could become manifest as homosexuality.

Plato and Aristotle established the two broad

schools of theory that have been in contention ever since: the "physical" school and the ethereal, "environmental" one. The former holds that homosexuality is a predetermined aspect of a person's physical inheritance—like baldness or flat feet or eye color, except that it is invisible. In modern terms, a physicalist would argue that homosexuality is a mysterious part of the genetic package. An environmentalist, on the other hand, believes that the condition is not fixed, that it can be affected by factors ranging from mass culture to individual will. This notion introduces the dreaded or welcome element of choice; homosexuality is a taste to be acquired or rejected. Sigmund Freud, patron of the modern environmentalists, asserted that all human beings have pansexual urges when they are young, that with maturity these urges are resolved into healthy heterosexual channels, and that homosexuality is an "arrested development" caused by parent-child maladjustment. He was vague on the last point, leaving his followers to quarrel inconclusively over whether the culprit was a weak father, an overbearing mother, or something else. The essential environmental thesis is that the cause, and the cure, lie somewhere within the potential reach of psychoanalysis, though they would not be easy to find.

Each of the two major schools lives in part off the failure of the other. Otherwise, the physicalists argue that only a physical, rigidly determined homosexuality could have survived the unspeakable tortures of history. Through a thousand years of ghastly executions, homosexuals refused to renounce their practices—with a tenacity that rivaled the more highly publicized religious martyrs. Even during the decadent years of the Roman Empire, the law condemned homosexuals to execution by fire "in the sight of the people." In 1327, English noblemen executed the homosexual King Edward II by ramming a hot iron into his bowels. During the religious wars after the Reformation, sexual deviance was perhaps the commonest expression of heresy, and religious tribunals sent homosexuals to the stake.

In more recent times, homosexuals have been consigned to mental institutions, where doctors have tried to cure them with no-nonsense applications such as castration, lobotomy, and electric shock treatment. None of these has worked. Remarkably, many homosexuals have volunteered for these procedures in the desperate hope of escaping their torment. In 1894, Guy Olmstead had himself castrated in Chicago after all other treatments had failed, but the miserable Olmstead soon told his doctor that men still caused him to "have erections, commit masturbation, and have the same passion as before." From 1941 to 1943, Dr. Samuel Liebman subjected a black transvestite homosexual to enough shock treatment to electrify a small town, with many regrettable side effects but no effect at all on his sexual preference. More recently, Dr. J. Srncac and Dr. K. Freund reported to the scientific community the



disheartening results of their experimental aversion therapy. "Psychic driving" and assorted miracle drugs have failed, along with countless home remedies and psychoanalytic tricks.

If sexuality were fungible, say the physicalists, homosexuality would have been expunged long ago at the stake or in the laboratory. This leads to the notion that homosexuals cannot reform "any more than a leopard can change its spots," which in turn supports the gay-rights position that homosexuals should be treated like any other physically determined minority group.

The environmentalists are more comfortable in theory than in the laboratory. They say homosexuality is *behavior*, not a pigment or a shape of the skull, and that it is difficult to change and explain only because it comes from the deepest chambers of the human psyche, where sex and survival wrestle with the awareness of death. Admittedly, they say, cures are rare, but at least they are not nonsensical, as is the idea of changing an African into an Oriental. They point to examples of voluntary homosexuality, citing feminists who claim to have "adopted" lesbianism for political reasons. On the mass scale, they say that fluctuations in the incidence of homosexuality throughout history are incompatible with physicalist theory.

But sexuality is a way to be, not a way to think. No person works through these essentially emotional questions on a plane of weightless rationality, and it is all too easy to be an environmentalist in theory and a physicalist in practice. Fear and anxiety tend to produce physicalists, dividing humanity into sexual camps. The shifting, polymorphous sexuality that one might expect from environmental theory does not exist. People become one thing or another, with most homosexuals wanting to believe they had no choice of becoming otherwise and most heterosexuals wanting to believe they have no chance. Fear brings the elements of confusion together on the wispy issue of bisexuality, which is a threat to both sides. Homosexuals laugh at bisexuality as a pretense or as a mode of transportation—today's bisexual is tomorrow's homosexual. Heterosexuals tend to look at bisexuality as the trapdoor on a scaffold of sex. Both see bisexuals as arid, deathly utopians; utterly liberated and therefore inhuman.

The unbearable, wonderful urgency of sex divides the camps. Homosexuals fear heterosexuals because they have always performed the lobotomies and made the rules—and also because they carry all the advantages of cultural transmission, such as children, a clear meaning for the word "generation," and membership in the most resilient and universal institution in human history (however battered the family has become). Looking in the other direction, heterosexuals are daunted by the thought of gay people living without these very amulets—casting them off, breaking taboos, and then somehow going on with life more or less like everyone else. Gays are

reminded of each life as a discrete, vanishing particle, separate from the glue of custom.

On the issue of homosexuality, ignorance and dogmatism stick closely together, as they often do, but there are also odd combinations of hatred, deception, righteousness, debasement, and joy. As a species, human beings usually refuse to be humbled by the most prosaic aspects of our condition. We come in different colors, and we copulate in different ways, with different things at heart. These simple matters of affect raise passions that regularly confound the pretensions of civil society.

As a theoretical question, the nature and cause of homosexuality continues to mock the pretenders to knowledge. They make bold assertions in the high ether of abstraction, and they hold firm opinions on the more humdrum issues of taste, such as what it is about each gender that makes the blood rise—the smile, the thigh, or the giggle of passion. Only rarely do they see or care how difficult it is to escape character in order to gain the perspective to define it. Homosexuals, driven by need for an answer, often come to the conclusion Bradley reached with the counsel of five learned psychiatrists. "I believe I was a homosexual from the moment I was born," he says. "But I don't know what that means."

## V.

### The Recognition Game



**I**N 1974, as President Ford was preparing to name the board members for the new Legal Services Corporation, Bradley decided to retreat to his old job in Atlanta, where there was less risk of being fired by the Republicans. Before leaving, he told his secret to a married woman friend named Susan, whose air of wise maternity had always elicited his trust. During the long, convoluted buildup to his speech, Bradley projected such a piercing melancholy that she began crying in anticipation of the worst. When Bradley finally got the words out, she cried, "I thought you had leukemia or something. I don't care if you're gay. My father's gay!"

In Atlanta, Bradley found that poverty law had lost the spark of a ministry for him. He told his fifth psychiatrist that he was basically a frustrated politician. But he knew running for office would mean going even deeper into the closet. Coldly analyzing his past, he decided that he had already made too many mistakes. He would be exposed. Careful as he had been, he had gone to too many bars in Atlanta.

Fate intervened again when his Washington bosses drafted him to become the new Legal Services regional director in San Francisco, gay capital of the United States. Bradley pretended the transfer would be onerous, but secretly he was celebrating the move



as a stroke of luck. He was headed for the briar patch, where he could "deal with" his homosexuality at last. Perhaps he could drift out of the closet there and even find a long-term lover.

None of this was to be. In San Francisco, Bradley lived in the famous Castro area, surrounded by 35,000 homosexual neighbors. The entire support structure of his life was gay—his bank tellers, grocers, pharmacists, landlords, and street vendors. But he kept his distance, behaving like a closeted heterosexual. Now he lived in *two* closets, one at the office and one at home. He confined his social life to the anonymity of the baths. He shunned the bars and never attended parties.

When Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign came along in 1976, Bradley made use of his old Georgia connections to sign on. After Carter's victory over Gerald Ford, Bradley closed his affairs in San Francisco and moved to Miami to contemplate his future. He believed that homosexuality had capped his career in politics, but he could not bring himself to forswear politics and come out of the closet. His objection to homosexuality was no longer exclusively moral. He was between worlds. He thought of rejecting politics for legal practice, freeing himself for whatever private life felt comfortable.



**S**HORTLY AFTER the Carter inauguration, Bradley was approached about becoming the Florida commissioner of racing and pari-mutuel wagering. Gov. Reubin Askew was looking for someone above reproach, and Bradley, who didn't know a bookie from a bookmark, was perfect. No one could suspect him of ties to gamblers or the Mafia.

Bradley visited Hialeah Race Track and was captivated by the manicured grounds, the pink flamingoes inside the track, the splashes of color, and the rhythmic theater of horses, money, and people. Governor Askew soon talked him into taking the job, provided, of course, that Bradley passed the exhaustive state security investigation. The mere thought of it threw Bradley into a panic. Everything changed overnight. He ceased contemplating the possibility of drifting into a gay lifestyle and began feverishly erasing all traces of it from his past. Since leaving the government payroll he had allowed himself to spend some time in gay bars. When state investigators asked for snapshots of him, Bradley became obsessed with fear that they would show his photograph to the bartenders, or, even worse, to the attendants at the Club Bath, which Bradley had been frequenting now for five years.

Bradley nearly went to pieces when one of his Coconut Grove neighbors stopped by to tell him that the state investigators had asked her a number of questions, mostly about his sex life. They had asked specifically if he was a "queer." Bradley suffered

a thousand visions of exposure and ruin before the woman volunteered that she thought it outrageous that the state was delving into a man's private life, and she didn't mind admitting that she had lied to them, saying that Bradley was seeing a lot of her own daughter. This was not true, of course, and the woman told Bradley that it could not be true since the daughter was a lesbian. This announcement made Bradley's jaw drop and his mind spin. He found himself thanking her profusely, and she eventually became a trusted friend.

The news of the sexual emphasis put Bradley's cover-up into high gear. He enlisted the help of two lawyers in Miami, a married couple with whom he had shared his secret. He coached them with plausible stories of heterosexual romance. They could say they'd heard him talk a lot about Sally, Bradley's old girlfriend, and about Barbara, Terry Lenzner's former assistant (now a lawyer). Bradley had shared his secret with Barbara a year earlier, only to hear her say she had already figured it out for herself (which had disturbed him). Bradley also threw in the name of his neighbor's lesbian daughter. He and his two accomplices agreed on the dates and places of incidents they would cite, complete with details of lovers' quarrels, public necking, and a pregnancy scare or two. Bradley backstopped the whole plan with calls to Susan and Sally, and then held his breath. Some weeks later, Florida's chief investigator summoned Bradley to a hurried meeting at Miami Airport and told him, "Dan, either you are a man who is completely clean and above suspicion, or you are the biggest fraud I've ever investigated."

As commissioner, Bradley was the Jehovah figure of the Florida gambling industry, scowling from the front pages when angry and smiling on the society pages when he pronounced his blessing on a new season. And as a public figure in the state, he attended at least two or three major social functions a week, which presented an escort problem. The same friends who had covered for him in the security investigation came through with a mixture of unwitting dates and willing "beards." Sometimes he would go alone. As a result of this socializing, a *Miami Herald* reporter called one day to announce that Bradley would be featured in a series on Miami's most eligible bachelors.

Bradley had to submit to the established treatment: posed photographs, a guided tour of his "bachelor home," and a two-hour interview at which a bubbly blonde reporter wanted to know everything. She quizzed Bradley on his ideal woman, his marriage and family plans, his romantic history, his favorite singles bars, his advice for young lovers, his turn-ons and his turn-offs. "That was the most difficult interview I ever had," Bradley recalls, laughing painfully. "I had to make up the whole thing."

When the story appeared in the *Herald*, Bradley's gay friends in Miami teased him mercilessly. At-



tendants at the Club Bath or drinking buddies from the gay bars would quote from his remarks and howl with laughter. Bradley decided to lie low for a while, which his demanding schedule made easy. This had been an asexual period for him anyway, even by his standards. He had been sneaking into the Club Bath one night every few weeks and into a gay bar perhaps once a month.

The danger and the contradictions intensified the thrill of his double life as Commissioner Bradley, the upright official who tried to ferret out, expose, and eliminate the secret underworld of gambling, and as "Doug Bailey," who would sneak off to join a different underworld in restaurants and gay bars, some of which, he heard, were controlled by the same organized-crime figures he chased in the day.

Matters became even more complicated when Anita Bryant's antihomosexual crusade sprang up in Miami and swept the nation. Bradley's boss, Governor Askew, announced his support of Bryant's movement at a press conference just after a meeting with Bradley. So the racing commissioner found himself standing in a room full of reporters and television cameras when, in response to a question, Askew said he would never tolerate any homosexuals in his administration. "I was amused, mostly," says Bradley. "And I was proud of pulling it off."

## VI.

### Bachelor Lawyers of Washington



WHEN ASKEW left office early in 1979, Bradley temporarily agreed to return to Washington as consultant to the Legal Services Corporation, pending appointment of a new president in June. He checked into a hotel in the capital, where he had not lived for nearly five years, and resolved not to be a hermit. He was out of politics forever, he told himself. He would soon take an extended vacation to Europe and "find himself." Meanwhile, he would enjoy himself in Washington for the first time.

He went to a different gay bar nearly every night—Equus, Rascals, the Eagle, and many others. At first he was surprised to see so many people he knew from his political past. There were lawyers, lobbyists, bureaucrats, and aides from Capitol Hill. After playing the recognition game, Bradley would gossip with them about the closet. Not surprisingly, he found that there were many different levels of paranoia. Some of the Capitol Hill aides would speak rather openly about their bosses, their jobs, and even their lovers. Others would say only that they worked "on the Hill." They all spoke of people they knew who were more snugly in the closet—of people who avoided gay bars altogether and confined their gay lives to parties, mostly in Georgetown. More secre-

tively, some officials seemed to have relatively stable lovers and hardly ever ventured out at all. Others might or might not have been spotted at various "cruising areas" in the capital. Finally, there was a "mystery group" of congressmen, military men, and others whose sexual nature was debated even among the homosexual cognoscenti.

Some of Bradley's contemporaries introduced him to some younger, Adonis types among Capitol Hill aides. These being his chosen sexual partners, he pursued brief affairs with a few of them and became talking friends with several others. He attended a few all-gay dinners and parties, including one in Virginia that turned out to be an orgy. (Bradley wound up in bed with a lawyer from the Department of Justice.) He heard about gay art classes and softball teams, about the lively debates at the Gertrude Stein Club (Democratic) and the Walt Whitman Club (Republican), and he was invited to join a rather campy organization called Bachelor Lawyers of Washington (BLOW). He concluded that closeted life in the capital might not be as grim as he had always assumed.

This became a factor in Bradley's plans when the consensus candidate of the various Legal Services cabals, F.A.O. Schwartz, Jr., decided at the last moment that he would not accept the job as president. This caused a crisis. Pressure mounted for Bradley to offer himself as the emergency choice. He equivocated. Although he had sworn to himself never to take a step back deeper into the closet, his brief sojourn in Washington had changed his view of the situation. He wanted the job. "I finally decided that I was not going to come out of the closet, but at the same time I was not going to be uptight about it all the time," he recalls.

He moved into a spacious Washington office and spent the first few months lobbying a \$321 million appropriation bill through Congress. At night, he went to BLOW meetings and to all-gay cocktail parties in Georgetown. The parties became a new dimension in his life. He learned that many closeted officials were in the habit of sleeping in the early evening so they could party and "cruise" late at night. He learned the informal etiquette by which gay politicians communicated their level of secretiveness. One rule, for example, was never to introduce anyone more specifically than they introduced themselves. Bradley never introduced himself as president of Legal Services, and he came to expect others to follow his cue.

Gossip among friends was another matter. Everyone was fair game then, and "who's who in the closet" was a leading subject of conversation. Bradley was skeptical of some of the names he heard bandied about in Congress, even when he heard them from staff members. But when some of those congressmen themselves showed up at the cocktail parties to gossip about their colleagues, he began to change his mind. Only two or three congressmen



dared to show themselves at the parties, but Bradley came to know a score of others—first by gossip, then by one or two coded remarks at a private meeting, and finally when he pleaded with some closeted members of Congress not to vote against gay-rights legislation.

