

gcam_ah_19900714_t2_02.mp3_edit

Tue, May 23, 2023 1:43PM 49:13

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

queer, gays, people, man, coming, nazi, homosexual, concentration camp, mother, triangle, years, fred, vienna, gestapo, blatant, good, handed, prison, told, long

SPEAKERS

Buddy Johnston, Jimmy Carper, Roger



00:00

I just got it five to six 4000 during business hours, keep listening to KPFT Houston 90.1 FM



00:13

Have you ever been so overwhelmed by play that it changed your vision of the world have been left speechless by the power of an audit youbut or seeing children's 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 castling 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. This message sponsored by the People for the American Way Action Fund.



01:17

Hi, this is Greg 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 01:35

And of course, that's where you tune now. It's three o'clock we're gonna get back into our reading series, which a lot of people have written for and requested. Oh, good tentative called saying when you got to start reading again, John. Yeah, we'll do we're gonna do it. Now. We're gonna pick up on chapter one write

R

Roger 01:52

chapters one and two men with the pink triangle. The men with the pink triangle written by Heinz Hagar, and this is the story of men. And is it men and women are just men. That was just one man who's survived the Nazi camps. A homosexual.

B

Buddy Johnston 02:11

Okay, so Roger is going to read to us now from the man with the pink triangle, this is after hours on KPFT.

R

Roger 02:22

Chapter One, in prison as a degenerate Vienna in March 1939. I was 22 years old, a university student preparing for an academic career choice that met my parents wishes as much as my being little interested in politics. I was not a member of the Nazi Student Association, or any of the other party, the parties, other organizations. It was wasn't as if I had anything special against the new Germany. German was and still is my mother tongue after all. Yet my upbringing had always been more Austrian and character. I had learned a certain tolerance from my parents. And at home, we've made no distinction between people for speaking a different language from ours, practicing a different religion, or having a different color of skin. We also respect to other people's opinions, no matter how strange they might seem. I found that far too arrogant, then, when so much started to be said at university, about the German master race, our nation chosen by destiny, to lead and rule all Europe. For this reason alone, I was already not particularly keen on the new Nazi masters of Austria, in their ideas. My family was well to do Catholic and strict. My father was a senior, so for civil servant, pedantic and correct in Hall his actions, and always a respected model for me and my three younger sisters. He would admonish us calmly and sensibly if we made too much of a fuss, and he always spoke of my mother as the lady of the house. He had a deep respect for her. And as far as I can recall, he never let her birthday or st stay pass without bringing her flowers. My mother, who is still alive today, has always been the very embodiment of kindness and care for us children ever ready to help us when one of us was in trouble? She could certainly scold if need be. But she was never angry at us for long and never resentful. She was not only mother to us, but always a good friend as well, whom we could trust with all of our secrets, who always had an answer, even for the most desperate situation. Ever since I was 16 When I knew that I was more attracted to my own sex than I was to girls. At first, I didn't think this was anything special. But when my school friends began to get romantically involved with girls, while I was still stuck on another boy, I had to give some thought to what this meant. I was always happy enough in the company of girls, and enjoyed being around them. But again, became that I came to realize early on that I valued them more as fellow students with the same problems and concerns at school, rather than lusting after them like the other boys. The fact that I was homosexual, never led me to feel the slightest repulsion for women or girls. Quite the opposite. I was simply, it was simply that I couldn't get involved in a love affair with them. That was foreign to my very nature, even though I tried it a few times. For three years, I managed to keep my homework erotic feelings secret even from my mother, though I found it hard not to be able to speak about this 21. In the end, however, I confided in her and told her everything that was necessary

