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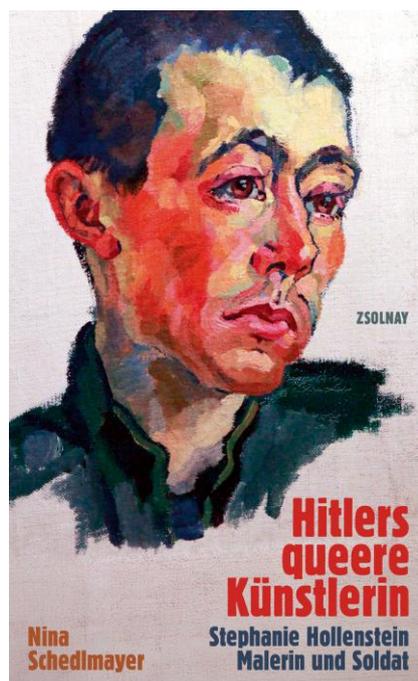
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Hitlers queere Künstlerin
Stephanie Hollenstein – Malerin und Soldat

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Hitler's Queer Artist
The Painter and Soldier Stephanie Hollenstein

Translated by Allison Brown



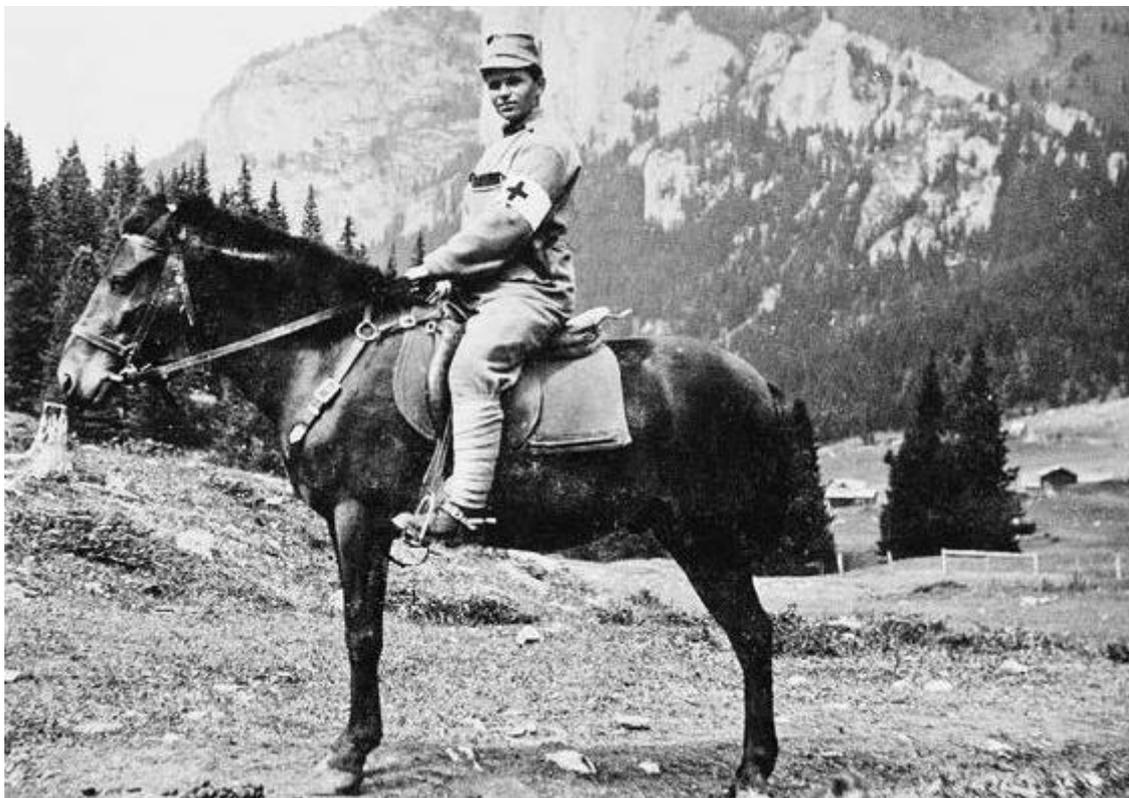
Gender Fluidity and Patriotism: The Soldier Stephan Hollenstein

Albert Grabherr must have been a prudent man. One who never inadvertently slammed the door in someone's face, who never left his things lying around somewhere, who made sure that anything that came to him unexpectedly found its proper place.

