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00:00

On KPFT Houston and coming up now we have Roger, reading us chapters two and three from the men with the pink triangle.



00:09

The men with the pink triangle by heights Hagar, chapter two arrival at Sachsenhausen. By January 1940. The compliment for the transport was made up and we were taken to a camp. One night we were loaded 30 to 40 at a time into green Henry's the police wagons and driven to a freight station where a prison friend was already waiting. This train consisted mainly of cattle trucks, with heavily barred open windows, as well as so called Cell wagons. These were also cattle trucks but divided into five or six cells. Similarly barred and set aside for the worst criminals. I was placed in one of these cells. Together with two young men of about my age. We remained together through the whole journey. This lasted 13 days, 13 days and proceeded via Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, Leipzig, to Berlin over Arenberg. Every evening, we were taken off the train and taken to a prison to spend the night, sometimes by truck, other times on foot. If we went on foot, we had to march and long heavy change chains. This gave a ghastly rattle like a slave caravan in the depths of the Middle Ages, and passers by would stare fixedly at us and terror. The cells and the cell wagons only had enough room for one person with a wooden table and bench. That was the entire furniture, not even a water jug or a chamber pot. We were fed only in the evening at the prisons where we stopped overnight, also being given their a large piece of bread to be taken on the train the next day. If the train was to stay clean, then we could only attend to the ones of nature at night. I discovered the very first day that my two young companions were robbers condemned to death for murder. What they were doing in the concentration, Camp transport was clear neither to them nor me. They were quite unperturbed and with a certain grisly pride took turns in describing the details of their crime. I felt more than uncomfortable in their company, but could hardly do anything about it. They soon got it out of me that I was a 170 Fiverr a filthy queer as they called me, from then on. They too spoke of homosexuals with utter contempt. It didn't bother them that as a murderer as murderers, they were certainly even more rejected by society. They emphasize, however, that they were at least normal men. Normal they may well have been. But the day was long, and the guards traveled only in the first and last carriages so that we had no direct supervision during the journeys. So they both said, they were getting bored and wanted a bit of fun with thumps and blows, they forced me to give them pleasure, which I never wanted to never would have done voluntarily. And this went on several times a day from then on. As far

as they were concerned, I was a filthy queer, and must have gotten some satisfy the same satisfaction as they did. For me, however, the whole business was repulsive, and made me sick. Yet wretched as I felt I was completely in their power. They had no conception that sex had anything to do with emotional feelings and the desire for human concept, or contact, even among homosexuals. All they cared about was a little bit of pleasure for themselves the whole time. Moreover, they spoke obscenely and contemptuously of me and other filthy queers. They weren't queer at all, but quite normal, no matter that it was they who had forced themselves upon me, a strange normality. When we reached the Orenburg station, we were again loaded up a ramp, and onto trucks, and driven to Sachsenhausen camp. To make my experience in the constant tramp a bit more comprehensible, I should first of all describe how the camps were constructed in Iran. Almost every concentration camp had three different zones. The prison camp itself was made up of a large number of wooden barracks or blocks where the prisoners lived. These were divided in by wide roads. Then there were buildings for the kitchen, laundry, sickbay and other facilities, including a mortuary. And crematorium. Most important was the big parade ground where the worst excesses of the SS butcher's were generally carried out and behind it, the camp gate with buildings on either side. One of these buildings known as the bunker contain the arrest sells, the other the offices of the prison camp commanders and the guard room. The whole prisoners zone was surrounded by a barbed wire fence more than nine feet high, which in several camps was electrified. Outside the barbed wire stood several watchtowers at regular intervals, always occupied by SS guards. The gate had its own tower, with a platform from which the entire prisoner zone could be surveyed, and if need be fired upon by machine guns placed there. The garrison zone, which laid outside the barbed wire surrounding the prisoner zone contain the headquarters building, the various administration administrative buildings and offices, the barracks of the SS guard battalion, the homes of the SR SS officers, the officers and NCOs clubs and usually a writing stable as well as other facilities such as a vegetable garden and poultry farm. The third zone was the SS residential area well away from the other zones and a more pleasant setting. It contained nice family homes where the SS officers and NCOs lived with their families when they did not have regular quarters in the garrison zone. Each of our blocks had two wings, wing a on the left wing B on the right, and the middle where the washroom and laboratories. Each wing contained a dormitory and a day room. The dormitory had three bunks had bunks in three tiers, accommodating from 150 to 300 prisoners. What little free time we have could only be spent in the day room. It being strictly forbidden to enter the dormitory during the day time. The day room was equipped with tables and benches and each prisoner had to keep his few belongings and eating utensils and a wooden cabinet divided into drawers. Each concentration camp had a camp s s responsible for the internal management of the prison camp and an SS guard battalion who stood guard outside the wire occupied the main Watchtower and patrolled the camp perimeter. At the head of the entire camp stood a commandant with his adjutants and senior administrative officer. Next came the commanders of the asset of the campus s genuinely to a number who had direct charge of the prison camp, and were immediately under the commandant. These were the real and immediate masters of the concentration camp and exercise and unmitigated violence in the prisoners zone. Below them to the report officers again, usually two who had to report on the prisoners records and files. Under them in turn, were the SS block leaders. These had complete power over the prisoners in their block. And although they had to account to the report officers for everything that went on there, no obstacles were ever placed on their brutal and murderous conduct against the prisoners. Indeed, orders and instructions from headquarters constantly incited them to treat the inmates still more severely. These block leaders committed the great majority of atrocities and killings. At the same level as the block leaders, there stood the SS work detachment leaders, block leaders and march work detachment leaders were all NCOs while report officers and camp commanders were commissioned officers from the SS on affords subaltern functions in the camp administration

