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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

prisoners, ss, camp, concentration camp, capo, ss officer, gypsy, friend, work, orchestra, poles, operetta, senior, immediately, lover, find, block, alcohol, visit, money

SPEAKERS

Buddy Johnston, Jimmy Carper, Roger



00:03

For the latest and progressive sound stood in the beatbox every Thursday morning from 230 to 5am. With me Kevin Harrell. And remember beatbox is only available on KPFT Houston 90.1 FM



00:22

Have you ever been so overwhelmed by a play that it changed your vision of the world have been left speechless by the power of an art exhibit, or seeing children spellbound as they watch their first ballet. Likely none of it would have been possible without grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. But now the arts are under political attack by right wing extremists like Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and Senator Jesse Helms. They fear the power that art has in our lives. They want to control art, they want to control freedom of expression. That's why they're campaigning to restrict the National Endowment for the Arts. But if we allow them to silence the voice of the artist, they have silenced the Voice of America. This is Kathleen Turner. Please join me in fighting back. Call or write to your member of Congress today. urge them to support the National Endowment for the Arts. Let them know that freedom for the arts is freedom for everyone.



01:16

This message sponsored by the People for the American Way action from the sounds of the waves brushed up against the sand where he has written both of your names with a heart around it



01:25

you were looking at the sky burning red with a sunset. Quickly a car drives up alongside of you who stopped for red light. Suddenly the car is surrounded they circle your blanket coming in closer bottles are thrown out of car windows the sound of glass breaking baseball bats against

metal hand grabs your hair less at your feet in your face in your eyes, a fist across your face again, again, die queer.



01:55

Homophobia can kill education is the only lasting weapon against bigotry. Which is why as a lesbian and gay public awareness project wanted you to hear and think about this message. For more information write us at Post Office Box 65603 Los Angeles, California 90065.



02:15

Hi, this is Craig Washington, reminding you that none of us are free until all of us are free. So keep listening to after hours KPFT Houston 90.1 FM.



Buddy Johnston 02:46

And right now we're going to continue our reading of The Men with the Pink Triangle right?



Jimmy Carper 02:51

By Hans Heger



02:54

By who?



Jimmy Carper 02:54

Isn't it Hans Heger Yes.



Buddy Johnston 02:57

And we're up to chapter what? I don't know if you can hear me. What chapter chapter and verse are in



03:08

Chapter five tonight



03:09

Oh, boys and then gypsy Capo the Flossenbürg commandant, and SSO we're stronger than Fährer, who was later promoted to Standort Fährer, gave a little attention to the internal management of the prison camp, and left all this to his camp commanders. Before he joined the Waffen SS, he had been an officer in the army. This earlier career might be the reason why he was so very correct in his dealings with the prisoners and showed certain humane tendencies. His attitude was particularly striking in contrast with the brutal rule of his SS subordinate, as far as I can remember, and all the years that he was coming up, he never ordered corporal punishment on the spot, or attended its execution. He seemed to find the torture of the prisoners by the camp SS, of which he must have known so unpleasant that he would know would often not enter a prison camp for weeks at a time. But even if he disliked the inhuman punishment of us prisoners by the SS, he was not prepared to do anything to stop it. Political prisoners Moreover, or category he particularly disliked, presumably seen them as very dangerous to the Reich's internal security, which is why he favored the criminals the greens for the management of prisoners affairs. The camp authorities had decided to establish the prisoners orchestra and floss Nunberg such as already existed in other concentration camps, and serve to divert the prisoners on Sundays. Naturally, we prisoners had to finance the orchestra ourselves and buy the instruments with our money. A collection was may therefore made. At that time, however, prisoners were officially forbidden to keep any money or cash or prisoner brought into the camp with him or received from his relatives and friends was accounted for on a card. The money itself was kept in the camp safe. illegally. However, most of the prisoners still kept some money on them, particularly the dignitaries. Later on in 1942. Each prisoner was permitted to draw 30 marks per month from his account if he had one, and keep it on him. When a collection such as this was taken, the prisoners were not asked by the SS whether they wanted to donate money or not. The block leaders simply went through the account cards of their prisoners, and determined the voluntary contribution in each case by the level of the prisoners account. In this way, the most surprising sums work cumulated one day, a truck filled with musical instruments straight from the factory, arrived in the camp and was unloaded onto the parade ground. Naturally, oh, the instruments were destined for our orchestra. Even though the prisoners had paid for them with their donations. The SS NCOs first went through and took what they wanted for their own orchestra. As they cynically put it, these were presents from the prisoners to their guards. The prisoners orchestra was then put together and certain people from my dormitory, such as gays, who happened to be professional musician, musicians were called in. The members of the orchestra were moved to a special dormitory of their own, where they both lived and practiced, and were sheltered from the tortures of the SS. The singer from Prague, who had been transferred together with me from Sachsenhausen, and was and with whom I had developed a platonic friendship, was also enrolled in the orchestra. It was not long before the first concert was given, everyone in the block had to sit on the floor and the laundry. And listen, attendance was a duty from which no prisoner could be excused. Even our entertaining entertainment was determined and run by the camp authorities. It didn't matter at all whether a prisoner liked music or, or what was more common, not in the mood for it. And with a macabre situation, when the band played sweet songs of happiness, we prisoners were exposed each day to the torments of the SS. The band could not play France Leras melodies beautifully enough for anyone to forget, for one moment, the dreadful situation we were in. That at least was my experience. The singer from Prague had to sing his operetta numbers, even though he didn't find it at all easy suddenly, to sing such happy songs in the midst of the prison camp mystery, and misery. But after the first three or four, he was a singer again, and forgot that he was still in a prisoner, a prisoner in a concentration camp. He started singing a song from the operetta the student beggar. By milk. The Polish girl is so pretty, but suddenly was ordered to ordered by the camp commander to break off. We conquered Poland in the war, and it is forbidden to sing of the