On May 9, 1916, Grabherr wrote a postcard to the Hollenstein family in Lustenau, in the Vorarlberg region of Austria: "About six weeks ago, I sent a package from here to your address for my comrade-in-arms Stefan with all his things, sketchbooks, etc." Did they arrive, he wondered, since he never heard anything. "And where is Stefan staying?" this polite man wanted to know.

The "esteemed Ferdinand Hollenstein family" at Pontenstrasse 20 had no family member named Stefan. But this was not a mistake. Or in any case just an indirect one.

Several photos show Albert Grabherr's comrade-in-arms, the one he tried so diligently to reach: a dapper young man sitting very upright on a horse. He is holding the reins firmly in his hand and in the background there is a mountainous landscape with a zigzag of evergreen treetops. They seem to be growing out of the horse's neck, as if the rider were sitting on a dragon and not a horse. He is wearing a Red Cross armband. The young man throws a challenging glance from beneath his uniform cap that seems to be saying: So what do you want? Is there a problem?



On another photo, which was obviously taken only a few meters from the first one, the same young man had taken off his cap. Binoculars are hanging from his neck. His dark hair is cut short and pressed flat against his head; his legs seem unable to decide which is the support leg and which is the free leg. And he doesn't quite know what to do with his right arm. He is waiting for something; perhaps he is first probing the situation. He does not appear to be a combative type who attacks anyone he confronts. In his chest pocket – as in the other photo – is a small black book, probably a notebook. Why does a soldier even need such a notebook?

It is Grabherr's comrade Stefan, or actually Stephan, surname: Hollenstein. Not long before these photographs were taken, the person shown had long wavy hair piled up into luxurious hairstyles and wore flowing dresses belted at the waist. The transformation can be dated quite precisely: It was May 23, 1915, the day the Lustenau *Standeschützen* (militia and rifle club companies) were sent off from the Dornbirn train station – among great cheers from the crowd – to be deployed to the southern front.



Together with comrades from other towns, the men – who were not mustered as regular troops – formed the Dornbirn Standschützen Battalion. Anyone who wanted to join them was welcome: “The elderly sixty-year-old man stood next to his young seventeen-year-old grandson, and the gray-haired father beside his son,” as someone remembered twelve years later.

The painter Stephanie Hollenstein wanted to go to war. She got a uniform and left off the last two letters of her first name, and there she was, having slipped into the role of a soldier. Stephanie became Stephan; the artist became a soldier; a citizen became a comrade. The transformation worked.

Alfons Luger, a fellow artist, was “speechless and baffled,” as he wrote in a letter to Hollenstein via the field postal service three months later. “I couldn’t utter a word,” he worried, “I found it outrageous; I thought much too much about your future.”

Hollenstein’s excursion into a male identity was known to some of the comrades from Lustenau. The market town was not a big city. Everyone knew the Hollenstein family and their daughter “Steffi,” who at the time had already studied art and was in her late twenties. But they wouldn’t dare reveal her gender.

Too weak to be a nurse

At first Hollenstein had pursued a different plan. She actually wanted to go to the front as a Red Cross nurse, but was evidently rejected “since she was judged as physically too weak for the strenuous position.” At least that is how the local journalist Hans Nägele put it in a posthumous text. Her father comforted her with the words, “But after all, you’re a girl.” Then something unexpected happened: a cousin of the artist, himself a *Standschützen* captain, helped her “join the ranks of the medical orderlies as Stephan Hollenstein and advance to South Tyrol with the *Standschützen*,” according to Nägele. She ended up in the Dolomites. How ironic! She was too weak to be a nurse but fit to be a soldier.

What exactly did she do for the three months she spent at the front? According to Nägele she survived a three-day barrage, “which her family only heard about in detail later through a Lustenauer, since she never mentioned a word about it.” Hollenstein herself wrote in 1935 in the questionnaire from Alexandra Ankwicz-Kleehoven, an art historian she knew: “You have to remember that I was a woman in uniform among men. My views as an enlistee about war, its hardship and suffering, distress and deprivation (which I went through a lot of) were very different, and I also experienced a lot as hilarious.” Unfortunately, she didn’t comment about what precisely she meant by that.

