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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

prisoners, ss, block, horse, camp, punishment, capers, strokes, work, victim, quarry, men, hand, sergeant, senior, new arrivals, homosexuals, capo, guards, floss

SPEAKERS

Buddy Johnston, Roger



00:01

Got it five to six 4000 during business hours, keep listening to KPFT Houston 90.1 FM



00:10

I remember an incident four years ago when I was walking through an amusement park holding hands with my lover and was called queer by a child six years old. And from that day forward I've been all too aware of who the child molesters in this society are. These are gay and lesbian people singing out here what's your reaction to that? I have a little boy



00:24

and I would hate for my little boy to be like that



00:26

those are animals I think



00:27

it's terrible how to rock.



00:37

queers want equal rights? Why don't you do your mother and father lead any person who is gay.



00:48

Or the sounds of the waves brushed up against the sand where he has written both of your names with a heart around it, you were looking at the sky burning red with a sunset. Quickly a car drives up alongside of you, you stop for red light. Suddenly the car is surrounded, they circle your blanket coming in closer bottles 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



01:17

and again. I tell them. 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.



01:44

And imagine a world in which millions of people are at the mercy of a small band of extremists in which works of art are subjected to government censorship, and freedom of expression is a crime. Now stop imagining Welcome to America 1990. This is calling you Hearst. As an actress, I am terrified by what is happening in our country today. extremists like Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and Senator Jesse Helms are trying to destroy freedom of expression for their own political and personal needs. And since this freedom is so powerfully demonstrated in the arts, they especially want to silence the artist. That's why they're determined to restrict the National Endowment for the Arts, that an organization that supports artists all across America, we must fight back. Please call or write to your member of Congress today. Because silence for the arts is silence for America,



02:40

sponsored by the People for the American Way Action Fund. When you see the quilt, you understand how it began with one name, sung with love and grew to 1000s of names. Stitch with memories, surrounded by favorite things. Each name is a proud inscription, that all of them together make a national monument to those who died of AIDS, a monument that says remember me



Buddy Johnston 03:09

and the names project will be coming again. This Tober through the eighth right at the George R brown conventions and if you'd like to help call five two names and speaking of coming soon.



03:38

Hi, this is Vicki new president of the Texas gay Rodeo Association Houston chapter here to tell you the Texas rodeos coming so stay tuned after hours and KPFT

B

Buddy Johnston 03:49

That's right, November 9 10th and 11th. Three days yeah. Are you serious three days and cowboys and cow women right down here at the Albert Thomas Convention Center. Okay, Roger is getting ready to read from the men with the pink triangles right and it's coming up next right here on after hours. Hi,

C

04:11

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.

R

Roger 04:46

The men with pink triangle my Heinz Hager chapter four. Flossing Berg. It was only during the journey that we learned from the SS guards that were being taken to floss and Berg I had already heard tell of that camp from other prisoners, and Sachsenhausen. According to them, things were just as brutal and floss and Burgas saw it as Sachsenhausen. So we need have no hope that we were in for any better times. In that respect. When concentration camp was as bad as another Clawson Berg lay in the mountainous region of Barberia near to the Czech border, at about 700 meters above sea level. The nearest town was Wheaton. The concentration camp was built on a gentle slope not far from flossing Burg village. But no matter how fine how scenically beautiful with a run 14th century castle rising picturesquely in the landscape, floss and Berg's is still a place of dreaded memory for 10s of 1000s of human beings and for their pain and torment. There. They will curse it for all time. When our transport of three trucks arrived in flossin Burg, and we were unloaded onto the parade ground. We were surprised to find that we didn't face the same circus that was customary for new arrivals that Sachsenhausen such as abuse, insults and blows. Our arrival at least seemed more civilized, which was a pleasant experience. Out of over a 102nd housing prisoners transferred to flossin Burg, only five boy the pink triangle, a check singer from Prague, age 35, a civil servant from Gretz and Austria, age 42, a 24 year old man from Salzburg, said to have been a senior official in the Hitler Youth, myself and another Vietnamese, both 22 just as in Sachsenhausen, we were quartered in a quieres block, but this time only wing a of the block. Only one dormitory was for homosexuals. This wing alone was occupied by more than 200 Men adhere to as in Sachsenhausen, the lights were kept on the whole night, though only in the queers wing of the block. Once again, we had to keep our hands outside of the blanket while we slept. This was presumably a regulation in force for all concentration camps with blocks for homosexuals. Only a year later, when this wing was disbanded, and we were scattered in smaller groups throughout the other blocks was this regulation no longer applied. We were led to our block by an SS guard and transferred there to the sergeant in charge. This man kept us standing and waiting for a good time. While a group of 810 capers gathered around us and looked us up and down. I was already wise enough to know exactly why a section of the dignitaries who included the capers were admiring us in this way. They were on the lookout for possible lover among the new arrivals, because I still did not have a full beard, even though nearly 23. So look younger

