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SPEAKERS

Jimmy Carper



00:02

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.



00:14

This message sponsored by the People for the American Way Action Fund. And tonight, I'm reading chapter three from the men with a pink triangle. And I just wanted to make a note and tell you that I have edited this book. Because some of the names that are used by the SS officers in the prison camps cannot be read on read on the radio. So you you may not realize that it's been changed. Chapter Three, a camp of torture and toil. After the infamous snow detachment, we new arrivals were transferred to the same work as the rest of the entire block, the clay pit of the clinker brick works. This clay pit, known among us prisoners, as the death pit, was both famed and feared by all prisoners, and all other concentration camps as a factor of human destruction. And up until 1942, it was the Auschwitz for the homosexuals. Only we were commandeered for work in the clay pit to be honored to death by the most terrible working conditions, as well as by actual torture. 1000s upon 1000s of homosexuals must have lost their tormented lives. They're victims of a deliberate operation of destruction by the Hitler regime. And yet till this very day, no one has come forward to describe this and honor its victims. It seems that good taste nowadays prevents people from speaking of the described destruction of concentration camp victims, particularly when these were homosexuals. Working in the clay pit was the hardest. It possible, it is possible to imagine and exposed to all the elements, whether in summer with the syngene heat, or in winter with biting frost and deep snow. A fixed daily number of carts filled with Clay had to be pushed by hand up to the brick making machines and their ovens, so that sufficient raw material was always available, and production need not be interrupted. Since the clay pit was quite deep, to stretch up, which these carts had to be pushed hand pushed on rails to the plant was both very long and very steep for half starved prisoners covered with Morrow. This was real Gaga. The capers who had immediate supervision over us were strictly ordered by the SS to spare no pains, which meant to spare no human life to get the prescribed tonnage of clay to the Brickworks on time. They use this power of life and

death with sadistic cruelty, since they were themselves threatened with relegation to the same labor column. If the daily quota was not achieved. It is not hard to imagine the brutality they inflicted on the prisoners in their charge as to not fall into the same state of toil. Five or six prisoners handled the carts with shovels while other groups have the same size push the full carts uphill, the capers and the SS range almost constant blows on us, hoping to accelerate the work in this way, but also giving free vana to their sadistic impulses. It was no wonder that almost each day some prisoners deliberately got their fingers or toes or, or even hands or feet run over by the carts so as to escape from work in the clay pit. Get even if they all were sick to the sent to the sick bay. They were never seen alive again. They were just went to be fuel for the constant flow of human guinea pigs for medical research. It happened very often that the prisoners shoved a cart full cart up hill simply to run out of strength, and the cart slipped violently back on them. If it could not be braked in time with wooden sticks, then it ran right back into with full force into the cart below. Many prisoners were already so numbed and indifferent that they didn't even bother to jump out of the way. When a full cart came roaring towards them. Even human by then human bodies would fly in the air, limbs would be crushed upon, while the remaining prisoners only received more blows with the stick. The clay pit thus took its daily toil of fatalities, but accident victims and those who simply succumb to exhaustion. The death pit richly deserved its name. My dormitory with 180 prisoners or more contain the most varied collection of people and skilled workers and shop assistants, skilled tradesmen and independent craftsmen, music musicians, and artists, professors and clergy, even aristocratic landowners, all of them before their imprisonment and concentration camps had been decent people and private life, many indeed highly respected citizens who had never come up against the law, but were set apart only by their homosexual feelings. All of these otherwise decent people had been assembled here, in this melting pot of disgrace and torment, the queer bloc of a concentration camp for extermination through back breaking labor, hunger, and torture. None of them were child molesters, or had sex with children or adolescents. All of as all of these had been great had green triangles. Where we with our pink triangles, really outrageous criminals, and degenerates a menace to society. One of my fellow prisoners still recognizable as an intellectual, despite his battered face, and clay spattered body was a Jew as well. Beneath the pink triangle, he wore a yellow triangle, so that the two together made the Star of David. He had to suffer twice over the chicanery of the SS and the green capers for being not only queer, but a Jew into the bargain. He was from Berlin 25 years old at the time, and came from a very well to do family. His parents, whose only son he was, had already had already long since been liquidated in some camp or other after green that their property in Germany should be safeguarded by the Reich. A farce given that the Nazis would have confiscated all they had anyway. The sun, however, still had significant property in Switzerland and Portugal, and had inherited more besides, he wanted to buy his way out and was willing to turn over half his fortune to the Nazis in return for permission to emigrate. His lawyer, however, based in Switzerland, would only transfer the bank accounts and papers 10 personally in Zurich, even though German officials endowed with full authority when negotiating the deal. The Swiss lawyer, however, knew the kind of people he was dealing with, and completely refused to agree to the property being transferred to his client in Germany. He wanted to prevent this money to from being safeguarded by the Nazis, while his client remained in concentration camp. In this way, he carried on the fight for his clients life and fortune, money only in return for immigration. RSS block leader must have gotten wind of these proceedings, and was well aware that his Jewish queer had an enormous fortune abroad. After evening roll call during what little free time remained to the prisoners, and very often at night, even at night, he would send for his jus, and make him stand for a couple of hours in the snow, or make him do dozens upon dozens of knee bends in the icicle in his night Sure, until the poor devil collapsed of exhaustion and passed out. Then the SS would lift him up and tell him that he should make over to him a portion of his property abroad and notify the Swiss lawyer

