# Revenge or Redemption amongst the Rubble

**By Eddie Muller**



In 1946, the rising tide of a sinister cinematic movement reached a watershed in Hollywood. It would later be called *film noir*, and scholars would give most of the credit for its stylish aesthetic and pessimistic ethos to German émigré directors who, having escaped servitude to the Third Reich, settled in Hollywood to insidiously inject Weimar-era cynicism and chiaroscuro into American-made crime melodramas. Here's what the avalanche of study that has swirled around *film noir* has taught us: 1) American men feared women who'd gained a new sense of empowerment doing men's work on the home front; 2) chasing the American Dream could lead to criminal pursuits; and 3) the gloom that permeated these films was due to a looming threat of atomic annihilation.

The average viewer watching a 1940s *noir* today will be excused if they find *none* of these underlying themes. Frankly, such interpretations of *film noir* (specifically the Hollywood variety) came years later, when the luxury of hindsight offered the opportunity for imaginative, and often specious conjecture about what motivated the artists who created this organic art movement. At the time of *noir*'s ascent in Hollywood, the Second World War, the most brutal war in human history, had just concluded. Americans celebrated their victory by filling movie theaters in record numbers. The public wanted to escape, and its imagination was captured by such sexy, if saturnine films as *The Killers* (dir. Robert Siodmak), *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (dir. Tay Garnett) and *The Big Sleep* (dir. Howard Hawks). If the war was mentioned at all in that year's slew of dark melodramas, it was merely to offer convenient backstories for characters grappling with their personal schemes and desires. Such is the case in *The Blue Dahlia* (dir. George Marshall), *Gilda* (dir. Charles Vidor), *Somewhere in the Night* (dir. Joseph L. Mankiewicz), *The Locket* (dir. John Brahm), *The Chase* (dir. Arthur Ripley), *Notorious* (dir. Alfred Hitchcock), *Nobody Lives Forever* (dir. Jean Negulesco) and *Deception* (dir. Irving Rapper). In these gloomily glamorous movies, all released in 1946, the war is so much dust brushed off a double-breasted suit.[1]

On October 15th of that year, however, a film was released that plunged viewers headlong into the horror, guilt and shame of WWII—*Die Mörder sind unter uns* (*The Murderers Are among Us*). It premiered in Berlin, the one-time film capital of Europe (if not the world), now under control of the occupying Allied Forces. It was the first feature film made and exhibited in postwar Germany. In the scope of its ambition, the gravity of its obligations and the depth of its suffering, it made the "darkness" of that year's American films feel drastically diluted. You don't have to search through the shadows of *The Murderers Are among Us* to find underlying messages—the horror is writ large on its crushed and desolate surface.

Only now, decades after the thawing of the Cold War, has the reputation of *The Murderers Are among Us* begun to spread beyond its canonical place in German cinema history (an omission this new digital restoration and HD release should help rectify). The reason for its neglect in the Western world is simple—the film was the initial production of the Deutsche Film-Akiengesellschaft (DEFA), an East German film studio founded in 1946. Its members, mostly veteran Soviet and German filmmakers, collectively called themselves the *Filmaktiv*, and their mission was to revive, under Soviet dominion, what had been the most thriving and innovative film industry outside of Hollywood. DEFA would set up operations in Potsdam-Babelsberg—in the former Althoff Atelier and UFA Studios. In the latter, such groundbreaking films as Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* and Josef von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel* had been made prior to the studio's takeover by the Nazis.

Three of the four Allied powers—Britain, France and the United States—adopted a cautious approach to revitalizing the German film industry, mainly because they were jockeying to provide film distributors in their respective countries prime positions in the start-from-scratch-again German market. To the Western Allies, rebuilding German cinema was a business proposition as much as anything else. To the Soviets—long-time specialists in state-sanctioned propaganda—movies produced by DEFA offered an opportunity to "re-educate" the German populace.

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[1] The one notable exception that year was *The Stranger* (1946, dir. Orson Welles), distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, which dealt directly with Nazi war crimes and indirectly with Jewish retribution.

