

Stalag 43

By Stephanie Wilson © 2008

Stalag fiction was a short-lived genre of Israeli fiction Nazi exploitation that flourished in the early 1960s, at the time of the Eichmann trial. It featured graphic S&M fantasies. This is my attempt at a story in that genre. It is also based on *The House of Dolls* (1955) by K. Tzetnik.

“Schnell, schnell!” They called out to us as we dismounted from the trains. The cool, crisp morning air felt good to breathe in after such a long ride. You could see your breath hang in front of you. There was noise all around, guards yelling, dogs barking, women screaming, babies crying. In the background you could even hear some classical music playing over the loudspeakers. My shoes stepped down onto the pebbled ground. I was quickly pushed into a line with other women and children, while the men were sent to another line opposite us. There was so much commotion around us, it was hard to make sense of what was happening. As the trains were emptied, the area became more calm and the music was heard more clearly. One of the Nazi officers was calmly walking up and down the lines of arrivals, puffing away on a cigarette. His other hand held a leather riding crop that he tapped lightly against his breeches as he walked. His jacket fit him perfectly, and was crisp and neat. With each step he took, the metal hobnails on the underside of his boots made a distinctive noise on the rough ground. He had several medals pinned to his chest. He stopped occasionally to question someone in the lines. He would ask what sort of work they did, or where they were from. He would place his riding crop against their face. Use it to take a good look at them. He would point with it where they were to be moved to. He placed people into smaller groups. I wasn't sure if being selected by him was good or bad, but it didn't seem much up to me. He stopped right in front of me. I could smell the harsh scent of cigarette on his breath.

“Vat is your name?”

“Z...Zarah” I fearfully responded.

“Do you have any kinder with you Zarah?”

“N...Nein”

“Gut...sehr gut” he said to himself as he looked me over.

“I...I know how to sew!” I blurted out. I had been told on the train that having a skill could mean life over death.

“Ja, ve have enough sewers.” he replied with a smirk and he used his crop to turn my other cheek towards him.

Before I could think of anything else to say, he pointed over to a small group of other women.

“Da!” and a guard quickly grabbed me by the arm and placed me with them.

We were taken through the registration process. First, we were given showers. The water felt wonderful, but the soap we had to use burned the skin. They then gave us a medical exam. The doctors examined us thoroughly and took blood samples. One of the girls did not pass the medical, I'm not sure why. A guard took her away from our group. After the medical, they took down our identification information, and then they tattooed our arms. The tattoo hurt and I hate seeing it there. It reminds me of the arm bands we had to wear in the ghetto, only now we can't take it off inside.

After registration was finished, they handed us each a package. It contained one outfit, which sort of resembled pajamas, a bar of soap, and a small towel. The guards took us to barracks 43. It was full of other girls. As the guards entered, the girls jumped up and stood at attention, their heads lowered to the ground. There were two rows of bunks down either side of the barracks. One of the guards walked

down the center aisle, speaking loudly to the room.

“We have brought some new sisters for you girls. I expect you will help them learn how things work around here, ja?”

“Jawohl”, the girls responded in clear unison.

The guard called out our names from his clipboard as he pointed us to some empty beds.

“Auf wiedersehen” he said with a smile as the guards left us in the barracks with the other girls.

Clutching my package between my arms, I walked slowly towards my assigned bed. I looked around. The girls were all staring at me and the other new arrivals. I began to get dressed. I turned around and was startled. The girl from the bed next to mine was standing behind me. “Uh...hi...” I said to her. She smiled. “Hi. What's your name?” “Zarah” I told her. “I'm Dafne. There's a party tonight.” she said factually. “A p..party?” I asked. What sort of party would be going on in a hell like this. “Yup, and if you're smart you'll listen to my advice.” “What advice?” I asked. “Well...” said Dafne, “Tonight they are going to look you new girls over and decide if you get to stay in our barracks.” “And if we don't...?” I asked. Dafne laughed. “Then no more Zarah.” she smirked. I gasped. How could she be so matter of fact when talking about our lives?

“I'll make you a deal Zarah...” said Dafne. “I'll make sure you pass tonight, but you have to do what I say from now on. And, I get first dibs on everything.” Dibs? What was she talking about. But I knew I needed to pass whatever test this was, and I figured she was my best bet. “O..Ok.” I said. “Good, let's get started.”

Dafne began to brush my hair. She handed me a pretty dress to wear. How in the world did she get a dress like this here? Not only that, she had makeup! When she was done with me, I didn't even recognize myself. I hadn't looked this...alive...in months.

That night, two guards came and brought us to the officer's lounge, for the “party”. There were records playing. The officers were drinking and smoking and...laughing. When we walked in, they cheered. The other girls quickly ran off to different men, all smiles, eager to see their “dates”. The officer from the selection process had a girl around each arm. This left me and the other new girls standing at the front of the room. Some of the officers came over, with girls draped on their arms, to look us over. A man dressed as a waiter came over to us and handed us some trays. He told us to serve the officer's food and drinks. As I was bringing around a tray, one of the officers grabbed me and pulled me onto his lap. The tray almost fell from my hands. “Und vat's your name little girl?” he drunkenly slurred. “Zarah” I told him. He reached around with his other hand and grabbed my breast. “Pretty girl!” he laughed as he let me go. I quickly got up. This was disgusting. I wanted to leave.

As the night continued, the soldiers became increasingly drunk and obnoxious. Then suddenly a table was cleared in the middle of the room. I didn't know what was going to happen. They grabbed one of the other new girls and held her on the table. The soldiers began taking turns with her. I didn't understand what they were saying, but it didn't sound very friendly. I wanted to vomit. How could they do this? How could the other girls just sit and watch. After a few men, they let her up. I thought it was over. Then they grabbed me. I tried to fight them off. I begged them not to rape me. I cried. Nothing helped. They held me down and forced themselves deep into my womb. Their cum oozed out from inside me. I had it lucky. One girl was forced to take one in her mouth and one in her womb at the same

time. At the end of the night, I'd never felt so dehumanized. I felt dirty and disgusting. I didn't want anyone near me. We were walked back to our barracks and allowed to shower. I must have sat under the water for hours. I pray that tomorrow is a better day.