His official duties required him to attend more straight parties than gay ones. Bradley impressed his old friend Barbara into duty as his regular date. She went, and all was well until election year, 1980. Then he slipped back into the familiar depression. When a hysterical crying fit came over him one afternoon, he finally called his fourth psychiatrist, the closeted ex-lover of number five. Bradley arranged to begin emergency treatments once a day at 4:45 P.M., which caused security problems. By a long-standing rule, his secretary was required to know his whereabouts at all times. So Bradley had to make up stories every day that would make him temporarily unavailable. He was meeting the plumber in the basement, far away from the phone. Or he was picking up his car from a repair shop whose name he couldn't remember. Some days he would simply flout the rules and declare that he was disappearing. Years earlier, he might have encouraged the speculation that he was trysting with a secret female lover, but now he refused that much of a concession to the closet.



BRADLEY had long since accepted the idea that homosexuality was powerful enough to twist a person into any shape and to make him lie to himself and anyone else, as necessary. "There's no end to it," he says. Still, he was surprised at first to hear gossip that some of the most visible leaders of the anti-homosexual Moral Majority and New Right were themselves closeted gays. He knew better than to place hard bets against the drumbeat of the gay grapevine, but he still associated homosexuals with civil libertarians. His friends among the closeted congressmen were liberal Democrats like himself.

For at least a year before their arrests he had been hearing about Rep. Jon Hinson and Rep. Robert Bauman at the gay parties. Hinson, a conservative Mississippi Republican, was said to cruise the roughneck bars, and Bauman was said to have been picking up "chickens" (young male hustlers) for many years outside a gay bar called the Chesapeake House. The tawdry aspects of the sex did not bother Bradley, since he took them for granted as a consequence of life in the closet. Congressmen, he assumed, might avoid even the baths for fear of being recognized.

What bothered Bradley was the politics, particularly Bauman's. A married Roman Catholic with four children, Bauman was a founder and former national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom.

He was also co-founder and national chairman of the American Conservative Union. In the House, he was widely considered the most intelligent, promising leader of the New Right—a crusader against busing, abortion, deficit spending, communism, and homosexuality. Bradley had heard the rumors about J. Edgar Hoover and others who were said to have expressed their self-hatred on a grand scale in politics, but he could not quite understand how anyone could strive for leadership of a movement that sought to persecute his own kind. Yet both Hinson and Bauman were arrested in 1980 for precisely the kinds of homosexual solicitations that the gay grapevine had ascribed to them.

The Reagan administration took power in 1981 on a pledge to abolish the Legal Services Corporation. Bradley sent up the emergency battle flags once again and tried to rally support in Congress. Ironically, to Bradley's utter mortification, the first test came on an amendment proposed by Rep. Larry McDonald of Georgia to bar Legal Services lawyers from cases involving discrimination against homosexuals. Numerous liberal congressmen told Bradley that they would have to vote with McDonald against their principles. They spoke of political suicide and asked his understanding. Bradley kept nodding, but he knew that more than a dozen of these liberals were themselves closeted homosexuals. He second-guessed their motives, and then his own. It seemed impossible for closeted people to separate political interests from personal ones. The McDonald Amendment passed the House in June 1981 but failed in the Senate.

Bradley raged against the hypocrisy that he saw in his own second thoughts and in the defections of the gay congressmen. They were working against themselves. Ominously, the threat to Legal Services and to gay rights in general seemed to be growing, and Bradley thought that some of the very congressmen leading McDonald's movement were themselves closeted homosexuals. This he could not fathom, except to believe that it all came from the insidious workings of the closet. Having finally isolated the closet as the archenemy in his private life, Bradley now faced it in politics as well.

## VII.

### The Homosexual Wars



HOMOSEXUALITY has long been associated with the political Left. After Sen. Joseph McCarthy made sensational news with his long lists of alleged "communists" in the government, few people noticed that most of the government employees actually sacked in the witch-hunt were classified as "perverts." At the height of the McCarthy era, the word



"subversive" was commonly used as a synonym for "pervert," "deviate," and "communist" alike. "I don't say every homosexual is a subversive, and I don't say every subversive is a homosexual," conceded Sen. Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska in 1950. "But a man of low morality is a menace in the government, whatever he is, and they are all tied up together."

This attitude survived the Cold War. When Walter Jenkins, President Johnson's closest aide, was arrested for homosexual acts in 1964, commentators expressed the utmost shock that the malady had afflicted someone from the mainstream of American politics. It was a novel development, but at least Jenkins was a Democrat in a liberal administration.

In the 1970s, Judge G. Harrold Carswell, who had been President Nixon's Supreme Court nominee, was arrested in a public rest room for homosexual acts, and so was Gen. Edwin Walker, the flamboyant John Bircher who had "commanded" the white students during the 1962 Ole Miss riots. They were dismissed as kooks who had been unable to make it in the "real world" of Washington politics.

Then, in 1978 and 1979, stories broke about the arrests of two certified Washingtonians—Reps. Fred Richmond and Joseph P. Wyatt. In 1980, an underground Washington newspaper alleged that Rep. William Moorhead had been having an extramarital affair with a male/female "hermaphrodite" named Terri Hall, who had taken grievances against the congressman to lawyers and the press. Moorhead did not seek reelection in 1980, and has become a political consultant. These three were mainstream politicians—but at least they were Democrats. Finally, with the arrests of Hinson and Bauman, political homosexuality seemed to have spread across the entire political spectrum.

If this trend has dismayed the previously immune Republican stalwarts, it has brought surprisingly little joy to homosexual activists, many of whom had grown fond of their leftish political conceptions. They thought of their enemy as the system, represented by conservative, capitalist Republicans. Now they found themselves with a conundrum: if gay liberation is the antithesis of capitalist values, why is it that the burgeoning homosexual subculture of the last decade has manifested itself largely in crass, commercial hedonism—in an explosion of discos, hotels, nightclubs, and gay bars, all designed for maximum luxury and the ten-minute sexual affair? In Washington and other large cities, the most active, visible members of the homosexual community tend to be affluent white professionals, whose sexual identity is their only claim to oppressed status. Highly privileged otherwise, they agitate for entrepreneurial freedom and a stable currency, like good Republicans.

As sexual solidarity diminishes and political antagonism grows, homosexuals tend to behave more

like traditional grasping politicians, who will use any weapon at their command. The most dangerous weapon available to both sides is the closet. As a political issue, the closet raises explosive psychological forces of hatred and self-hatred.

Closeted homosexuals have been lining up on both sides of an impending war. Right-wing activists, including many closeted homosexuals, have sought to drive homosexuals from public life. Before the 1980 elections, the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and allied groups targeted House and Senate liberals for defeat partly because of their tolerance of homosexuality. The Reagan administration supported the McDonald Amendment to prohibit the representation of homosexuals by the Legal Services Corporation. In September 1981, the Rev. Jerry Falwell held a press conference on the steps of the Capitol, urging Congress to veto a revision of the District of Columbia legal code that would have legalized all forms of sexual activity between consenting adults. Falwell sent out a nationwide funding appeal, headlined: SODOMY AND BESTIALITY WILL BE LEGAL IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL UNLESS YOU ACT NOW! Congress vetoed the revision in October (the only time it has ever overridden the District's home-rule powers on a matter unrelated to the prerogatives of the federal government), and Falwell's campaign received such enthusiastic support that he sent out more appeals for money. "If this gay conspiracy succeeds," he wrote, "it will be just one more step downward for America, towards moral decadence."

In February 1982, Falwell promised his followers that he would turn over a list of the "gay conspirators" to Congress. (Ironically, the "page scandal" broke not long thereafter, indicating once again that many of the gay conspirators may be in Congress.) Meanwhile, editors from the *Spotlight*, journal of the far-Right Liberty Lobby, began publishing a scandal sheet called *Deep Backgrounder*, naming more than a dozen allegedly homosexual members of Congress in the first issue. And on the spy front, word leaked out about HOMEX (Homosexual Extortion), the FBI's twenty-year operation to identify prominent homosexuals in Washington, ostensibly to prevent their being compromised by the Russians. Columnists quoted unnamed investigators to the effect that the Russian KGB had been actively recruiting homosexuals in the capital.



THUS the pressure builds on the Right, and if President Reagan continues to be "Carterized" into vacillating impotence on the economy and the Russians, the chance of a scapegoating crusade increases. No one is more aware of this possibility than homosexual activists themselves, and they have been engaged in a lively debate over how to respond.



Handicapped, as always, by the fact that every one of their influential officials in Washington is closeted, they have tended to the traditional posture, which means lying low, hoping that the attack will not be severe, and trusting in the power of the civil libertarians and their own hidden numbers. There is, however, a minority school of thought that disparages this posture as similar to that of some European Jews before the Holocaust. The militants want to fight fire with fire by exposing the closeted homosexual leaders of the Republican Party and the New Right. They propose to deprive the homosexual question of its political slant by giving unfriendly politicians a shove toward the closet door. This tactic of enforced honesty is called "outage."

Perry Deane Young will strike the first major blow for "outage" this November, when his new book *God's Bullies* will be published, naming NCPAC president Terry Dolan as a closeted homosexual. Young, an openly gay Washington writer who is the co-author of Dave Kopay's best-selling book about homosexuality in professional football, believes that the paramount issue is hypocrisy. Dolan, he says, forfeited his right to privacy by advocating political measures inimical to the rights of his fellow closeted homosexuals.

Young says that Terry Dolan is a more important figure than Robert Bauman, his former colleague on the staff of the Young Americans for Freedom. As the man in control of the wealthiest political-action committee on the far Right, Dolan meets regularly with members of Reagan's staff and has breakfast once a week with Jerry Falwell. But at night, says Young, he goes to gay bars, including a popular "leather bar" called the Eagle. In his book, Young describes one of Dolan's evenings that began in the Eagle and ended in bed with a man named Richard Anderson, from whom Young has a supporting affidavit.

Young says that the closeted subculture in Washington is so large that its members have adopted the traditional habits of the capital, in which political enemies often roast each other on the job and then fraternize that evening. As a result, antihomosexual homosexuals like Robert Bauman and (allegedly) Terry Dolan are frequently encountered by their political opponents, who are sometimes friends or lovers. "I know of at least ten other prominent leaders of the Republican Right who have either had sex with friends of mine or gone to gay parties with them," Young writes. Dan Bradley has had similar experiences. So has Larry Bush, a gay reporter for the *Advocate*. And so have their friends.

Other gay activists are collecting affidavits, too. If there were a war of outage, they say, its victims would include members of the elected Republican leadership in Congress, some of the leaders who pushed the McDonald Amendment, and also some of the principal supporters of the Hyde Amendment, which prohibits federally funded abortions. The

Reagan administration would not be spared, they say, as the president has associated with closeted homosexuals before and since the scandal that cost him a couple of aides when he was governor of California. The target list includes at least one member of his White House staff and several of his earliest political supporters, now lobbyists and political consultants in Washington. One of the latter group is a master of style at parties and is known casually in the closet as "Reagan's Capote."

As for recent political history, the outage searchlight seems to be hovering over Sen. Joseph McCarthy and the famous men who helped him find subversives. Gay activists and historians are collecting rumors and affidavits on those leaders, hoping to be able to prove soon that some of them flew broomsticks to the witch-hunt. If true, the news would add a new dimension of travesty to that era.

Like the Jewish member of the Nazi Party, the homosexual in antihomosexual organizations surfaces from time to time, and the world pays little interest. In July of this year, a veteran reporter of the Liberty Lobby's *Spotlight* told a gay newspaper in Washington that he had been fired because of his homosexuality.

Joel Passinault says he violated one of the cardinal rules of the closet by allowing himself to take phone calls at the office from his lover, who was (and is) dying of cancer at Bethesda Naval Hospital. "He was frightened," says Passinault. "So I talked to him. I couldn't not talk to him under those circumstances. And somebody at the *Spotlight* overheard me say 'I love you' to him several times, and that was that. They fired me."

Anyone unfamiliar with the hidden recesses of the closet may find it astonishing that Passinault wants to go back to the *Spotlight*. He winces when he says that his best friend at the *Spotlight* wrote the most violent antihomosexual diatribes, but he takes solace from the memory of a "common ground" between them. "We shared a belief about the direction the country should be taking," he says. "We both want more spending for national defense and less for wasteful social programs."



THE CENTRAL issue of closet politics is self-denial or self-hatred. It lies beneath the charges of hypocrisy and the differences between liberals and conservatives. Perry Deane Young and the gay activists contemplating acts of outage against right-wing activists would be the first to condemn the identical acts when committed against someone else. They hate the closet passionately, but they respect almost anyone's right to choose the time and place of exit. The exception—the only sin that could induce them to violate the protective code among homosexuals—comes from Robert Bauman



and people like him, whom the activists describe as "classic, self-hating, schizophrenic, closeted gays." Bauman and his ilk do more than threaten political warfare against homosexuals. By absorbing, intensifying, and projecting antihomosexual values from positions of leadership, they give the most vivid conceivable demonstrations of self-hatred as a motivation for staying in the closet. The demonstrations threaten *all* homosexuals, among most of whom it is an article of faith that the closet is a prison justified only by prudent, reasoned fear of oppression by the straight world. Almost everyone in the closet wants to believe that it is legitimate fear that keeps him there, not self-loathing. As the outside world grows more tolerant, many have found it more difficult to tolerate Bauman-like reminders of the power of self-loathing to produce psychological contortions.

The heterosexual world remains generally oblivious to the possibility that the pro- and antihomosexual forces, both led by homosexuals, may start a war by lobbing napalm at each other. Indeed, the established order has taken little notice of stirrings about and among gays. The official position of establishment Washington is that homosexuality *per se* is not objectionable in public life, but that the closet is bad because it introduces a susceptibility to blackmail. This is the rationale behind the FBI's HOMEX operation, which is further predicated on the assumption that the best way to protect against possible espionage in this area is, first, to identify *all* homosexuals in public life, especially in Washington. Conveniently, the strategy justifies the existence of numerous FBI specialists, but it is probably not the most economical way of proceeding. The scarcity of blackmail-related homosexual-espionage cases and the FBI's failure to invite troubled homosexuals to make disclosures with immunity both suggest that the bureau has a surpassing negative interest in homosexuality itself.

The CIA operates under a stated public position similar to the FBI's. Recently, an agency technician challenged the sincerity of the policy by filing a lawsuit, claiming that he took the security-risk rationale at face value and decided to confess his homosexuality to his CIA boss—thereby removing leverage against him as a blackmail target—but that the CIA fired him anyway. The technician charges that the security-risk rationale is a fraud behind which the agency hides its dislike of homosexuals.

Most major organs of the American media take the official position, declaring editorially that sexual preference should not be held against a citizen in public life. Still, no television or radio network, major newspaper, or national magazine has an openly homosexual reporter among its employees—with a single exception, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which has one. The homosexuals who already work for major media organs have given evidence by their unanimous behavior that they believe they would suffer if they declared themselves. They are all deeply closet-

ed. "My reporter friends at the *Washington Post* always shy away from me after lunch when we get near the *Post* building," says Larry Bush. "They are more uptight than any closeted people I deal with, except possibly military officers in uniform."

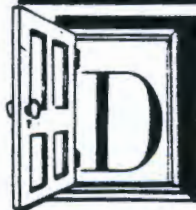
Most newspapers are skittish about gay stories. Columnist Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* says that in his long career the *Times* editors killed only one sports column, which was about Dave Kopy and homosexuality in professional football. Roger Wilkins, formerly of the *Times* editorial page, has said that his bosses stopped only three of his editorials, two of which were about gay issues.

By all evidence, the newspapers and other media organs would simply prefer to avoid the issue. Perhaps this has something to do with congenital machismo among journalists and writers, who frequently betray the worry that they are mere typists or observers of those who make real decisions, perform real work, and really deserve their Miller Time. More likely, the avoidance comes from the fact that heterosexuals live in their own closet, hiding from homosexuals while homosexuals hide from them. It hasn't occurred to them to inquire. Or they don't want to inquire because they know it will be a big mess. Or perhaps they sense that questions about the nature and causes of homosexuality will lead inevitably to the same questions about heterosexuality, which is unnerving.