accordingly. If he did this, he would then leave him in peace, and get him a cushy job in domestic work. But the Berlin Jew never gave in. Even though this only meant he would be hounded and tortured still more. I mustn't sign anything. If I do, they'll just kill me, so that I can't be a witness to this extortion. He once said to me, as he told me of his life, but as long as the SS man's hopes that How am I given, he'll carry on torque train me, but he'll at least keep me alive and I want to live 14 days more. He had to bear the torment and torture of the SS sergeant, falling from one faint to another, a mental and physical wreck. He stubbornly refused to sign anything, as this would have meant certain death didn't suddenly his torture was ended. He was fetched away and taken, taken away by the crash Dapo it seemed that his Swiss lawyers negotiations had been successful. At least that was my fervent wish. And that the deal with the deal with of and that the deal of jus money against against money had finally taken place. If money doesn't stink, sorry Nazi champions of race in Berlin would have said even Jewish money and queer into the bargain.



10:09

For all the deaths and mutilations in the clay pit, the number of prisoners in our block continues to rise. Almost every week, new transports arrived each time including a group of gays who had to be quartered in our block. It was noticeable that the majority of these new arrivals were Austrians or sedate and Germans. It seemed that action was underway in the new German districts to cleanse them of degenerate homosexuals. Towards the end of February 1940, a priest arrived in our block, a man of some 60 years of age, tall with distinct distinguished features. We later discover that he came from sedating land from an aristocratic German family. He found the torment of the arrival procedure, especially trying particularly the long wait naked and barefoot outside the block. When his tonsure was discovered after the shower, the SS corporal in charge, took up a razor and said, I'll go to work on this one's head myself and extend his tonsure a bit and he shaved the priests head with a razor taking little trouble to avoid cutting the scalp. Quite to the contrary. The priests returned to the day room of our block with his head cut open and blood streaming down. His face was ashen, and his eyes stared uncomprehendingly into the distance. He sat down on a bench, folded his hands in his lap, and said softly, more to himself than anyone else. And yet man is good. He is a creature of God. I was sitting beside him, and said softly, but firmly. Not all men, are also beasts in human form, and the devil must have made the priests paid no attention to my words. He just prayed silently, merely moving his lips. I was deeply moved, even though I was by then already numbed by all the suffering. I had, I had so often seen and indeed experienced myself. But I had always had a great respect for priests, so that his silent prayer, this mute appeal to God, and he called on for strength and help in his bodily pain and mental torment went straight to my heart. Our block Capo however, a repulsive and brutal green must have reported the priests praying to the SS, for our block Sergeant suddenly burst into the day room, accompanied by a second INSIA seizing the terrified priests from the bench and punched, punching and insulting him. The priests bore the beating and abuse without complaint and just stared at the two SS men with wide astonished eyes. This must simply have made them angrier, for they now took one of the benches and tied the priests to it. They started beating him indiscriminately with their sticks on his stomach, his belly, his sexual organs. They seem to get more and more ecstatic and gloated will drive the praying out of you, you queer sodomized, the priests collapsed into unconsciousness was shaken awake and then fell unconscious again. Finally, the two s s status cease their blows and left the day room. The not without scornfully calling back to the man. They had now quite destroyed. Okay, you Randy old ratbag you can relieve yourself through the other place the neck in the future. The priests just rattled and groaned. We released him and laid him on his bed. He tried to raise his hands and thanks, but he hadn't