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*The Murderers Are among Us* is not, however, a politically motivated polemic—at least not completely. No matter how influenced it may have been by the machinations of the communists, it is a personal statement by a singular artist—Wolfgang Staudte. If he doesn't have the renown, or filmography, of fellow countrymen Fritz Lang, Billy Wilder, Otto Preminger, Robert Siodmak and Fred Zinnemann, it's because, unlike those famous émigrés, Staudte remained in Germany during the war, working—miserably, he would maintain—under Joseph Goebbels, who refocused what remained of Germany's cinematic know-how on Nazi propaganda, as well as incongruously light entertainments intended for both domestic and international consumption.

"At first I felt like a non-political artist," Staudte later explained, "but afterwards I was ashamed of myself."[2] An actor as well as a writer-director, Staudte played a supporting role in the notorious *Jud Süß* (*Jew Süss*, dir. Veit Harlan), the cinematic spear-tip of the Reich's anti-Semitic crusade, which sold more than 20 million tickets in Germany upon its release in 1940. It is a film so vile in its demonization of Jews that, to this day, screenings are forbidden without in-person counsel from German government-sanctioned curators.

The remorse and entrapment Staudte felt at having his talent co-opted by the Nazis is what compelled him to write *The Murderers Are among Us*. He completed the script before the Reich's surrender. If it had been discovered, Staudte likely would have been jailed or executed.

Once the Allied liberators had occupied Germany, Staudte tried to marshal support for his project. One of the men in charge of coordinating America's interest in the revival of German entertainment was, coincidentally, Corporal Billy Wilder, then working for the United States Office of War Information. The Austrian-born, UFA-trained Wilder had been one of the first artists to flee Germany during Hitler's rise. Many of his Jewish relatives, including his mother, were murdered in concentration camps. Wilder co-scripted and directed *Double Indemnity,* which in 1944 helped launch the *noir* movement in Hollywood. Wilder may have been sympathetic to Staudte's vision, but the Allies had already declared that any renewed German film industry must be scrubbed clean of fascist influence—which could take as long as twenty years (during which time, of course, imported American, British and French films would fill the void). The Western Allies thus rejected Staudte's proposal.

More receptive was the Soviet Cultural Officer, Major Alexander Dymshitz, whose decision to support the film led directly to the hasty formation of DEFA. Soviet support, however, came with one hugely significant caveat. Staudte's script was originally entitled *Der Mann, den ich töten werde* (*The Man I Will Kill*)—a *noir* title if ever there was one. (With a nod to novelist Jim Thompson, it might have more accurately been called *The Killers Inside Us*.) The title's subjective declaration clearly indicated an artist more interested in crafting a saga of personal retribution and redemption than in "re-educating" the German public. In its initial form, the script explored the existential crisis of Dr. Hans Mertens, a destitute former soldier wracked with guilt over his service to the Nazis. He shares a spartan apartment and a tentative intimacy with Susanne Wallner, a young concentration camp survivor. Mertens learns that his former commander, Colonel Ferdinand Brückner, whom he'd thought dead, is now a thriving businessman, completely reintegrated into German society. Mertens decides he must atone for his sins by killing Brückner, who—it's revealed in a climactic flashback—blithely ordered the slaughter of more than a hundred civilians on the final Christmas Eve of the war. It's easy to imagine Mertens as a stand-in for Staudte himself.

In the original draft, Mertens carries out his mission, poetically gunning Brückner down on the first Christmas Eve of the postwar era. Like many *noir* films of the time, the script was constructed of interwoven flashbacks, framed by a trial in which a jury of Mertens's peers were to decide whether or not the killing represented "justifiable homicide." Staudte ended his story with Mertens silently awaiting the verdict he hoped would vindicate him—a note of ambiguity meant to leave Germans exploring their own consciences.

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[2] Schenk, Ralf. *Die Mörder sind unter uns*. Web. 31 May 2016. <http://www.imagemtempo.com/defa/texto_03.html>

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This may have been a more emotionally satisfying ending than what was eventually constructed (Susanne stops Mertens by insisting on social, not personal, justice); but it had no hope of reaching the screen. Vigilantism could not be suggested, let alone condoned by occupying forces with a mandate to maintain order.[3] According to Staudte, Major Dymshitz "painted for me a picture of the consequences that could come … if everyone were to go and shoot everyone else, regardless of how understandable their wishes might be."[4]

He had no alternative but to agree to a Soviet version of Hollywood's ham-fisted Production Code: for the good of society, the letter of the law must outweigh the moral righteousness of any individual. By communist decree (espoused by the film's angelic heroine), Brückner would apparently face prosecution. I say "apparently" because, in the film's compressed final moments, Brückner's trial is presented only symbolically—he is encased in expressionistic shadows forming the bars of a jail. No actual trial is shown (at the time Germany had no such judicial apparatus in place).