were performed by selected prisoners, and the SS also appointed at Camp senior. He stood over the other prisoners and was responsible for them to the SS camp commanders. This was an extremely dangerous position requiring a good deal of courage and imagination, but often, excuse me, often being for all that a passive tool in the hands of the SS. It was a difficult job for too many interventions on behalf of the prisoners cost many of these seniors their next. The prisoners office, of which the camp senior was in charge came under the authority of the report officers and was exclusively staffed by prisoners. This regulated the immediate internal management of the prison camp, including such things as the composition of work detachments, the distribution of rations, preparation for parades, etc.



10:08

Each block similar only had a scene, a block senior responsible for the block from the prisoner side. These had to account to the SS block leaders for everything that happened or was supposed to happen within the block. And they were powerful lords over their fellow prisoners. Together with the senior, And they overcame those. They made up the camp dignitaries. They too had power of life and death over those in their charge. In the concentration camps, every prisoner has always had two masters to crack the whip over him, the butchers of the SS and the dignitaries from his own ranks. For each of the two wings on the block, the block seniors appointed one or two orderlies in charge of keeping their wing or room clean and tidy and for distributing food. The capers were again prisoners in charge of work detachments and responsible to the SS work leader for the appointed quota of work having been performed. Under them they had foreman. Sometimes several work detachments in one division, eg building division, Korean division etc. will put in charge of a senior SS detachment leader and an over capo. All of the positions of the dignitaries from the camp senior down to the lowest Capo were filled with very few exceptions, only by prisoners with red or green triangles. Ie politicals are criminals that greatly abuse there were very real power they had, especially the grains, corruption and tyranny towards their fellow prisoners was especially rife in their ranks, and where brutality was concerned, they were in no way behind the SS, particularly in dealing with those of us with the pink triangle. As their badge of office, they were a black armband, with initials of their position and white, Ia for senior camp senior and BA for block senior. The prisoners uniforms were marked with a colored cloth triangle to denote their offense or origin. Their prison number was sewn below the triangle. The triangle was about two inches across and place point down with and was stitched into the left breast of the jacket and coat and the outside right trouser leg. The colors of the triangles were as follows. Yellow for Jews, black friendly socials, red for politicals, purple for Jehovah's Witnesses, green for criminals, blue for immigrants, Brown for gypsies, and pink for homosexuals. The pink triangle, however, was about an inch larger than the others so that we could be clearly recognized from a distance. Jews, homosexuals and Gypsies. The yellow pink and brown triangles were the prisoners who suffered most frequently and most severely from the tortures and blows of the SS and the Caicos. They were described as the scum of humanity, who had no right to live on German soil and should be exterminated. Such were the oft repeated words of the commandant and his SS subordinates, but the lowest of the low in this scum were we the men of the pink triangle. As soon as we were unloaded onto the large open parade ground, some SS NCOs came along and attacked us with sticks. We had to form up in rows of five, and it took quite a while and many blows and installs before our terrified ranks were assembled. Then we had a roll call having to step forward and repeat our name and offense. Were upon we were immediately handed over to our particular block leader. When my name was called, I stepped forward, gave my name and mentioned paragraph 175. With the words you filthy queer, get over there, you sought a mic. I received several kicks from behind and was kicked over to an SS sergeant who was in