my years than my years and because I had filled out a bit again, thanks to the supplementary rations from my second husband, capo. I was obvious, obviously very much at the center of these cables considerations. I could tell as much from their unconcealed discussions, the situation in which the five of us found ourselves seemed to be very much like a slave boy market in ancient Rome. In the end, the SS sergeant and the block senior came out of the Block office and put an end to the capers game. While the sergeant read us out the special regulations for homosexual for the homosexual wing of the block. The block senior stood behind him and took a good look at us with the same idea in mind as his capers had had before. His eyes stayed fixed on Me for a good while, and a contented smile appeared on his face. When the sergeant had departed and the blocks in your head to assign us new arrivals our beds. He mean, he immediately came up to me and said, Hey, you, kid, do you want to come with me? Yes, certainly. I said right away, knowing very well, what he meant. My immediate acceptance somehow made an impression on him. He said, You're a clever kid like that, and patted me on the shoulder. Flossing Berg was a camp run by the Greens just like Sachsenhausen the great majority of elders and capers in other words, came from the ranks of the criminal prisoners as naturally enough to the camp senior in the head capo. This senior whose lover I became was a professional criminal from Hamburg, very highly regarded in his Millia as a safecracker. He was much feared By the prisoners for his ruthless and eat and even by his Capo colleagues, but he was generous and considerate to me. Only half a year later, he became camp senior, and remained so until Americans liberated the camp. Even later on when I was no longer his lover, his eye having fallen on a young pole, he kept a protecting hand over me. He saved my life more than 10 times over, and I am still very grateful for him to this day. More than 25 years later, he is once again living in Hamburg, though I have had no contact with him since April 1945. I was told by my fellow prisoners here that our SS block sergeant was very sharp, immediately ready with punishments and never smiling or showing any emotion, but never Laying a hand on a prisoner himself. After the five of us new arrivals had made our beds in the prescribed fashion, and put our modest belongings away in the appropriate place, we had to parade again, for our personal details to be taken down. The sergeant used one of the prisoners pins to write down these particulars, asking each of us every possible question. When it came to my turn, he looked me in the eyes. It was as if a flicker of understanding flashed from him to me. I can't find the right words to express it. But it was like an electric shock that I seem to feel as we looked at each looked at one another, those few seconds. He never spoke to me much while I was in his block, but I often found him gazing at me. Once, when an SS Corporal struck me for not taking my cap off to him in time, he burst out of his office and cried, leave that man alone. Were upon the corporal left off saying okay then, okay, and made his departure. The sergeant stared at me with a serious expression and went back into his office. Time and again, I caught him looking in my direction, when he thought he was observed. I never discussed this with any of my fellow prisoners, not even with my friend, the block senior. But I had the instinctive feeling that he was fond of me, and also one of us have the same sexual persuasion, as we who wear the pink triangle. He concealed his feelings by rejecting any personal contact with us prisoners, and by his strictness and rigidity for even the slightest infringement of Camp regulations. And that might mean as little as a cough at the wrong time or a button missing, he would order five to 10 strokes on the horse, the customary penalty, but he would he never watched the punishment in himself. And on one occasion, when we he had to be present, he turned away. In 1941, he volunteered for the Russian front and vanished from our site. We gaze were assembled into work detachments of 12 to 15 Men, led by an SS work leader, a capo, and Foreman to work in the granite quarry. This is where the stones were dug and prepared for Hitler's great building projects for motorway bridges, and the like. Great Halls were dug into the quarry where the cutting and finishing of the stones was carried out, and the granite blocks received their final form and possible polishing the work of Corrine dynamiting, hewing and dressing was extremely arduous, and only Jews and