beauty or attractiveness of the women of a conquered enemy. Only German women are beautiful and attractive. That was enough. These concerts for the prisoners were not given all that often, however, for a concentration camp is not a health farm. As the camp commander put it, certainly no one could challenge that statement. On Sundays however, the prisoners orchestra often assembled on the parade ground, and played their marches and operetta tunes, as if to present the image of the carefree and easy life and concentrate in the camp. At least twice a year, we had an official visit, either the Swedish or the Finnish Red Cross sent a representative to the camp. I don't think I am wrong in assuming that the Nazi regime itself invited delegations from Red Cross organizations to visit the concentration camps, so as to give them a picture of their correct management and operation. Whenever we had such a visit, the orchestra had to play pleasant tunes on the parade ground, while the rest of us had to stroll through the grounds rather than work. The visitor stood on the watch tower and observed the peaceful life of the camp with no suspicion of how different things were at other times. If they insisted on visiting the prison camp itself. They were generally driven to the headquarters block where the SS officers servants live. If this was always kept in a particularly good shape, as these people had a lot of free time and could take particular care of their quarters, they were ordered to do so and fact, so that this shop window was always prepared to receive an official visit. Visitors were never taken to the Jewish blocks, however, for the ladies and gentleman from the Red Cross, could have seen how up to three or four men had to lay in one bed, and how they were virtually left to starve. If the visitors wanted to speak to a prisoner, they were introduced to a domestic servant, whom the SS had already told in advance what to say. And since this man wanted to hang on his cushy job, and was well aware of the fists of the SS, he said what he was told to. In this way, the real life of the concentration camps and the sufferings and tortures of the prisoners were successfully concealed from the International Red Cross. This is presumably why the humanitarian organizations were so outraged by the German camps when they discovered the true situation after the collapse of the Third Reich, as opposed to the pretense that they had accepted on their earlier visits. In the winter of 1940-41, we received the first transport from Poland. These prisoners had been sent to concentration camp for resisting the German occupation forces or for partisan activities. They ranged from 16 to 60 years old, and all looked completely depressed, and apathetic. Presumably, they had been fearfully mistreated before arriving at Floss and Berg, the authorities were afraid to put them all together, so they were divided up between the various blocks. After a few days, the block seniors and capers or at least the majority of them, all had a young pole as a bed partner for their boss. Through the main purpose of these lads was as a bed partner for their boss. For the young poles, however, who were soon almost all disposed of in this way, this situation was far from uncomfortable, for they very quickly realized that without a lover among the dignitaries, and the extra rations this provided they would go hungry and have to work as hard as the other prisoners. These young poles accordingly, and later young Russians as well then gladly accepted any proposals, which meant both easier work and a full stomach.

R

Roger 12:35

These Dalai boys, as they were called in certain other camps were generally from 16 to 20 years old. They soon grew to be very cheeky, as they were always protected by their prominent friends, no matter how arrogantly they had behaved towards their fellow prisoners. Little could be done against the Dalai boys for fear of their masters' revenge. And so the cleverest thing was simply to get out of the way. You could soon tell easily, from someone's appearance whether they had a relationship with a block SR or Capo being properly fed, these young poles soon to groove soon grew to be as plump as K bonds. While 1000s of other prisoners in the same camp