to get it off my chest, not so much to ask her advice, however, as simply to end this burden of secrecy. My dear child, she replied, It's your life, and you must live it. No one can slip out of one skin and into another, you have to make the best of what you are. If you think you can find happiness only with another man, that doesn't make you in any way inferior. Just be careful to avoid bad company and guard against blackmail. As this is always a possible danger. Try to find a lasting friendship, as this will protect you from many perils I've suspected it from for a long time anyway. You have no need to display at all to despair, follow my advice. And remember, whatever happens, you are my son, and can always come to me with your problems. I was very much heartened by my mother's reasonable words. Not that I really expected anything else. As she was a she always remained our best friend. At the university, I got to know several students with similar views, or rather feelings to my own. We formed an informal group, small at first, though, after the German invasion, and the on Schloss, this was soon enlarged by students from the Reich. Naturally enough, we didn't just help one another with our work. Couples soon formed. And at the end of 1938, I met the great love of my life. Fred was the son of a high Nazi official from the Reich, two years older than I, and set on completing his study of medicine at the world famous Vienna medical school. He was forceful, but at the same time sensitive and his masculine appearance, success in sport and great knowledge made such an impression on me that I fell for him right away. I must have pleased him to I suppose, with my Viennese charm and temperament. I also had an athletic figure which he liked. We were very happy together and made all kinds of plans for the future, believing we would never more be separated. It was on a Friday about 1pm. Almost a year to that to the day since Austria had become simply the postmark that I heard two rings at the door short but somehow commanding. When I opened it, I was surprised to see a man with a slouch hat and leather coat. With the Curt ord Gestapo, he handed me a card with the printed summons to appear for questioning at 2pm at the Gestapo headquarters, and the hotel metropole. My mother and I were very upset. But I could only think it was to do with something at the university possibly a political investigation into a student who had fallen foul of the Nazi Student Association. It can't be anything serious. I told my mother, otherwise the Gestapo would have taken me off right away. My mother was still not satisfied and showed great concern. I too, had a nervous feeling in my stomach. But then Doesn't anyone in the time of dictatorship if they are called in by the secret police. I happened to glance out the window and saw the Gestapo man a few doors further along. Standing in front of a shop. It seemed he still had his eye on our door rather than on the items and display. Presumably his job was to prove My attempt any attempt by me to escape, he was undoubtedly going to follow me to the hotel. This was a, it was extremely unpleasant to contemplate, and I could already feel the threatening danger. My mother must have felt the same. For when I said goodbye to her, she embraced me very warmly and repeated, be careful child, be careful. Neither of us thought, however, that we would not meet again for six years, myself a human wreck, she a broken woman, tormented as to the fate of her son, and having had to face the contempt of neighbors and fellow citizens, ever since it was known that her son was a homosexual and had been sent to a concentration camp. I never saw my father again. It was only after my liberation in 1945, that I learned from my mother how he had tried time and again to secure my release, applying to the interior ministry, the Vienna, gala Tong, and the Central Security Department in Berlin. Despite his many connections as a high civil servant, he was continuously refused because of these requests, but above all, because his son was imprisoned for homosexuality, and this was incompatible with his official position under the Nazi regime. He was forced to retire on reduced pension in December 1940. He could no longer put up with the abuse he received in a 1942 took his own life. Filled with bitterness and grief for an age he could no longer he could not fit into. Filled with disappointment over all those friends who either couldn't or wouldn't help him. He wrote a farewell letter to my mother, asking her forgiveness, for having to leave her alone. My mother still has the letter today, and the last lines read. And so I can no longer tolerate the scorn of my