In the Dolomites she was “on the front line.” “We didn’t have any boards or straw, so we had no huts and no camp. A pile of stones and moss under our heads was our shelter. It often collapsed since it rained for days. And the echo from the shrapnel shells resounded along the rock cliffs.” Only the “company cobbler and tailor had a better pile of stones.”

In 1915, the Dornbirn *Standeschützen* were first deployed along the border section 8c on the Dolomite front, “from the Lusia Pass down to the dam at Fango (Fanch), and from there climbing back up to the Selle Pass (Passo delle Selle), further along the Costabella ridge to the Cima di Costabella,” as the authors Peter Tschernegg and Sigi Schwärzler wrote. The battalion then advanced farther to the border section 8d, “from Vigo di Fassa to San Nicolo Valley and on to the Pra di Contrin valley head, and also from San Nicolo Valley ascending the right flank to Monte Pecol and Cima di Costabella.” Their assignment was to establish their positions – but the *Standeschützen* had difficulty even obtaining the materials they needed.

It is unlikely that there was any fighting during the time that Hollenstein was there. On June 3, according to Tschernegg and Schwärzler, the Italians shot at the Austrian positions near Fango with blast and shrapnel grenades. There were no injuries. Were those the shots whose echoes Hollenstein wrote about? Contemporaries described the daily life of the *Standeschützen* companies at that time as otherwise unspectacular. It consisted largely of playing cards, singing, and telling stories. They were certain of victory. A lieutenant colonel wrote in a letter: “We are otherwise all doing rather well and hope to return home soon as victors.” He returned home neither soon nor as a victor.

Hollenstein noted that the soldiers of the battalion probably tended to perceive her as one of them. The comrade was only 1.6 m (5’3”) in height, which must have been noticed even by those who did not know him/her from Lustenau. But no one divulged to their superiors that the soldier was female. Comrade Hollenstein’s deep voice helped her camouflage. Maybe the soldiers saw the woman as a kind of mascot or oddity. Or as one of them, a reliable comrade you could count on for anything. Why should they snitch on a person like that? The deception did not even come to light when someone named “R. Graef” sent a card addressed to “Miss Stefanie Hollenstein” to the Dornbirn *Standeschützen* Battalion, 2nd Company, Field Post No. 615. There were no reports of sexual harassment, though that doesn’t mean there wasn’t any. It is easy to imagine that one or another who knew her true identity might have in fact taken advantage of her.

Friendships did develop between the painter – who a short time earlier had been traveling through Italy in search of spectacular landscapes – and her comrades. These were born of an exigency, which evidently made them all the more valuable. “What is friendship other than coming together at some point in life with others in a similar situation out of the plight of helpless loneliness? It is the fellow human being that you find. You see yourself confirmed in them, seeking someone to talk to.” That is what Hollenstein later wrote in her notebook. But she had few friendships in her life that were lasting.

Soon the news had spread that there was a woman among the *Standeschützen*. A snowshoe battalion from Munich was “deployed as a reinforcement” to her company, Hollenstein recalled in 1935. “While marching there they had already heard that up high there was a female soldier working in the medical services. They were asking around but could not find her.” Then one of the German soldiers happened to ask her and her colleagues about “the female soldier.” Speaking to the others in Lustenau dialect, which outsiders could not understand, she appealed to them not to say anything. The German then asked for their names. One after another they responded. When he heard the name “Hollenstein,” the German said that he was the brother of a fellow student of “a

Stephanie Hollenstein from the Vorarlberg region.” What happened next? “A bit of a shock took hold of me and my comrades. But I quickly composed myself and had a closer look at the man, whom I had never seen before. I marched up to him, saluted, and said: Then you must be Hubert Haider, son of the well-known Karl Haider (a friend of Hans Thoma).” Because of the great similarity between the soldier and her former classmate, she immediately recognized him as her former classmate’s brother. “‘Yes,’ he said, and his eyes opened ever wider and wider when I said, ‘And here I am, standing in front of you, I am Stephi Hollenstein!’” The German soldier was speechless. “Then he grabbed me by the hands and wanted to take me to his officers to introduce me.” Hollenstein rejected his request. After that, “all the German officers” visited the Austrian *Standeschützen* to have a look at the female soldier and to bring her presents: chocolate, bread, sardines. But they didn’t leak the secret. The joy in knowing a secret is evidently greater than the sense of duty to report the woman who had been smuggled in. For those men, she was not a rule-breaker, but a fun and sociable comrade.