the strength in his voice gave out when he tried to say thank you. He just lay without stirring his eyes open each movement contorting his face with pain. I felt I was witnessing the crucifixion of Christ in modern guys. Instead of Roman soldiers, Hitler's SS thugs and a bench instead of a cross. The torment of the Savior, however, was scarcely greater than that inflicted on one of his representatives 1900 years later here in Sachsenhausen. The next morning, when we marched into the program, we had almost to carry the priest who seemed about to collapse from pain and weakness. When our blocks in your reported the to the SS Sergeant lock, Sergeant. That letter came over to the priest and shouted, can't you stand up? You saw my adding You filthy queer, you feel the swine? Say what you are. The priests was supposed to repeat the insults, but no sound came from the lips of the Broken Man. The SS man angrily fell on him and was about to start beating him once again. Suddenly, the unimaginable will happen, something that still that is still inexplicable to me. And that I could only see as a miracle, the finger of God from the overcast sky, a sudden ray of sunshine that illuminated, illuminated, pre spattered face out of 1000s of assemble prisoners, only him and at that very moment when he was going to be beaten again. There was a remarkable silence, and all present stared fixedly at the sky, astonished by what had happened. The SS Sergeant himself look up, looked up at the clouds and wander for a few seconds. Then he led his hand raised for a beating, sink slowly to his side, and walk wordlessly away, to take up his rubbish his position at the end of our ranks. The priests bowed his head and murmured with a dine voice. Thank you, Lord. I know my time has come. He was still with us for evening parade, but we no longer needed to carry him. We laid him down at the end of our line with the other debt of the day, so that our numbers should be complete for roll call, no matter whether living or dead. By now it was April, yet I was still alive despite constant work in the clay pit. Though already weak. In my body, my mind was still absolutely clear and alert, and necessary condition If one was to remain alive and constant tration camp and survive the incessant torment. One day I was called out at morning parade and transferred to a different work detachment assigned to building a new firing range for the SS. God how happy I was to get out of the death pit and into the daily beatings of the capers, and into seeing the daily mutilation of my fellow prisoners. My tormented and despairing companions in pain, at least two different kinds of work. My joy, unfortunately, was brief, and soon cut short, for it turned out that I had only exchanged the frying pan for the fire. Once again, it was only homosexuals who were employed, plus a few Jews who never returned to the camp in the evening alive. I soon found out how in this unit to no concern was shown for human life, particularly the lives of queers and Jews. We had to carry Earth and clay to build up a mount for the firing range buckets to stand behind the target zone, which was already installed. At first, this went off quite smoothly, we parted our Barrows, and the earth wall slowly rose. But then, after only a few days, groups of SS men came to the firing range to start their shooting practice. While we prisoners had to carry on emptying our Barrows, and onto the mound. Naturally enough, we wanted to stop unloading when the shooting practice was going on. But the cables and the SS guards forced us to continue with blows and threats of beatings. Then shots started to whip through our ranks, and several of my fellow prisoners collapsed, some only wounded, but many killed. We soon found out that the SS far preferred to fire on us prisoners than they did at the proper targets, and had directly aimed at certain people pushing their Barrows. Every day our group suffered some dead and wounded. We came to work each morning full of terror and dread, not knowing which one of us would meet our death, but sure that some or other of us would, we had become a sitting target for the SS, who greeted each direct hit with a shout of Glee. This lasted almost two weeks and claimed more than 15 Dead, dead prisoners with pink triangle. More victims in fact, than then notorious Klaipeda claimed in the same time, even though the number of prisoners working there was far greater. In this way, the SSH demonic machinery of extermination ravaged the ranks of us gays, pruning the numbers in our block only to make way for the next batch of homosexuals sent in from the Reich in its newly occupied territories.