Whatever the reason, avoidance is less becoming to journalists than to other professional groups. Its practical effect has been to ignore one of the most explosive social changes of the past decade. If the "war of outrage" comes, and readers suddenly look up to find a homosexual on every street corner and a prominent official coming out of every closet, journalists will more than likely join in a panic they could have helped avoid.

## VIII.

### Out of the Closet



DAN BRADLEY often discussed the politics of the closet with his gay friends in Congress. They agreed that it would serve the public interest for them to declare themselves. To do so would fulfill their obligations of honesty to the voters and to themselves, and possibly would prepare the way for less fear in politics. Two liberal Democrats told Bradley they planned to "come out" if they survived the 1980 elections, but after winning they returned to the usual talk of "political suicide" and decided to postpone the announcement once again. Bradley's conclusion was that no one fights his way out of the closet for reasons of political idealism.

One Sunday afternoon, in May 1981, he ate a



sandwich in a bookstore near Dupont Circle and began walking home to watch "60 Minutes." It was then that he saw, sitting on the fender of a car, the young blond man of his dreams. "I heard trumpets blaring and angels singing," he recalls. He backtracked past the car and then turned around again, groping for a plan. Finally, he struck up a conversation with Richard,\* who turned out to be the son of a Secret Service agent on the White House detail. "I fell in love for the first time," says Bradley. "That was the beginning of my downfall."

Richard was the first time Bradley had ever felt any emotion in his sex life. "There were emotions I didn't even know I had," he says. Within a few weeks, Richard was spending most of his nights at Bradley's house, and Bradley was rushing home early from the office in the hope of greeting him. Soon he was making plans to leave government service and make a life with his new lover. When his psychiatrist suggested caution, observing that Richard was a construction worker with a high school education twenty years Bradley's junior, Bradley scoffed at the difficulties. "I didn't give a damn if I had to go out and drive a taxi," he says.

As a couple, they learned to accommodate two closets instead of one. They made it a rule never to venture into Virginia, as Richard knew too many people there, and they coached each other on how to behave in a crisis. Once, in Georgetown, Richard gave the signal between clenched teeth, saying, "Dan! Keep walking," and Bradley tried to look normal as he circled the block, giving Richard enough time to talk with a girlfriend. Another time in Georgetown there was no time to separate, and Bradley used the backup plan, introducing Richard to a White House aide as a man who was hired to build a patio in Bradley's backyard. Richard tried to look like a sullen employee. Still another time, standing in line with Richard for a movie, Bradley saw Sen. Alan Cranston and his wife walk up behind them. Bradley abandoned Richard in the line without a word or sign of explanation. After chatting amiably with the Cranstons about President Reagan's threat to abolish the Legal Services Corporation, Bradley went back to the end of the line and then stealthily located Richard's seat in the theater, keeping an eye on the Cranstons to make sure they did not notice where he was sitting.

These denials took a greater toll on Bradley than any of his previous misadventures in the closet. "I wanted to tell everybody that Richard was the man I loved," he says. "I was proud of him, but the closet made me treat him like a leper. That hurt, and it hurt when he did the same thing to me."

One night a woman called Bradley at home and identified herself as Richard's mother. "How well do you know my son, Mr. Bradley?" she asked, and Bradley mumbled an answer, suppressing terror. He had visions that Secret Service agents would kick in

his door. "Finally, she asked me if he was a good worker on the patio," says Bradley, "and I realized that she had bought his whole cover story."



WHILE adjusting to the new trials of life with a closeted lover, Bradley had to fulfill his duties as president of the Legal Services Corporation and also keep up the appearance of a heterosexual cover life. His friend Barbara was his most frequent date, as she had been for years, but the role was especially wearing to her because a number of friends were mounting separate, escalating campaigns directed at her and Bradley, urging each to marry the other.

One night Bradley and Barbara went to dinner with an influential Washington lawyer and his wife. The lawyer, who, like many Washingtonians, was as obtuse in personal matters as he was shrewd in political ones, decided to resolve the marriage matter by confrontation. "Barbara, I might as well tell you right in front of Dan, since you both know what's going on," he said. "I think you ought to ask him to marry you, and be done with it. We all know that he loves you, and he won't say no if you ask, but he's so shy that nothing will ever happen if we keep waiting for him to ask you."

This speech finally broke Barbara's loyalty. "God-damn it!" she shouted, jumping to her feet. "Dan's never going to marry any woman, because he's gay! Can't you see that?"

After an unbearable silence, the lawyer's wife said, "Excuse me, I don't feel well." She walked unsteadily to the kitchen.

Barbara collapsed back into her seat, as the well-meaning lawyer stared blankly at his plate. Finally he looked up, took a breath, and said, "Well, Dan, what are you planning to do when you leave Legal Services?"

At less poignant moments, Bradley's future career was no conversational dodge. His days as president of the corporation had been numbered since Ronald Reagan's victory in the 1980 election. Inexplicably, Jimmy Carter had failed to appoint the six board members allotted to him, and the terms of the five others expired in July 1981—meaning that President Reagan could appoint all eleven board members, who would have fired Bradley summarily. But Reagan didn't appoint anyone. Like Nixon before him, he didn't bother to seize control of Legal Services because he intended to abolish it. Legal Services was the only one of the forty programs in the famous "Black Book" that was targeted for extinction rather than a budget cut.

Tentatively, Bradley planned to move to Miami, come out of the closet, and lead an openly gay life. But he came to doubt that he was ready to take Richard with him. "There were bad signs," he says. "After a few months, it began to dawn on me that

\* A pseudonym.



he liked to watch all these terrible television programs. And whenever we talked about going to the movies, he always wanted to see Clint Eastwood. Things like that. I began to realize that we had nothing in common except love, and we couldn't stay in bed and be in love twenty-four hours a day."

One afternoon, Richard appeared in Bradley's office, wanting to borrow his car. He seemed uncomprehending and unapologetic when Bradley explained the trouble this visit was causing him. Not long after, Bradley told him that he would be moving to Florida alone. A long period of guilt and recrimination ensued, during which Bradley tried to explain that he still loved Richard even though he did not want to live with him forever.

Both the good and bad aspects of the love affair convinced Bradley that he would come out of the closet sooner or later. "I was determined that I would never again panic when my lover dropped by the office," he says. "And I wouldn't walk down the street with him like a fugitive criminal, always on the lookout for people who might recognize me."

By December 1981, Bradley and the poverty-law supporters in Congress had beaten back President Reagan's attempt to kill the corporation. They celebrated the victory again, even though they knew that the administration would soon oust all the incumbents. Bradley, ever conscious of legal detail, resolved to save the existing program for yet another year if he could. He did so by spending \$260 million in two weeks, before the new board could take power and stop him. Bradley stayed up late many nights signing checks and cover letters, personally dropping packets into the mail for programs all over the country. When he mailed the last checks on December 15, there was not a dime left in the next year's budget. He was in Miami on New Year's Eve when the news flashed that Reagan had appointed eleven new board members and that the board had posted legal notices on Bradley's home and office doors, ordering him not to sign another check or letter. But it was too late, as Bradley would soon inform them.

Personally, he lapsed into another deep depression. Several lucrative job offers were pending, including one as president of Hialeah Race Track, but Bradley realized that every one of them required him to stay in the closet. His noble intentions dissolved into dreams. His professional desires demanded that he stay in the closet, but his insides demanded that he come out.

Bradley knew that the closet had limitless powers of deception. Numerous friends claimed to be out, only to have embarrassing circumstances make them admit that they wanted to keep the news from certain old friends, or relatives, or from strangers, or from newspapers and the general public. Bradley decided that he would have to force himself out, so he began announcing his intentions to friends who already knew he was gay. One of them, fatefully, was his old girlfriend Sally. "Richard caused my

downfall," Bradley says, laughing, "but Sally was there to help it along."

This time she did so by passing the news along to her friend Phil Gailey, a reporter for *The New York Times*. Gailey, of course, wanted to write a story, and Bradley found himself trapped by his own bravado. He refused Gailey and pretended to scold Sally. However, he decided to write personal letters to twenty-five friends—fellow poverty lawyers, old teachers from Mercer, clergymen from the Baptist Church. He cried all day while writing them. Then he submitted to Gailey's interview, as a clean break, and then he went to Washington's main post office to mail the letters. He walked indecisively back and forth, but he could not bring himself to drop them through the slot. It was too irrevocable.

A chagrined Phil Gailey called a few days later to say that the story was ready but that his *Times* editors refused to use the word "gay" in headlines or the body of the text—only in direct quotation. Did Bradley mind being called a homosexual?

This struck Bradley as funny. "Phil, I *am* a homosexual," he said. "I don't care what the *Times* wants to call it."

Bradley mailed the letters, and the *Times* story ran on March 31, 1981, his last day as president of Legal Services.



SINCE THEN, Bradley has become a national celebrity among gay people, traveling the country for the Gay Rights National Lobby. All the leading Democratic presidential contenders, including his old boss Reubin Askew, have asked him to talk with them about gay issues. In Miami, he addressed a large crowd on Gay Pride Day, which he calls "our Fourth of July." But what he remembers best are the countless nervous people who have come up to him after his speeches, from Oregon to Tennessee. They have talked to him about their children, their jobs, their friends who have committed suicide. Always it is the closet. Now, whenever Bradley looks over an audience, he is burdened by the thought of all the cover stories that make that audience possible—of those who tell the lies and those who believe them, or pretend to.

Romantically, he wishes he could start over at college age—the age of all his gay lovers—when he first knew he was homosexual. Now that a life's weight of denial is suddenly lifted, he has a sense of being unbalanced almost as badly as when he was carrying the weight. He hopes to adjust and to catch up, but he does not even know what is possible in gay relationships. Homosexuality, it seems, sets an exquisite table but is usually no picnic.

"But at least I don't have to lie anymore," he says. "Nobody who hasn't come out of the closet can ever know what a blessing that is." ■





*Dan Bradley during his tenure as president of Legal Services Corporation.*



*Lesbianism*

**DEMOCRATIC**

**NATIONAL COMMITTEE** 1625 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 797-5900

Charles T. Manatt  
Chairman

August 30, 1982

Mr. Tom Chorlton  
National Association of Gay and Lesbian Democratic Clubs  
1742 Massachusetts Avenue, S.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20003

Dear Tom,

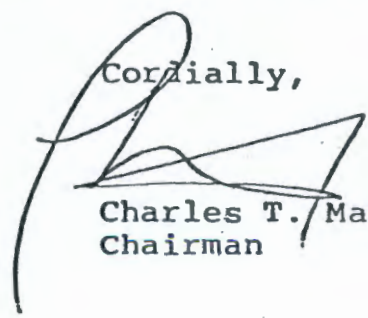
Thank you for updating me on the progress of the National Association of Gay and Lesbian Democratic Clubs.

As I said in speaking to your first conference in Philadelphia on June 24th, I consider formation of the national association an important step toward our common goal: a strong Democratic Party working to achieve full human rights and civil rights for every American.

Toward this end, I know that you share my pride that the statements adopted by the National Party Conference reflected the commitment of this party to end any discrimination based on sexual orientation. Let us work to ensure that the unanimous action of the NPC, which has been widely praised as reflecting a united Democratic Party, is an indication of further gains to be made.

Ann Lewis tells me that she is working with you on a positive, campaign-oriented program of assistance to Democratic candidates in our critical elections this year. Please continue to keep me informed.

Cordially,



Charles T. Manatt  
Chairman

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## HOMOSEXUALS AND ANTI-HOMOSEXUALS

With the arrest of the John Birch Society's most prominent spokesman of the late 1950s and early 1960s, former U.S. Army General Edwin Walker, in a homosexual encounter in a Dallas park, and of Richard Nixon's unsuccessful appointee to the Supreme Court, G. Harrold Carswell, in a similar situation in a men's room in Florida, it should be obvious that liberals hold no franchise on homosexuality. There is an interesting and important difference, however, in the kind of person who moves in a society that does not condemn homosexual feelings and another kind who is clearly defined by himself and his society as a deviant, but who places himself among the most rigid defenders of that same society—among those he should naturally regard as enemies.

Lucian Truscott IV examines such a character in *Dress Gray*, his novel about a homosexual cadet who is murdered at West Point. The deviant was the perfect cadet; the Spartan life of "don't's" suited him much better than it did those whose lives weren't so sharply defined. In telling him so specifically what he could not do, the society was also telling him what he could get away with. At the time, there were dozens of restrictions at the all-male academy against showing affection or having sex with a woman, but there were no such rules about doing the same things with other men. Roommates were "wives."

I am told by several friends who worked and went to parties with

them that many of the key people sent in by Ronald Reagan to plan his inauguration and the transition from the Carter administration were secretly but actively homosexual. During the Christmas–New Year's holiday season just prior to the inauguration, they held several private parties. One that was described to me took place in the Foggy Bottom townhouse of a man who has been one of Reagan's closest advisers from the beginning of his political career. Although he is married and has children, he lives in Washington with a male lover. The guests at his party and the others I heard about were all white, all male, and—except for a few young Democrats looking for work—all Republicans. Two handsome young California lovers arrived at the Foggy Bottom party driving matching sports cars and wearing identical shoes, slacks, shirts, ties, and V-necked sweaters.

The kind of stories that were told at these parties were the kind that little boys tell about getting away with breaking the rules. The thrill was that they were passing for straight. One man—known as "Reagan's Capote"—came up with a flamboyant idea of having the military units in the inaugural parade march with American flags instead of rifles. The Pentagon was dumbfounded. "Why," some military spokesman was quoted as saying, "we'd just as soon march down the street with our pants unzipped." But, the gay revelers whooped, didn't the Pentagon understand that this was exactly what Reagan's friend would love to see?

All of these people are part of an underground society of very wealthy and powerful homosexuals, some of whom were at the heart of the earlier anti-Communist and anti-homosexual crusades of Joseph McCarthy, and all of whom are active in the new-right groups. Their true sexual identities keep them from any kind of public roles, but this vulnerability has also put them in touch with some of the country's biggest sources of money, however corrupt. Like the women, Jews, or blacks who succeeded in spite of societal attitudes about their kind, these men have a stake in preserving their own oppression. They don't see it as oppression at all. They see it as privilege conferred on them because they are special; if other homosexuals suffer from oppression, then they deserve it because they are so weak or just not clever enough.

It is the best of both worlds that these men enjoy. They are lawyers, real-estate men, construction contractors who—in terms of financial



success—are at the very top of their professions. They have everything that money can buy, including a gay lifestyle in the midst of a disapproving (in earlier times, at least) world.

In Washington, a group of such men meets on a regular basis and stages lavish parties fairly often. They actually make up names for their little club, “the RPQs—rich and powerful queens” or “the Thirteen Richest Fairies.” The lover of one of them was handed two hundred dollars and told to prepare a party for the new Republican arrivals in town around the time of the inauguration. He laughed contemptuously at such pocket change, carried the money down to a male go-go place on Ninth Street, and gave it to one of the young dancers to come do a strip-tease for the Republicans. The liquor and food for the party cost several times that amount, and everybody got a laugh out of the lover’s introduction of the dancer: “This is just to show you that two hundred dollars can still buy something worthwhile.” The young man began to bump and grind and remove his clothes on top of the dining room table. One of the distinguished guests promptly turned away from the dancer and faced a wall until he had finished. Why do you think he did that? I asked a friend who was there. “Oh, it wasn’t the impropriety of it, I can assure you. I know him. He just felt that anything erotic should be kept in the dark.”

A cheaper customer—at fifty dollars a turn—of the young dancers on Ninth Street for many years was a young congressman named Robert E. Bauman. Born April 4, 1937, in the rural town of Easton (population 8,500) on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Bauman had spent half his life on Capitol Hill. He started out as a page, worked as a congressional aide, and then was elected in a special election on August 21, 1973, to succeed a congressman who died in midterm. A Roman Catholic, Bauman was a member of SS. Peter and Paul Church in Easton. In 1960, he married Carol Gene Dawson and they subsequently had four children.