acquaintances, and colleagues and of our neighbors. It's just too much for me. Please forgive me again. God protect our son at five to two Irish Gestapo headquarters. It was a hive of activity, SS men coming and going, men and Nazi uniforms, or with a gold party badge hurry through the corridors and up the stairs. Some men in civilian clothes past me just as I came through the front door, you could see from their faces that they were very glad to have gotten out of the building. I showed my summons and an SS man took me to department to s. We stopped outside a room with a large sign indicating the official within until a secretary sitting in the anti chamber. Also in an SS uniform showed us in your appointment her doctor, the SS man handed in my card, clicked his heels and vanished. The doctor in civilian clothes, but with the short Angular haircut and smooth shaven face, that immediately gave him away as a senior officer sat behind an imposing desk piled up with files, all neatly arranged. He neither greeted me, nor even looked at me, but just carried on writing. I stood and waited. Still nothing happened for several minutes. The room was quiet, silent, and I scarcely dared breathe. While he steadily wrote on. The only sound was the scratch of his pen. I became more and more nervous, though I recognize the softening up tactic. Quite suddenly he laid down his pen and stared me with cold gray eyes. You are queer or homosexual. You admit it? No, no, it's not true. I stammered, almost stunned by his accusation, which was the last thing I expected. I had only thought of some political affair perhaps to do with the university. Now I suddenly found my well kept secret was out. Don't you lie? You dirty queer. He shouted angrily. I have clear proof. Look at this. He took a postcard size photo from his drawer. Do you know him? His long hairy finger pointed at the picture. Of course I knew the photo. It was a snapshot someone had taken shine Fred and me with her arms in a friendly fashion around each other's shoulders. Yes, that's my student friend Fred X. Indeed, he said calmly, yet unexpectedly quick. You've done filthy things together. Don't you admit it? His voice was contemptuous cold and cutting. I just shook my head. I couldn't get a word out. It was as if a cord was tied around my neck. A whole world came tumbling down inside me. The world of friendship and love for Fred, our plans for the future to stay faithful together, never to reveal our reveal our friendship to outsiders, all this seem betrayed. I was trembling with agitation, not only because of the doctor's examination, but also because our friendship was now revealed. The doctor took the picture and turned it over on it read to my friend Fred, and eternal love and deepest affection. I knew as soon as he showed me the photo, that it was my vow of love on the other side. I had given it to Fred for Christmas and 1938. It must have gotten into the wrong hands. I immediately thought perhaps his father found it, though it seems quite improbable, as he didn't much bother about his son, or at least that was how it seemed. But now the photo was here on the table before me and the Gestapo man. Is this your writing and your signature? I nodded, tears rising to my eyes. That's all then he said jovially, and content sign here. He handed me a half written sheet, which was signed with trembling hand. The letters swam in front of my eyes, my tears now flowing openly. The SS man who had brought me here was now back in the room again. Take him away, said the doctor, giving the SS man a slip of paper and bending over his files again, not deeming me worthy of further attention. I was taken the same day to the police prison and roster lens on Rosslyn Street, which we Viennese, no as the Liesl, as the street used to be called Elizabeth promenade. My pressing request to telephone my mother to tell her where I had been taken, was met with the words, she'll soon know you're not coming home again. I was then examined bodily, which was very distressing as I had to undress completely so that the policeman could make sure I was not hiding any foreign object even having to bend over. Then I could get dressed again. Though my belt and shoelaces were taken away. I was locked in a cell designed for one person, though it already had two other occupants. My fellow prisoners were criminals, one under investigation for housebreaking, the other for swindling widows on the lookout for a new husband. They immediately wanted to know what I was in for which I refuse to tell them. I simply said that I didn't know myself. From what they told me they were both married, and between 30 and 35 years old. When they found out I was queer, as one of the policemen

gleefully told them, they immediately made open advances to me, which I angrily rejected. Firstly, I was in no mood for amorous adventures. And in any case, as I told them, in no uncertain terms, I wasn't the kind of person to give myself to anyone. They then started to insult me, and the whole brute of queers who ought to be exterminated, it was an unheard of insult that the authorities should have put some human put a sub human, such as this in the same cell with two relatively decent people. Even if they had come into conflict with the law, they were at least normal men and not moral degenerates. They were on quite a different level from hummus, who should be classed as animals. They went on with such insults for quite a while stressing all the time, how they were decent men in comparison with the filthy queers. You'd have thought from their language, that it was me who had propositioned them, not the other way around. As it happened, I found out the very first night, they had, that they had sex together, not even caring whether I saw or heard, but in their view, the view of normal people. This was only an emergency outlet, with nothing queer about it, as if you could divide homosexuality into normal and abnormal. I later had the misfortune to discover that it wasn't only these two gangsters who had the opinion, that opinion, but almost all normal men. I still wonder today how this division between normal and abnormal is made. Is there a normal hunger and an abnormal one? A normal thirst and an abnormal one? Isn't hunger, always hunger and thirst, thirst? What a hypocritical and illogical way of thinking. Two weeks later, my trial already came up, just as showing in the usual haste in my case, under paragraph 175 of the German Criminal Code, I was condemned by an Australian court for homosexual behavior and sentenced to six months penal servitude, with the added provision of one fast day a month. proceedings against the second accused, my friend Fred, were dropped on the grounds of mental confusion. No exact explanation was given as to what this involved and it was clear enough from the judges face that he was less than happy with this formula, nevermind, and Hitler's Third Reich, even the judges, supposedly so independent, had to adapt to the Nazi reasoning of state. Some higher power had put in a finger and influence the court proceedings. Presumably Fred's father had used his weight as a high up not a Nazi high up and managed to get his son out of trouble. For my part, however, I was later to find the same power continued its persecution after my sentence was up, I was not to be released again, so that no one would know that that the son of a high Nazi Party and state leader was a homosexual and mixed up in a criminal trial. It then became quite clear to me why the taco had involved itself, and a harmless queer case. I never found out whether Fred had been interrogated by the castonzo. Nor don't I see him in court. He was referred to throughout simply as the second accused and never mentioned by name, he vanished from my sight, and remain so today. After 1945 I tried to find out what had become of him, and whether he was still alive, but in vain. His father is said to have shot himself at the end of the war, I was transferred to the Vienna district prison to serve my sentence, once again, the same bodily examination as in the police station, then I was put in a single cell. Only two days later, however, I was assigned for domestic work on my floor as a fossi. In prison slang. Three times a day, I had to serve meals, going from cell to cell, accompanied of course by a water. And once a week, I had to collect all the prisoners shirts, and give out clean ones. Every day, I had to wash the corridors, morning and afternoon, and do whatever two other services might be needed by the waters. Happily, though, not sexual services. This work made my time in prison much easier. And on top of this, we fantasies were only locked in at 6pm. And our cells were open again at 5am. Even if we were only permitted to leave them when we had work to do. In this way, I came in contact with many prisoners, and often helped smuggle messages from one cell to another several times I had to serve someone condemned to death their last meal, generally, a wiener schnitzel and potato salad. Knowing that at 4am, the next morning, they would be hanged or beheaded. Some of them were political prisoners, resistance fighters against the Nazi regime. I later learned in concentration camp, that the Nazis had subsequently abolished even this little humanitarian gesture. Through these contacts with political detainees, Jews, criminals and others like myself, I discovered a