19:16

The command of the Nazi regime for this for drastic purge of homosexuals, these generates these degenerates among the German people, who were to be dispatched for extermination was carried out by the SSS jailers efficiently and with sadistic zeal. But the intention was not just to kill us off immediately, but rather to torture us to death by a combination of terror and brutality, hunger and bitter toil. It must have been great sport for the SS then to use us pink triangle prisoners as living targets. What a nice change for them to have live human beings to play with. For two whole days I came through the rain of bullets miraculously unscathed, then one Have the capers and green offered me a bargain. I need only to load the Earth into the barrows and not carry them to the buckets. If I wouldn't be his lover and have sex with him, then I'd no longer be exposed to the shots of the SS. Quickly thinking it over, I agreed for my will to live was now stronger than my commitment to human decency, no matter who might condemn me for it, the sight of the dead and the wounded at the foreigner and range had had to grade in effect upon me. I was afraid, terribly afraid. Why shouldn't I seize this opportunity to save my life, even if it was degrading. On the 15th of May 1940. At morning parade, a transport was put together quite unexpectedly for transfer to another camp. I was to go with it. And scarcely an hour later, we were loaded onto a truck and driven away. In some ways I was sorry to go. For the last few weeks my life had been almost bearable. Through the sexual relationship with my Capo had gotten for me it got more for me to eat. And thanks to his help, I was assigned only to easier and non dangerous work. Departure from my Capo friend was brief and painless. We shook hands, he said, I'm sorry for you. And I thanked him. A relation of convenience on both sides was at an end. With anxious feelings. I boarded the truck not knowing what the future would bring, and how I would survive in the new camp. Experience, however, had taught me that it was possible to keep alive even in a concentration camp. And I was obsessed by a single thought. But I was determined to live



21:42

a reading from the book The man with the pink triangle written by Heinz Hager, brought to you.



Jimmy Carper 21:46

And we're back after hours radio celebrating life and the heart of Montrose. KPFT Houston, 90.1 FM. It's now 323. And we want to continue with our salute to erasure as Treme says, erasure,



22:12

raise your lips.



Jimmy Carper 22:14

Yeah, yeah. We did that quite a few calls during the reading about hey, is erased. Yeah, you're gonna do the eraser thing? Yes, baby right after the reading. As you know, we ratio is composed of two men. Andv Powell. And Vince Clarke. Riaht. And Andv. who met Vince. aettina

back to the the issue of January 1987 of the London gay Times interview with Andy Bell. Andy, who met Vince Clarke by answering a vocalist wanted add in Melody Maker has, of course been out gay from the beginning. And he says right from the moment we started recording, I used to say to myself, you really have to come out to the press, because that's who you are. But I didn't know how people did it. So I went to a seminar on gays and rock at the ICA to try to speak to Jimmy Somerville about it. He wasn't there. So I got talking to Tom Robinson, and asked him how to do it. Because I thought maybe you had to put out a press release announcing it or something. He explained that he's just worn a badge. And when people asked him what it meant in interviews, he told him, so I realized that was no big deal. It's just something that develops and it did.



23:47

Vince Clarke who since at one has been forming bands having huge hits and then immediately either leaving them like Depeche Mode are breaking them up like Yazoo, as well as having the enviable task of stepping into the dead men shoes of Alison Moyet and finding his voice constantly and unflatteringly compared to hers. They'll also watch a series of brilliant little pop singles belly flop, apart from the occasional Australian number one, what kept arratia going was their live shows glued together by this young man with a bilious taste and stage drag, who soon proved himself a charismatic aggressive uncompromisingly camp stage performer. The critics hardly noticed but arratia Were building up a huge and even increasing devoted live following.



Jimmy Carper 24:35

Okay, speaking of Alison Moyet after the breakup of Yazoo, or yes as it was known in America, yes with one Z. She had two albums that dropped out of sight. From her first album, we have her song invisible, which was a big hit for the gay and lesbian crowd, especially those still in the class that we're only going to play about a minute or two of that because we wanted to vote All of our time to re ratio. I've always been amazed that how a like Andy Bell and Alison Moore a sound, it's sort of like Vince Clarke was out looking for another Alison Morihei for his new group.