Bauman was no mere conservative Republican, he was a militant fighter against any and all things liberal. He and his wife were both among the ninety-three founders of Young Americans for Freedom, and he served for a time as national chairman of that group. He was co-founder and national chairman of the American Conservative Union. As the energetic and aggressive head of these groups in the 1960s and 1970s, Bauman was one of a very small number of activists who decided on the issues and tactics and laid the groundwork for the

new-right victories at the polls in 1980. The religious right, said a victim of one of their campaigns, “just took the same issues laid down by the ACU and baptized them and called them ‘moral.’”

A short, scrappy fellow, Bauman saw himself as the feisty “watchdog” of the U.S. House of Representatives. Like Jesse Helms in the Senate, his tactics often served to embarrass his colleagues and slow down the legislative process, but they also served his purpose by constantly putting liberals on the spot with controversial issues through published roll-call votes. For no other reason than to get liberals to commit themselves in public, he would raise these issues, which would normally have been calmly worked out through compromises. He was so despised that once, when he stayed home because of the snow, his colleagues mustered up a quorum and forced through as many votes as they could. The conservative Americans for Constitutional Action gave him a perfect 100-percent score for his voting record, and so did the oil lobby. The National Council of Senior Citizens rated him zero.

In an exclusive interview with John Rees in the John Birch Society’s *Review of the News*, Bauman was described as the “bulldog of the House.” He said, “Anytime the House is in session, America is in danger.” Liberal Republicans, he added, were nothing more than “Democrats in drag.”

But in the 1980 elections, the year of the conservative and of Republican victories nationwide, Robert E. Bauman himself went down to defeat against an inexperienced young Democrat. The reasons why go back to the bars on Ninth Street where the male hustlers hang out in Washington.

The Maryland congressman was charged with soliciting sex from a teenage boy, after an extensive FBI investigation showed that Bauman was a prime target for blackmail. Although Bauman later denied it, the FBI report noted several instances where he had already paid blackmail. The mother of one of his sex partners had also asked Bauman to have another of her sons discharged from the navy after the boy got in trouble for going AWOL. At the same time, proceedings were begun in Baltimore against a twenty-six-year old man who had worked as a street hustler in Washington since he was thirteen, the year he claimed he first met Bauman. They met at a sleazy bar in Washington, but the two were born just seventeen miles apart on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This man had tried to extort two thousand dollars from Bauman by threatening to tell his family about his



extramarital affairs. He was apprehended when an FBI agent posed as an aide to Bauman to hear his offer.

The newspaper accounts all mentioned Bauman's anti-homosexual votes in the House. He was a co-sponsor of a bill that would amend the 1964 Civil Rights Act to allow employers to discriminate against homosexuals without federal interference; it would also have prevented federal interference in discrimination suits where homosexuals were involved. In July 1980 Bauman voted for an amendment that prevented the Legal Services Corporation from representing homosexuals; he had voted for the same measure in 1977, when it was defeated. Bauman was also among the original signers of the Family Protection Act, which contained a number of anti-homosexual provisions.

Bauman responded to the solicitation charge with an extraordinary statement that said, in effect, he must have been drunk and didn't know what he was doing. "In recent years, I have had an increasingly serious personal problem with the consumption of alcohol. Last winter my drinking problem reached what I now realize to be the stage of acute alcoholism, although I did not know it at the time. . . . I have confessed my sins, as my religion requires, and I am in the state of grace and will remain so with the help of God." The eleven-paragraph statement carried only this reference to the charge: "The charge involved is solicitation." He did not mention homosexuality.

Meanwhile, Bauman's longtime friend and physician, Albert Dawkins, back home in Easton, told *The Washington Post*: "I would not consider Bob an alcoholic. I define an alcoholic this way: when the use of alcohol interferes with the person's productive life or his health, his ability to function. There is no evidence I know of in the lifetime I've known Bob Bauman that alcohol interferes with his productivity, his ability to function."

Although his conservative friends urged him to resign, Bauman refused and continued to run for reelection. He did finally resign as chairman of the ACU—at the urging of William F. Buckley, Jr., among others. But he remained on the ACU's national board of directors. Paul Weyrich of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress said, "It's not that I don't forgive him. It's that he has brought dishonor to the movement in which he has been involved." Weyrich said Bauman had done "considerable damage to the movement" and "can no longer be a credible spokesman for causes." Bauman, of

course, had served that movement longer and in a far more important position than had Weyrich.

After a few weeks of silence, Bauman called a press conference to announce that he'd been cured. "I do not consider myself to be a homosexual," he said in answer to a reporter's question. "I will not discuss the clinical details," he snapped in answer to another question. "I don't owe it to anyone but my God, and I have confessed to him and am going forward. I have changed. I am not going back to this grave problem in my life. I have not had a drink since May 1." Bauman refused to understand that nobody really cared about his drinking, or—more to the point—he was frustrated that the reporters wouldn't follow along when he tried to shift their attention from his homosexuality to his drinking. Most of us who live in Washington were still telling jokes about a similar attempt by the congressmen involved in Abscam who, one by one, claimed they had a problem with alcohol and that must have been what made them take money from FBI men posing as Arabs.

At least one of Bauman's supporters didn't care what he did, as long as he voted right. This was Joseph Kesner, who had sponsored a bull roast for Bauman's reelection campaign. He said, "If he was working with children where he was forming little minds, I might take a different view. But Bob Bauman, whether he's a homosexual or whether he's got four legs, expresses my views in Washington." Kesner's words, in my opinion, suggest that the attitudes in the hinterlands about homosexuals are not nearly so rigid and inflexible as many of the new-right leaders seem to think.

The solicitation charge against Bauman was eventually dropped after he agreed to go through a six-month rehabilitation program. Although he was defeated in his bid for reelection, Bauman's conservative pals apparently accepted him as cured. He was hired by Trent Lott of Mississippi, the House minority whip, at one thousand dollars a week to instruct the freshmen Republicans on House procedures—using a manual Bauman had written on the subject.

Such a personal crisis played out in public brings out the best and worst in small-town Washington. I mean, we all laughed at Bauman. The curious thing is that at the same time, another conservative Republican congressman found himself in a similar predicament over his homosexuality—and we did not laugh at him. This was Jon Hinson of



Mississippi, a member of the national advisory board of The Conservative Caucus, who, it turned out, had been one of the survivors of a fire at a gay movie theater in Washington in 1978 in which five men were killed. Hinson's involvement became public when he filed a deposition in support of the families suing the owners of the theater. It was a noble gesture that took real courage, I thought, and I wrote to Hinson and his wife and told them so.

Back home in Mississippi, there were dark rumblings that this would be the end of Hinson's political career. But one of his supporters, W. D. (Billy) Mounger, an independent oil man, said: "You'd think a man who had acknowledged frequenting a homosexual theater would have been run out of Mississippi. But some folks would rather have a queer conservative than a macho liberal, and they may be right." Hinson was reelected, but during his next term he was arrested during a homosexual encounter in a public men's room in a House office building, after which he resigned. It was then revealed that he had previously been arrested on similar charges in a park in Arlington and at a bookstore in Alexandria.

A Democrat who went to the same Baptist church Hinson attended had also noted the difference in the way people responded to his troubles and to Bauman's. He told me: "Hinson was a man with real problems and he hadn't been up there demagoguing it on the subject; and he didn't lay it all to alcohol once he got caught, either."

Meanwhile, the Bauman jokes continue: he's head of the "oral majority"; he was born on the Eastern Shore but reared in Washington; give him back his seat, boys.

There was one line in a *Washington Post* story that must have reflected a general attitude at the time. An Easton neighbor of Bauman's said: "It kind of makes you wonder: Who else?"

Who else? I know of at least ten other prominent leaders of the Republican right who have either had sex with friends of mine or gone to gay parties with them. According to people I trust, there are at least twenty members of Congress right now who are homosexual; not all of them are conservative Republicans, but most of them are. This is not to suggest in any way that a man who is over thirty and unmarried these days is automatically assumed to be homosexual. In fact, most of the homosexuals I've mentioned are married. But that is an attitude that did exist in Washington in the 1950s, when more than ten thou-

sand government employees were fired because they were believed to be homosexual.

The late H. L. Hunt—one of the great-uncles of the new right—spelled this out in his plan for the reconstruction of the Republican Party through a "Public Service Education Institute" for candidates in the early 1960s. He said, "Prospects are needed, age twenty to sixty years. If a man is more than twenty-six years of age, he should be married and preferably the father of one to four children. . . ." Hunt could use that as a measure, since he had fathered children by each of three wives. While still married to the mother of his "first family," as Hunt's biographer, L. J. Davis, calls it, Hunt married another woman in Florida and had children by her. He later fathered children by a third woman, whom he married after his first wife's death.

In her book about Washington, Rita Jenrette speaks of two senators from the same state who are "big in the Moral Majority" and make a point of being seen with the town's best-looking women, but are known to be homosexual. Paula Parkinson, the blonde lobbyist who created a scandal by talking about going to a house party with six conservative Republican members of Congress, was amazed that one of them wanted her to keep quiet because she felt the affair might help counter rumors that he is homosexual.

During the peak years of the new right, one of the most widely discussed secret homosexuals in Washington was Terry Dolan, head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee. Long before Dolan's homosexuality became a news story in mid-1982, I had known several people who had been to gay parties with him; I knew one man who had had sex with him; a young congressional aide whom I knew (conservative, Republican, homosexual) was one of his close friends.

Every gay activist in Washington and New York, every political reporter in the capital, knew about what Dolan himself apparently thought nobody knew. I can't imagine anyone living the way he felt he had to live for so long, but I still regarded it as his choice. Even as I headed into his office one afternoon in the summer of 1981, I was not sure I would actually confront him with the fact that I knew he was homosexual.

All I could think about was the American Nazi Party spokesman who had killed himself immediately after a *New York Times* reporter



told him the paper was going to print the fact that he was a Jew. I did not know—until Terry Dolan himself told me that day—that he was close enough to Jerry Falwell and James Robison to be included in this book about the religious right. Robison has suggested that “like cancer,” homosexuals must be removed from our society; Falwell is more careful with his language, but his message is just as clear.

Dolan is a member of the advisory committee of the National Defeat Legal Services Committee. While this group was set up to seek the destruction of the entire program of Legal Services, one of its specific complaints was that the group aids homosexuals and homosexual groups. Also, NCPAC's National Conservative Foundation has challenged the FCC license of the Pacifica radio station in Washington, and among the complaints listed is that the station broadcasts programs by and for homosexuals. In a fund-raising letter for NCPAC in 1981, signed by Dan Crane, congressman from Illinois, are these words: “Our nation's moral fiber is weakened by the growing homosexual movement, the fanatical ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) pushers (many of whom publicly brag they are lesbians). . . .”

At the January 1981 convention of religious broadcasters in Washington, Terry Dolan had been one of the featured speakers. He said, “I would make the point over and over that your movement is separate, that your motivations are vastly different than mine and [those of] the people I represent.” But he went on to say: “Now that does not mean we are not allies. We certainly are. I can think of virtually nothing that I do not endorse on the agenda of the Christian right. My guess is that there is very little if anything that the people on the Christian right don't endorse concerning what we stand for.” Of course, homosexuality is at the top of every list of things the Christian right has declared war against, and the congressmen whom Dolan's NCPAC has helped to elect vote right down the line in favor of every anti-homosexual proposal that comes up.

Dolan is a hyperactive, boyish-looking man with a trim body, neat dark mustache, and short haircut. Some would describe his as the stereotypical look in gay bars now. His dark eyes look right through you—and then wander here, there, and everywhere as he adjusts first one leg and then another up under him in the big swivel chair behind his desk. His is the office of one who lives to work. There are no pictures or mementoes of family, no memorabilia of friends; there is no evidence whatsoever of any interest in art, literature, or music. There

is one plaque on the wall, making Dolan an honorary citizen of Texas, signed by the Republican governor. There are two eight-by-ten photographs in plain certificate frames, one showing Dolan with David Stockman, the other showing him with Philip Crane, the erstwhile presidential candidate and new-right congressman from Illinois.

He welcomed me with a firm handshake, as if he meant it. He said he didn't think of himself as part of the religious right, but he would be glad to answer any questions I had.

John Terry Dolan was born on December 20, 1950, in Norwalk, Connecticut. His father was then a manager for Sears, and now works as a fund raiser for a Catholic hospital. His parents were Democrats, but conservatives. His mother, Peg, converted in late 1981 in order to head up the “Republicans to Replace [Lowell] Weicker” in the 1982 Senate race in Connecticut. Dolan's brother, Anthony, is chief speech writer for the President; his sister, Maiselle, is also on the White House staff.

“I was raised a Catholic; spent all except two years in prep school in Catholic schools.” He graduated from Georgetown University in 1972, and in 1979 completed work on a law degree through night courses there. “I was not a particularly strong Catholic in college. If there is such a thing, I'm a born-again Catholic. I believe in most of the basic tenets of fundamentalism . . . a more profound belief in faith than most Catholics are taught—less concern about extra-biblical things than Catholics have.”

Dolan dates his conservative activism from 1974 “when I saw what Richard Nixon was doing to the country—all in the name of conservatism. I thought he was the most liberal president we've ever had, in terms of federal involvement in people's lives. The bureaucracy increased in droves . . . when he came in we had 40 percent going for defense; it was down to 26 percent when he went out. The loss of Vietnam. The recognition of China.”

This was what Dolan told me about Richard Nixon. He admitted to another interviewer that his first political campaign had been when he was nine, in 1960; the candidate was Nixon.

If he felt so strongly about winning the war in Vietnam, why had Dolan avoided military service? “I was in college during the draft and then afterwards in the lottery my name was nowhere near the top.” Did it occur to him to drop out of school and join up—as thousands had in earlier wars? “No, well, it occurred to me, but now I'm glad I



didn't. I was supportive of the war, but not of not to win. . . ."

The year when he became disillusioned with Richard Nixon's conservatism, 1974, was also the year Dolan says he got interested in the Bible. He was working in the unsuccessful Senate campaign in Alaska for a member of the John Birch Society's national council. Many of his co-workers were born-again Christians; one woman in particular helped spark a new interest in religion and reading the Bible.

In 1964, when he was thirteen, Dolan had worked in Barry Goldwater's campaign for President. "That's when I became familiar with a man named Ronald Reagan—his 'rendezvous with destiny' speech for Goldwater. . . . I still have a record of that and I still listen to it. In 1968, I went down to the Miami convention as a volunteer for Reagan, and I supported him in 1976 and 1980." He was a member of Teenage Republicans and YAF in high school, YAF and College Republicans, and then the Young Republicans Club. In 1975, he set up the National Conservative Political Action Committee with Charles Black and Roger J. Stone. Black had worked on Jesse Helms's staff in the Senate; Stone had been identified during the Senate Watergate hearings as a political spy for Richard Nixon during the 1972 campaign. In 1977, Stone went to work for Arthur J. Finklestein Associates, the polling company used by the new-right affiliates of The Viguerie Company.

Dolan's NCPAC is not only the richest of the political action committees; it is also the meanest by all accounts, including Dolan's own. He has bragged that he could get away with any kind of distortion and this would never reflect on the particular candidate he was supporting. In his book, Viguerie praises Dolan as a pioneer in the "independent expenditure campaign." In cruder language, Dolan figured out a way to get around the limits on individual contributions to campaigns. One provision of the 1974 campaign reforms allows for a group operating independently of the candidate to spend any amount of money it wants to. In other words, a Joseph Coors, for example, is forbidden by law to contribute more than one thousand dollars to the campaign of Ronald Reagan. However, Joseph Coors can give any amount he wants to a PAC set up independently to support the same candidate. As Viguerie puts it in his book: "A PAC called Conservatives for Reagan could legally spend five million dollars or whatever it could raise to help elect Ronald Reagan President as long as none of the PAC's leadership was in contact in any way with Reagan or his staff."