great deal about the misery and suffering inflicted by the Nazis. Up till then I had known very little of the martyrdom of these victims. And this made me stronger and more mature, helping me to bear my long years in concentration camps. In the Vienna prison, however, we were treated with perfect correctness. Even though the waters were strict in enforcing them regulations. They often had a friendly word for us prisoners. Not once During my six months did there did I hear of a prisoner being beaten. On the day that my six months were up, and I should have been released, I was informed that the central security department had demanded that I remain in custody. I was again transferred to the Liesl for transit to a concentration camp. This news was like a blow to my head, for I knew from other prisoners who had been sent back from a concentration camp for trial that we queers, just like the Jews were tortured to death in the camps, and only rarely came out alive. At that time, however, I couldn't or wouldn't believe this. I thought it was an exaggeration, designed to upset me. Unfortunately, it was only too true. And what had I done to be sent off in this way? What infamous crime or damage to the community? I had loved a friend of mine, a grown man of 24 not a child. I could find nothing dreadful or wrong in that. What does it say about The world we live in if an adult man is told how and whom he should love, isn't it always, those lawmakers who are sexually inhibited and have inferiority complexes who raise the loudest hue and cry about the alleged healthy feelings of their fellow citizens people for the people bad people?



25:34

double counting banning the speech First Amendment protects material presumptively sexually abusing men if you don't do that in my movie, man, you say that we wiped out people trying to grab by side saying when to nasty or when to live corrupted politicians playing games bringing us down to boosted aim they must be joking, we will walk but they'll likewise move the wall we stand tall from beginning to end with the help from fans and all our friends freedom of speech will never die for us to have an insistence that so keep thinking that we will quit will always stand and never said when to lie to black too strong doing the right thing and not wrong. So listen up your to what we say we won't be banned in the USA



26:46

looks concerts are for adults. You have to be a concert or forgot. You have to be 18. I record his five year old but but all publicity is a lot of people. Curiosity is around with selling records to a totally different audience. I think a bit cautious that nobody else has stickers my album I made two versions. The First Amendment gives freedom of speech to what you're saying it didn't include me. I like to party and have a good time. There's nothing but pleasure in our wrongs. And if you don't think we'll ever quit, we got some people on our side it will take you live, we're gonna do all the things we want to do. You can't stand to see a brother get his riches you This is the 90s he would come and go and saying things and doing things that you say is wrong was enough because on election day, we'll see who's banned in the USA.