were starving. Prisoners with the pink triangle were always filthy queers in the eyes of the other prisoners, while the very fellow prisoners who insulted and condemned us in this way, were quite unperturbed by the relationships that the block seniors in cableless had with the N polls and just smiled at this behavior, even if somewhat ironically, this was also the view of many SS officers who nationally knew all about these relationships with the young poles, even if nothing was officially said about it. And so the way a person was assessed by his fellows had two sides to it, as it still unfortunately does today. What in one case is accepted with a smile is completely forbidden when it is openly proclaimed or made public. homosexual behavior between two normal men is considered an emergency outlet. While the same thing between two gay men who both feel deeply for one another is something filthy and repulsive. At almost the same time that the poles arrived in philosophy Burg, my friend, the box senior was appointed the Nou Camp Sr, Li one since he had to move to a different block where the camp office was situation situated. We had to park for he certainly couldn't have me a pink triangle prisoner, visit him there. And in any case, he didn't want to draw attention to himself and give grounds for suspicion that that he was a 170 fiver this would not just have met his immediate dismissal, but also a heavy punishment for us both. When he said goodbye this last time we were together and explained to me the reasons for our separation. I was very moved and Sam. But he assured me that he would always be grateful for my loyalty, above all for my silence, and would keep an eye on me, also that I could always count on him for help. It was a difficult party for me, even though our relationship was hardly the most idealistic, but sprang from self preservation. And yet, I was very attracted, attached to him for the several times when his aid had saved my life. He continued to help me in the remaining years I was in the camp. Whenever I got into trouble, or was threatened with punishment, he never broke the promise he gave me. When we parted, he remains in my eyes, and on our Romain, even if he was a safecracker, and a burglar by trade, and possibly still is today. Right after this separation, of course, I received offers from other green capers and block seniors, for not all of these one at a young pole as their lover, some finding them either too young or not entertaining enough, since the Polish Dali boys could only speak their own language, at least at that time. In order to keep my good position as a clerk and to receive additional food that was necessary to stay alive, I was forced by this necessity to enter into a new relationship. It was hardly possible, in fact, to refuse, for the cables knew about my relationship with a new senior camp senior, which had lasted several months, and he had told him about my discretion as well as my valuable services embed. Onto top of this, rejection of such an offer, would immediately have brought down on me the hatred of all the capers and a persecution that would surely have led to my death. So there was no other choice but to place myself once again, under the protection of a block senior or capo, who would fend off the other propositions, provide me with additional rations, and always make sure that I kept my desk job. In return, I had to be a lover and bed partner. At any time when my protector had the desire. Everything has its price. My new relationship began not without complication, three cables in fact, one of me as a lover, and spent a lot of time arguing about the matter. Naturally, I had no choice whatsoever being quite powerless. I was just told one of us will be your new friend, and waited anxiously to see who, who I would fall to as booty. The struggle lasted two days. Then in the evening, a capo from my building division revealed that he had won me and would be my new lover. He was a Hungarian Gypsy, and also well known among all the prisoners, including the seniors, and even the SS as a petty trader. He carried on regular commerce with a camp kitchen, the sickbay and clothing stores, you could buy from him equally a loaf of bread, a diamond ring, or a good pair of shoes. He always had more than enough money. In order to acquire me as his lover, he simply paid off his two rivals, and once a suitable son was agreed to. All parties were satisfied, scarcely 30 years of age hit. This Hungarian was a real fresh check, as we say in MENA, a handsome man, tall, thin and in good physical shape even after two years in concentration camp. His hair was visibly visibly cold black despite the prison sharing, and he had full lips and dark eyes blazing