charge of my block. The first thing I got from him was a violent blow to my face that threw me to the ground. I pulled myself up and respectfully stood before him. Were upon he brought his knee up hard into my groin so that I had doubled over with pain onto the ground. Some prisoners who were on duty immediately call out to me stand up quick. Otherwise he'll kick you to bid. My face still twisted. I stood up again in front of my block sergeant who grinned at me and said that was your entrance fee, you filthy Viennese swine, that you know who you're blocking liter is when the whole transport was finally divided up. There were about 20 men in our category, we were driven into our block at the double. interrupted by the commands lie down, stand up, lie down, stand up, and so on from the block leader, and some of his men then having once again to form up in ranks of three. We then had to strip completely naked, lay our clothes on the ground in front of us with shoes and socks on top and wait and wait. And wait. It was January and a few degrees below zero with an icy wind blowing through the camp. Yet we were left naked and barefoot on the snow covered ground stand and wait. An SS corporal and a winter coat with a fur collar straight through our ranks and strung. Now one of us now the other with a horse whip crying. This is so you don't make me feel cold, you filthy queers. He also tried deliberately on the prisoners toes with his heavy boots, making them cry out in pain. Anyone who made a sound, however, was immediately punched in the stomach with the butter the end of the whip with a force that took his breath away. Almost sweating from dealing out blow as a pump blow. The SS Corporal said you queers are going to remain here until you cool off, which is in reference to the German slang for homosexual warm, warmer, brighter, which means hot brother. Finally, after a terribly long time, we were allowed to march to the showers still naked and barefoot. Our clothes, which had already had name tags put on put in, remained behind and had vanished when we returned. We had to wash ourselves in cold water, and some of the new arrivals collapsed with cold and exhaustion. Only then did the camp doctor have the warm water turned on so that we could throw ourselves out. After the shower. We were taken to the next room where we had to cut our hair, pubic hair included. Finally, we were taken still naked to the clothing stores. We were where we were given underwear and were fitted with prison clothing. This was distributed quite irrespective of size. The trousers I received were far too short and came only just below my calves. The jacket was much too narrow, and had too short sleeves. Only the coat fitted tolerably well. But by mere accident. The shoes were a little too big and smelled strongly of sweat. But they had leather soles, which made walking a lot easier than the wooden soled shoes that many new arrivals received. As far as clothing went, at least I didn't do too bad. When we had to form up outside again, our outside our block we had and have it organized to explain us by the camp commander. Our block was occupied only by homosexuals with about 250 men and each wing. We could only sleep at night shirts and had to keep our hands outside the blankets for you queer bastards aren't going to start whacking here. The windows had a centimeter of ice on them. Anyone found with his underclothes on in bed or his hands under his blanket, there which, and there were checks every night was taken out and had several bowls of water poured over him before being left standing outside for a good hour. Only a few people survived this treatment. The least result was bronchitis. And it was rare for any gay person taken to the sickbay to come out alive. We who were the pink triangle were prioritized for medical experiments, and these generally ended in death. For my part, therefore, I took every care I could not to offend against the regulations. Our block seniors and his aides were greens, criminals. They looked at and behaved like it too brutal and merciless towards us career queers, and concerned only with their own privilege and advantage. They were as much feared by us as the SS. And sakan has an at least a homosexual was never permitted to have any position of responsibility. Nor could we even speak with prisoners from other blocks with a different colored badge. We were told we might try to seduce them. And yet homosexuality was what much more prevalent in the other blocks where there were no men with the pink triangle than it wasn't.



19:57

We were also forbidden to approach nearer than 15 feet of the other blocks. Anyone caught doing so was whipped in the on the horse, and we're sure of at least 15 or 20 strokes. Other categories of prisoner were similarly forbidden to enter our block. We were to remain isolated as the dam dist of the dam. The camps dirty queers, condemned to liquidation and helpless prey to all the torments and flicked by the SS and the Caicos.