homosexuals were assigned to it. The quarry claimed very many victims with the SS and cables often deliberately tributary to the large number of accidents. What car driver today hurtling along the German motorway ways, knows that each block of granite has the blood of innocent men on it. Men who did nothing wrong, but who were handed death in concentration camps solely for the reason of their religion, their origin, their political views, or their feeling for their own sex. Each of the granite pillars that hold up the motorway bridges cost the lives of untold victims, a sea of blood and a mountain of human corpses to today, people are only too willing to throw a cloak of silence and forgetfulness over all these things. Because of my relationship with the block senior, the camp one charge site assigned me as somewhat easier work in the quarry. Though this was still hard enough. I could not have kept up the heavy work day after day if my friend had not procured me additional rations. Just like the prison camp itself. The granite quarry was completely surrounded by barbed wire and guarded outside and inside by SSN centuries. No prisoner was permitted to get closer than five meters to the wire. Anyone who did so was shot by the SS guard words without warning. Since this transgression, this transgression was already considered an attempt to escape. For shooting a prisoner who attempted to escape an SS man received three days special leave. It is not hard to imagine, therefore, how keen the SS were to organize escapes of this kind for the sake of their extra leave. And the relatively short time that I worked in the quarry, I myself witnessed at least 10 occasions when the SS men seized a prisoners cap and threw it against the wire. They would then demand that the prisoner fetches cat back naturally enough, the prisoner tried to refuse. As everyone knew this meant certain death. The SS men then started beating the poor devil with six, so that he could only choose the way in which he was to die, either beaten to death by the death by the SSPs, or be shot by the guards for an attempted escape. It happened several times to that a prisoner would himself run against the wire and despair to get shot and be freed from pain, hunger and unbearable toil. When a prisoner was shot in the quarry, all other prisoners had immediately to lie down on the ground and keep their heads down until the victim who was not always immediately dead, was taken away on the stretcher. This might take anywhere up to an hour and a half. Anyone who moved Moreover, got a kick in the head or the kidneys from the petroleum SS guards, so that he nearly lost his senses. Only in summer was this procedure relatively bearable, and rain or on cold days, it was more than painful, which was precisely precisely the SS his idea. One way of tormenting Jews and homosexuals that the SS in the quarry were very fond of, was to drive crazy prisoners who were were already physically at the end of their tether. A man who had not done anything in particular, but was simply picked upon by the SS officers in charge, would have a metal bucket placed over his head to men held him down, while the SS men and capers banged on the bucket with their sticks. The terrible noise amplified through the bucket soon brought the victim to such a pitch of terror, that he completely lost his mind and his sense of balance was destroyed. Then the bucket was suddenly removed from his head, and he was pushed towards the wire fence. He could sell them right himself in time, and if he staggered inside the five meter zone he was firing on in the usual way. games such as these were a favorite pastime for some of the SS guards, who had knead who had no need to fear any disciplinary measures. Their victims just mean the homosexuals and Jews who extermination was planned for in any case. After a fortnight or so in the quarry, I was assigned to a different work detachment at the instigation of my block senior friend. This was the camp's building division in charge of all construction work in the flotsam Burg area, whether within or outside the camp itself. The building division had several work detachments, one for each of the different building sites. I was to work as a clerk in the building materials stores, and so had an easy and comfortable job that no longer put my life in jeopardy day daily. At last I'd come through the only reason I was given this position was that I had passed my probation period as the block seniors lover and without attracting attention. What was on trial was not the sincerity of the relationship, but my silence and discretion about it. If my lover if my lover was feared among the dignitaries, he was also

respected, and as these remote almost exclusively grains, criminals, he was a kind of underworld boss. He had very good relations with the SS camp commanders and officers, keeping on good terms with them, by way of little presence. These were generally handicraft items made by the prisoners, such as Viking ships, painted orange bottles, watercolors, straw, baskets, and wicker work of various kinds, which he got made in return for cigarettes, or little packets of food. These products of prison handicraft were very popular with the SS as they could also be sold at a good price outside the camp. In this way, then, my block senior managed to purchase the favor of many SS officers and built up a position of power both among the ordinary prisoners and among his Capo colleagues. His influence was so great that at the end of 1940 As I already mentioned, the SS appointed him to be camp senior Naturally enough, he also had his enemies, particularly among the politicals, who would have liked to have got the position for themselves in these first days of my relationship with him, therefore, some reds, political prisoners approached me in the quarry, even though they lived in another block and belong to another work detachment. They wanted to find out what there was between me and the block senior, how he treated me. And whether he had approached me sexually. They put these questions to the form to me in the form of jokes. Has he got a big one? Does he give it to you every day? Is he really loving. The only purpose of these jokes however, was to bring to light a homosexual relationship, that was officially forbidden. As later emerged, their idea was to overthrow the block senior in this way and putting into his influence in the camp, the greens would lose their position to the reds. I never let anything slip, or give any indication that there was anything between us simply answering their ironic questions with ask him yourself, I don't know anything about it. For what I did know, was very, very well is that if I gave away even the least thing about our relationship, I would be torn to pieces in the power struggle between the reds and the greens. Any homosexual relationship could bring very severe punishment to both parties, generally leading to death. At least this was the case in 1940. Later on Camp morals, were a bit more relaxed. My Block senior of course knew all about the attempt to deprive him of his position, and chance of promotion. Also about my obstinate silence. As to our relationship. He was happy to use his connections and arrange for me to be assigned to a desk job in the building material stores. Even though positions of this kind were generally quite taboo for Prisoners with the pink triangle. You're a sticker kid. He told me generously with a slap on the shoulder. I like that. And I like you still more for it. Even though I'd rather have a bird. By sticker he meant that I kept my mouth shut, and I didn't give anything away even under threat. His rough confession of love, even with the writer that he preferred women somehow made me happy and met my need for protection. From then on, I was very attached to him. When a prisoner was sentenced to be beaten, this was carried out on the horse, and all prisoners in the block had to attend and witnessed the punishment. If this was carried out on the parade gram, then all prisoners in the camp had to attend. The horse was a wooden frame like a bench to which the prisoner was tied on his stomach in such a way that his head and torso faced vertically down his rear upwards and his legs down to the other side. The legs were pulled forward and also secured, just to be tied to the horse was a torture in itself. But that torment. When the blows began to fall, the instrument used would vary either a dog with a stick, or in most cases, the much feared horse whip. The NCOs who almost invariably carried out the punishment were generally those who with the most sadistic disposition, who volunteered to do the job. What we are talking about here, of course, are the official punishments imposed by the camp commanders. Many of the SS block leaders and work detachment leaders however, keenly delivered their own punishments on the horse. But then these were not carried out in the open, but in the offices and workshops. Frequently a prisoner condemned to be whipped in this way, tried to put a second pair of underpants or something similar under his trousers as protection. If this was noticed, then the punishment was made more severe, and he's and He was whipped on the naked behind. Once when a Czech prisoner from my dormitory was caught trying to escape, he was sentenced to 25 strokes on the horse,