Such maneuvers by NCPAC were challenged in the courts, but the

Supreme Court voted four to four—with Sandra Day O'Connor abstaining for unexplained reasons—and that left standing the lower court ruling in favor of NCPAC. There is no way a reasonable person could possibly believe that amounts of money in the millions could be spent in behalf of a candidate and he and his staff wouldn't be involved in the process. The presence of Terry Dolan's brother and sister on the White House staff is solid evidence that he is much closer to Ronald Reagan and his top advisers than is ever publicly acknowledged.

Dolan himself confirmed my suspicion of his closeness to Reagan in a later interview with Larry Bush, a press officer and speech writer in the Agriculture Department during the Nixon administration who is now Washington editor for two gay newspapers, *The Advocate* and *New York Native*. Dolan explained to Bush that NCPAC was started in 1975 and "we were putzing along for almost a year and not doing badly. We were making state legislative contributions and a couple of federal races. And then when Reagan lost the Republican nomination, he took an interest in NCPAC and signed fund-raising letters that raised us, I would guess, eight hundred thousand or a million dollars in a period of about three months."

"So," Bush started to ask, "you really have a debt, as it were—"

Dolan interrupted: "Oh, no question about it. Well, not only a debt, but a long-standing relationship. I was for Ronald Reagan in 'sixty-eight when I was seventeen years old and 'seventy-six and in 'eighty. Charlie Black became the chairman of NCPAC, then went to work for Reagan. Roger Stone was the treasurer of NCPAC [and he] also went to work for Reagan—this is 'seventy-six. And then both of them worked in 'eighty again, so it was a very close relationship."

In another case challenging Dolan's "independent" expenditures, George McGovern's 1980 senatorial campaign proved beyond any doubt in my mind—after reading specific allegations and documents at the Federal Elections Commission offices—that Dolan and his staff had participated in selecting the candidate who would oppose McGovern, and then personally participated in various stages of that campaign. The FEC ruled straight down the party lines of its members; it was another tie vote, meaning there was no-ruling for Dolan, but none against him, either.

Another bald attempt at getting around the law was made by Dolan in a reverse-bribe offer to a congressman from North Carolina, a Democrat named Steve Neal. In a messenger-delivered letter on



NCPAC stationery, Dolan had tried to persuade Neal to vote in favor of Reagan's tax-cut package:

If you will make a public statement in support of the President's tax-cut package and state that you intend to vote for it, we will withdraw all radio and newspaper ads planned in your district. In addition, we will be glad to run radio and newspaper ads applauding you for your vote to lower taxes. Of course, your constituents will be greatly upset if you say you support President Reagan's tax cut and subsequently vote against it.

Sincerely,  
John T. (Terry) Dolan  
National Chairman

Neal was outraged by Dolan's bullying and fired off a letter of protest to William French Smith, the Attorney General and Reagan's longtime personal friend and political ally. Smith passed it to a subordinate who informed the congressman that no investigation would ensue because no money had been exchanged and so no actual bribe had taken place. But Neal fired back yet another protest letter to the Attorney General, saying that if he had accepted Dolan's terms *he* would have been guilty of taking a bribe while Dolan, meanwhile, was not even investigated because he offered one. The Democrat's protests fell on deaf Republican ears, and his letters were politely but firmly answered in the negative; there would be no investigation of Terry Dolan or of NCPAC by this administration. It is absurd to assume that Dolan tried to change that congressman's vote without first informing someone in the White House (his brother, if no one else) about what he was up to. It is hard to believe that his actions have been upheld by Republicans on the Federal Elections Commission and on the Supreme Court as anything but a matter of political expediency.

That afternoon in his office in Arlington, Dolan and I seemed to be talking comfortably, so I started asking Dolan more specific questions about his connections with the religious groups in the new right and the issues for which they were crusading. How did he feel about the Family Protection Act? He stammered and flip-flopped in his response, and said the bill wasn't all bad: "All in all, it's pretty good leg-

islation." But he said he was against "any section that is using federal power to enforce social or moral standards." But, I asked, hadn't he supported those who had written this and other moral and social legislation? "I support everything the Christian right is doing that will permit a man or woman personal salvation, that will get the government out of their personal lives. . . . From my conversations with Jerry Falwell and James Robison, they feel the same way. I have asked them, and their biggest desire is to be left alone."

Hearing that, I knew the confrontation would have to take place. There was no way that Dolan could not have known about Falwell's and Robison's tirades against homosexuals. I asked if he hadn't seen all the stuff they were sending out, especially Falwell's "declaration of war" against homosexuality. He looked away and didn't answer.

I asked him how well he knew these men. He said he talked with Falwell "several times a week—and we make all our polls and research available to them." He implied that he was even closer to Robison.

Perhaps he sensed what this line of questioning was leading to, for he seemed to be telling me what I might agree with. He said it was "very wrong to have the federal government interfering in the area of morality . . . but to a degree we do have the government involved in morality and we always will . . . I mean, murder's a moral issue. Traditionally, in America, it has been defined as locally as possible. My objection to liberals is not that they have bad social policies, which they do, but that they are using the strongest and most dangerous power on the face of the earth to enforce them."

Had he actually said the federal government was needed only to defend us and deliver the mail? "That was an exaggeration to make a point; yes, I said that."

Abortion is the one exception to everything he had said about government interference in moral and social issues. "I think that Roe versus Wade was one of the most unconstitutional decisions since the Dred Scott decision. I happen to believe that abortion is killing."

What about homosexuality? "I happen to believe that's a local issue. I don't care what they do in San Francisco; I don't care to live there." What about homosexuality as a political issue? "I'm against gay rights. As I understand it, they are demanding quotas and special treatment." He said individuals had always been allowed to discriminate in America, and the government should make no laws saying they



had to rent or sell to anybody they didn't want to. However, he said he didn't think the government should discriminate against homosexuals or anybody else. "Except in security risks. If they determine a homosexual is a risk, then—but somebody who is a bigamist would be as well. . . ."

This kind of double-talk was beginning to rattle me. I had arrived in his office fully in sympathy with Dolan's predicament. I was nervous, sweating, in my discomfort over what to say and how to say it. But the more equivocal he got about "those people," the more angry I got about his duplicity. And, as if he were reading my mind, he—a master at holding an interviewer's attention, if nothing else—unbent his leg, put his feet on the floor, reached in his desk drawer, pulled out a Bible, and proceeded to read to me. "If you want to read Romans, you'll see there's no hierarchy of sinners." He then read out a list that included fornication, murder, deceit, disobedience, adultery, envy. Dolan said, "I know I've done at least four of them. Why should homosexuality be any higher sin than adultery?"

After reading the list, which I had heard quoted many times before in other interviews, Dolan continued to read a concluding paragraph with which I was not familiar: "Do you, my friend, pass judgment on others? You have no excuse at all, whoever you are. For when you judge others, but do the same things that they do, you condemn yourself."

I was struck by this turn of phrase and delighted that Dolan seemed to be leveling with me. If he wasn't saying it was all right to be homosexual, what was he saying? So the moment arrived and the question came out quite calmly: "Several of my friends have been to gay parties with you, and they wonder how you can reconcile your own homosexuality with your lifestyle among these groups you're aligned with?"

But I had misjudged his mood. Maybe he had been saying it was okay for others to be gay, but once I associated his name with that word, he became uncharacteristically flustered. His words came out in scattershot, disconnected thoughts and half-sentences.

"In the last two years I've been accused of all kinds of things. . . . A man came in here and said I was a crook . . . he claimed he had evidence I'd taken bribes. . . . In the last two years I've been accused of being a womanizer. . . . One of the stories had . . . [a Republican congressman] was supposed to have been involved with another man and a woman. . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said, stopping him. "You mean [the congressman] was supposed to have had an affair with you?" "Yes," Dolan said, "that's what they said."

After all this meandering, Dolan's mind apparently returned to my original question about the gay parties. He wanted to know who the people were who had been to these parties, and where the parties had been. I mentioned the party in Foggy Bottom with the Reagan adviser, and another one on Capitol Hill, where Dolan had made a spectacle of himself by hovering over the host's lover, the best-looking young man at the party. (One of the other guests explained to me that this was not only unseemly, it was also unsportsmanlike.) Dolan said he had never been to the house in Foggy Bottom, although he knew the man; he said I had the wrong first name for the man who was his host on Capitol Hill.

Every other sentence, it seemed, Dolan was with me; then, in the next one, he was against me. The clear impression he gave on the one hand was that it was all right to be gay, with the implication that he was; then he would counter that with an explanation that contradicted the previous impression. My restraint finally broke: "Listen, are you homosexual or not?" "No, I'm not," he said, "but I don't see that that's a question."

I stood up, we shook hands, and I assumed the interview was over. We had been dancing around in circles until I felt I was never going to get any answers to my questions. But as Dolan moved around from his desk, he kept talking face on to me, eyeball to eyeball, in a way that carried me along with him through the narrow doorway, and on out the door of his outer office, into the hallway to the elevators. He asked, "You got the names of those people who said that about me?" I told him they were friends; if I hadn't known who they were and trusted them, I would never have repeated what they said to me. I looked up, then, to see that Dolan was leading us right into the men's room. He was still talking and leading me on, but that is where I stopped. I will never know what he might have said to me in the privacy of that rest room; at that point I didn't want to know, I just wanted to get somewhere and down a few drinks and try to forget about a man like Terry Dolan. I felt such shame for him. I knew he was lying, and I knew he knew I knew. How long could such a charade go on? That afternoon, I worried that the confrontation might have caused him to do himself in in that men's room and never go back to his double life.



It also crossed my mind that he might send somebody out to take care of me. But no, I thought, he is not a man to face up to anything. Like Bauman, he had obviously not thought about what he would do if his homosexuality was disclosed, because he has lived in two worlds as separate as darkness and light—and when he was in one, the other didn't exist.

In March 1982 there was a bizarre sequel to my confrontation with Dolan involving him and Larry Bush, who had sought an interview with Dolan about homosexuality for several months. Bush, who told me about attending gay parties with Dolan, and who also made available his extensive files for my use in this book, finally had a date and time for his interview, arranged through a young press aide to Dolan. However, the day before this interview, he received a curt telephone message from Dolan's secretary saying the interview had been canceled. That morning, he later learned, the young aide had been fired on the spot by an infuriated Dolan who said the interview was "unauthorized."

Bush, however, persisted and within a matter of days, Dolan agreed to a preliminary "off the record" discussion after Bush explained that every other new-right leader—including Jerry Falwell and Gary Jarmin—had been interviewed by him for gay publications. When Bush showed up at Dolan's office, Dolan summoned two male assistants to sit in as "witnesses." Dolan finally agreed to an actual interview to take place the following week. At that time, Bush was introduced to an older man whom Dolan described as "the office enforcer." The man said nothing during the hour-long interview which was taped by both Bush and Dolan.

Dolan obviously was better prepared for questions about homosexuality than he had been with me. He said that "sexual preference is irrelevant to political philosophy." He said, "The rhetoric that some of my friends in the right have used on gay activism has been excessive." When Bush asked him about the Dan Crane letter quoted earlier in this chapter, Dolan issued an apology: "I truly regret that we ever put something into print that would ever question the morality, the patriotism of any other person." Although he spoke in complete sentences and paragraphs, Dolan's interview with Bush contained the same kind of confused double-talk that he had given me. On the one hand, he said, "if there isn't a law there ought to be a law" to protect gays from

discrimination by the government. Then, he said, he was against all laws except those for national defense. He said the 1964 Civil Rights Act was "irrelevant," and the Voting Rights Act was "absolutely silly." There were also the following words which I leave to the reader to interpret. I have transcribed them directly from Bush's tape of the interview.

Dolan asked: "You ever been to a Republican meeting?" Bush said: "Yes." Dolan said: "Ugliest women in America. No, no, that's not true, the second ugliest women in America." Bush asked: "The first being?" Dolan: "Democratic conventions. I don't think that anybody who has really—my guess is like most political organizations they tend to attract—to be charitable—an *interesting* group of people. I don't know why that is—but in the nature of politics in America, but they are not what I would call normal people." Bush asked: "People in politics?" Dolan answered: "Yeah . . ." Both then stopped in a long pause over what the answer had to do with the question.

The clear message in the interview, however, was that Terry Dolan was breaking with his colleagues on the new right by coming out for gay rights—and that is how the story was reported in *The Washington Post* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* after those papers were given advance copies of Bush's interview from the gay *Advocate*. The *Chronicle* headlined its story: "'New Right' Leader Supports Gay Rights."

However, in an extraordinary letter answering a flood of inquiries from the right about his comments, Dolan swore, "I do not, nor have I ever endorsed gay rights. . . . I have also discussed this matter with Jerry Falwell and other leaders of the Christian right. While we may and do disagree on a few issues, we all support the same conservative goals." He tried to twist the blame onto *The Washington Post* for trying to "split apart" the new right. He tried to blame the interviewer for misrepresenting him and the aide for granting an "unauthorized" interview. And then he did one more curious thing: he granted another interview to Bush on the subject of homosexuality, this time for an article in *The Village Voice* of April 20, 1982. This article, without answering the question, was all about whether Terry Dolan is or is not gay. The main source was, incredibly, Terry Dolan himself. "I got a call from a reporter who said the fact that you gave an interview with *The Advocate* leads one to believe you are gay. I have gotten other calls from people who ask: Are you? I enjoyed them very much because they were ashamed to ask and they should have been. I have had calls



from other friends who said other reporters were doing the same thing. I am used to life in the big city and I emphasize this with all reporters: It's irrelevant; it's not true; and aren't they ashamed of asking."

Dolan couldn't understand that it wasn't his homosexuality but his hypocrisy and duplicity that brought him all this unsolicited attention. A high point in his ludicrous attempt to shift the blame came after he had referred to the way the press covers up liberals' "adulterous affairs." He said, "Adulterers always protect adulterers. Liberals always protect liberals." Bush asked, "And do gays always protect gays?" Dolan sighed: "You'll have to answer that question."

But after reading all of this, there were no more questions in the mind of any reporter I talked with about Terry Dolan's homosexuality. The only questions were in his own mind, the only problems with the subject were his.

I met a young man from Dolan's dark side of life. Unlike Dolan himself, Richard Anderson did not live two lives; he was not ashamed of being homosexual or of having had sex with Terry Dolan; he wished they had become friends.

Their eyes locked as if on a reflection in a mirror. They looked enough alike to be brothers. Both wore the regulation plaid shirt and jeans of the Levi's-and-leather set. Both wore their dark hair in short military cut; their mustaches were neatly trimmed, and so was Richard's beard.

The two were instantly attracted to each other; perhaps the need for a brother/lover was more strongly felt because it was the holiday season, December 22, 1980, the Monday before Christmas. Richard Anderson had seen Terry Dolan on television several times; he despised his politics, but he liked his looks. Who did he think he was, challenging the man who had just been elected Vice-President? Dolan had threatened: "George Bush better mind his p's and q's, or he'll find himself out of a job."

However, Anderson did not recognize the face he saw at the entrance to the back bar at the Eagle that night. (On reflection, it seemed more rounded in person than it had on television.) The Eagle is Washington's oldest and most popular leather bar. I know executives in New York who think it's the best gay bar in the country, and they often come down on weekends just to hang out there. The crowd is a nice mix of people in costumes of plastic leather and a larger, less

flamboyant group who come there seeking "real men," or at least men who aren't fluttering with affected gestures and language.

Richard had just gotten a job as an information specialist with a government agency, and he was sporting a new leather jacket and vest that night. He doesn't remember the exact time he got to the bar—it wasn't happy hour, but it wasn't the desperation hour toward closing, either.

He's not the sort who can stand back in such a scene; he has to keep moving. So he passed by Terry Dolan several times, always saluting him with a smile. After Dolan returned the attention, he walked over and started talking. They introduced themselves, first names only. Richard mentioned his new job; Terry said he was a lawyer for a lobbying group.

By then, they both knew what they wanted. When it turned out they also both lived in Arlington, the only questions were whose place to go to and how to get there. Richard and his roommate never kept their place in any condition to receive guests, so he eagerly agreed when Terry suggested they go to the apartment he had just moved into.