The international war crimes tribunal at Nuremberg[5] had just concluded when *The Murderers Are among Us* was released, and it's possible the film's ending was designed to dovetail with the well-publicized verdicts. Its effectiveness is questionable, however, since the trials were rife with back-channel political maneuvers that allowed numerous Nazi war criminals to evade punishment. Despite the moral outrage on display at Nuremberg—and the ten executions that marked its theatrical climax[6]—it was apparent to anyone watching closely, especially German citizens, that justice could be brokered and bartered, even for crimes of incomprehensible inhumanity.

Although made under communist auspices, *The Murderers Are among Us* shows remarkable similarities to two popular American film genres: the Western and *film noir*. In fact, the film's opening title—"Berlin, 1945 … the city has capitulated"—precedes a hellish variation on the opening shot of many *noir* classics: instead of offering the standard bird's-eye view of a teeming metropolis, the camera rises unsteadily from a pile of debris, like a bomb victim stunned to be alive. As Hans Mertens wanders through the ruins, a jaunty piano tune mockingly recalls the Weimar cabarets of pre-war Berlin. The camera surveys the remains of what, only 12 years earlier, had been the liveliest, most creative city on the continent. Cinematographer Friedl Behn-Grund had developed his craft during the halcyon days of 1920s German cinema; he had been the DP for the extraordinary *Jenseits der Straße* (*Harbor Drift,* 1929, dir. Leo Mittler), the finest film made by Prometheus Film Collective, Weimar Germany's short-lived communist production and distribution company. It's a profoundly mordant moment when Behn-Grund steers his camera through the rubble, past a crippled refugee, to reveal a travel poster touting "Beautiful Germany."

Staudte's direction is a forceful mix of styles, combining documentary footage, starkly foreboding *film noir* shadows and boldly geometric compositions culled from Soviet cinema. The score is likewise a collision of moods, discordant and ominous when surveying the destruction switching to syrupy strings as saintly Susanne Wallner attempts to reclaim her life. Common to both Westerns and *film noir* are tales of disgraced men who return home on a hellbent mission of revenge.[7] Their quest is complicated when they fall in love with an equally lonely woman of (seemingly) untarnished virtue. Will the hero fulfill his grim destiny—or be redeemed by her love and forgiveness? It's a testament to Staudte and the performances of Ernst Wilhelm Borchert and Hildegard Knef, that these characters seem human despite being pawns in a thematic scheme: Dr. Hans Mertens (Borchert) represents the paralysis of a humiliated Germany, while Susanne (Knef), represents the resilience and resourcefulness required to rebuild the nation.

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[3] Even though the Allies exerted complete control over postwar German films, there was scant onscreen evidence of the occupying armies. American, British, French and Soviet soldiers were ubiquitous in Germany until 1955 but rarely appeared in German-made films.

[4] Mückenberger, Christiane and Günter Jordan. "Sie sehen selbst, Sie hören selbst." *Die DEFA von ihren Anfängen bis 1949.* Berlin: Hitzeroth, 1994. 41. Qtd. in Shandley, Robert. *Rubble Films.* Piliadelphia: Temple Univ Press, 2001. 42.

[5] The Nuremberg Trials (one main trial and 12 follow-up trials) took place from Nov 20, 1945 to April 14, 1949. The first trial was the only trial before the International Military Tribunal. The verdict was delivered on October 1, 1946.

[6] The death sentences of the Nuremberg Trials were executed on October 16, 1946, the day after the premiere of *The Murderers Are among Us.*

[7] The American *film noir* that most resembles *The Murderers Are among Us* is UFA graduate Fred Zinnemann's *Act of Violence* (1949), in which a haunted ex-POW vows to murder his former commanding officer, who revealed his men's escape plans to the Nazis in exchange for preferential treatment. He tracks the craven officer to California, where he has become a respected businessman in a rapidly expanding suburban community. As with *Murderers*, the vengeful "act of violence" is thwarted.