27:54

The United States of America, the people of the United States of America. The United States of America. People show in Hollywood, those are 21. And older people then police out their cars to people coming in. And they still arrested us for performing in front of adults. This is not

America. This is not China. This is not Russia. This is not the place where they brought down the wall. This is America, we have the right to display what we want to say we have the right to do what we want to do what I do in my house, you might not do in your house. So what I'm doing is my business. And the simple fact of it all is that we are bonded by the First Amendment, we have the freedom of expression, we have the freedom of choice, and Chinese black, green, purple. Have the right to listen to whoever you want to. Even so are you right wing us left wing us bigots. Kami, this is a place for you in this world because this is the land of the free the home of the brave and to live.

B

Buddy Johnston 29:18

Roger reading to us from the man with the pink triangles in the last paragraph again. What does it say about the world we live in? If an adult man is told how and whom he should love, isn't it always those lawmakers who are sexually inhibited and have inferiority complexes who raise the loudest hue and cry about the alleged healthy feeling

J

Jimmy Carper 29:49

on fire fight back Take Back the Night that's

B

Buddy Johnston 29:51

some great plot to kind of wrap us up we're getting near the end of the day. For us anyway blues for you With the blues ladies coming up here

J

Jimmy Carper 30:02

in just a minute Kathleen and Terry,

B

Buddy Johnston 30:04

we got some hot stuff lined up for you. So you need to stay tuned for that. What's going on next week, TNA is coming back? Yeah. To announce something,

J

Jimmy Carper 30:16

throw an ace coming back. She's working on a benefit coming up in August and has some information about a new single because she's been working on music and

B

Buddy Johnston 30:33

Spencer will be back continuing efforts of the HG LPC, the Houston gay and lesbian Political Caucus to get folks registered. Five to six 4005 to six KPFT. If we left anything out, I'm sure we

have call us up and let us know I want to think was his name. And I can't remember that wrote that poem. Right. Yeah. That was nice. Thank you very much for taking the time to do that. And I want to thank David for bringing us his cookies. Yeah, thanks. That was good. Boy, those were good too. When those homemade girl they were, it was some good stuff. Thanks, David. And we want to thank you for your letters. Of course, we get letters from everybody, sometimes from far and near. I got a letter today from Greg Gordon in LA, who had received a letter from you, as a faithful listener writing to tell him that you enjoyed listening to this way out on after hours. And I really appreciate that. Thank you. So you can call us at 5294636 That's the after hours hotline, or here at the station at 526 4000. And we can get to the the phone numbers and the addresses for things like this way out in the switchboard and all the things that you need to find out about the dates G RPC.

J Jimmy Carper 31:58

You got squeak and your mic, baby girl.

B Buddy Johnston 32:04

Anyway, what else is going on?

J Jimmy Carper 32:06

Well, I've got a couple of birthdays, and all started there with that. Did you know On July 9, it was David Hockney's birthday, Who's David, the famous artist in California, who's openly gay. That David Hockney Yeah. And coming up on July 16, is Bill daddy's birthday, who's Bill Gaddy? And coming up on July 28? Is Scott Campbell is birthday? Oh, Scott. Now you will say who is Bill Gaddy? And who was Scott Campbell? I

B Buddy Johnston 32:43

know who Scott is. Well, they

J Jimmy Carper 32:44


are the other two of the three musketeers. The what now the other two of the three musketeers.

B Buddy Johnston 32:52

What does that mean? I'm the third.

J Jimmy Carper 32:56

You see, long ago, during this epidemic, the beginning of this epidemic there were four Musketeers. And the Fourth Musketeer got sick. But he was afraid that if he let the other three know what was wrong, they pull away from him and leave him. So we kept his sickness a secret. And the other three didn't find out until the very last stages, who I'm saying it was very early, we did not know a lot about ourselves. After he died, after the funeral, the three of us got together and said no more this will not happen. And we vowed among the three of us that if any of us, any one of us, or two of us got ill, the other two would be there for them. And we've been there for each other for everything else since then.

 **Buddy Johnston** 34:06

That sounds like a good story.

 **Jimmy Carper** 34:10


Well, there are two people that mean a lot in my life.

 **Buddy Johnston** 34:19

So what else is going on? Hi, Raj.

 **Jimmy Carper** 34:23


I'm just ready to go home I can tell

 **Buddy Johnston** 34:25

five to six 4005 to six KPFT that will leave anything out.

 **Jimmy Carper** 34:30

Well, we could kind of lighten it up here and play a little that flirtation you have in your hand.