The two cars traveled south down Seventh Street and over the Fourteenth Street Bridge, and then on I-395 to the Ridge Road exit. Terry led the way into a parking lot beside the high-rise building, 511 South Four Mile Run Drive. They rode the elevator up to the twelfth floor and opened the door into apartment 1209, two barren rooms and a kitchen with none of the extra attention to details that makes a place look lived in.

There was a small kitchen on the left, and it, too, seemed bare except for a note pad on a countertop. The living room was straight ahead, with windows overlooking the railroad tracks along U.S. 1 in south Alexandria. The two wasted no time in there, but went straight to the bedroom and quickly undressed.

Afterwards, they went into the kitchen for some supermarket chocolate-chip cookies and milk. That was when Richard saw the note pad with *National Conservative Political Action Committee* at the top, with the nearby Wilson Boulevard address. Still, he did not connect this Terry with that Terry.

Anderson said, "I hope that's not the lobby you work for?" Terry said, "As a matter of fact, it is." Richard then made a mock protest about NCPAC's Terry Dolan: "That cute little asshole, who does he think he is, telling George Bush he better mind his p's and q's?" Terry



said in serious defense, "*He* never said that." He went on to say that Dolan had been misquoted. This led to a political discussion, the kind Richard normally avoids. He just isn't a very politically oriented person, and he never has the facts and figures at hand to defend what he feels on an emotional level.

But he was curious about Terry as a person. How could he live such a double life—being gay and being associated with the Moral Majority people all the time? Terry explained that he had no direct connection with "those people"; they just happened to share some of the same goals. He said he was a "pure conservative" who believed strictly in government non-intervention. Homosexuality, said Terry, was something the government should not be involved with; there should be no laws one way or another. He did say that it would be disastrous for him if some of the people he dealt with were to find out about his homosexuality. He said he didn't go around telling everyone about his sex life, because he didn't want them to know, and that was the way he wanted to keep it. He maintained a low profile in the gay community, he said, and almost never went to gay bars or parties. At the office, he said, he just didn't discuss his social life. His gay friends were asked not to call him at work. As he was writing out his telephone number and address on a slip of paper that Anderson still keeps, Dolan asked him please not to give it to anybody else. He said he got so many death threats, he had had to change his number.

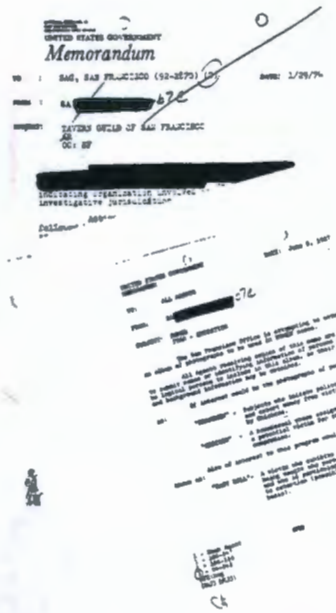
The two then went back to bed. Richard had been as impressed by Dolan's mind as he was by his body. As they talked, he leaned up on one elbow and lightly caressed him, kissing him every now and then. Terry said he had to fly down to Florida for the holidays the next morning; Richard said he'd be staying with his family in Washington.

By the way, Richard finally thought to ask, what was Terry's last name? "Dolan," said Terry. Suddenly a buzzer went off in Richard's head, and he felt like a fool. He lay back and slapped his forehead. "Oh, shit," he said. How had he not guessed before? "Don't worry," consoled Dolan, "at least you said I was a cute asshole."

It is a lovely story, I think, and nothing whatever to be ashamed of.

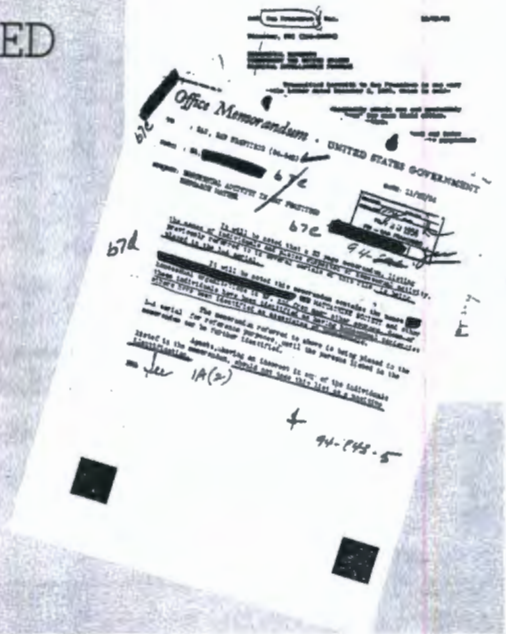
## PART THREE





# INVESTIGATIONS OF GAY PEOPLE CONFIRMED

# HAS THE FBI BEEN IN YOUR CLOSET?



In early 1977, *The ADVOCATE* published a series of special investigative reports on antigay surveillance and harassment activities by the FBI, the Washington, D.C., Police Intelligence Division and other intelligence-gathering agencies. Researched and written by then-Associate Editor Sasha Gregory-Lewis, the reports were documented by interviews with a gay informant ("Revelations of a Gay Informant," Part I, Issue 210, Feb. 23, 1977; and Part II, Issue 211, March 9, 1977) and with the target of

such an investigation, a gay man who had been active in the antiwar movement ("Jack Davis, Using the Sexuality Connection," Issue 215, May 4, 1977). Records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act confirmed these reports. This special article by *The ADVOCATE's* Washington, D.C., editor Larry Bush further substantiates Gregory-Lewis' earlier reports and expands on the nature and extent of the surveillance activities in the gay community.

BY LARRY BUSH

[Research for this article was undertaken with a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism. The *ADVOCATE* thanks Allan Berube and John D'Emilio for their help and expresses its appreciation to Bill Hartman for making available FBI documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act.—Ed.]

**A** concerted nationwide surveillance and investigation program by the FBI into the lives of wealthy, prominent, closeted homosexual men as well as into gay civil rights groups, and the collection of thousands of names of suspected homosexuals in the course of nearly 30 years, have been confirmed to *The ADVOCATE* by senior FBI officials and substantiated by FBI documents acquired under the Freedom of Information Act.

The investigations, FBI spokesman Lane Bonner said, involved the national headquarters and every FBI field office and were undertaken as part of the FBI's "internal security" mandate. Another purpose was to assist in prosecutions concerning an alleged extortion scheme aimed at prominent closeted gay men.

Records show that FBI investigations into gay rights groups and suspected homosexuals began as early as 1954. Bonner told *The ADVOCATE* that the investigations were discontinued in the

late 1970s following the adoption of new FBI guidelines developed by then-Attorney General Edward Levi. (FBI documents obtained by *The ADVOCATE* indicate materials were still being collected as late as 1978.) Bonner's confirmation came after senior FBI spokesman Roger Young met with *The ADVOCATE* to discuss current agency activities affecting gays.

Bonner said that although investigations targeted at the gay community had ceased, it was a "known fact" that Soviet intelligence officers were "cruising" in gay bars in "prioritized areas," including Washington, D.C., and the Silicon Valley area of California. He also confirmed that the current FBI charter permits investigations into such activities if the inquiries are designed to lead to specific prosecutions. Bonner would not comment on whether such an investigation was under way, but his statement fell on the heels of publication of charges by former CIA official Victor Marchetti that officials of the KGB and CIA consider closeted homosexuals to be "unwitting applicants for treason."

In addition, *The ADVOCATE* has learned that as early as 1943 the FBI paid informants to report on the loyalty of American homosexuals, and that one participant in that program was noted sex authority C.A. Tripp, author of *The Homosexual Matrix*. *The ADVOCATE* has also confirmed that Dr. Alfred Kinsey, founder of the Kinsey Institute of Sex Research and author of the Kinsey reports on sexual behavior, served as an expert consultant to the Overseas Secret

Service (OSS), and later to the CIA, in establishing both female and male houses of prostitution in the United States and overseas.

Documents obtained by *The ADVOCATE* indicate that the U.S. military won the active cooperation of the FBI and local police officials in collecting the names of Americans—including civilians—arrested on vice charges, and that the names of military personnel and other employees in sensitive federal jobs were coded with red tags for identification purposes. It is not known whether that practice has been discontinued.

**S**pecifically, information from FBI officials, documents and interviews indicates the following activities:

- "Fugitive-style investigations" of prominent, wealthy closeted homosexual men, using all available investigative techniques, including monitoring private mail and bank accounts, from the early 1960s through the late 1970s. The investigation, Bonner confirmed, was code-named HOMEX, or Homosexual Extortion. The FBI spokesman said these men, who were code-named Baby Doll, were investigated because it was believed that they were potential targets for extortion schemes but would not voluntarily come forward to complain of approaches. Bonner indicated that 12 volumes of materials, each about two inches thick and containing upwards of 200 entries, are maintained in a restricted-access file area at national headquarters; New York FBI field office spokesman Joe Vallequett confirmed

that another "26 or 27" similar volumes were located at that office. The amount of information collected at other field offices has not yet been disclosed. The HOMEX program resulted in only one arrest: of a commercial rabbit breeder from a Denver suburb on charges of extortion, in January 1978. FBI officials are unable to state the disposition of the case.

- Collection of names of suspected homosexuals and associates of suspected homosexuals, beginning in 1956, in order to provide the information to the Department of Defense and to national security agencies.

- Surveillance of gay bars and meeting places across the country, confirmed in a memo originated by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and dated Dec. 23, 1965. The memo, "Homosexual Hangouts Throughout the United States, Criminal Intelligence Program," directs each field office to "index locations" in its territory "in order to conduct thorough interviews and for use in setting out leads." The FBI document is coded for filing in the category of Soviet enlistment and recruitment for intelligence purposes in the United States.

- Surveillance, infiltration and use of informants to build files on gay civil rights groups, including the Mattachine Society, Daughters of Bilitis, Society for Individual Rights, the Council on Religion and the Homosexual and the San Francisco Tavern Guild. Papers of incorporation, lists of officers, membership and mailing lists were obtained. Public protests and rallies were monitored at<sup>50</sup>



reported to national headquarters.

• Establishment of "control files" to collect miscellaneous materials on homosexual activity, including news clippings on arrests, stories about prominent gay leaders and reports on items such as an alleged "homosexual ring" operating in then-Gov. Ronald Reagan's administration. The *ADVOCATE* has obtained selections from the San Francisco FBI field office. The file includes *San Francisco Chronicle* "Question Man" street interviews with responses from average San Franciscans on questions dealing with

including arrests on charges of public intoxication. In addition, a Nov. 21, 1960, document indicates the U.S. military, with the "excellent cooperation" of the head of the Salt Lake City vice squad, circumvented a Salt Lake City municipal requirement that arrest records be obtained only by warrant. The report also indicates that many of those arrested won "not guilty" verdicts in trials because of "the Courts' disapproval of the methods used by the police in apprehending the suspects."

• Continued monitoring of gay groups

**"Fugitive-style investigations" of prominent, wealthy closeted homosexual men, using all available investigative techniques, including monitoring private mail and bank accounts, from the early 1960s through the late 1970s, were code-named HOMEX or Homosexual Extortion.**

gays, and reports on political appointments of gay activists such as current San Francisco Police Commissioner Jo Daly.

• Cooperation with intelligence operatives from Great Britain in investigating homosexuals who might be in contact with British citizens. The files include a photocopy of a letter sent in response to a penpal request from a man in a British prison. It is unknown if the British man actually existed or if he was "created" by intelligence officials to encourage responses.

• U.S. military investigations into Americans arrested on vice charges, carried out with the cooperation of the FBI and local police officials. In one document, dated Nov. 2, 1960, the investigation is labeled Project 220 and includes "reports on individuals of obvious interest to the Department of Defense [who] are marked with red tabs. In all cases where a member of the Armed Forces has been arrested, a copy of the arrest report has been furnished the Armed Forces Police for appropriate action." Among the arrest records cited are those of "persons arrested in bars and restaurants frequented by sex deviates,"

even after the FBI has formally determined that the groups are not engaged in illegal activity and are not of interest to the FBI. A Jan. 29, 1974, memo closing the investigation into the San Francisco Tavern Guild notes: "No information developed indicating organization involved in any activity within the investigation jurisdiction of the FBI. Activities of this group will continue to be followed by above source [name deleted in accordance with guidelines that prohibit naming sources] . . ." The memo concludes with the recommendation that "this matter be placed in a closed status."

• CIA and OSS consultations with Dr. Alfred Kinsey, beginning in 1947, to develop techniques for investigating sexual practices. According to C.A. Tripp, Kinsey provided the intelligence agency with information on how to establish houses of prostitution that could be controlled by intelligence officers. These houses employed men and women for both homosexual and heterosexual activity. By 1949, according to Tripp, brothels had been established in Miami and Havana, Cuba.

Tripp's report is confirmed in most

#### HOW TO FILE FOR YOUR RECORDS

Under the Freedom of Information Act, citizens may request copies of records maintained on them by federal agencies. You may not request records on a person other than yourself. To make a request, address your letter to: Freedom of Information Officer, Name of Agency, Agency Address. Both the envelope and the letter itself should be clearly marked: Freedom of Information Request. By law, agencies are required to respond to your request within 10 working days. In the case of the FBI, this is currently interpreted as meaning an acknowledgment that your letter has been received; an actual search and answer may take up to three months.

Many state and city offices also operate under freedom of information laws, passed at the state or city level. If you believe you or the organization you represent has been the target of an investigation, you should first contact the local police department with a formal letter of request for information.

At the federal level, records may have been kept by the FBI either at headquarters or at a field office, and requests to each place must be sent separately. In addition, records may have been maintained by the CIA or by any of the three branches of the armed services.

Letters to the FBI headquarters office should be addressed:

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details by Dr. Paul Gebhart, current head of the Kinsey Institute and an associate of Kinsey at the time of the OSS and CIA contacts, and by a second source, also closely involved in the work of the Kinsey Institute and personally associated with Kinsey. The second source asked not to be named by *The ADVOCATE*. According to Tripp and the second source, Kinsey's advice drew in part on his familiarity with two brothels, one homosexual and one heterosexual, which worked closely with

to learn the names of their customers. By late May 1982, the two largest Washington, D.C., outcall services had been raided by police, and their records had been confiscated. Bonner's statement also followed claims by Victor Marchetti, a CIA veteran of 14 years and co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, that closeted homosexuals in the intelligence community are "unstable, and vulnerable men, . . . angry with the system, . . . searching for a way to strike back at society." Marchetti con-

**With regard to current investigations, Bonner said that aside from the interest in Soviet intelligence operators who may be cruising in gay bars, the FBI is placing a high priority on child prostitution and pornography cases, which, Bonner warned, might include some homosexual activity.**

the FBI (and may have been FBI fronts) and had begun operation in New York City during World War II. New York City newspaper accounts of that period indicate a major operation involving a male brothel, which allegedly resulted in the arrest of U.S. Sen. Thomas Walsh (D-Mass.), chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. Walsh faced a congressional inquiry based on the charges, but was acquitted.

Kinsey reportedly won FBI cooperation during a sex history research project of New York City Communist Party workers, primarily from the waterfront areas. FBI Director Hoover is said to have agreed to allow the research to move forward unimpeded and to have ordered that the findings remain unavailable to the FBI. Kinsey associates all report that no personal sex history records were made available at any time to any federal investigative agency, despite repeated requests.

• Present FBI interest in Soviet intelligence operations, as well as those of unidentified "hostile nations," which, FBI spokesman Bonner told *The ADVOCATE*, involve the use of gay bars and meeting places to make contacts. Although Bonner would not comment on whether such an investigation was currently under way, he did say, "We know that representatives of the Soviet Union routinely cruise so-called gay bars. We know that for a fact. This matter would fall within the internal security mandate of the FBI. It would certainly be a matter of investigative interest to the FBI, to determine the targets of their contacts and their efforts. We certainly are interested in any effort on the part of hostile intelligence groups to expose or use any person's sexual preference who would have access to national security information."