20:34

The day regularly began at 6am or 5am in the summer, and then just half an hour we had to be washed, dressed, have our beds made in the military style. If you still had time, you could have breakfast, which meant hurriedly slipping down left in flower soup, hot or lukewarm and eating your piece of bread. Then we had to form up in eighths on the parade ground for morning roll call, work followed and winter from 7:30am to 5pm. And then some are from 7am to 8pm. With half hour break at the workplace, after work straight back to camp and immediate parade for evening Roll Call. Each block marched information to the parade ground and had its permanent position there. The morning parade was not so drawn out as the much feared evening Roll Call. For only the block numbers were counted which took about an hour and then the command was given for work work detachments to form up at every parade, those who had just died had also to be present. ie they were laid out at the end of each block and counted as well. Only after the parade and having been tallied by the report officer, where they take into the mortuary and subsequently burned. Disabled prisoners had also to be present for the parade. Time and again, we helped our or carried comrades to the parade ground who had been beaten by the SS only hours before, we had to bring along fellow prisoners who were half frozen or feverish, so as to have our numbers complete. Any man missing from our block many blows and thus further deaths. New Way new arrivals are now signed to our work which was to keep the area around the block clean. That at least is what we were told by the NCO and charged in reality, the purpose was to break the very last spark of independent spirit that might possibly remain in the new prisoners by sentence senseless yet very heavy labor and to destroy the little human dignity that we still retained. This work continued until a new batch of pink triangle prisoners were delivered to our block and we were replaced. Our work then was as follows. In the morning, we had to cart the snow outside our block from the left side of the road to the right side of the road. In the afternoon, we had to cart the same snow back from the right side of the road to the left. We didn't have barrows and shovels to perform this work either. That would have been far too simple for us queers. No, our SS masters had thought up something much better. We had to put on our coats with the button side backward and take the snow away in the container this provided we had to shovel the snow up with our hands, our bare hands. As we didn't have any gloves. We worked in teams of 220 turns that shoveling up the snow with our hands than 20 turns at carrying it away. And so right through the evening, and all that at the double. This mentally and bottle bodily torment lasted six days until last a new pink triangle prisoners were delivered to our block and took over from us. Our hands were cracked all over and half frozen off. And we had become dumb and indifferent slaves of the SS. I learned from prisoners who had already been in our block. A good while that in summer, similar work was done with earth and sand. Above the gate of the prison camp however, the meaningful Nazi slogan was written and big capitals freedom through work.



24.24

24:50

A reading by Roger Kinzer from the book The man with the pink triangle, written by Heinz hacker.

24:41

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

25:11

We're back, we are back. While Roger was reading, I got a call from a friend of mine, John and he was telling me a good story this time, it was so good to hear it about a friend of his, who came out to his parents. And they didn't kick him out of the house. In fact, they had suspected it for quite a while and asked him about it. So I'm just up about about this, you know, working at the switchboard and, and, and here, we get so many stories about it being the other way around. So for John, I finally have a song that he wanted to hear to ratio. And it's called gimme, gimme gimme.

26:19

session with John, I believe that's what he's going to be telling somebody. Tomorrow afternoon. Ah. Oh, Kevin. Yes. Do you know what's going on next weekend?

26:32

Tell me. I'm not in the know right now.

26:34

Oh, come on. It's it's garden party weekend.

26:39

Are you Is it that time again? Yeah. And my dress isn't out of the cleaners.

26:44

But if you're not going to garden party, I mean, you have to have tickets and all of that. There's something else really spectacular going on.

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26:54

And that is one over at E js.