 **Buddy Johnston** 34:35

Now we don't want to lightened up to mine. Okay. Get your pencil and paper out in case you missed the address five to six 4000 Or five to six KPFT. Here's Pat Parker.

 34:48

This call for the straight folks who don't mind gaze. But wish they weren't so blatant.



35:01

You know, some people got a lot of nerve. Sometimes I don't believe that things I see in here. Have you met the woman who shocked by two women kissing and in the same breath tells you that she's pregnant. But gays shouldn't be blatant. Or the straight couple sits next to you in a movie, and he can't hear the dialogue because of the sound effects. But gays shouldn't be related. And the woman in your office, spend your whole lunch hour talking about her new bikini drawers, and how much her husband likes them. But gays shouldn't be blamed. Or the hip check in your class. rattling a mile a minute while you're trying to get stoned in the John about the camping trip she took with her musician boyfriend. But gays shouldn't be blamed. You go in a public bathroom. And all over the walls. There's John loves Mary Janice digs Richard tepid loves the lawyers etc. But gays shouldn't be blatant. Or you go to an amusement park, and there's a tunnel of love and pictures. The streets painted on the front and grinning couples coming in and out. But gays shouldn't be blatant. Fans fact is blatant Heterosexuals are all over the place. Supermarkets, movies, at work, in church, in books on television every day and night. Every place even in gave us and they want gay men and women to go hide in the closets. So do you strike folks? I say Sure. I'll go if you go to, but I'm polite. So after you



36:52

now civil service presented is giving a tutorial candidate Clayton Williams and his dog spot. Oh dear friends is your old pal Clayton Williams again, you know how to get in a lot of hair lately from female types on account of some comment I made to a bunch of reporters moonlighting his ranch hands regarding the subject to write. Frankly, I don't see what all the big fuss is about. All I said was this weather we've been having is like getting rain, the rain a damn thing you can do about it. So you might as well lie back and enjoy it. Well, it's the truth. Dammit. Who you gonna call? Ghostbusters? Hell no. And if you try to fight the guy, he's just gonna kill you. And that's a fact. I was visiting one of our prisons a few years back and I got raped by a bunch of burly boys. As I recall, there's about 10 of them suckers. And I had a real good time. I them boys was just lonesome. And that's one thing I can sympathize with. However, I'm sure that all and Richards in her drug induced female Frenzy is gonna try to use this issue get me in the election. So I thought I'd better do something about this. Therefore, I'd like to announce my plan to open a chain of rape crisis centers throughout the great state of Texas. That's right. If anyone out there gets violated sexually, you can call on the horn the old lady and tell me all about it. I'll listen to you. I'll help you to calm yourself down. And I'll even give you the name of a good electroconvulsive therapy doctor who can help you to forget that it ever happened. Just call 5557273. That's five by five rate and me in one of my highly qualified staff. We'll get you on the road to recovery. Some people say that Texans don't care about the victims of sexual abuse. Well, I'd say that they don't know licking Williams.





Jimmy Carper 39:17

Thank you. Oh, thank you. That's great. That's yeah, that's that's John isn't it from Yeah, civil service service. That's really good.





Buddv Iohnston 39:26


 Buddy Johnston 39:29
So minutes until four o'clock. And we're about ready to go. And then we'll bring in


 Jimmy Carper 39:36
the blues lady for you.


 Buddy Johnston 39:40
And thank you how polite girl live studio audience this morning.


 Jimmy Carper 39:52
Oh, well. What else can I find over here? There's some Good, good stuff over there.

 Buddy Johnston 40:05
Okay, we'll do this is this what's given? Richard we should give away an album, shouldn't we?

 Jimmy Carper 40:11
What kind of album?

 Buddy Johnston 40:12
What should we? Yes, stand up for your love right? Oh, what should we do though? Since you're gonna have to answer the phone? What should what should be the question? Or should there be a question? Oh, we can take a certain number of car. I guess we did that already. That was pretty boring

 Jimmy Carper 40:34
call us. Is there anyone out there? Who knows the first song ever played on after hours?

 Buddy Johnston 40:42
That's a toughy. That is a toughy. Now that's too tough. Especially this hour of the morning. Yeah. If this man knows something about yours, maybe? Yes. What the hell? Why don't you call up and tell us what the question should be? And we'll, we'll that's it. We'll pick the best question. KPFT What's the question?



41:19

The significance of the pink triangle?