Bonner urged any gays who have information on such activities to contact the FBI. "We'll take information from anybody, as long as it's credible," Bonner told *The ADVOCATE*.

Bonner's statement came after allegations, first made public last November by *NBC Nightly News*, that Soviet KGB agents were contacting male escort-service employees in Washington, D.C.,

continued, "How many potential targets of the KGB? How many unwitting applicants for treason? Will the KGB agents now operating in Washington find them?"

Marchetti's allegations were published in a new tabloid, *Deep Background* (Marchetti is listed as "contributing editor"), which seeks to expose homosexuals and homosexual activity in Washington, D.C. The tabloid published the names of members of Congress and key Washington officeholders, alleging they are homosexual on the basis of "informants' reports and license-plate checks made near gay bars. The editor, Martin Price, has written for the far-right, anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby publication "The Spotlight" and has been a contributing investigative reporter for Jack Anderson and *The Washingtonian* magazine, a glossy city monthly with wide circulation. In a telephone interview with *The ADVOCATE*, Price claimed that as many as 500 homosexuals are employed by the CIA to entrap homosexuals overseas and in this country, in order to turn them into agents or sources of information.

The picture that emerges from the FBI documents, from interviews with those involved with the FBI and from interviews with FBI officials confirms the belief—widely held in the gay and lesbian community—that homosexuals have long been under intense federal investigation. Those charges have been leveled by gay civil rights activists in the past and have been discussed publicly and in print by gay historians, among them San Francisco Gay History Project member Allan Berube and author John D'Emilio, who relies in part on FBI documents in his forthcoming book *Sexual Politics, Sexual Communities: The Making of a Homosexual Minority (1940-1970)*. (University of Chicago Press, early 1983).

Never before have FBI officials confirmed those reports or offered an explanation for their activities. The FBI statements to *The ADVOCATE* concerning the HOMEX program offer the most extensive information to date on the agency's surveillance of gay men.

Aside from the files on the Daughters



of Bilicis, relatively little documentation was made available on FBI efforts involving lesbians. San Francisco field office files indicate lesbians and feminist groups were targeted during the search for Camilla Hall, associated with the SLA kidnapping of Patty Hearst, and that mailing lists of unidentified groups were obtained at that time. The FBI investigation into lesbian groups in the Northeast—prompted by FBI claims that Susan Saxe benefited from “secret lesbian calls”—has not yet been documented in files obtained by *The ADVOCATE*.

“It was a very extensive investigation, and involved just about every field office in the course of the investigation,” Bonner told *The ADVOCATE*. “Because of the sensitive nature of the investigation, we had trouble finding victims, and so we had to do extensive investigations of potential victims. It had nothing to do with identifying gays per se. The effort to identify victims was a major investigation,” Bonner conceded.

Bonner portrayed the HOMEX program as an effort to assist wealthy, prominent and closeted homosexuals who might be preyed upon by extortionists. “It was a conspiracy involving extortion of prominent individuals,” Bonner said. To identify potential victims, Bonner explained, the federal agency might have “attended gay rights rallies”; it did employ “fugitive-style investigation methods.” Bonner said that during his own stint as an FBI agent in Oklahoma “We had to do fugitive-style investigations to locate victims.” (Fugitive investigations, according to informed sources, employ a full range of techniques, including monitoring personal mail and bank accounts; contacting neighbors, friends and employers; and occasional surveillance. One purpose of the HOMEX probe into closeted gays was to force them into becoming informants, according to FBI documents.)

An FBI document on the HOMEX program spells out the “Baby Doll” type the agency was seeking to find. “Baby

Other than the HOMEX investigation, FBI interest in gay individuals and gay rights groups was apparently prompted by concern that they were a threat to the internal security of the United States. Bonner identified the file reference numbers on the documents obtained by *The ADVOCATE* as coming under “internal security,” “Soviet bloc country investigations,” “Selective Service,” “Fraudulent representation as a police officer” (on files relating to the Society for Individual Rights), “Interstate Transportation in Aid of Racketeering” (on the Tavern Guild) and “Organized Crime” (on the Mattachine Society): The vast majority of files reviewed by *The ADVOCATE*, which total over 300 separate memos and entries, are classified as “control files” or as “internal security.”

The earliest FBI interest in homosexuals reported to this magazine was in 1943. In that year, C.A. Tripp told *The ADVOCATE*, he was first recruited as a paid FBI informant to attend private gay parties; the FBI itself arranged for Tripp’s invitations. Tripp said he provided confirmation on individuals’ relationships and reported on the patriotism of homosexual members of the Jooss Ballet Company. Tripp’s arrangement with the FBI lasted until the mid ’50s.

“They used homosexual agents all the time, no question about it,” Tripp told *The ADVOCATE*. “It was primarily to gather information. Hoover was very much into warehouse methods. They were always fascinated with who was sleeping with whom, and what they might do with this politically.

“My first assignment was in February 1943,” Tripp said. It was then that he was unexplainedly released from a naval assignment in Norfolk, Va., and moved as a civilian to New York City. Once there, Tripp said, he was introduced to assignments as “the man from Mr. Walker.” A Mr. Walker had processed him out of the Navy in Norfolk.

**An FBI document on the HOMEX program spells out the “Baby Doll” type the agency was seeking to find. “Baby Doll—A victim who exhibits a real fear of being caught and exposed as a homo [sic] and who is particularly vulnerable to extortion (possibly on a continuing basis),” reads a June 6, 1967, memo “To All Agents.”**

Doll—A victim who exhibits a real fear of being caught and exposed as a homo [sic] and who is particularly vulnerable to extortion (possibly on a continuing basis),” reads a June 6, 1967, memo “To All Agents.” The memo also requests all agents “to submit names or identifying information on persons who may be logical persons to include in this album, so their photographs and background information may be obtained.” The memo closes with the request that “Any agent knowing of anyone coming under the category of ‘SHAKEMEN,’ ‘CHICKEN,’ or ‘BABY DOLL’ who could be developed as informants should route information to [Name deleted].”

“I kept getting little assignments, they didn’t amount to anything. I was asked to look in the Jooss Ballet Company, where I was close to someone. They were all anti-Hitler, anti-German, very loyal people. The FBI was concerned for some reason—and I was pleased to give them the information because it cleared everyone.”

“A typical request would be, ‘Have you met so-and-so?’ You’d get an invitation to a party, then after the party they would ask, is it true that Father [name deleted] is having an affair with so-and-so? When did it start? They largely succeeded in what they were trying to do, which was collecting information

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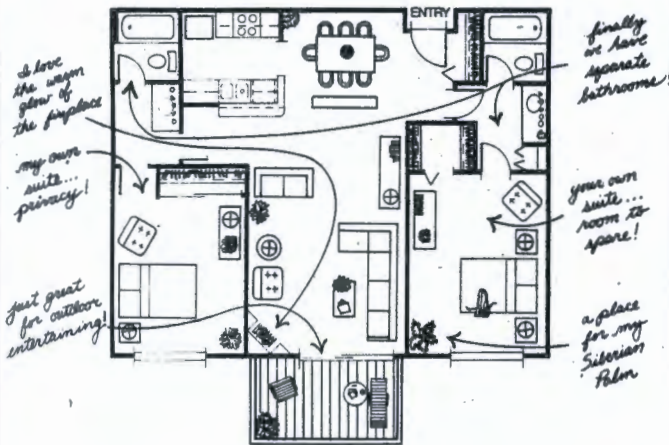
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without letting people know they were doing it."

Tripp said his last series of assignments ended in 1953, with occasional assignments lasting for a few more years. He also said that Kinsey had been asked to help the OSS (the forerunner to the CIA) and later the CIA itself, in setting up houses of prostitution.

"They talked about how to handle yourself in running a bordello, and how to get information," Tripp recalled. "By 1949, they already had bordellos going in Miami and Havana." Tripp explained the cooperation of Kinsey and others as coming at a time "when everyone was concerned about communism."

Tripp's account was confirmed in part by Gebhart, then an associate of Kinsey's and today the director of the Kinsey Institute.

"It's true. About that time, when everybody was terribly upset about communism, I'm sure somebody did come around, and Kinsey did do that," Gebhart said. "I remember that incident, but I don't remember what branch of government it was."

Gebhart, who said he was unaware of any FBI surveillance of gay rights groups, said the FBI may have obtained records meant for the Kinsey Institute in 1966.

"This makes me wonder if it might explain a mystery we had around here in 1966. Notes and materials on the early gay movement were bailed up together and mailed to us, and I still can't find them. I wonder if they could have been pinched. I don't think they ever arrived," Gebhart told *The ADVOCATE*.

A second source—who asked not to be identified, and worked closely with Kinsey and the Institute during the 1940s and 1950s—also confirmed Tripp's account.

"The OSS did come to us and swore us to absolute secrecy, even from our own staff," the source said. "They wanted any information about sex, and we did talk about brothels, male as well as female. We did talk about two in New York City, one gay and one straight, where the FBI did have an in."

"There was also another contact with the FBI. We were planning on getting sexual histories of Communists, particularly those working on the waterfront in New York City. Our lawyer, Morris Ernst, now dead, was a close friend of Hoover's. He told Hoover we were getting sex histories from Communist Party members and asked that we be left completely alone. They did leave us alone, even though they would have died to get their hands on some of that information." This source too explained the relationship between Kinsey and federal officials by saying, "This was the McCarthy Era, don't forget."

By 1950, the allegations of homosexuality in the federal government had mushroomed into a major investigation, resulting in a congressional hearing. A congressional report called for the ouster of all homosexuals from the federal government and urged close cooperation between police departments and the FBI in keeping track of homosexuals so that their employment applications could be screened in advance. (Today FBI officials are unable to state whether that congressional directive resulted in the beginnings of the FBI program revealed in the documents made available to *The ADVOCATE*.)

Four years later in 1954, President Eisenhower signed executive order No. 10450, which barred "sexual perverts" from receiving national security clearances for work in private, federally contracted employment as well as in the federal government itself. According to D'Emilio, over 12,600,000 employees—more than 20% of the U.S. labor force—faced loyalty/security investigations during that period. At the same time, the purge of homosexuals from the federal work force itself increased twelfold as a result of increased pressure.

The FBI records for this period document the first extensive investigation into homosexual activity and organizations across the United States. A Nov. 23, 1956, San Francisco FBI field office memo, for example, notes that a "53-page memorandum, listing the names of individuals and places suspected of homosexual activity," had been placed in the files. "Some of these individuals have been identified as having homosexual tendencies, others have been identified as associates of homosexuals," the memo states.

By 1959, when San Francisco's mayoralty race first raised the possibility of a tolerant attitude towards homosexuals, the FBI memos show infiltration of the Mattachine Society and an effort to determine whether the group favored one political candidate over another, and particularly whether there was any ground for believing the incumbent mayor was sympathetic to the call for an end to harassment of homosexuals. In the early 1960s, a memo noted that a homosexual rights group had endorsed then San Francisco Sheriff Richard Hongisto for office. The files also indicate that all officials of the Committee on Religion and the Homosexual, including prominent San Francisco ministers, had been marked for name indexing and the establishment of separate files.

Although the documents made available to *The ADVOCATE* originated in a Freedom of Information request directed to the San Francisco field office, the memos reveal that similar investigations were under way in Phoenix, Los Angeles, San Diego, Birmingham, New Orleans, Miami, New York City, Denver, Seattle and Washington, D.C.

FBI records from the late 1960s and into the '70s indicate that surveillance of gay groups had slowed. FBI officials claim that no files were kept on the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club or any other of the prominent gay civil rights groups that started in that period. The Tavern Guild, however, was apparently subject to scrutiny after it was mentioned in a 1967 *Look* magazine article because the group had claimed to have succeeded in protecting gay bar owners from approaches for payoffs, sometimes from the police. The FBI file placed the group under observation for violations of interstate racketeering and as a possible source of information for the HOMEX program to identify wealthy gay men. In 1974 the FBI finally closed the Tavern Guild probe, although the memo states that an informant would continue to monitor the group.

"This was a time when the FBI did routinely collect the information," Bonner told *The ADVOCATE*. "We don't today. We have more clearly worded in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)  
structions in the attorney general's guidelines. Our interest would have been related to internal security, individuals who would have had access to national security information. We were obliged to provide that information to other agencies, Defense and so forth. It's just a matter of maintaining files."

"In the HOMEX investigation, it was necessary for us to do extensive investigations into homosexuals, because of their reluctance to come forward. There may be some people confused by that. We were not surveilling people to see if they engaged in homosexual acts. But also, in connection with other counterintelligence activities, we had a responsibility to disseminate information on those who held government employment," Bonner said.

With regard to current investigations, Bonner said that aside from the interest in Soviet intelligence operators who may be cruising in gay bars, the FBI is placing a high priority on child prostitution and pornography cases, which, Bonner warned, might include some homosexual activity.

"It would behoove these people to clearly understand the law, and that's the best way to clearly insure no conflict with the law, because there could be a confrontation with law enforcement. You understand me? We do investigate this matter, and that's relatively a high priority."

None of the FBI documents provide information on the FBI's use of anonymous charges of homosexuality to smear individuals, a tactic that has received widespread attention in the past. During Martin Luther King's 1963 March on Washington, for example, FBI officials sought to discredit the movement by circulating rumors that a major black civil rights leader had been arrested for soliciting homosexual acts.

During the years of the antiwar movement, such charges were leveled against other individuals. Dr. Laud Humphreys, author of *Tearoom Trade* and professor of criminal justice at Claremont (Calif.) College graduate school, will publish a paper on FBI methods this fall in the journal *Humanity and Society*, detailing FBI allegations against him.

"I filed for my FBI records under the Freedom of Information Act," Humphreys told *The Advocate*, "and that's where I learned what they had done to me. They sent anonymous letters to university officials where I worked, calling me a homosexual, saying I should be dismissed." Humphreys said he found the accusation interesting, since there was nothing in his files to indicate he was in fact homosexual or even rumored to be so.

"My concept of these data is what I call a freeze-dried stigma," Humphreys said. "It involves all sorts of data, punched up and flattened, and all the distinctions disappear. You just add hot water to it, and you have a person who immediately looks guilty."

Historian D'Emilio said he had found the FBI documents "surprising, yet I really shouldn't be surprised. No matter how aware I become of how unscrupulous people with power are, I am always shocked when I see the actual instance. Thirty years ago what made it especially pernicious was that we were sitting ducks, and we still haven't counted up the costs of individual lives that were ruined because of it."

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All inquiries are confidential. Neither interest nor participation in the NBIA/Advocate reader program will be construed as an indication of sexual orientation.





U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

Washington, D.C. 20535

November 8, 1982

Request No. 231,138

Mr. Kenneth Lisenbee  
825 West End Avenue  
New York, New York 10025

Dear Mr. Lisenbee:

This is in reference to your letter dated September 15, 1982, to Mr. James K. Hall, Chief, Freedom of Information-Privacy Acts (FOIPA), FBI Headquarters.

For your information, this serves as a response to the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) requests contained in referenced letter. (Responses to other questions posed will be handled by the Office of Congressional and Public Affairs at FBI Headquarters). I am responding in the order in which your questions were raised in your September 15, 1982, letter.

Part I

- (1) (a) Yes
- (b) From the entire United States
- (c) The figures furnished in my 7/14/82 letter to you were the number of cases.
- (d) We do not maintain statistical records as to how many investigations involved child pornography.
  
- (3) (a) You were advised in my letter to you dated 7/14/82, that the 7/14/82, letter served as an acknowledgement of your field office requests and was intended as a final response to your field office requests.
- (b) In acknowledging FOIPA requests the FBI follows the guidelines set out in Title 28, Code of Regulations, Section 16.5.
- (c) The FBI's Freedom of Information-Privacy Acts Manual is available for release. It consists of 336 preprocessed pages. If you want two copies the cost would be \$67.20, at a charge of 10 cents per page. This is in accordance with Title 28, Code of Federal Regulations, Section 16.46. Upon receipt of your check or money order made payable to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the amount of \$67.20, the material will be sent to you.