25:16

Yeah. You know, I watched Andy Bell an early interviews so an MTV friend of mine actually met him before he met Vince clock. Oh, yeah. London disco called bolts. Yes. And they talked a lot about that. And, you know, it was, it was pretty late. Yeah. Because on the early interviews with MTV, he always talked about how he wanted to become a sex symbol. When he was just kind of the thing about and He's so shy in an interview and so quiet and on stage,



Jimmy Carper 25:46

he just was alive. Yeah, he really does. Back to the article. And he says, I still feel a bit inhibited with vents. I like talking about being gay a lot of the time, and he's bound to get fed up with it. He doesn't particularly want to make a big thing of it. When he started he raesha he was just looking for another singer for a pop band without any hassle, but he's really pleased with how

it's turned out because it's made the whole thing so much more interesting. We're not just doing it purely for making hits Mm hmm. And so we are doing what here? We want to play their next. The next one on the list is one that was a big hit over here called a little respect



26:55

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 Lou star rising anger. Now 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. I was marching in our homes and on the street corners we have been condemned to die we were murdered in the Holocaust by Hitler and his lies. AIDS is killing all our people who denies but gays keep marching. Blow glory glory glory I'm a homosexual. I am in the future we will we will. We will kick off glory glory glory glory glory I I am glory glory glory glory glory



Jimmy Carper 29:19

Jay Thank you. Thank you, Leah. We did have a caller during that last brandy call to say that eraser did play gimme, gimme gimme and that they were really hot. Really? Excellent. And that good to know. Yeah. I'm surprised that they would play that one on an American tour here because it's,



29:45

well, America really needs to get over itself and come out and get a grip.



Jimmy Carper 29:49

I think you raise your fans are over themselves. Yeah, I think so too. gay, straight, whatever. I mean, you know, we had a request for something very different, and that's something I just happen to have, believe it or not, because I'm a Patti LaBelle fan, and the caller wanted to dedicate this to all the after hours, listeners Thank you, Patti. For that's a nice wish. I've been looking for you all the time and you've been right here. It's been a fun evening. Engineering for me has been Kevin Harrell, and you can catch Kevin. Every Thursday morning. 230 to five with beatbox. I think he played a promo on that. Yeah. earlier. That's pretty good. We've had it's Yeah. Well, if you like that kind of industrial type stuff. I'm learning to like it.



31:00

I'm less industrial. I'm a gay boy.



31:02

Oh, okay.

 Jimmy Carper 31:03

Not a problem. Thanks. Thank you to Roger Kinzer for his reading of the men with the pink triangle. And oh, my, and Richard's been tackling the phone. It's been going crazy all night. Some of the other things, important things that have come up tonight that we told you about is stone soup, getting \$115,000 grant from the city of Houston for a new facility. We're all really happy about that. Don't forget no more Mr. Burrows and Taylor Miller, you know, it may be around but everybody has to vote their own conscience as to whether they want to partake of that. Miller beer being of subsidiary I guess you'd call it of Philip Morris, who gives lots of money to Jesse Helms. And something else it's really nice. Phyllis Randolph Frey being elected to the Board of Directors of the Harris County criminal Lawyers Association. Yeah. Because Phyllis being openly transgender role, and the voting was done by her peers. 300 other criminal trial lawyers. So, Phyllis, it was worth it coming out of the closet how they let's not ever forget Clayton Williams. And what he wants to do to us keep that sodomy law.

 32:38

Let's invite him over for tea this week. Yeah.

 Jimmy Carper 32:44

Coming up at for the blues broads, Kathleen and Terry. That's what they call themselves the Barefoot blues broads. Yeah, blues for you coming up at four and we're getting together some really SOCO shows. Yeah, well, you know September's third anniversary month. So we're lining up some really special shows.

 33:08

Yes, ma'am.

 Jimmy Carper 33:09

We're going to have the quilt people here. The names project AIDS Quilt. We're going to have low pF and switchboard and good old Ray Hill and, and a new group. delta lambda phi ever hear of it? No. It's the first and only gay fraternity in Texas located right here at University of Houston. Okay, fine. Yeah. Let's see it's coming up. 355 and a half, almost 356. We've got time for one more song I want to close out with it's, it was by request. That was we talked about this last week. It's Christmas. Chris McKay. A new talent and song is called if ever you need me. And until next week. This is Jim Carper. And I'm Kevin Harrell, and we wish you the best. We love you babies.