Buddy Johnston 41:22

Okay, thanks, baby. So what does the pink triangle mean? Color number 10. Five to six 4000 Or five to six KPFT tell us about that pink triangle and you will win. And the phones are just flooding in. Nobody wants to win. Maybe nobody knows what the pink triangles all of that



Jimmy Carper 41:54

may be.



Buddy Johnston 41:56

Well, let's go home. Thank you very much. It's been nice being here.



Roger 42:01

You'll find out what this pink triangle means and chapped. Chapter Two. Next week. Are the men in the pink with the pink triangle? Yep. Next week.



Jimmy Carper 42:11

Well, there's a color. They're calling to find out what the pink triangle means. And why we wear it?



Buddy Johnston 42:25

Do you buy? And thank you.



Jimmy Carper 42:28

Thank you. Thank you.



Buddy Johnston 42:29

Oh, thank you. Yes. My goodness, I'd like to thank the Academy KPFT Have you gotten your answer? What is the answer?



42:42

The answer is the pink triangle represents the gay people who were identified in the computation concentration camps during the Nazi regime. What's your name? Even Tom, have



Buddy Johnston 42:52

you got you in your wiener die from terrible view? Oh, by the way to be number 36. Well, that's nice. You win. Hang on a minute. Okay. I winner from Channelview is on the phone. Okay, let



Jimmy Carper 43:08

me run out to the lobby. Richard now.



Buddy Johnston 43:12

What time is it? It's 5678 minutes until four. So we're just doing that KPFT? Yes. Question. What is it indicated that you were homosexual? Was that? I mean, what do you mean it indicated where? Where was the?



43:37

Where was the pink triangle one? Yeah. Were we talking about in the book? No, no, no, no.



Jimmy Carper 43:46

Where did the pink triangle originate?



43:49

That was dreamed up by the Nazis. And again, his watch indicated that the person was a homosexual. Oh,



Buddy Johnston 43:55

we have another winner. You're right. What's your name? Rufus. Hang on a minute. What now?



Jimmy Carper 44:07

Sorry.



44:08

Rufus. Would you say hello? Hello,



Jimmy Carper 44:11

John. Hold in the middle of what you were saying.



44:12

What did you say? Can I start over? No, no, tell us what you were gonna say.



44:19

I was told the whole so I'm holding on to this I'm supposed to do next.



Jimmy Carper 44:22

Okay, hang on. Hold on. Hold again. Rufus. Hold on.



Buddy Johnston 44:27

Rufus is getting a little caught up in the excitement of winning. Thank you for winning artifice.



44:38

Coming out of queers, homophobes have trampled on our rights. They've done so out of fear. We have loose terrorizing anger. No, it's plainly clear that gays are marching. Blow the glory glory glory I'm a gay man. Go read glory I'm a homosexual. I was marching in our homes and on the street corners we happen to die we were murdered in the Holocaust by Hitler and his lies AIDS is killing all our people who are nice but gays keep marching glory glory glory glory glory glory



46:05

we will we will ask we



46:21

glory glory glory Dori I'm homosexual



47:07

that seemed to you that now when I when I saw bad fly Hi, it's me Pee Wee Herman. Hey, seriously, everybody



47:17

during this holiday season, please don't drink and drive. The



Buddy Johnston 47:30

what holiday season Don't drag and drop. Any holiday? Who knows? Yes. Okay, we're going home. Thanks for listening. Thanks for winning. Yes, it



Jimmy Carper 47:41

has been five hours. Thank you. The mail this weekend,



Buddy Johnston 47:47

he will Yes. Remember next week. Treme and we hear this interview at five to six 4000 That's the number to go after hours hotline is 5294636 and you can write us after hours and care. KPFT 419 Love it Boulevard Houston, Texas. 77006 That number again is 5294636 So thanks for listening and have a great week and have a wonderful life. And I will see you later. Bye. Hey.



Jimmy Carper 48:23

You're coming to blues lady.



Buddy Johnston 48:25

Have a good week. Bye bye Oh yeah. I forgot to say I love you. I really do. I'm just tired by.



48:49

Congratulations, you made a pledge to KPFT listener supported radio. Now it's time to pay your pledge. send your check to KPFT for 19 Love it Boulevard for Houston. 77006 didn't get your bill. Call it or Scott at five to six 4000 during business hours. Keep listening to KPFT Houston