However, one day there was a group inspection led by a Colonel von Gratzgy. On August 4, 1915, he arrived at Ciampe, where Stephan Hollenstein was stationed. There he spoke with several *Standeschützen*, according to a 1927 article: “And to everyone’s general amusement he also chanced upon ‘the artist from Lustenau.’” Without having the faintest idea who it was standing in front of him, “the inspector asked Miss Hollenstein this and that.” It was ultimately her “own admission” that cleared up “the secret of the strange soldier.” On August 18, Hollenstein was sent home. She returned a short time later.

Is it true that Hollenstein was the one who revealed her identity, as was reported? If so, why did she do it? Was it getting too risky for her, taking too much effort? Or did she acknowledge that the days of her military service were numbered, since sooner or later a comrade would reveal her identity? Maybe she had discovered in the meantime that she could instead participate in the war as a painter – an option that she later took advantage of.

A dear boy

Hollenstein was proud of the time she spent serving in the military and she sent photos of herself as a soldier to family and friends. One of them responded to her on October 29, 1915: “When I arrived here I found your lovely letter and inside that dear picture that I have so enjoyed. You are on display, hanging in my room; it’s a real joy. You are a cute boy.” She continued that she’d like another photo “of you as a soldier! Okay?” Obviously not aware that by then Hollenstein had long since been removed, she wrote “You are certainly seeing and experiencing so much! I almost envy you for it.”

A painting by Stephanie Hollenstein titled *Image of a Soldier* is dated 1916–1917. It is a portrait of a young, androgynous person. The hair is very short, with two playful tufts pointing down onto the forehead. The ear is slightly reddened and big brown eyes stare out from the face, with eyebrows that form a dramatic arch. The nose bulges slightly in the middle and the lips are full. As in many of her paintings, Hollenstein did not paint any gentle transitions, but instead put together her subjects from many small pieces,

similar to the French Fauves. The soldier's gaze wanders into the distance – or to nowhere?

This painting is commonly considered a self-portrait by Stephanie – or Stephan – Hollenstein, but there are no sources to confirm that. It is hard to determine precisely who started this interpretation. As early as 1998 it was mentioned by Ilse Krumpöck, the long-time director of the Art History Department in Vienna's Museum of Military History. This assumption is supported by the similarity to a painting from 1923 in Hollenstein's artistic estate stored in Lustenau. It is also presumed to be a self-portrait. The theory seems plausible at first, but in this case the artist must have stylized the eye section considerably: On the Lustenau portrait as well as on all photographs, the eyebrows are more of a straight line than highly arched. The eyes themselves also look different from those on the photographs of the artist.

A letter written by her long-time partner, Franziska Gross, also does not support the notion of its being a self-portrait, as it states that Hollenstein never painted a self-portrait. In that 1957 letter, which is today located in Vienna's Belvedere Research Center, Gross wrote: "There is no self-portrait of her. The one referred to as such by her sisters ... is not Steffi, but a farmer from O. Oest" (probably a reference to Oberösterreich, Upper Austria). When Gross once asked Hollenstein why she never painted herself, Hollenstein had responded that it was impossible for her – she would start "involuntarily making faces whenever looking in the mirror." According to Gross, therefore, Hollenstein did not paint herself, neither in 1916–17 nor in 1923, when the painting was created that, due to the attribution by her sisters, is still today considered the (presumably) only self-portrait.

Self-portraits are one of the most common motifs in painting. Artists have access to themselves as a model twenty-four hours a day at no charge. But artists who draw or paint themselves also confront their own ego, which is never consistently pleasant. Hollenstein, who painted such magnificent portraits of other people, was evidently not in a position to do that. When she saw herself in the mirror, she contorted her face. Was she avoiding herself?