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At the time Staudte made the film, he downplayed DEFA's goal of providing moral guidance to a fractured nation. "The connection of man to his current environment, that is the basic theme of the film," he said. "We want to take the camera to the landscape of the human face, to travel the world of human sensibilities."[8]

As it did for Staudte, the film offered Ernst Wilhelm Borchert a chance for atonement. The popular stage actor had been a Nazi, and many questioned his being given the lead role—especially after rumors that Borchert falsified his de-Nazification papers. His casting, however, is a stroke of genius. Borchert's Nazi affiliation gives the character's self-loathing a dreadful authenticity. (The studio attempted at the last minute to downplay the actor's involvement, burying him amidst the opening credits as W. Borchert.)

The actor also possessed the *gravitas* necessary to make believable some archly scripted scenes, such as when Hans, backstage in the cabaret, drunkenly breathes cigarette smoke across a chess board and sighs, "Doesn't it look like a battlefield?" He suddenly smashes the game, prompting a dancer to scold: "It's only a harmless game of chess." To which he replies, "A harmless game with tin soldiers leads down a short, perilous track to the harmless air rifle, to the harmless rifle range—and then to a mass grave." Staudte hard-cuts to a dancer's twirling derriere, undercutting the weightiness of his own words.

Mirrors and windows, mostly cracked or blown out, are used to great effect, including several dramatic tableaus in which shell-shocked characters view the city's ruined landscape from the tenuous safety of ramshackle rooms. The skeletal remains of bombed-out buildings are as artfully composed as the mesas and plateaus in John Ford's Monument Valley Westerns, giving what's left of Berlin an elegiac grandeur. But Staudte is no documentarian; he's a storyteller of hugely theatrical tendencies, proven by the construction of a massive studio set of crumbling buildings and fallen debris to better stage, and more dramatically light, a scene in which Hans and Susanne stroll toward the camera, moving in a single shot from insignificance (long shot) to intimacy (close-up).

Staudte also has a penchant for medium shots that urgently dolly in to dramatic close-ups, an uncommon technique at the time (Martin Scorsese would approve). Throughout, his direction is bold and assured, especially in the breathtaking makeshift tracheotomy that saves a child and (briefly) restores Mertens's humanity. The war's legacy of suspicion and paranoia—who can you trust?—is visually evoked within the communal corridors of Susanne's building, where voyeuristic neighbors whisper in deep chiaroscuro and are shot at furtive angles. It's a bracing return to Expressionism, the style that fostered *film noir*, which Goebbels had deemed too full of dread and doubt—unbecoming of a master race—and had bleached from Germany's screens.

In American *noir*, returning soldiers routinely suffer from amnesia, making a plot gimmick out of their memory loss. Hans Mertens *can't* forget. He is cursed by memories of the atrocities he accepted. By contrast, his nemesis, Brückner (Arno Paulsen) has no conscience. In one scene, the former Nazi enjoys a hearty breakfast while the nearby newspaper displays the headline 2 MILLIONEN MENSCHEN VERGAST! (Two million people gassed!)—the film's only direct reference to the Holocaust. Brückner shows no regard for the horror; he is in blissful denial about his crimes against humanity—as were many Germans.

DEFA officials certainly had no qualms about the villainous Brückner also being an abhorrent capitalist, one who manufactures cookware from the helmets of dead soldiers. To Staudte's credit, he soft-peddles the connection between Brückner's profiteering and his *laissez-faire* cruelty. The point is there for those who wish to see it, but it's never hammered home.

"You must manage, that's all," Brückner tells Mertens, disdaining any moral quandary to boast about how easily one can find a position, and even affluence, in the reformed Germany. Brückner benefitted from collaboration with the Reich; now he'll adapt just as easily, ready to do whatever is necessary to maintain his status and comfort. He defines, as Hannah Arendt described it, "the banality of evil."

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[8] Lest, Hilde. "Erster DEFA-Film im Atelier. *Die Mörder sind unter uns*." *Die französische Wochenschau*. No.25, 1946. Qtd. in Shandley, Robert. *Rubble Films*. Philadelphia: Temple UP, 2001. 32.

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Mertens and Brückner represent the two main challenges that faced postwar Germany—the shame of confronting the past and the danger of individual and collective denial. Staudte's "solution" is the character of Susanne, who maintains a capacity for forgiveness and optimism even after three years in a concentration camp. Given the author's original story structure and climax, the role of Susanne was likely enlarged, perhaps under guidance from DEFA officials, since she displays an exemplary socialist drive, rebuilding her life through hard work and communal spirit (there isn't a moment in the film when she's not doing something productive). Unlike Brückner, she has absorbed the magnitude of the war's tragedy; it fuels her relentless progress toward something better. She is not only Hans Mertens's savior, she is the symbolic savior of the entire culture.