with fire when he made love, burning with hate when he was jealous, and he was always jealous of anyone who spoke to me. After only a few days, he was already madly in love with me, and met every wish that I uttered in terms of clothing or food. He had regular dealings with the prisoners who worked in the clothing stores, since new arrivals had to leave their clothes without wanting to go naked into the showers and were then fitted with other prison uniforms without getting their original clothing back. Most often the clothing received in the store is turned out to have money or jewelry stone in it. DSS of course, were well aware of this, and they were the first to go through the clothing for hidden valuables. But they were generally fairly hasty in this as none of them wanted to be caught out by a superior and to have to hand what he had found. And the prisoners working in the clothing stores could thus still find a good deal of hidden money in jewelry, which they use to buy additional food and alcohol. Both these items they purchased from my friends, the Gypsy. You really could even buy alcohol from him him, since he was always employed in and outside work detachment. outside the camp perimeter, for there was always building more painting being done on the houses of the SS, he often had contact with a local civilian population. Though he never told me as much. It seems that he operated in partnership with sergeant in charge of his work detachment, for he could always obtain a few liters of corn liquor from some civilian in return for a high enough price. The major problem was how to get through the camp gate with it. For every returning prisoner was strictly checked by the guards to see that he didn't bring in anything forbidden. My Capo friends didn't find it hard to smuggle in alcohol. Most usually he used galvanized water pipes that were needed by the building division in general, one to two yards long, a few. A few days before, he would have a few pipes brought out to where this his detachment was working. The pipes would be cleaned and filled, and then sealed in such a way that the corks were at least six inches from the end of the pipe. The quarks would, could only be seen if the pipe were closely examined. These were brought back into the camp in the evening and put down at the gate when the prisoners were examined. When the command was given to enter the pipes were simply picked up again by the prisoners who of course, were in on the deal and dropped off at the building material store where the alcohol was subsequently extracted. My new friend was never short of ideas when it came to making money out of nothing. where money was concerned, he thought only of himself, though also of me. When money was not his work detachment involved with him and alcohol smuggling. He had held together by the threat that he would kill anyone who betrayed him to the SS. He was never betrayed, and continued his alcohol business, unmolested. On the other hand, the Gypsy gave his smuggling team a good share of the proceeds, and was never brutal or slap happy. So he never gave any prisoner in his team a reason for turning against him. His motto was live and let live. His team knew this and kept on Iron discipline. They also knew that he did business with many SS men, and could easily have any of them got rid of if they let anything slip. This group was ruled by a combination of fear and greed. That was the bomb that held it together. From my desk in the building division in stores, I had a good clear view out onto the parade ground and across to the watchtower, and could observe very well what was going on there. If the SS centuries, came out of their guard room and formed up in rows, that was a sure sign that the camp commandant was about to arrive at the prisoners camp for inspection. I could also see very clearly the offices of the camp commander so I could tell when they were about to start to patrol through the camp. On top of that, I could observe very closely when anyone was put in the arrest sells the bunker, as well as all new arrivals at the camp. This was extremely interesting and satisfied my curiosity at the end of February 1941. I will I saw one day from the window of my office a police wagon drive through the camp gate and come to a halt just outside the individual cells in the bunker. These individual cells were used as arrest cells for special punishment. And ss over strumble if you're in full uniform stepped out, dripping with silver ribbons and decorations together with an elegant young lady and she in a shimmering evening dress and revealed Snow White shoulder. She was very well made up and more show

silver shoes with high heels. At first, I thought that the SS officer and his lady had had a breakdown and had continued here with the police wagon for their inspection of the camp. But when they were both locked into individual cells in the bunker building, and the police wagon drove off again. I was eager to find out more in the evening, I immediately told my Capo Fred of the his new arrival. And he showed great interest particularly in the ladies jewelry. I didn't find that surprising, as I was already familiar with his talent for organizing. The same evening, I learned from my friend who had already found out everything about the couple that they had been arrested in a box at the Hamburg opera, following a denunciation and immediately brought to flossing Berg. The SS over strong bond pure was an officer at the front, with many decorations, including the Knights Cross, which I hadn't been able to see when he was brought in. His lady turned out to be a young man of 19, a soldier and the Waffen SS. And home on leave in Hamburg. He was the son of one of the biggest and richest nightclub magnets on the Reeperbahn. They remained in their arrest cells until the camp was liberated in 1945. And were never allowed out the whole day long. Later, I discovered that each of them was allowed out for an hour at night separately, of course, to breathe fresh air and stretch their legs. They were kept in the cells without trial at the Express command of SS, right? Sure, Heinrich Himmler cut off from the whole world. Even the world of the concentration camp, for the SS didn't want such a prominent officer from the front to mix with the other prisoners and have to wear a badge, let alone the most despised badge of all, the pink triangle of the homosexuals. They were ashamed and certainly put out that such a distinguished officer could be a homosexual and offend in such a frontal way against the purity of the master race. And so they sought to keep the whole affair hushed up in their own ranks and brush it away in the individual cells of a concentration camp. The lady's face was seldom seen, and that only at night, if he was allowed to go on living and was not immediately liquidated, as the SS leadership was certainly have preferred, so as to remove any witness of the scandal. Young man owed this to his father's influence with the high ups and the Nazi Party, which certainly cost him a great deal of money. I also learned from my Capo friend that the young man was very pretty, even for girl, yet also had a good business sense. The gypsy Capo must have known for he made deals with his Hamburg businessman son via prisoners employed on the domestic work in the bunker in return for his jewelry, which was really valuable. And what he immediately broke up into its components, diamonds, pearls, gold rings, he received substantial extra provisions, which were delivered both to him and the SS officer. I found that quite decent of the young man. Thanks to this trade. These two prominent gays never had to suffer any real hunger. Also, because the young man's father immediately sent him a good deal of money, yet, they were not spared the pain of solitary confinement. When the camp was dissolved in 1945, the SS leadership wanted to have them shot, but in the general chaos they managed to escape in time and civilian clothes. My gypsy friend, however, made the deal of his life and became a rich man, even if he exploited people in need. Such as these he never cheated anyone. He remained as I said, always true to his motto, live and let live, which made him a good business partner, fellow camp prisoner and Capo



28:50

[Glory, Glory by Leah Zicari plays]