Even if the assumption of a gender-fluid self-portrait – which fits so well into the narrative – is not true, the work is nevertheless interesting. The soldier presents himself free of any and all military insignias. There are no badges or details on the clothing that provide any information about rank. Only the edge of a collar suggests a uniform. Floating in a white space, he appears uprooted – a defenseless warrior robbed of his weapon. He seems melancholic. One might suspect that he does not want to go to war, but instead looks back at the fields strewn with corpses and mourns his comrades-in-arms. Even the tilted head removes any heroization of the subject. This soldier finds a parallel, not in the photo of Hollenstein on the horse-dragon, but in the one where Comrade Stephan is looking into the distance with a slightly absent gaze. Is the artist thus renouncing her previous jingoism? In any case, this is a progressive image of masculinity. What she considers the "image of a soldier" is by no means a heroic fighting machine, but a fragile figure – someone reluctantly asking himself what he is doing there. Such a painting does not serve as war propaganda. Then as now, PR images show soldiers looking at the person opposite them (or into the sight of a rifle) with a stern expression, bearing arms, and wearing a uniform.

The International Jewish Conspiracy: Hollenstein and Antisemitism

Stephanie Hollenstein has taken off her painting smock and is sitting at a table. When in 1934 she replaced her parents' home – which had burned down – with a modern building that she designed herself, she set up a studio there. It was by far the largest room in the house. The artist is looking out at a tree through a huge, square window that lets in enough light for painting. Below her studio is the chicken coop. The cackling of the hens can be heard through the floor.

Books and newspapers are strewn on the table. Hollenstein reads and writes, reads and writes. Her scribbling fills more than a good dozen full-sized pages. She underlines and marks, changes numbers that were incorrect and letters she had mixed-up. Whenever something seems particularly important to her, she energetically underlines it double.

The scene is invented. But something similar could certainly have taken place. Hollenstein's collected papers contain a bundle of notes that offer some insight into her ideas. They are in box 4, folder 1, and have as yet received no attention at all in literature about the artist. In pencil she recorded her delusional antisemitic ideas. Through these notes and excerpts, Hollenstein seems to have taught herself antisemitism and assured herself of its truth. The notes are full of conspiracy myths that reveal a paranoid worldview and throw light on a side of Hollenstein's personality that has previously been ignored.

She was purposeful, consistent, and diligent as she established the modern residence at Pontenstrasse 20. And now she was purposeful, consistent, and diligent in putting together an edifice of hatred against Jews.

In 1944, Jean-Paul Sartre emphasized that antisemitism was a “free and total choice of oneself.” He recognized that antisemites used “assumed social or historical facts confirming antisemitic resentment to serve as self-legitimation.” According to the philosopher, they sought “real or invented facts supporting their positions, in order to allow free rein to their emotions in a seemingly legitimate form.” The antisemitic excerpts that Hollenstein noted are evidence of this desperate search.

While the notes are not dated, it can be concluded from the works mentioned that they were written after 1930. Did Hollenstein start examining clearly antisemitic ideas prior to joining the Nazi Party in 1934? Or not until later? In her personal copy of Emil Nolde's memoirs *Jahre der Kämpfe* (Years of Struggle), she marked up antisemitic passages, and in some letters she expressed herself in the same way. In the draft of a letter, she suggested that the Jewish editor-in-chief of an art journal was greedy – a classic antisemitic stereotype: “You know, that is Jewish!!” – with two exclamation points to mark her rage. Austria is “poor” because it has to let “degenerate, business-savvy Jews” publicize their art. This letter was dated February 18, 1938, confirming that Hollenstein's thinking was already antisemitic, even shortly before Austria's *Anschluss* (annexation) to Nazi Germany.