Early scenes suggest Susanne may be the story's protagonist, but she soon becomes a supporting character—in the truest sense—when the narrative shifts to Mertens's mission of vengeance. This leaves the film open to the criticism that Susanne is a cipher; we learn nothing of her family or her experience in the camps. As a result, she is, for some viewers, not a full-blooded character but a narrative instrument—*film noir*'s standard-issue "good girl," whose love is the only thing that can save a doomed man from the abyss. For others, however, Susanne Wallner may be the embodiment of Arendt's famous quote: "Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom."

Some critics carped that Knef was too beautiful, too unsullied, to portray a concentration camp survivor. Such qualms are snuffed once you learn that the 20-year-old actress—who'd appeared on the German stage in her teens—had actually been in a prison camp, arrested by Polish partisans after disguising herself as a boy to (she claimed) avoid being raped by Soviet soldiers.[9] It's understandable, given the visual evidence that would emerge of the Nazis' atrocities that modern viewers would scoff at such a gorgeous, glowing survivor. Such criticisms are moot, however, when you realize the delicacy with which Staudte had to address—and *remedy*, by DEFA's agenda—the collective guilt that infected Germany after the war's end. This was strong medicine for a diseased culture—and medicine *always* goes down easier when administered by a beautiful woman.

Knef's performance in *The Murderers Are among Us* led David O. Selznick to offer her a Hollywood contract, on the condition she change her name to Gilda Christian and tell the press she was Austrian, not German (Americans, *Dummkopfs*, hadn't figured out that Hitler was an Austrian). The actress accepted the contract, if not the name change. After spending her first six months stateside learning English, she found scant job offers and rejected the ones she got. She soon returned to West Germany to make *Die Sünderin* (*The Sinner,* 1951, dir. Willi Forst), which caused a scandal by briefly showing her nude[10]—a first for a German film. Knef reacted to the controversy by suggesting that the culture responsible for the Holocaust shouldn't be outraged by a glimpse of her naked body. "I got the scandal," she said, "and the producers got the money." She tried Hollywood again in the early 1950s, as Hildegard Neff, but soon returned to Germany to enjoy great success as an actress, a chanteuse and a writer. Her 1970 memoir, *The Gift Horse: Report on a Life*,[11] was one of the bestselling books in the annals of German publishing.

To call *The Murderers Are among Us* a popular success would be a bit disingenuous, since it was, for a time, the only German film in cinemas. Critics praised it (how could they not?), and the film was eventually distributed in 23 countries, including the U.S.[12] According to a review by Walter Lenning in the October 17, 1946 issue of the *Berliner Zeitung*, "A good German is recognizable in how or whether or not he is affected by this film." Unfortunately, there is no record of how ordinary German citizens reacted. Did the DEFA-mandated ending spur soul-searching—or derision? All we know for certain is that Staudte's film reclaimed an exceptional filmmaking legacy the Nazis had systematically destroyed.

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[9] This is a tale Knef often shared with the press, but its veracity is debated. Other versions of the story begin with Knef having an affair with Nazi Ewald von Demandowsky. When he was drafted, Knef, suffering a dreadful fear of the Russians, dressed as a boy and joined him. They were arrested, and she was put into a camp, but the Polish militia decided to release her after a few days.

[10] Other taboos the film addressed included common-law marriage, suicide, rape and euthanasia.

[11] Published in the United States by McGraw-Hill in 1971.

[12] Palmer, Angela. "The Birth of Remembering: Wolfgang Staudte's *Die Mörder sind unter uns.*" *Kinoeye* 3, No. 11, 2003.

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Two more DEFA-produced films were released in 1946: *Irgendwo in Berlin* (*Somewhere in Berlin,* dir. Gerhard Lamprecht), a family drama, and *Freies Land* (*Free Land*, dir. Milo Harbich), pure Soviet propaganda about the need for land reform. They failed, probably because they were polemics, offering none of the satisfying drama inherent to the genres Staudte had drawn from—Westerns and *film noir*.