26:57

And in fact, it's kind of a week long, almost Festival. It's AJs is holding a PWA Christmas in July festival. That's important. Yeah. Yeah, it's lady victoria lusts and you will thing. The big days, of course, are the weekend, Saturday, July 28. And Sunday, July 29. All kinds of fun planned all different shows and activities going on. Actually, it starts Tuesday. I believe I read and it's like a tree trimming contest. I mean, they're going all out here. If you want to go all you have to do is bring a can have food. You know, because it's verse stone soup. And it's also all the cash like, you know, when they have shows you kind of tip the entertainer and stuff. All of that's going to lady victoria last PWA Christmas fund that's handled through the Colt 40 fives. So it's gonna be fun from Tuesday to Sunday. In fact, I think I read Sunday there. It's like they're doing a New Year's Eve thing. Oh, how fun. Yeah, you know, it's the whole week all rolled up in one. That would be a whole lot of fun. We had a we've got lots of requests. I don't know that we're going to be able to fill them all either because we don't have the music or we're going to run out of time. You know how it is. But here's one of my favorites. And I'm not playing it just because it's my favorite but Ernie called in and he wanted to hear Wind Beneath My Wings by Gladys Knight

28:45

Whoa, Tracy Chapman for my lover for my lover. It's getting close to four o'clock. At the witching hour when the blues ladies, the blues broads as they call themselves coming on with blues for you. I've got some good stuff lined up tonight. I was talking to Kathleen earlier and she was showing this fabric I'd never heard of. So you might stay tuned and listen to that. It's been a fun evening. We've done a little bit of everything, haven't we haven't we sure? Yeah. And then Richard has been just going crazy in the lobby. I think he gets his regular callers each week. And he looks forward to that. Yeah. And I was just blown over by alto tonight. She was so hot coming in and doing that live so hot. Yeah. coming in and doing it live. It was wonderful. And we'll be bringing you upcoming events that they're gonna do. Be sure to see them next weekend at Santa Fe. Jr's let's say let's kind of go Can could kind of recap a little bit. Scandals is now a new women's bar isn't that that's good news for the the women's community because they there's kind of been

30:13

a lack of bars for them. And I hope more coming to tell you the truth.

30:22

The quilt is coming,

30:23

the quilt is coming. That's right, October 6 through eighth. And they're sure looking for volunteers. You can call the switchboard at 5293211. and get more information on that. numbers to call. And as a matter of fact, I'm going to leave some volunteer sheets here at the station for people who want to sign up. So if you're close to the station, and that is that for 19 Love it Boulevard, Houston 7706. You can come pick them up. Or if you want to write us, tell us what you think about the show what you hate about the show. This is your show. So you tell us what you want to hear. That's after hours for 19 Love it Boulevard. Houston 7706 Or you can call it you won't talk to me you'll talk to buddy on the after hours Hotline at 5294636. Let's see we we did talk about AJs holding the PWA Christmas in July festival starting this Tuesday and running through the entire weekend. All kinds of good stuff. And I want to remind everybody to not forget about cool Clayton Williams. And he would like to keep the sodomy law on the books, set it with his own mouth. So remember that come November 8, doesn't matter who you vote for actually, as long as you remember that Clayton Williams wants to keep you illegal. So take that into consideration when you walk into that voting booth. Kevin, yes. I want to thank you for being the engineer tonight. It's fun because Kevin Harrell, who has his own show beatbox right here on KPFT. Thursday mornings at 230 to five. And if you can listen to after hours, I'm sure you can listen to beatbox if you're the kind of person that like I am. We've had Roger reading the man was tank triangle. And Richard's been out in the lobby. It's been a full evening. full evening. Do you have anything to add?



33:07

Not really. It's just been a lot of fun because, you know, I think buddy's a hard act to follow.



33:11

Oh yeah. Well, I guess you know, you just have to come in here and say, Well, you have to do your own act because you can't improve on excellence. That's true. And we'd like to leave you now with kind of a favorite song. How about maybe we'll call this the 99 D. Gay and Lesbian anthem.



33:35

What do you think? Sounds good.



33:37

Okay, here we go. And it's buy a new one new entertainer Leah is a Khari. She is working with Ron and Paul Romanovs game Phillips will play and this is our new tape and it's called glory, glory. And I want you all to take care and we love your babies.



34:05

Stay tuned for blues for you coming up at 4am and here we go.



34:12

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming out of queers. homophobes have trampled on our rights. They've done so out of fear. We have lost our rising anger. No, it's plainly clear that gays are marching on glory glory glory glory I'm a gay man. Go read glory. I'm a homosexual was marching in our homes and on the street corners we happen to die. We were Other than the holocaust by this lies AIDS is killing all our people who denies but gays keep marching. glory glory glory glory



35:36

in the future we will we will we will glory glory glory on Monday. Dory