Danger from the mail-order firms

The American historian Bruce Pauley has written a book about antisemitism in Austria. According to Pauley, antisemitism “seemed to provide answers to mystifying events, assuaged insecurities, and satisfied everyday psychological demands.” Vienna’s Jewish population had a significant influence on the cultural and intellectual life in the city. Pauley writes: “No other group in Austria between 1848 and 1938 produced so many original thinkers as the Jews, and no other Jews in the world were as culturally creative as those of Vienna during this same period.” In the Vorarlberg region, however, which Hollenstein always felt emotionally closer to than Vienna, there were very few Jewish residents, even before 1938. In 1934 there were only forty-two Jews registered there. Even the “number of converts could not have been very high,” according to the historian Nikolaus Hagen. The regional daily *Vorarlberger Tagblatt* nevertheless stirred up antisemitism. It was also the newspaper that liked to praise the merits of the country’s famous daughter, Stephanie Hollenstein. In 1936, it printed a list of people from Bregenz, calling them the vanguard of a “Jewish mass immigration.” This was a media attack whose consequences for those impacted certainly ranged from unpleasant to terrible. Beyond that, as Hagen points out, the public was incited against the Jewish population in “newspaper articles, political speeches, flyers, and sermons from the pulpit.” As early as 1933, someone wrote in red paint on the sidewalk in front of a Dornbirn clothing store: “Don’t buy from Jews.” According to author Irmgard Kramer, the public then did in fact boycott the store of the owner, Bernhard Schwarz, who was over seventy, making fun of him in front of his store. Some papers reported on the event with blatant enthusiasm. In addition, people did not hesitate to invoke the danger coming from elsewhere, namely from the Jewish-run Viennese mail-order firms. Newspapers warned that these cheated their customers – including those in Vorarlberg – and exploited their workforce.

In her excerpts, Hollenstein quoted important representatives of antisemitic and racist thought. These included Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who according to Hollenstein propagated the “scientific concept of race” in his treatise *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, and Arthur de Gobineau, “who was one of the first in the world to proclaim the inequality of the human race and the creativity of the Aryan race, in particular that of the Germanic people.” Of course she also cited the notorious “Protocols of the Elders of Zion” – a fabricated text that claimed that an international Jewish conspiracy was being planned and which was often touted in Nazi propaganda speeches.

Hollenstein sometimes copied passages verbatim from Alfred Rosenberg’s *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, published in 1930, which was also basic reading for Nazi ideology. Rosenberg was a Nazi Party ideologue who organized the Nazis’ systematic art looting and, as the Reich Minister for the Occupied Eastern Territories, shared responsibility for the Holocaust. In the Nuremberg trials he was later convicted as a major war criminal and executed.

Elsewhere Hollenstein cited directly antisemitic statements. She also invoked Goethe, with the quote: “What is not part of your sphere / You may not share; / What fills you with fear / You cannot bear.” These lines do in fact appear in Goethe’s *Faust II*,

though the passage does not explicitly target Judaism. She also wrote down a passage from his farce, "Jahrmarktsfest von Plundersweilern" (The Fair at Plundersweilern): "And this cunning people sees only one way forward. As long as the order remains, there is nothing to hope for." A protagonist does in fact say this. The same quotation can be read today on the extremist right-wing website Metapedia, which copies the layout of the online encyclopedia Wikipedia and can be readily accessed through the Internet. It is one of only a few examples of an antisemitic statement in Goethe's complete works.

Hollenstein's notes also list alleged victims of Jewish conspirators: St. Stephan ("stoned to death by Jews"), Justin Martyr ("whose beheading was instigated by the Jews"), the church reformer Savonarola ("tortured and hanged"), Czar Alexander II ("torn apart by a bomb; Jews were the agitators"); and in Russia, the "Jewish Bolsheviks ... murdered nine million people" in the early twentieth century.

Hollenstein's international Jewish conspiracy started in Roman antiquity, continuing through the Middle Ages and the Modern Era into the twentieth century. Charlemagne ("uncertain descent; possible Jewish ancestry cannot be ruled out") was "responsible for the Jewification of Central Europe." Even the two popes, Callixtus III and Alexander VI, played a role in it, she wrote, because "both were from the notorious poison-making Jewish Borgia family." Much other "evidence" served to substantiate the dominance of the Jews: Jews were claimed to be the "creators of the Weimar constitution"; "Jewish rulers" supposedly subjugated all of Russia, and the "finance aristocracy" was of course said to be totally Jewish. Her notes claimed that Napoleon I had to "protect his people from the exploitative usury of the Jews." And then there were the Rothschilds! According to her notes, Germany was being overrun by Jews; there were "seventeen million" and on top of that "almost all of them German-speakers." Hollenstein noted that in Vienna, 18 percent of the population was Jewish, "not counting half-Jews and people of Jewish descent." That number was never correct: In 1938 there were 167,249 people in Vienna who were members of the Jewish Community (Israelitische Kultusgemeinde), which made up less than ten percent of the total population. According to the historian Bruce Pauley, the highest percentage of Jews ever registered in a Vienna census was 10.8 percent, in 1923.