*The Murderers Are among Us* would initiate a sub-genre known as *Trümmerfilme,* or "rubble films," in which the ruins of postwar Germany (and in some cases Italy and Japan) provide a backdrop for stories exploring the battered psyches of vanquished nations. Ironically, German "rubble films," like so many "street films" of the Weimar era, typically revolved around apathetic and dissolute characters. The poverty, destitution and disgrace common in the *Weltuntergang* (fallen world) ethos of the Weimar era, which the Third Reich had sought to eradicate, was back in force after the Second World War—albeit with less affluence and decadence.

In his book *Rubble Films*: *German Cinema in the Shadow of the Third Reich*, Robert R. Shandley offers insight into why *The Murderers Are among Us*, as well as other German films that followed, conspicuously avoided the realities of concentration camps. "Germans in the immediate postwar years were often heedless of all suffering other than their own. They had plenty of information regarding Nazi atrocities, but few intellectual and emotional tools to process it. And they, like Hans, assumed guilt to a blindingly selfish degree. In this questionable view of the world, victims were seen as lucky in comparison."[13] Kurt Maetzig would be the first German filmmaker to address the *verboten* subject of the Jews' persecution. *Ehe im Schatten* (*Marriage in the Shadows*, 1947) was based on the true story of Weimar-era actor Joachim Gottschalk, who committed suicide with his Jewish wife and eight-year-old son when he could not prevent their deportation by the Nazis.

It should come as no surprise that America's "paper of record," the *New York Times,* belittled *The Murderers Are among Us* when it finally was released stateside in 1948, calling it "confused and rambling."[14] The character of Hans Mertens was declared to be both "badly acted" and "unnecessarily disheveled." The participation of DEFA was noted in the second sentence of the review, rendering the film dismissible as "contrived for propagandistic rather than dramatic effect."

This verdict was rendered by the same newspaper that described Roberto Rossellini's *Open City,* which premiered in New York in February 1946, as "unquestionably one of the strongest dramatic films yet made about the recent war. And the fact that it was hurriedly put together by a group of artists soon after the liberation of Rome is significant of its fervor and doubtless integrity." *Open City*, we now know thanks to research by John Wranovics,[15] was covertly supported, both financially and creatively, by the US Office of Strategic Services (soon to become the CIA), of which the *New York Times* was a reliable Cold War instrument. Artistic integrity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. Especially if politics are involved.

*The Murderers Are among Us* may never achieve the same reverence or landmark status as Rossellini's neo-realist landmark, but we should be grateful it has been restored and made readily available. It now can be objectively judged. It's a powerful film and, in spite of its politically mandated "flaws" or maybe because of them, it should be recognized as one of the most vital and essential artistic statements to have emerged from the cataclysm of the Second World War.

Eddie Muller is known internationally as the "Czar of Noir" thanks to his many popular books on the subject. He produces and hosts NOIR CITY: The San Francisco Film Noir Festival, the largest *noir* retrospective in the world, which now has satellite festivals in nine other US cities. As founder and president of the Film Noir Foundation, he has been instrumental in maintaining America's *film noir* heritage, which to date has included restoring and preserving (with the UCLA Film & Television Archive) such nearly lost classics as *The Prowler* (1951), *Cry Danger* (1951), *Try and Get Me!* (1951), *Too Late for Tears* (1949) and *Woman on the Run* (1950). He is a frequent host on Turner Classic Movies and has presented and lectured on *film noir* at the Cinémathèque Française in Paris, The Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC. His debut novel, *The Distance*, earned the Best First Novel Shamus Award from the Private Eye Writers of America. Muller is a two-time Edgar Award nominee from the Mystery Writers of America and has earned three Anthony Award nominations. *Tab Hunter Confidential: The Making of a Movie Star*, which he co-wrote with the actor, was a national bestseller. He has twice been named a San Francisco Literary Laureate.

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13 Shandley, Robert. R. *Rubble Films: German Cinema in the Shadow of the Third Reich.* Philadelphia: Temple Univ Press, 2001. 44-45.

14 T.M.P. "The Screen: Film from Germany." *The New York Times*, August 17, 1948.

15 Wranovics, John. "Spooks Behind the Lens: U.S. Psychological Warfare and the Birth of Neo-Realism," *NOIR CITY Quarterly*, Vol. 10, No. 4; Summer, 2016.