the highest number that could be given at once, after evening roll call. He was tied to the horse erected outside our block, and we gaze the whole wing have a had to stand in rows to witness the punishment. The evening meal was canceled for that day, the camp commander and ss over strong fear of small stature, smooth shaven, and about 45 years of age, was a repulsive beast. If he caught any man with the pink triangle and the slightest infringement of regulations, he sentenced him to punishment on the horse. At least every second day there was a procedure of this kind outside our block, in which he always personally was always personally present. When the check homosexual from my dormitory was tied to the horse, and SS sergeant who was well known for his beatings appeared with the horse whip. The lashing was to be inflicted on the checks naked buttocks. At every stroke, the offender had to Count aloud. And if you did not call the number correctly, out of pain or not loud enough, then the blow didn't count. It often happened in this way that the victim received almost double the number of blows officially imposed. When the check was beaten, and screaming and trembling with pain, the SSR didn't crack the whip through the air. At the very first strokes. The check scan already burst open and started bleeding. But the SS man continued unperturbed, always making sure that his victim caught up in numbers loud enough, even in check. The camp commander stood right by and looked in and looked visibly more than Allah interested in the proceedings. At each stroke, his eyes lit up. After a few strokes, his whole face was red with excitement. He buried his hands in his trouser pockets, and clearly we seem to masturbate, quite unperturbed by our presence. After satisfying himself in this way. The perverted swine suddenly disappeared, being no longer interested in the further execution of the punishment. At least the 25 strokes had been delivered. The check was still not released from the horse and hung their shirt shivering. The SS Sergeant commanded the medical capo, who had been present at each punishment to sprinkle the checks bleeding rear with iodine so that the poor devil screamed in pain once again. When he was released, he had to join us and our legs, still quaking with pain, his trousers stained red with blood from his rear and legs, as a further punishment, the whole of wing a almost 200 of us had to stand outside our block until midnight, because one of us had attempted to escape, and that meant standing completely still, anyone who moved or tried to relieve their exhaust feet gotta blow from the SS guards. I myself witnessed more than 30 occasions how this camp commander got sexual satisfaction from watching the lashings inflicted on the horse, and the perverted lust with which he followed each stroke and the screams of the victim. On one occasion, there was one of us pink triangle prisoners who failed to let out a sound while being beaten, even though he was thrashed more forcefully. How, however hard the SS man hit him. The prisoner kept his lips together. This rob the commander of part of his fun, so he shouted at the at the prisoner. You filthy queer. Why aren't you screaming? Perhaps you're enjoying your saga might start again from the beginning he turned to the SS guard and go on until the swine starts screaming. The SS man struck with such force that the victim skin broke open and half inch wide wheels at each stroke and his blood ran down to the ground. Now even the silent one saw reason he had like an animal and screen for help, help when she couldn't give him which we couldn't give him. But the commander was panting with excitement and masturbated while laying his trousers. That's chapter four from the men with the pink triangle. Next week, I will read chapter five