Mr. Kenneth Lisenbee

- (10) (a) The FBI does not maintain records on the subject of your request.
- (b) The FBI does not maintain records on the subject of your request.
- (c) The FBI has an "open door" press policy and will grant interviews to any legitimate press organization.

Part II

(1) Attached for your information is a listing of routine hand out material utilized by the FBI Behavioral Science Unit on sex crimes, training programs in field schools, in services, and the FBI National Academy. There is a total of 231 pages available for release. If you want copies of these materials, there will be a charge of \$23.10 at a charge of 10 cents per page. Please submit your check or money order payable to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Syllabi, lesson plans, course notes, training aids, and other paraphernalia and papers used solely by and for the assistance of the instructor are not considered to be agency documents, retrievable from agency records and thus not subject to the FOIA.

(2) See answer to number (1) above.

(6) Not applicable

(9) The FBI does not maintain records on the subject of your request.

(10) The FBI does not maintain records on the subject of your request.

(11) The FBI does not maintain records on the subject of your request.

(12) Where homosexual activities or conduct is indicated it can become a significant factor with regard to the FBI's decision making in employment matters including both hiring and retention. Concerning the FBI's use of homosexuals or ex-homosexuals as informants, in recruiting informants the FBI does not attempt to determine an individual's sexual preference, but is interested in his ability to furnish information pertaining to violations of statutes over which the FBI has investigative responsibilities.

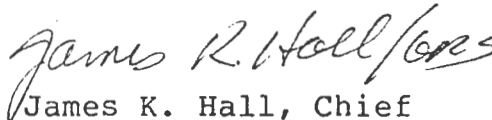
(13) As stated earlier the FBI has an "open door" press policy.



Mr. Kenneth Lisenbee

If you desire you may submit an appeal from any denial contained herein. Appeals should be directed in writing to the Assistant Attorney General, Office of Legal Policy, Attention: Office of Information and Privacy, United States Department of Justice, Washington, D.C. 20530, within thirty days from receipt of this letter. The envelope and the letter should be clearly marked "Freedom of Information Appeal" or "Information Appeal." Please cite the FOIPA number assigned to your request so that it may be easily identified.

Sincerely yours,



James K. Hall, Chief  
Freedom of Information-  
Privacy Acts Section  
Records Management Division

Enclosure



228-231

The following is a listing of routine handout material utilized by the Behavioral Science Unit in sex crimes training programs in field schools, in-services, and FBI National Academy:

1. "Motivational Intent in the Sexual Assault of Children," by A. Nicholas Groth and Ann Wolbert Burgess, reprinted from Criminal Justice and Behavior, Vol. 4 No. 3, September 1977. (12 pages)
2. "Paraphilias: Phyletic Origins of Erotosexual Dysfunction," by John Money, reprinted from the International Journal of Mental Health, Vol. 10, No. 2-3, pp. 75-109. (36 pages) **VERY BAD NEWS**
3. "Exhibitionism and Voyeurism," by R. L. Ault, Jr., Behavioral Science Unit, FBI Academy, July, 1981. (6 pages)
4. "Obsessive Compulsive Behavior: The Nuisance Offender," by James T. Reese, reprinted from the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, August, 1979. (7 pages)
5. "The Lust Murderer," by Robert R. Hazelwood and John E. Douglas, reprinted from the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, April, 1980. (5 pages)
6. "Psychiatric and Medical Glossary of Sexual Assault Investigations," Behavioral Science Unit, portions extracted from "A Psychiatric Glossary," American Psychiatric Association, 1980. (32 pages)
7. "Special Techniques for Child Witnesses," by Doris Stevens and Lucy Berliner, Harborview Medical Center, Seattle, Washington. (15 pages)
8. "Patterns of Fatal Child Battering," by Brian D. Blackbourne, M.D., November 19, 1976. (10 pages)
9. "A Transsexual's Rite of Passage," by Roger Witherspoon, reprinted from the Atlanta Constitution, Thursday, October 16, 1980. (5 pages)
10. "35 Determinants of Human Sexual Identity and Behavior," by John Money, Ph.D., reprinted from Progress in Group and Family Therapy, 1972. (23 pages)
11. "The Quarterly Review of Biology: The Development of Sexuality and Eroticism in Humankind," by John Money. (13 pages) **VERY BAD NEWS**



12. "Techniques of Interviewing Child Sexual Assault Victims," by Ann Wolbert Burgess, R.N., D.N.Sc., taken from Sexual Assault of Children and Adolescents by Burgess, Groth, Holstrom and Sgroi, 1978. (5 pages)
13. "Victim Reactions to Sexual Assaults." (5 pages)
14. "Rape: A Sexual Deviation," by A. Nicholas Groth, Ph.D., and Ann Wolbert Burgess, reprinted from American Journal of Orthopsychiatry, 1977. (8 pages)
15. "Types of Deviant Sexual Behavior." (4 pages)
16. "Sexual Dysfunction During Rape," by A. Nicholas Groth, Ph.D., and Ann Wolbert Burgess, R.N., D.N.Sc., reprinted from the New England Journal of Medicine. (4 pages)
17. "Rape: Power, Anger and Sexuality," by A. Nicholas Groth, Ann Wolbert Burgess, and Lynda Lytle Holmstrom, reprinted from the American Journal of Psychiatry, November, 1977. (4 pages)
18. "Death During Dangerous Autoerotic Practice," by Robert R. Hazelwood, Ann Wolbert Burgess, and A. Nicholas Groth, reprinted from Social Science Medicine, 1981. (5 pages)
19. "The Investigation of Autoerotic Fatalities," by Robert R. Hazelwood, Park Elliott Dietz, and Ann Wolbert Burgess, reprinted from the Journal of Police Science and Administration, 1981. (8 pages)
20. "Cuttings and Stabbings," by Robert R. Hazelwood, Behavioral Science Unit. (8 pages)
21. "Gender Identity Role: Normal Differentiation and Its Transpositions," by John Money and Claus Wiedeking, reprinted from Handbook of Human Sexuality, 1980. (16 pages)

Very BAD NEWS



September 15, 1982

Freedom of Information Act Request

Please forward to:

Mr. James K. Hall  
Chief  
Freedom of Information-Privacy  
Acts Section  
Records Management Division  
FBI Headquarters  
Washington, D.C. 20535

Send response to:

Kenneth Lisenbee  
825 West End Avenue  
New York, New York 10025

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PART I--On June 18 and 19, 1982, I wrote all 59 FBI Field Offices, not including Quantico, Virginia, for information under the Freedom of Information Act. A copy of my original request is enclosed herein. Since I did not receive a complete answer to the five-part request, I will now request that you answer the following questions.

I am also asking for other information under the Freedom of Information Act regarding the policy which allows any publication which advertises and promotes obscenity and interstate prostitution services to be granted an interview by the FBI officials at Headquarters (or elsewhere).

If any portion of both of these requests and all requested information is not provided, please inform me of the reasons for denial, providing written documentation of your policy which denies any portion of this request. Also please send acknowledgement to my home address above, along with an estimate of the time limitations for providing this information.

If the cost for all of my request is greater than \$400, please let me know, and I will determine if I can afford a greater amount.

---

Relating to my 59 previous requests dated June 18 and 19, 1982, please answer the following for the years 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981 and 1982:

1. a. May I assume that the statistical data you furnished me on July 14, 1982, is for the entire United States?
- b. If it was not for the entire United States, from which federal districts or geographic areas are these figures derived?
- c. How many cases were involved?
- d. Of the total number of investigations, how many involved child pornography?



Freedom of Information Act Request  
Page Two  
September 15, 1982

2. a. How many full-time FBI Agents are now viewing films and video cassettes for obscenity law violations? Are they viewed in their entirety?
  - b. Is this done from all 59 Field Offices or only at some of them by full-time Agents responsible for obscenity law violations?
  - c. How many films and cassettes were viewed by your Agents for each of the years 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981 and 1982? Do you view obscene cassettes?
  - c. If there are no full-time Agents doing this viewing, how do you carry out the instructions from the guidelines in the United States Attorneys' Manual, Title 9-75.610 on an on-going basis?
  - d. If this viewing is not done on a regular and organized basis in all 59 Field Offices, please provide me with your current guidelines on this matter, whether from the Department of Justice, or some satisfactory explanation as to why this may not be done at all 59 Field Offices.
3. Since I have not yet received acknowledgements of receipt of my FOIA requests from Detroit, Minneapolis, New Haven and San Juan,
    - a. Will these acknowledgements be forthcoming? When?
    - b. Are acknowledgements required from each Field Office within a certain time limitation? And Headquarters?
    - c. Please send me two copies of the current FBI Freedom of Information-Privacy Act guidelines.
  4. How many FBI Agents are looking into obscenity law violations full-time in the following locations? Part-time?
    - a. New York, New York
    - b. San Francisco, California
    - c. Los Angeles, California
    - d. Washington, D.C. Field Office, and
    - e. Cleveland, Ohio.
  5. Does the FBI investigate violations of U.S.C. Title 17, Sections 501 and 506 concerning violations of Copyright Act when the films, cassettes and materials are or may be obscene or contain obscenity?
  6. Is the FBI aware that some pornographers insist that you do so, even if they violate obscenity laws?



7. If the FBI does investigate Copyright Act violations when the materials, films or cassettes in question may be obscene or may contain obscenity, why do you do this in view of the fact that obscenity distributed interstate is illegal, and in view of the fact that the pornography industry is growing by leaps and bounds?
8. Does the FBI investigate cable television companies which broadcast obscenity? (Hard-core). In view of the fact that cableporn is the next threshold, do you plan to do so?
9. Does the FBI investigate publications which promote the interstate distribution of obscene materials and the interstate prostitution services? If so, please send me a copy of your current guidelines which elaborate on the criteria by which you decide which ones to investigate?
10. The following all relate to homosexual organizations and homosexual publications, particularly the Advocate:
  - a. Please provide me all clear, readable and complete FBI transcripts of interviews with all publications which advertise or promote obscenity and prostitution during the last two years, particularly the Advocate.
  - b. This would include all transcripts, telegrams, letters, correspondence, memoranda (external or internal) between the FBI Headquarters, FBI Washington, D.C. Field Office or other Field Offices of the FBI, or any other agency of the Government, including Department of Justice, The White House, Commission on Civil Rights, etc. and Mr. Larry Bush, the Advocate, Mr. Steven Endean, any of dozens of homosexual magazines, newspapers, tabloids, lobby groups such as the National Gay Rights Lobby, Gay Rights Advocates, National Gay Task Force, Congressmen Ted Weiss, Congressman Don Edwards, Congressman Henry Waxman, or other Congressmen on this matter (homosexuality), and the Senators who promote "gay rights" legislation such as Senator Edward Kennedy.
  - c. Under what circumstance would the FBI grant an interview to any publication which always advertises, promotes or is obscene? Examples: the Washington Blade, the Gay Community News, Mandate, Honcho, Blueboy, Stallion, Numbers, In Touch, Stallion, Stars, and Mr. Donald Embinder's latest addition, Torso? Doesn't this make a travesty of justice when our Federal obscenity laws are ignored in favor of being "equitable" and "more equitable" to gay pressure groups? Please send me everything, both internal and external you have on this Advocate interview and those who participated in it and sponsored or demanded it.



PART II--I request under the Freedom of Information Act, the following information for the past three years (1980, 1981 and 1982):

1. Complete transcripts, reports, notes, correspondence and audio/visual materials regarding any instructional or educational training courses, lectures or seminars held at Quantico on the subject of male and female sexuality and sex crimes, including homosexual, bisexual, transexual sexual practices, deviant practices and those on transexual practices, and all information presented on the theories of origins of these types of sexual practices, including the genetic and hormonal imbalance theories of sexual orientation and sexual preference. How much time was devoted to these courses?
2. Complete transcripts, reports, notes, correspondence and audio/visual materials regarding any instructional or educational training courses, lectures or seminars held at Quantico on the subject of male and female sexuality and sex crimes, including homosexual and transexual sexual practices, deviant practices and those on transexual practices, and all information refuting or disputing the genetic and hormonal imbalance theories of origins of male and female homosexuality, bisexuality and transexuality. How much time was devoted to the refutation of these genetic and hormonal theories of the origins of male and female homosexuality, bisexuality and transexuality, in an equitable effort to refute the theories which may have been expounded at any such Quantico seminars, discussions, lectures or printed materials or notes.
3. If the FBI did not present the other side of this issue on an "equitable" basis, to refute the genetic and hormonal theories of origin of male and female homosexuality, bisexuality and transexuality, granting an opportunity for "equal time," please inform me of the reasons for this lack of balance, and lop-sided course on homosexual, bisexual or transexual origins and practices.
4. How does this relate to solving the problem of increasing pornography and sex crimes in the United States?
5. What useful purpose is served by presenting theories, scientific and educational, claiming "proof" of the genetic or hormonal imbalance theories of the origins of homosexuality, bisexuality or transexuality?
6. If the National Gay Rights Lobby, the National Gay Task Force, any homosexual group, newspaper or writer had anything to do with the above items 1 through 5, please send me all correspondence, memorandums, whether internal or external, and any transcripts or notes on conversations and interviews with these organizations and individuals concerning all homosexual-related issues whether or not related to the above items 1 through 5.



7. What is the purpose of using "hard-core" visual presentations in seminars to demonstrate what male or female homosexuals do, and would this material have been confiscated as obscene if not otherwise presented in an educational setting for use of the FBI?
8. Due to increasing homosexual pornography and increasing homosexual behavior as evidenced in our society, is there anyone who is concerned about this issue within the FBI at Headquarters, not New York, who I could send information to directly? If so, please have this individual contact me by mail or telephone.
9. I request the number of complaints the FBI has received about the Larry Bush/Advocate/FBI interview and any subsequent articles in any publication as a result of this interview. An estimate will suffice.
10. I request the number of homosexuals who have contacted the FBI regarding this Advocate interview to present their personal views on this matter and to give information, if any, about known Soviet KGB agents' "cruising" in homosexual hangouts, baths, bars, etc. or any related information.
11. I request all internal or external memoranda, letters and press and news releases dealing with the Advocate article by Larry Bush, and any subsequent items on this subject.
12. An official statement of the FBI policy concerning employment of any individual who engages in homosexual behavior or has in the past been a homosexual and is now changed, or the policy concerning employment of any individual who is a practicing homosexual, such as an "informant" or "ex-homosexual informant", "advisor," or Agent who is in any way used by the FBI to receive information or who on a full-time basis or a part-time basis aids the FBI whether or not for monetary compensation.
13. If the FBI has any regular contact with homosexual organizations, writers, publications, foundations or groups such as\*the National Gay Rights Lobby, Gay Rights Advocates (San Francisco) or the National Gay Task Force, please inform me of why this occurs, and if it <sup>now</sup> does or has occurred at any time during the past three <sup>^</sup> years, whether in person, by mail or telephone, please send me all correspondence and all related internal or external documentation to provide an insight into this/these arrangement(s), and for what purpose, and any subsequent changes in policies or practices within the FBI as a result of these meetings, correspondence, articles, or conversations with regard to homosexuality or sex crimes, sexual orientation, sexual preference or pornography.

If the cost for all of this information exceeds \$400, please let me know. If any portion of this request is not answered,

\* but not limited to



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please inform me of any reasonings which would deny me access to this information, and please send me full details on how I may appeal any denial of access to the information I have requested under the Freedom of Information Act.

Thank you for answering my requests. I feel entitled to this information because there will not be any equal treatment of the subject otherwise, and I want to find out if the FBI has indeed been "equitable" in its policy, and if it has been biased in any way towards the acceptance of homosexuality as a normal sexual practice, and if any of this relates to the Federal crime of interstate distribution of obscene materials and interstate male homosexual (adult and child) prostitution services.

Please acknowledge receipt of my request and inform me of approximately when I can expect a response.

Sincerely,

*Kenneth Lisenbee*

Kenneth Lisenbee

Enclosures

*825 West End Avenue  
New York, New York 10025*