Hollenstein thus invented a Jewish conspiracy that attacked anyone who opposed it. In this way of thinking, the historical dimension confirmed the eternal wickedness of the Jewish people, including converts. Heinrich Heine, she noted, even wrote about this shortly after he was baptized: "To the cross you crawled your way / That you scorned with scorn profound, / Cross that, just the other day / You would trample to the ground." A "Jewish lawyer" named Loeb ostensibly agitated in 1912 that the Christian state should be eliminated since it is incompatible with the interests of Judaism. Then Hollenstein claimed that "the writer B. Lewita" – she must have been referring to the rabbi and poet Elijah Levita – recommended that "Jewish children be baptized in order for them to become unwavering fighters against Christian dogmas." She also quoted antisemitic slogans: "No matter what the Jew believes; the swinishness is in the race," which was supposedly a "popular Viennese song during the time of Schönerer, 1880." Hollenstein was probably referring to Georg Heinrich Ritter von Schönerer, whose inflammatory antisemitic pamphlets influenced Adolf Hitler. There are repeated examples of dictators reconstructing history for their own purposes. Today Putin justifies his war by arguing that Russia and Ukraine were always historically united.

While in Lustenau the chickens were cackling in the henhouse and the birds were chirping in the garden, Hollenstein sat at her table and crafted a worldview made of lies and half-truths. An artist whose style was modern and who rebelled against the constraints of her time, who indulged in wild and passionate love affairs with women and lived an unconventional life: And now she was adopting antisemitic ideology.

Her writings – which are not easy to stomach – also include the stereotype of lustful, hyper-sexualized Jews. “Esther, a Jewish harlot” suddenly appears as a note between the lines, and “Messalina, a Roman harlot.” Titus (the Roman emperor) supposedly had an affair with the “Jewess Berenice,” the “harlot of her brother Agrippa II.” Not only prostitution, but also incest appears here as a characteristic trait of Jewish women. Assembling a mountain of ostensible evidence – no matter how untenable – Hollenstein built herself a house with fraudulent Jews or devious Jewesses living in every room: Whether in terms of power, sexuality, business, religion, or art, the world was doomed. And Judaism always bore the blame. But sharing responsibility for the decay, Hollenstein argued, are also those who show too much understanding or – even worse – have mixed marriages. Citing directly from Rosenberg’s *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, Hollenstein wrote that race defilement leads to “an absence of clear direction in thought and action; in an inner self-doubt.” She wrote that even Goethe became caught up in “passionate anger”; when “marriage between Christians and Jews was permitted as of 1823, he sensed terrible consequences.”

The popular stereotype that swarthy Jewish men seek to seduce, or even rape, blonde German women in order to commit “racial defilement” is mentioned repeatedly in Hollenstein’s notes. She wrote that there was talk in Berlin about a “Jewish theater director named Engel,” that “the way to the stage first went through his bed of pleasure. This was not an isolated case, but a Jewish principle.” In the next line, she mentioned the German poet Anselma Heine, who wrote the following about the Jewish poet Ludwig Jacobowski: “I suddenly discovered in him the age-old cry of pain of his race. It was a vengeful delight of his to gain power over blonde women. Because they make up the backbone of Germans.”

The contemporary historian Johanna Gehmacher argued in an essay in 1992 that racial antisemitic propaganda basically targeted sexual relations “that crossed the line drawn at that time between ‘Jewish’ and ‘Aryan.’” It also took advantage of women’s fears of assault: “Everything in social gender relations that was threatening for women in their relationships with men could be projected onto the ‘Jews,’” according to Gehmacher.

An echo of this pattern of thought are the diatribes from right-wing extremists who claim that they need to protect “our women” from the sexual violence of foreigners, especially Muslims. It would seem that the extremists themselves would prefer to be the ones to rape the women they call “our women.” They do not notice the need for women to be protected from male violence unless it concerns Muslim or foreign men, but not in the case of domestic violence within families or partnerships that do not have a history of immigration.

Hollenstein did not have any relationships with men who could have oppressed her sexually in private or who exercised power over her. The Jewish man as a threat to the purity of the “master race” and harasser of young blonde girls, however, was still

assumed to apply. The same was true of the Jewish prostitute. Even though Hollenstein herself deviated from the sexual mainstream, she directed her attention to other forms of deviation: abuse, “race defilement,” and sex for money.